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Punch.

Vol.
CLVIII.



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1920.

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1920



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PUNCH



ALMANACK

FOR XMAS GIFTS DUBARRY'S EXCLUSIVE PERFUMES

ARE ALWAYS TREASURED
POSSESSIONS

The following are a few
of the Perfumes which
have established the
Dubarry reputation

**"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS"
PERFUME**

The true fragrance of
the freshly gathered
flowers

**PARFUM
"ARCADIE"**

A perfume with a soft
lingering fragrance

**PARFUM
"CHANSON SANS PAROLES"**
A *chef d'œuvre* of the
perfumer's art

**PARFUM
"ENTRE NOUS"**
A perfume of haunting
sweetness

**GARDEN OF KAMA
PERFUME**
A scent of mystic
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**PARFUM
"A TOI"**
A most alluring floral
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**THE HEART OF A ROSE
PERFUME**
The real delicious odour
of the Red rose

All the above perfumes
are sold in four sizes,
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Post Free



Grace D. Harold.

Dubarry et Cie
carefully pack all
Christmas presents
and send by regis-
tered post, with sender's
card enclosed,
without extra charge,
thus relieving the
sender of all trouble
in connection with
the dispatch of gifts.

Before attempting
to solve the problem
of Xmas Presents
write for

**DUBARRY'S
ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LIST**

which will be sent
post free on appli-
cation

This list contains
descriptions of in-
numerable dainty
articles eminently
suitable for Xmas
Gifts

DUBARRY ET CIE
PARFUMEURS

81, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

ALMANACK 1920

January

S	...	4.11.18.25
M	...	5.12.19.26
Tu	...	6.13.20.27
W	...	7.14.21.28
Th	...	1.8.15.22.29
F	...	2.9.16.23.30
S	...	3.10.17.24.31

February

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March

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May

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F	...	7.14.21.28.31
S	...	1.8.15.22.29.31

April

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Tu	...	6.13.20.27
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Th	...	1.8.15.22.29
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S	...	3.10.17.24.31

June

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W	...	2.9.16.23.30
Th	...	3.10.17.24.31
F	...	4.11.18.25.31
S	...	5.12.19.26.31



July

S	...	4.11.18.25
M	...	5.12.19.26
Tu	...	6.13.20.27
W	...	7.14.21.28
Th	...	1.8.15.22.29
F	...	2.9.16.23.30
S	...	3.10.17.24.31

August

S	...	1.8.15.22.29
M	...	2.9.16.23.30
Tu	...	3.10.17.24.31
W	...	4.11.18.25.31
Th	...	5.12.19.26.31
F	...	6.13.20.27.31
S	...	7.14.21.28.31

September

S	...	5.12.19.26
M	...	6.13.20.27
Tu	...	7.14.21.28
W	...	1.8.15.22.29
Th	...	2.9.16.23.30
F	...	3.10.17.24.31
S	...	4.11.18.25.31

October

S	...	3.10.17.24.31
M	...	4.11.18.25.31
Tu	...	5.12.19.26.31
W	...	6.13.20.27.31
Th	...	7.14.21.28.31
F	...	1.8.15.22.29.31
S	...	2.9.16.23.30.31

November

S	...	7.14.21.28
M	...	1.8.15.22.29
Tu	...	2.9.16.23.30
W	...	3.10.17.24.31
Th	...	4.11.18.25.31
F	...	5.12.19.26.31
S	...	6.13.20.27.31

December

S	...	5.12.19.26
M	...	6.13.20.27
Tu	...	7.14.21.28
W	...	1.8.15.22.29
Th	...	2.9.16.23.30
F	...	3.10.17.24.31
S	...	4.11.18.25.31



PEACE MANŒUVRES.

Inspecting General (to sentry on outpost). "YOU SEEM TO KNOW PRECIOUS LITTLE ABOUT YOUR DUTIES. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU ARE?"

Sentry. "I—I—I THINK I'M A 'SPECIAL IDEA,' SIR."



Cynic (fed up with stories of record drives). "I KNEW A CHAP WHO THREW A GOLF-BALL OVER A MILE—ON THE ICE,"

Golf Enthusiast. "WHY DID HE DO THAT?"

Cynic. "BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT IT."



Squire. "SO YOUR DAUGHTER IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, MRS. FAULKNER?"

Mrs. Faulkner. "YES, SIR. LEASTWAYS HER BANNIS WAS PUT UP LAST SUNDAY, AND 'SO FAR NOBODY'S PUT THEIR FOOT ON 'EM."



Landlady (to actor seeking rooms). "WELL, I DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT YOU SEEM——"

Actor. "YES, YES! I KNOW I'M PLAIN. BUT PLEASE—OH, PLEASE—DON'T SAY I HAVE AN HONEST FACE!"



THE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CHILD PORTRAITURE IS TO GET THE
PLEASED EXPRESSION.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SPORT.

(A Lesson for the Country at large.)



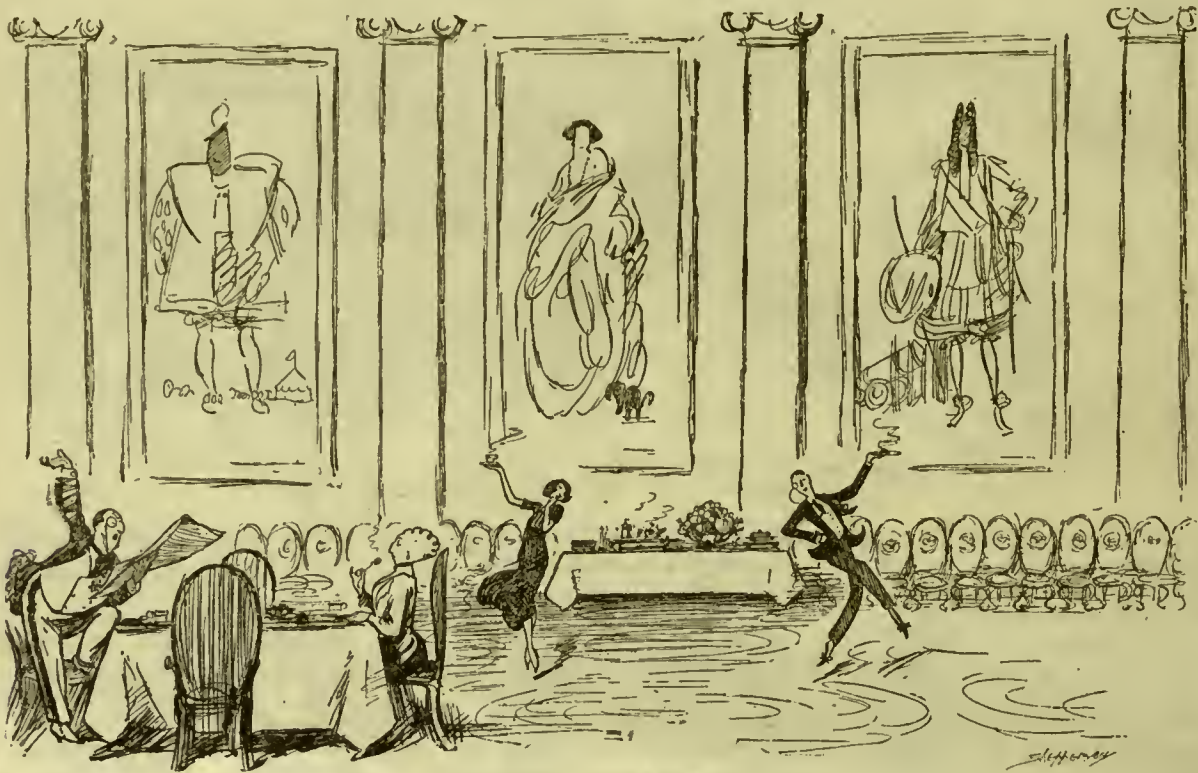
AMONG the many lovely things
That help to compensato us for
Peace and the dull routine it brings
After the lost delights of war,
I mark with inward exultation
How gentlemen of good report,
Bent on the land's regeneration,
Resume the Brotherhood of Sport.
And, following those five barren
years,
When guns on leave were much too
rare
For working off the long arrears
Accumulated in the air,
It is indeed a pleasant feature,
Now that his long reprieve is
done,
To note how well the hunted creature
Catches the spirit of the fun.

Men have remarked, as something fine,
With what a stout and reckless verve
The partridge now confronts the line
And, sportsmanlike, declines to
swerve;
Or how the grouse, in lieu of wheeling
A furlong off in fluttered rout,
Sits tight and with the nicest feeling
Waits for a dog to point him out.
Woodcock and snipe, whose chief
delight
It was by devious ways to go,
Adopt the less elusive flight
Which we associate with the crow;
The pheasant, once inclined to rocket
Right up the welkin like a lark,
Offers his tail for you to doek it
Ten feet from where your barrels
bark.

The coney, too, who used to flit
Swift as the greased lightning's
glance—
You see him slowing down a bit
To give his man a likelier chance;
The stag, again, he takes a high line,
And, bidding panic fears begone,
A silhouette along the sky-line,
Invites your notice broadside on.
This spirit which inspires the game
By moor and forest, field and crag,
This true fraternity of aim,
This common interest in the bag,
This noble zeal that fur and feather
Show for the Cause—could men
but take
Example thence and work together,
Oh, what a difference it would
make!
O. S.



IF WE ORDERED OUR LIVES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
RUSSIAN BALLET.



MORNING—BREAKFAST.

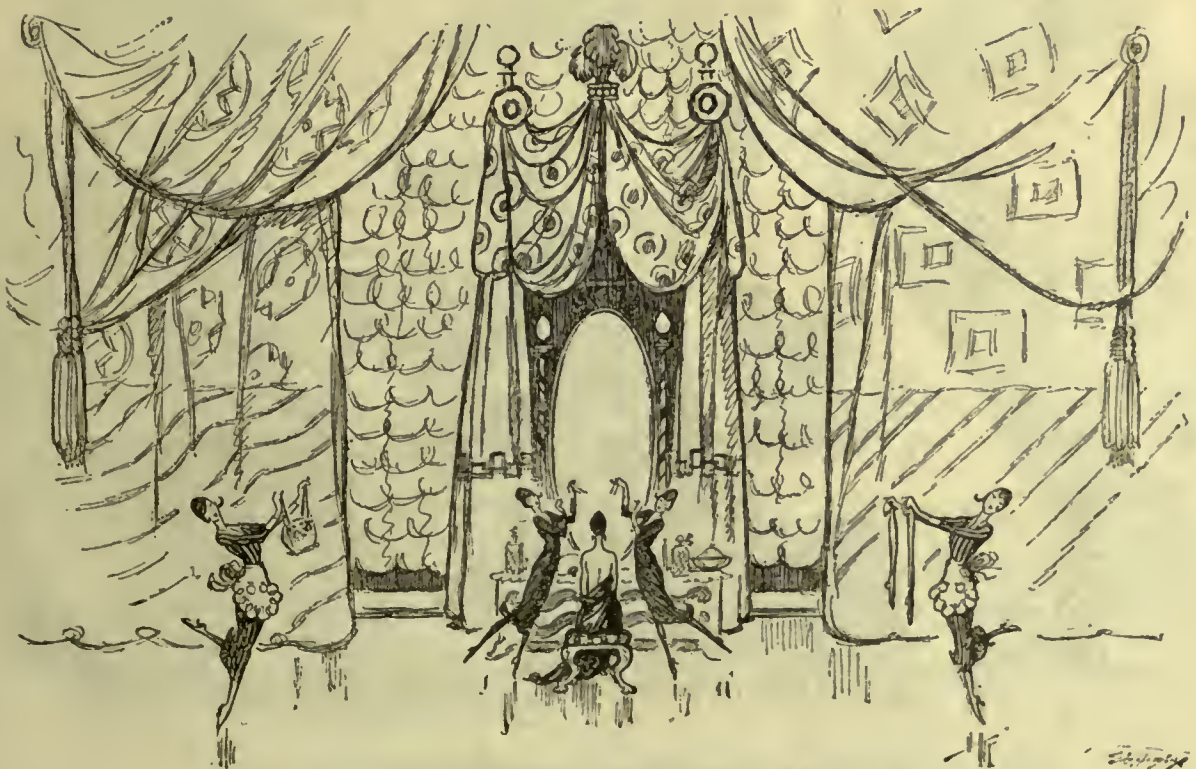


MID-DAY—GOING SHOPPING.

IF WE ORDERED OUR LIVES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
RUSSIAN BALLET.



AFTERNOON—IN THE PARK.



EVENING—THE TOILET OF A LADY OF FASHION.

NATIONAL EFFORT, 1920.



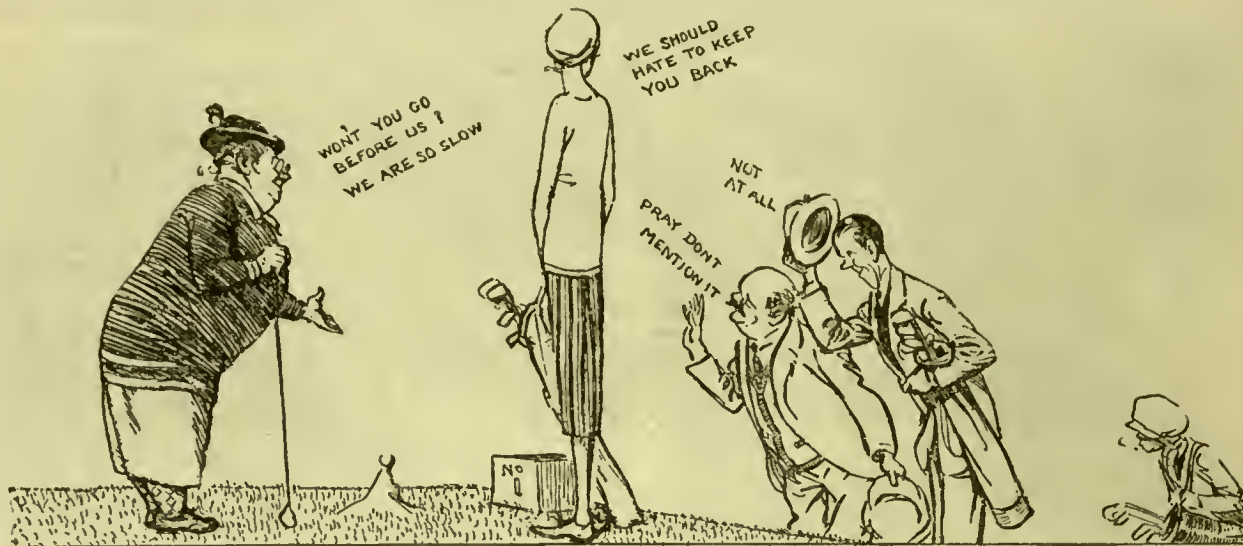
AT THE RESTAURANT GRANDE VITESSE.



SIGNORA SQUALLINI LETS HERSELF GO.



OUR OUTSPOKEN AND FEARLESS JOURNALISM.



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.



"TIDDLES, DARLING, COME HERE AT ONCE. DON'T YOU SEE IT DOESN'T BEAR?"

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

OWING to the shortage of spirits this year the old custom of pouring brandy over the Christmas-pudding must be abandoned. The more wealthy are hoping to paint the stuff on with a camel-hair brush. **

The prospects of carol singers are very bright this year. The old danger of singing outside a house and then finding it is an empty one no longer exists. **

If mistletoe is expensive this year here is a cheaper substitute: Bet any young lady a penny you can kiss her without touching her face. If she takes the bet, kiss her on the lips, and she'll protest that you touched her face. Then you say, "Yes, I've lost; here's your penny." **

Several of the more lavish entertainers of the younger set have confided to their friends that they will not be able to afford rich uncles this Christmas. **

Mystery still surrounds the identity of the London tradesman who recently applied to the FOOD-CONTROLLER'S Department for a profiteer's licence. **

An authoritative announcement is expected shortly from Mr. HORATIO

BOTTOMLEY, M.P., to the effect that the War will still be over this Christmas. **

It appears that a big boom in haggis is anticipated this year, and many of the more famous haggis breeding-farms are said to be working overtime. **

"Have you had too much to eat, dear?" asked the anxious mother. "Not yet," replied the child bravely. **

We hope that the bachelor who tried to make some Christmas-puddings last year with the help of a Handy Hints Book will have better luck this time. One of the pages had been torn out and though he started making the pudding all right he ended up by crocheting a burst bath-pipe. **

It is still considered possible in some quarters that, in addition to the high cost of living, there may be a levy on capital. That ought to learn us to win wars again. **

"We cannot hang up our stockings this Christmas," says a contemporary bitterly. Not unless Mr. LLOYD GEORGE pulls up his socks. **

There is general complaint of the small quantity of whisky now given in a glass in most public bars. Only the other day a man who called for a small whisky dropped a lump of sugar in the

glass and the whisky disappeared. The sugar had swallowed it. **

A baby king-penguin, the first ever born in captivity, is being reared at Corstophine Zoological Park, near Edinburgh. The little creature, we learn, is making rapid progress and can already say "Hoots!" quite distinctly. **

Much sympathy is being felt for the shrewd Scot who, instead of putting threepenny-bits in the Christmas-puddings this year, has decided to insert I.O.U.'s for sixpence. **

A newspaper advertises for sale: "Mince pies, large variety. Must be sold." It looks as if the owner is breaking up his collection. **

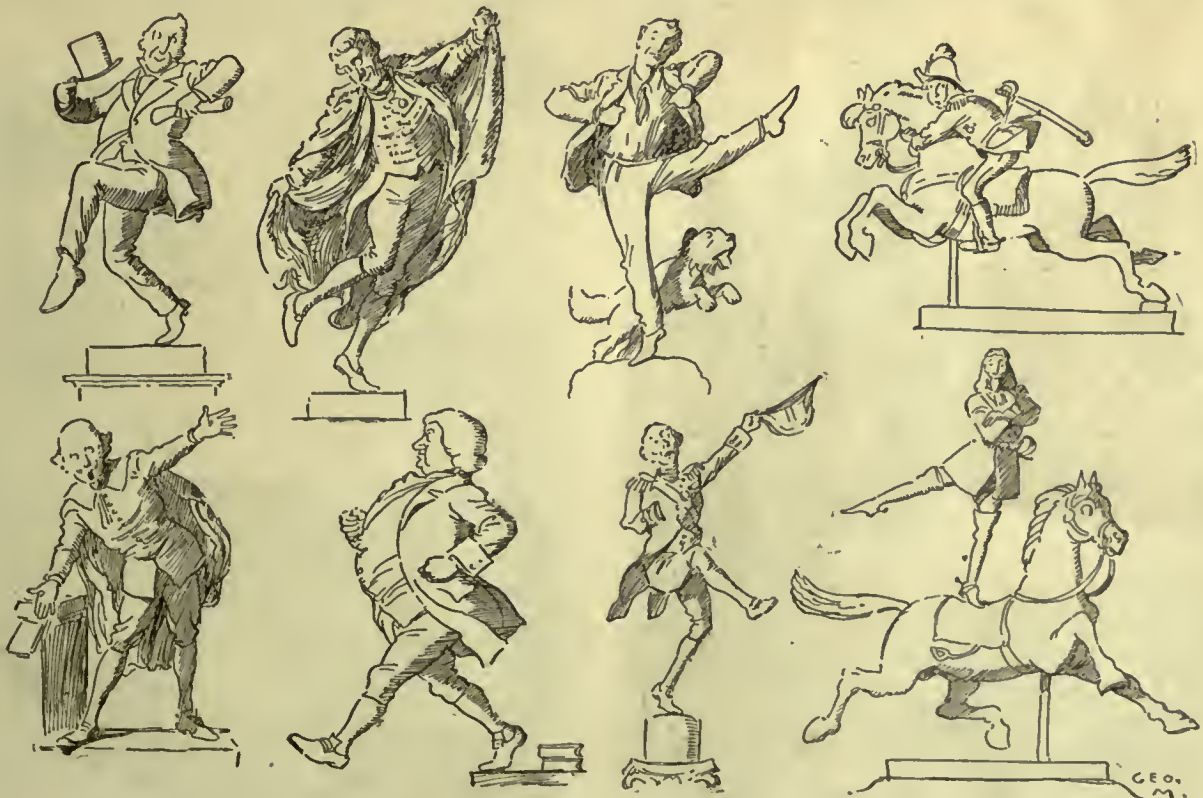
It is thought that, in order to deal with the Labour question, Parliament may have to sit throughout Christmas week. In spite of this, however, we learn that bookings for the other pantomimes are as brisk as ever. **

"Will Christmas Day be wet or fine?" asks a headline in a weekly journal. "Why not both?" says a Scottish opponent of Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON. **

Just as we go to press we hear that the sole rights of Boxing Day have been secured by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN.



INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT OF A PROPAGANDIST POSTER.



OUR PUBLIC STATUES CATCH THE INFECTION OF THE NEW AGE.

MAXIMS FOR MINXES.
HOW TO DO THE WRONG THING.



DON YOUR MOST OUTRAGEOUS GOWNS (AND MANNERS) AT LITTLE DANCES IN THE COUNTRY. YOU CAN'T BE OVERLOOKED.



WHILE FOR FESTIVE TOWN FUNCTIONS THE MODEST VIOLET STUNT WILL OFTEN BE FOUND EFFICACIOUS.



ARRIVE TOO EARLY WHEN ASKED TO DINNER AT A RESTAURANT.



AND TOO LATE AT THE THEATRE.

MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

HOW TO DO THE WRONG THING.



GO TO A TENNIS PARTY IN YOUR PRETTIEST AND MOST UNSUITABLE FROCK. YOU WILL CONTRAST (NOT UNFAVOURABLY) WITH THE ATHLETIC GIRL.



AND BLOW INTO THE DUCHESS'S DREARY AFTERNOON TEAS LIKE A BREEZE OF FRESH AIR FROM THE COUNTRY.



GRACEFULLY BUT FIRMLY TURN DOWN ALL YOUR DINNER, THEATRE, MOTOR AND JAZZ PARTNERS.



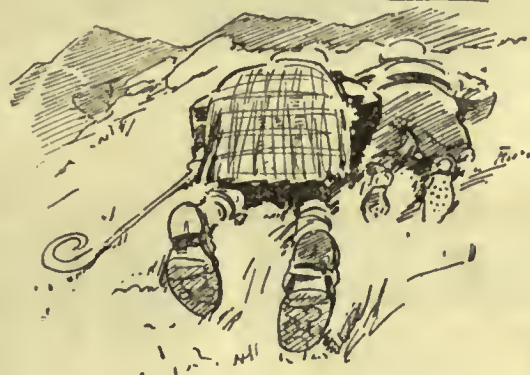
AND (HAVING MADE DISCREET INQUIRIES) GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A FINAL SURPRISE BEFORE STARTING LIFE AS A MARRIED MINX.



New Sportsman (who imagines himself to be invisible to the quarry). "THEY CAN'T SEE US, CAN THEY?"
Stalker. "I'M THENKIN' THEY'LL BE AWA'. THERE'S NAETHING SCARES THEM SAE MUCH AS AN OSTRICH."



Disabled Warrior (carried away by memories of another enemy). "KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN ROUND THIS CORNER, JOCK. JUST THE PLACE WHERE THE BLIGHTERS WOULD LAY ONE OF THEIR ROTTEN BOOBY-TRAPS."



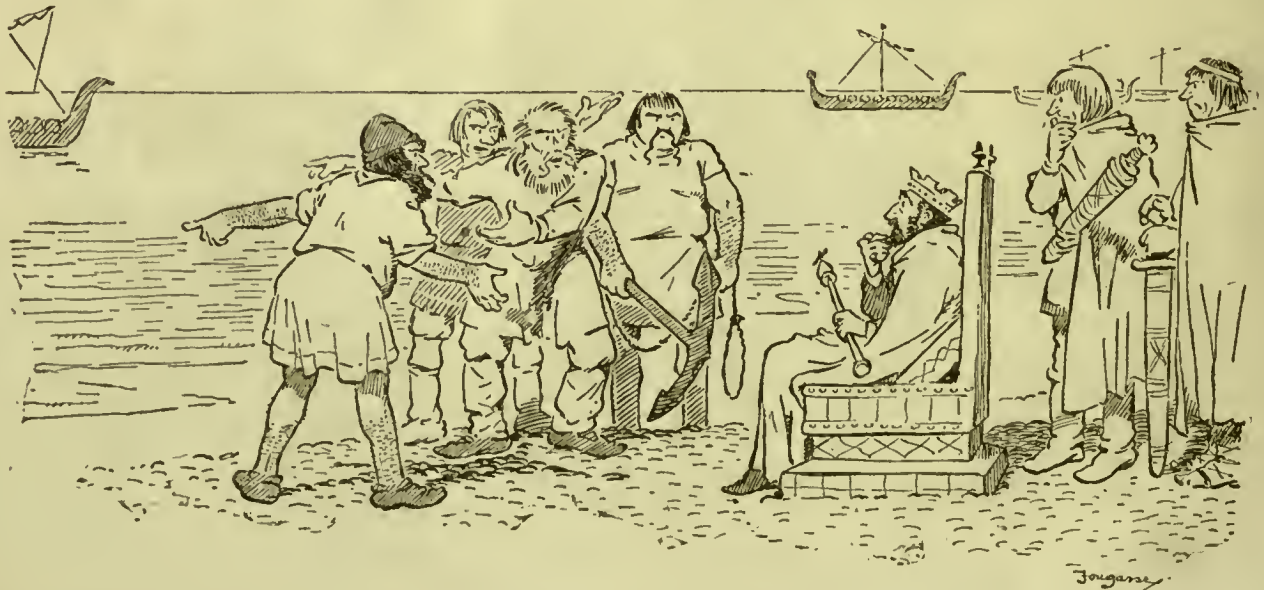
THE PROFITEER AND THE CAMERA.

MR. JOHN HOGGINS, HAVING TAKEN A DEER FOREST, ARRANGES WITH THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS TO PUBLISH A SERIES OF SPORTING PICTURES IN WHICH HE IS TO FIGURE PROMINENTLY.

UNREST THROUGH THE AGES.



THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF BAKERS IN GOOD KING ALFRED'S REIGN PROTESTS AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF A NON-UNION MAN.



THE MARINERS' UNION THREATENS DIRECT ACTION IF KING CANUTE TAMPERS WITH THE TIDES.

UNREST THROUGH THE AGES.



THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF OF THE BORGAS DEMANDS TO BE PUT UPON BOARD WAGES.



JAMES WATT IS UNABLE TO CARRY OUT HIS EXPERIMENTS THROUGH A STRIKE OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE LOCAL WATER COMPANY.

Fougasse



Football Enthusiast. "By Jove! THAT'S A PROMISING THREE-QUARTERS."

Stockbroker (day-dreaming). "YES—SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE HIM GO TO SEVEN-EIGHTHS."



Zealous Assistant (to gentleman who has been pushed over by the crowd). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, THAT'S SOLD."

IN COLDEST ENGLAND: HOW TO OBTAIN WARMTH.



WHILE MOST PEOPLE KNOW THE VALUE OF A HEAVIER WEIGHT IN UNDERWEAR—



FEW ARE AWARE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF SEALSKIN SOCKS.



THE ABDOMINAL BLANKET—



IS HARDLY NOTICED UNDER A YIELDING LOUNGE SUIT.



SOME FEEL IT ACROSS THE SHOULDERS—



OTHERS MIGHT ADOPT FUR-LINED TROUSERS.



THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY WARM, THOUGH HARDLY SUITED TO A FUNCTION.



HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF A WEDDING—

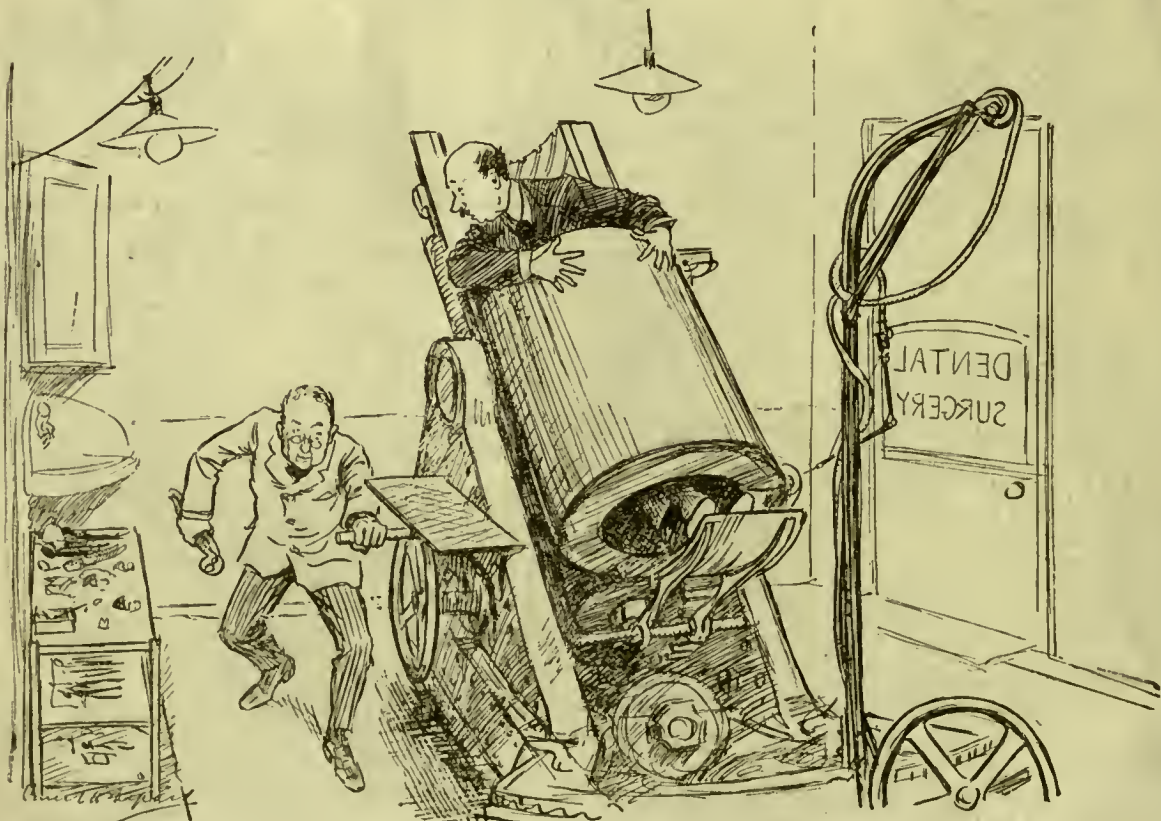


BUT, AFTER ALL, IT IS THE SLEEPING SUIT THAT MARKS THE EXPERT.
(NOTE CHINCHILLA SHEETS.)

THE ANTI-WASTE CAMPAIGN.



SURPLUS AEROPLANE PROPELLERS FOR VENTILATING RESTAURANTS.



OBSOLESCENT HOWITZERS FOR DENTISTS' CHAIRS.

JOHN PENQUARTO.

A TALE OF LITERARY LIFE IN LONDON.
(Modelled on the best Authors and presented free to every purchaser of Mr. Punch's Almanack.)

I.

John Penquarto looked round his diminutive bed-sitting-room with a feeling of excitement not unmixed with awe. So this was London! The new life had begun. With a beating heart he unpacked his bag and set out his simple belongings.

First his books, his treasured books; where should he put them? It was comforting to think that, wherever they stood, they would be within reach of his hand as he lay in bed. He placed them on the window-sill and read their titles again reverently: *Half-Hours with our Water Beetles*, *The Fretworker's Companion* and *Strenuous Days in Simla*. He owed everything to them. And what an air they gave the room!

But not such an air as was given by his other treasure—the photograph of Mary.

Mary! He had only met her once,



HE STOOD THERE TONGUE-TIED.

and that was twenty years ago, at his native Polwollop. He had gone to the big house with a message for Mr. Trevena, her ladyship's butler: "Mother's respects, and she has found the other shirt-front and will send it up as soon as it is dry." He had often taken a similar message, for Mrs. Penquarto did the washing for the upper servants at the Hall, but somehow he had known that to-day was going to be different.

There, just inside the gates, was Mary. He was only six, but even then he knew that never would he see again anything so beautiful. She was five; but there was something in her manner of holding herself and the imperious tilt of her head which made her seem almost five and a-half.

"I'm Mary," she said.

He wanted to say that he was John, but could not. He stood there tongue-tied.

"I love you," she went on.

His heart beat tumultuously. He felt suffocated. He longed to say, "So do I," but was afraid that it was not good English. Even then he knew that he must be a writer when he grew up.

She leant forward and kissed him. He realised suddenly that he was in love. The need for self-expression was strong upon him. Shyly he brought out his last acid-drop and shared it with her. He had never seen her since, but even now, twenty years after, he could not eat an acid-drop without emotion, and a whole bag of them brought the scene back so visibly as to be almost a pain.

Yes, he was to be a writer; there could be no doubt about that. Everybody had noticed it. The Vicar had said, "Johnny will never do any good at Polwollop, I fear;" and the farmer for whom John scared rooks had said, "Thiccy la-ad seems daft-like," and one after another of Mrs. Penquarto's friends had given similar testimony. And now here he was, at twenty-six, in the little bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury, ready to write the great novel which should take London by storm. Polwollop seemed a hundred years away.

Feverishly he seized pen and paper and began to wonder what to write.

II.

It was near the Albert Memorial that the great inspiration came to him some weeks later. Those had been weeks of mingled hope and despair; of hope as he had fondled again his treasured books



THE GREAT INSPIRATION.

and read their titles, or gazed at the photograph of Mary; of despair as he had taken off his belt and counted out his rapidly-decreasing stock of money, or reflected that he was as far from completing his novel as ever. Sometimes in the search for an idea he had frequented the restaurants where the great SAMUEL JOHNSON himself had eaten, and sometimes he had frequented other restaurants where even the great SAMUEL JOHNSON himself had been un-



WHERE SAMUEL JOHNSON HAD BEEN UNABLE TO EAT.

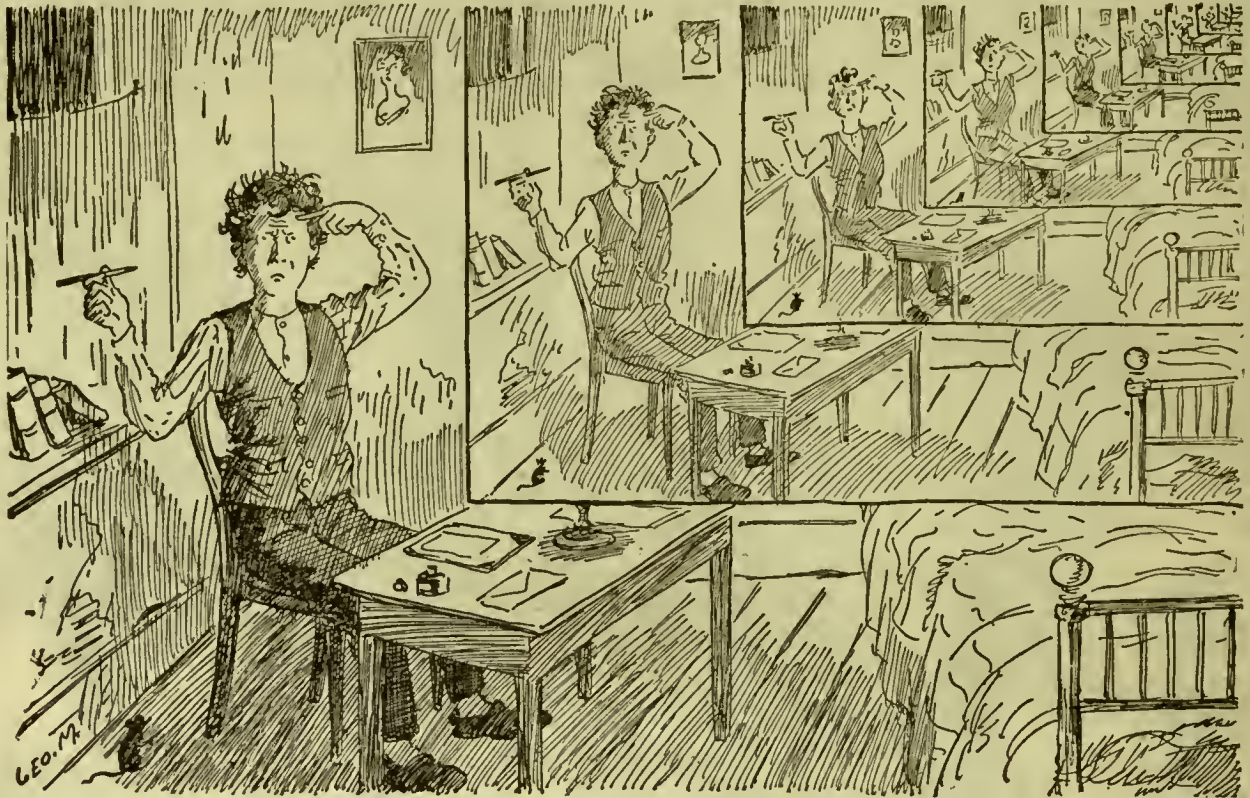
able to eat. Often he had gone into the British Museum and leant against a mummy-case, or taken a bus to Chelsea and pressed his forehead against the brass-plate which marked CARLYLE'S house, but no inspiration had come. And then suddenly, quite close to the Albert Memorial, he knew.

He would write a novel about a boy called William who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel, a novel of which *The Westminster Gazette* said: "This novel undoubtedly places the author in the front rank of living novelists." William's novel would be a realistic account of—yes, that was it—of a boy called Henry, who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel, a novel of which *The Morning Post* said: "By this novel the author has indubitably established his claim to be reckoned among the few living novelists who count." But stay! What should this novel of Henry's be about? It would be necessary to describe it. For an hour he wrestled with the problem, and then he had another inspiration. Henry's novel would be about a boy called Thomas who had lived in Cornwall and who came to London and wrote a novel about a boy called Stephen who had lived in Cornwall,

and who came to London and wrote a novel [about a boy called Michael who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel (about a boy called Peter, who had lived in Cornwall, and . . .)] . . . And so on.

great Mr. Pump himself. His heart beat rapidly. He felt suffocated. "Well, Mr. Ponquarto," said the smiling publisher, "I may say at once that we like your novel. We should have written before, but we have only just finished reading it. It is a little

can only pay a nominal sum on account of royalties. Say ten thousand pounds. How will that suit you?" With a heart still beating John left the office five minutes later and bought a new belt. Then he went to a restaurant where GOLDSMITH had never



AND SO ON.

And every one of the novels would establish the author's right to be reckoned, etc., and place him undoubtedly in the very front rank.

It was a stupendous idea. For a moment John was almost paralysed at contemplation of it. There seemed to be no end to his novel as he had planned it. Was it too much for his powers?

There was only one way to find out. He hurried back to his bed-sitting-room, seized a pen and began to write.

III.

It was two years later. For the last fortnight John Ponquarto had stopped counting the money in his belt. There was none left. For a fortnight now he had been living on the belt itself.

But a great hope had always sustained him. One day he would hear from the publisher to whom he had sent his novel a year ago.

And now at last the letter had come, and he was seated in the office of the

long—about two million eight hundred thousand words, I reckon it—but I have a suggestion to make which will meet that difficulty. I suggest that we publish it in half-a-dozen volumes, stopping, for the first volume, at the Press notices of (say) Peter's novel.

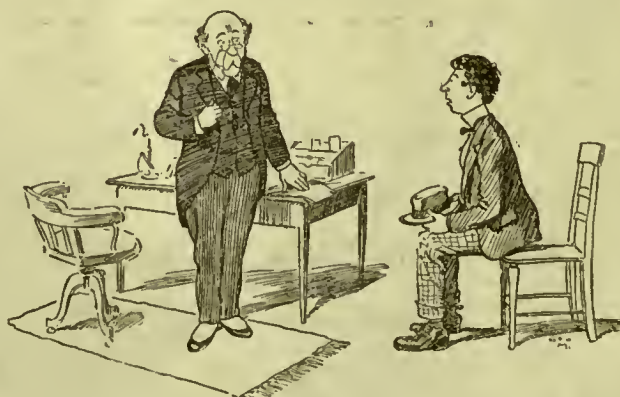
been and ordered a joint and two veg. Success had come!

IV.

I should like to dwell upon the weeks which followed. I should like to tell of John's emotion when he saw his first proofs and of the printer's emotion when he saw what a mess John had made of them. I should like to describe how my hero's heart beat during the anxious days of waiting; to picture to you his pride at the arrival of his six free copies, and his landlady's surprise when he presented her with one. Above all, I should like to bring home to you the eagerness with which he bought and opened *The Times Literary Supplement* and read his first review:—

"William Trewulmian—*The First Phase*. By John Ponquarto, 7½ × 5¼, 896 pp. Albert Pump. 9s. n."

I have no time to go into these matters, nor have I time in which to give



"SAY TEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

We find that the public likes these continuous books. About terms. We will send an agreement along to-morrow. Naturally, as this is a first book, we

at length his later Press cuttings, in which there was displayed a unanimity of opinion that John Penquarto was now in the front rank of living novelists, one of the limited number whose work really counted. I must hurry on.

It was a week after the publication of *William Trewulliam*, the novel which had taken all London by storm. In all the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, in all the Clubs of Pall Mall, people were asking each other, "Who is John Penquarto?" Nobody knew—save one.



LADY MARY KNEW.

Lady Mary knew. It was not the name Penquarto which had told her; it was—yes, you have guessed—the scene at the beginning of the book, when William Trewulliam meets the little Anne and shares his last raspberry-drop with her. Even under this disguise she recognised that early meeting. She pierced beneath the imagination of the novelist to the recollection of the man. John Penquarto—of course! Now she remembered the name.

It had always been a mystery to her friends why Lady Mary had never married. No girl in Society had been more eagerly courted. It was whispered that already she had refused more than one Archbishop, three Newspaper Proprietors and a couple of Dukes. Something, she scarcely knew what, told her that this was not love. She must wait. As she dressed to go to the Duchess of Bilberry's At Home, she wondered if she would ever meet John Penquarto again, and if he had altered.

"Mary!"

It was John speaking. He had seen her the moment she came in at the

door. Something—was it the Duchess's champagne at dinner?—had reminded him of the acid-drop they had eaten together and this had brought back his memories in a flood. To-night he would meet her again. He knew it instinctively. Besides, it was like this that William Trewulliam had met Anne again, and Henry Polhenory had met Sarah, and Thomas Pontuminas had met Alice, and—well, anyhow he knew.

"John!"

It was Mary speaking. Perhaps you had guessed.

"You know me?" (This is John. It was his turn.)

"I knew you." (Said Mary.)

"Do you remember—"

Mary blushed, and John did not deviate from the healthy red colour which he had maintained throughout the conversation. In spite of his success he was never quite at ease in society at this period of his life. Nor were Henry Polhenory and Thomas



HE WAS NEVER QUITE AT EASE IN SOCIETY.

Pentummas. They remained handsome but awkward, which was why women loved them so.

"I love you." (John speaking.)

"I think I must have always loved you." (Mary going it.)

He took her hand in his.

Nobody noticed them. They were as much alone as if they had been at the National Gallery together. Many of the guests were going through similar scenes of recognition and love-making; others were asking each other if they



THE HAPPY COUPLE DROVE AWAY.

had read *William Trewulliam* yet, and lying about it; others again were making for the buffet. John and Mary had the world to themselves . . .

V.

They were married a month later. John, who did not look his best in a frock-coat, had pleaded for a quiet wedding, and only the Duchess of Bilberry and Mr. Pump were present at the simple ceremony which took place at the Bloomsbury registry-office. Then the happy couple drove away.

And where are they spending the honeymoon?

"Ah, do you need to ask?"

"At Greenwich?" No, fathead, not at Greenwich.

"At Clacton-on-Sea?" Look here, I don't believe you're trying. Have another shot . . .

Yes, dear reader, you are right. They are going back to Polwollop.

It might be a good plan to leave them there. A. A. M.

PAPER PROBLEMS.

It's very odd to lie and think that when my mother chose

The paper for my nursery wall, of lavender and rose,

She never found the funny things that I can see to-day,

Now I am ill and lie abed and watch them at their play.

The person in the paper-shop, who sold it her as "neat,"

Had no idea he'd sold a bear with fingers on his feet;

And even Nurse, who sees so much—her eyesight beats belief—

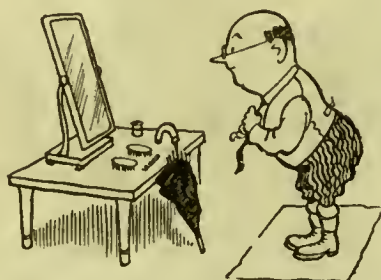
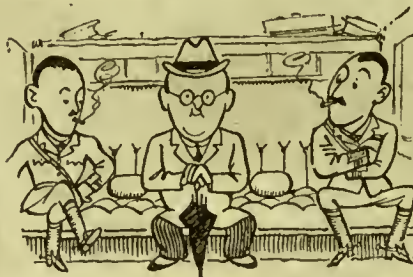
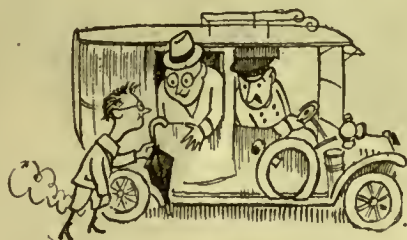
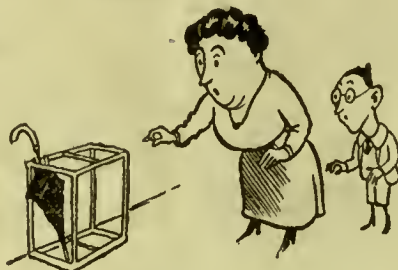
Has never seen the elephant on every other leaf.

It really is remarkable, when grown-up people call,

To hear them say how pretty are the flowers upon my wall,

And watch them stare right through the things that most appeal to me,

The Other Pictures everywhere that only I can see.



THE INVENTOR'S DREAM.

AN INEXPENSIVE IDEA FOR MAKING THE BRITISH ARMY INVULNERABLE.



W. M. BATEMAN

THE INVENTOR'S DREAM.

AN INEXPENSIVE IDEA FOR MAKING THE BRITISH ARMY INVULNERABLE.



DEMOBILISED.



NEW WELLS FOR OLD.

OVER the top of Part II. of *The Outline of History* I caught the smiling glance of the man in the opposite corner of the compartment.

"Good stuff that," he said, indicating the History with a jerk of his head.

"Quite," I agreed, maintaining my distance.

"Immense," he continued. "And it means the dawn of a new life for me. I'm WELLS's hero. Every time I've appeared in his half-yearly masterpiece, ever since *Tono Bungay*. And look at the mess he's made of my life. Often I've had to start it under the cloud of mysterious parentage. Invariably I have been endowed with a Mind (capital M). Think of those uphill fights of mine against adverse conditions. And my unhappy marriages. He has led me into every variation of infidelity. When I *did* hit it off with my wife for once, he sent us to the Arctic regions as a punishment. In the depth of winter, too.

But, now he's taken up this History, I'm free. The dam has burst and strange things come floating down . . ."

He sprang to his feet in his excitement. He was wearing a loose-fitting

suit and what his master might call a lower middle-class hat.

"And now I'm going to do all the things I've always wanted to do. A happy marriage; well-ordered life in the suburbs; warm slippers in the fender, and all that that stands for; kinemas, perhaps, and bowls. An allotment . . ."

"But," I objected, "this History won't occupy him for ever. There should be only about sixteen more parts. He'll have you out again next autumn."

"But WELLS is getting the Suburban idea too." He was standing right over me, glaring horribly with excitement. The train had entered a tunnel and he was shouting bravely against the din. "Look in Part I. He acknowledges the help he has received from Mrs. WELLS. And her watchful criticism. That from *him*! I tell you I am free—free!"

He was shaking me by the shoulders now, his face close to mine. "I shall have my allotment. Prize parsnips—giant marrows!"

"Don't be too sure," I yelled—the tunnel seemed endless. "Remember poor old *Sherlock*. DOYLE raised *him* from the dead. And you"—my voice rising to a scream—"he'll have you out—out—out!"

* * * * *

As I came to I heard my dentist remark to the doctor that I always had been a bad patient under gas.

MR. PUNCH ON SILK STOCKINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your article about Christmas presents was a great success. I took your advice about the silk stockings, and sent the following verses with them, which some of your married readers may care to cut out and keep for future use:—

Your stockings once, on Christmas Eve,
Would hang, your cot adorning,
And Father Christmas, we believe,
Would fill them ere the morning;
But since he spied your dainty toes
To exchange the parts he's willing:
He thinks it's his to send the hose
And yours to find the filling.
He lays his offerings at your feet
And hopes you won't deride them,
For he has nothing half so neat
As you to put inside them.

There! I can only repeat that the results were excellent, and express my gratitude to you for the same.

Yours obediently,

GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

P.S.—The ties I got this time were quite all right; she too must have read your article.

NATURE AND ART.

To Betty, who can afford to defy the laws of symmetry.

[Being reflections on the old theory, recently developed before the Hellenic Society by Mr. JAY HAMBIDGE, that certain formulæ of proportions found in nature—notably in the normal ratio between a man's height and the span of his outstretched arms ($2 : \sqrt{5}$)—constituted the basis of symmetry in the art of the Greeks and, earlier, of the Egyptians.]

Betty, I fear you don't conform
Precisely to the female norm
From dainty foot to charming noddle,
But, closely measured, span by span,
Seem built upon a private plan
Not found in ANNIE KELLERMAN
Or in the well-known Melos model.

If you compare your width and height—
Arms horizontal, left and right—
With ancient types of pure perfection,
The ratio may not, it's true,
Be as the root of 5 to 2,
But what, my dear, has that to do
With laws of natural selection?

Let Mr. HAMBIDGE to your shape
Apply his T-square and his tape,
And wish that you were more archaic;
Why should I care? I love you best
For what no compasses can test,
For graces not to be expressed
In terms however algebraic.

I love you for the lips and eyes
That none may hope to standardize
On any system known to Hellas;
And what I like about your smile
Has no relation to the style
Of any pyramid of Nile
Figured by mathematic fellahs.

Though your proportions mayn't agree
With FECHNER's pedant formulæ,
I don't complain of such disparity;
Too flawless that perfection shows;
For me a larger comfort flows
From human failings (take your nose—
I like its quaint irregularity).

Indeed I love you best of all
For those defects by which you fall
Short of the pattern you should follow;
As I would fain be loved for mine,
Speaking as one whose own design
Lacks something of the perfect line
Affected by the young Apollo.

O. S.

HOW TO GAIN A JOURNALISTIC POSITION.

YOUNG aspirants are always endeavouring to secure posts on our leading newspapers, and complain bitterly that their letters of application are ignored by obtuse editors. To help them in this sad ambition Mr. Punch has composed a series of letters to divers editors which he guarantees will prove eminently satisfactory.

To the Editor of "The Daily News."

SIR,—I regard the insufferable LLOYD GEORGE as the most dangerous, the most malignant, the most incompetent politician who has ever attempted to misrule this country. The iniquity of the Coalition will make enlightened rulers

like LENIN and TROTSKY blush for the human race. I feel with you that till the real Liberal party returns to power England will never know peace and prosperity. Then and then only will brotherly friendship between England and Germany be renewed. Then and then only shall we see cheap milk, cheap coal, abundant housing, the Free Breakfast Table and the Large Cocoa Cup. To show my devotion to the cause you so nobly advocate I may say that I have actually read every article contributed by Mr. MASTERMAN to your paper. I am strongly in favour of an *entente* with Labour, by which Labour should agree not to contest any seats where the true Asquithians stand a chance. I enclose as a specimen of my work the first of a series of articles on "How LLOYD GEORGE lost the War," which I am sure will be invaluable at by-elections.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail."

SIR,—I am young and, if possible, growing younger daily. My motto is "Hustle and Bustle" and not "Dilly and Dally." I live on standard bread, in a wooden hut embowered, when feasible, with sweet peas. My ear is always close to the ground, and I can confidently predict what the man in the street will be thinking about the day after tomorrow. Politically, I am opposed to the Wastrels, the Wee Frees and the Bolsheviks, and am not prepared as yet to back Labour unreservedly. I can express myself brightly and briefly on any topical subject. Herewith I send specimen articles (length three hundred words) on "Poker Bridge," "Are we having Wetter Washdays?" and "The Woggle-Wiggle Dance." Should there be no vacancy on your staff I should be prepared to accept one on any other of your publications—*The Weekly Dispatch*, *The Times* or *The Rainbow*.

To the Editor of "The Manchester Guardian."

SIR,—I was a Conscientious Objector during the War. I conscientiously object to everything still, including the Peace Treaty. I speak and write fifteen languages and dialects, including Oxford English. I have a comprehensive knowledge of social and political life in Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Polynesia. I have also resided in England. I have a deep conviction that under all conditions, everywhere and at all times, England is invariably and absolutely in the wrong. In home politics I am resolutely opposed to all the Coalition has done, is doing or will do. It is my firm opinion that the actions of England would become less deplorable, less criminal if Mr. ASQUITH returned to power. I enclose as specimens of my mentality two intensely human articles which I doubt not will find a home in your columns: "Proportional Representation in Jugo-Slavia" (length four thousand five hundred words) and "Futurism under TROTSKY" (length five thousand words).

To the Editor of "The Spectator."

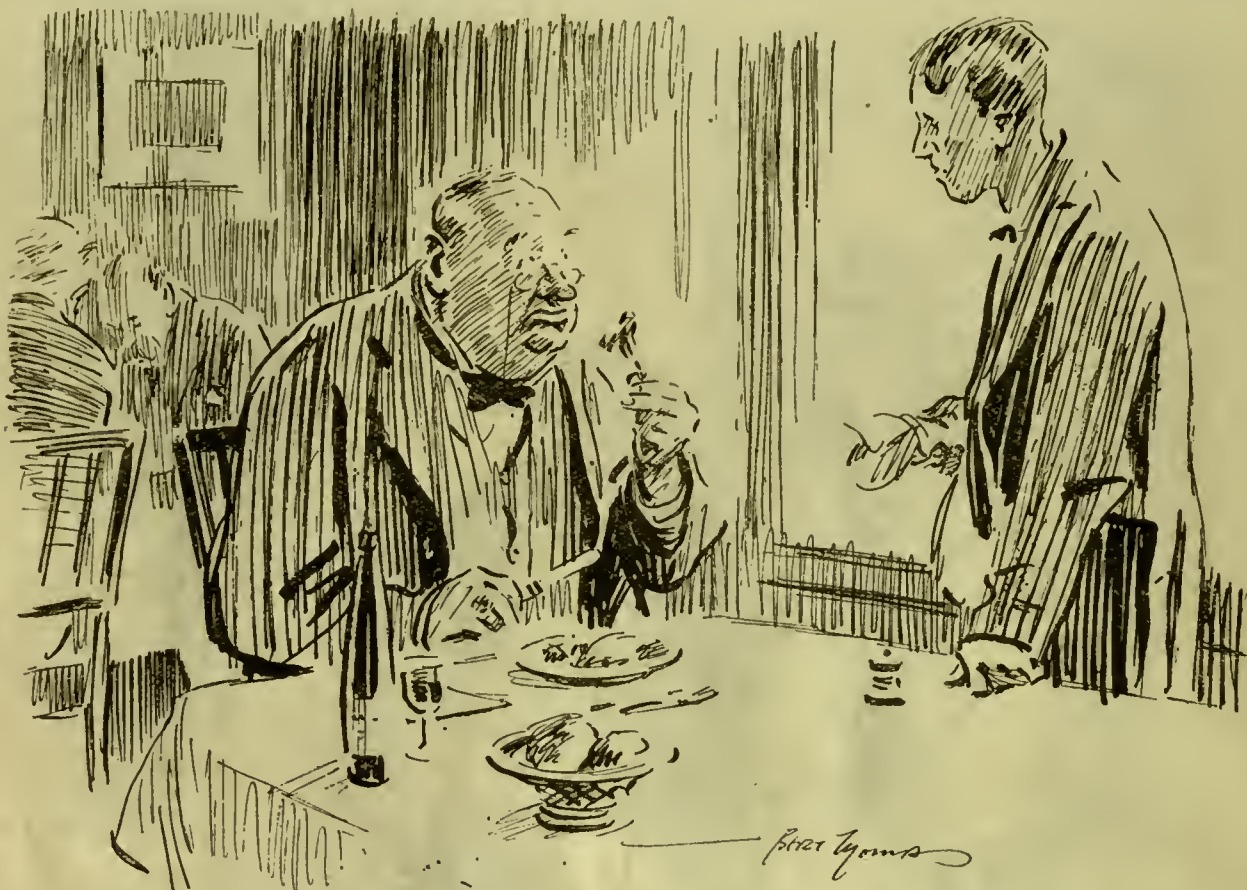
SIR,—In offering my services to you I may point out how happily my up-bringing and mental training have fitted me for a post on your staff. The child of an Archdeacon (who was also honorary chaplain to a rifle club), I was born in a house with earth-filled walls and brought up in intimate association with a large number of most intelligent animals. If desired I am prepared to relate anecdotes of the family bull-dog and a pet she-goat which will verify my description. I feel with you that England can only be saved by relying on a Free-Trading, Non-Socialist, Church Establishment. I loathe alike Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and think that the intellect of England, which blossoms so luxuriously in country rectories and deaneries, finds its best expression in Lord HUGH CECIL. As a specimen of my literary ability I enclose a middle article on "The Sense of Obligation in Tom-Cats."



A "POSITIVELY LAST" APPEARANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "ACCEPT THIS POOR TRIBUTE IN RECOGNITION OF MUCH GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PAST. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY ARTISTS WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU."

[The recent withdrawal of horsed cabs from certain ranks in the London district foreshadows the final extinction of this venerable type.]



Club Grouser. "WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

Waiter. "THAT'S GAME PIE, SIR."

Club Grouser. "UMPH! THINK I MUST HAVE GOT A BIT OF THE FOOTBALL."

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Professor PORTA has sent a message to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, wishing him a Happy New World.

Mr. Justice ROWLATT has decided that photography is not a profession. With some actresses, of course, it is just a disease.

The gentleman who drew 1920 in a fifty-pound sweepstake as the date of the ex-Kaiser's trial is now prepared to sell his chance for sixpence-halfpenny.

"He is not a politician," says Mr. R. HARCOURT in *The Times*, referring to Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES. It will be interesting to see how Sir AUCKLAND accepts this compliment.

A letter posted at Hull for Odessa in July, 1914, has just been returned to the sender. The postal authorities are thought to take the view that the sender should be given an opportunity of adding a few seasonable observations to his previous remarks.

It is all nonsense to say that there can be no change in the present high prices. They can always go higher.

Owing to the strike of cabmen in Glasgow a number of people had to walk home on New Year's Eve. It is not said how the others got home, but we have made a guess.

On enquiry about the erection of huge new premises in the Strand by the American Bush Terminal Company, we gather that London is not to be removed, but will be allowed to remain next door.

Inspector Moss of the Great Eastern Railway Police has just had his pocket picked and thirty pounds stolen. It is only fair to say that he was in plain clothes and the thief did not know he was a police officer.

A history of the Ministry of Munitions is to be compiled at a cost of £9,648. To keep the expense down to this modest sum by economy in printing Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be referred to throughout as "X."

A man has been charged with damaging a London omnibus. He pleaded that the vehicle pushed him first.

Mrs. PAYNE, the only woman mouse-trap-maker in London, has retired from the business. It is said that a number of mice hope to arrange a farewell cheese.

At a recent meeting of the Peace Conference it was decided that the troubles in Egypt and India should in future be referred to as Honorary Wars.

The Indians much appreciate CHARLIE CHAPLIN, says *The Weekly Dispatch*. We felt confident that this film comedian would come into his own some day.

Only two minor railway accidents were reported in December, but a South Coast train which started that month is reported to have run into the New Year.

It is estimated that *The Outline of History* by Mr. H. G. WELLS will be concluded this year. It would be a pleasing compliment to the author if at

the end of that time Parliament made it illegal for any more history to happen.

The Thames angler who was asked in the Club at night if he had had any luck that day, and replied that he had not had a bite, is thought to be an impostor.

An Insurance official states that thin people live longer than stout. This is probably due to the fact that when thin people stand sideways the motor-car doesn't get a real chance.

"It is just twenty months since we experienced the last hostile air-raid," states an evening paper. Should this indiscreet statement reach the ears of certain Government Officials it is feared that one or two of our picturesque anti-aircraft stations may be dismantled.

According to an American paper, a lawyer has left New York for Mexico, in order to try to explain to the inhabitants the meaning of Peace and the benefits to be derived from joining the League of Nations. We understand he has made full arrangements for leaving a widow and two young children.

Our heart goes out to the tenant of an experimental paper-house who discovered, on going up-stairs, that his two-year-old son in a fit of ungovernable passion had torn up his nursery.

A man has written to *The Daily Mail* advocating the alteration of the calendar to thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with two Christmas Days in Leap Year. The writer—to do him justice—did not sign himself "Paterfamilias."

The New Poor Dance Club, which has opened in the West End, is having its vicissitudes. Last week, it is reported, a distinguished stranger mistook a waiter for one of the members, and the waiters have threatened to strike if it occurs again.

Los Angeles, California, says a New York cable, is suffering from an unprecedented crime wave. A proposal by President CARRANZA to draw a *cordon sanitaire* round the place has not yet reached Washington.

"Are dark people cleverer than fair?" asks a contemporary. Those clumsy attempts to destroy the Coalition spirit are too transparent to be successful.

Intending visitors to the Zoological Gardens in Phoenix Park, Dublin, are



"HURRY UP, JOHNSON—WHAT A TIME YOU TAKE!"

"I CAN'T GET THROUGH THESE BEASTLY TROOPS."

now required to get a permit from the military authorities. A daring attempt by a Sinn Féiner to approach the Viceregal Lodge under cover of a easowary is said to be responsible for the order.

The ex-Kaiser, it is stated, has asked the Prussian Government if there would be any objection to his settling in Peru as a cattle-raiser. The probability that the Crown Prince will settle in France for a spell as a watch-lifter is thought to have fired the ex-Imperial imagination.

A report from Chicago states that, as a result of the prevailing taste for wood-alcohol, a number of citizens successfully revived the ancient custom of seeing the Aurora Borealis in.

"The charm of a pleasing figure depends upon an uneasy fitting corset."

Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Il faut souffrir pour être belle.

"There would also be great competition for carniferous timber from other countries."

Scotch Paper.

Not so much now that the meat-shortage is over.

"Dundee leads the way in Scotland in a new phase of sport for ladies."

The innovation was created by the City Magistrates to-day, when an application for a billiard-room license in the new City Hall was granted.

Under the license ladies will be permitted to cross cues with gentlemen partners in a public billiard-room."

—Local Paper.
It is supposed that their worships were under the impression that billiards was a new form of-shinty.

THE TUBE CURE.

[It has been observed that employees in the Tubes never catch cold while at work, and doctors, questioned by an evening paper, have said that "the Tube atmosphere should be quite likely to cure a cold if breathed long enough—say for an hour at a stretch."]

To-day, when I acquire a cold
(Rude Boreas having blustered),
I do not, as in times of old,
Immerse my feet in mustard;
I put a penny in a slot
At some Tube railway station
And draw a ticket for a not
Far distant destination.

I shun the crowded lifts, although
They're right enough in their way,
And make my calm, unruffled, slow
Descension by the stairway;
'Tis there a man can be alone,
Immune from all intrusion;
I doubt if there was ever known
Its equal for seclusion.

Where no invading footsteps fall
I quaff the healthy vapours,
While glancing at my ease through all
The illustrated papers;
And since I've found the bottom stair
A place they don't upholster,
I always take when going there
A small pneumatic bolster.

Not till an hour or twain have gone,
Thus pleasantly expended,
Do I proceed to carry on,
And, when my journey's ended,
I find all dread bacilli slain—
No germ shows his (or her) face—
And so, my cherry self again,
Come blithely to the surface.

A BUNCH OF POETS.

Mr. Obadiah Geek has broken his long silence to some purpose. Those who remember his pre-war achievements in the field of polychromatic romanticism will hardly be prepared for his present development, which lifts him at a bound from the overcrowded ranks of lyric-writers to the uncongested heights whereon recline the great masters of epic poetry. And yet it was perhaps inevitable. The thunder and the reek of war (the last two years of which, we believe, were spent by Mr. Geek in the Egg Control Department) could scarcely have failed to imprint their mark on the author of *Eros in Eruption*; and so he has given us a real epic, whose very title, *Ad Astra*, is symbolic of the high altitudes in which he so triumphantly and so securely navigates. Outwardly it is a story of the War, but there is little difficulty in probing the allegory; and those who follow the hero's vicissitudes as a private in the Gasoliers, right through

to his victorious advancement to the rank of Acting Lance-Corporal, unpaid (and there is a symbolism even in the "unpaid"), will readily supply the application to the affairs of everyday life.

The ten thousand odd lines of this inspired poem are liberally enlivened with those characteristic flashes which Mr. Geek's previous efforts have led us to expect. Nothing could be happier than the following, descriptive of the hero's early days on the harrack-square:—

The Sergeant rolled his eyes toward the azure
And called down curses on my bloody
head . . .
"You buzz about," his peroration ran,
"Like a bluebottle in a sugar-bowl.
Thank God we have a Navy!" and my feet,
Turned outward, as they had been drilled
to turn,
At forty-five degrees or thereabouts,
Itched to join issue with his swollen paunch;
But I refrained.

Or again:—

Fame, the skyscraper, hath a thousand floors;
And some toil slowly upward, stair by stair,
And stagger and halt and faint upon the
way;
Others, more fortunate, achieve the top
At one swift elevation, by the lift.

Mr. Geek, whatever his method of progression may have been, has certainly "achieved the top"—if indeed he has not gone over it.

* * * * *
In *Throbs*, Miss Gramercy Gingham-Potts reveals a depth of feeling and delicacy of expression that should secure her the right of entry to every art-calendar and birthday-book. Her Muse is, perhaps, a trifle anæmic, but to many none the less interesting on that account; its very fragility, in fact, constitutes its chief appeal. She has an engaging gift of definition that, combined with a keen appreciation of the obvious, makes her verses particularly susceptible to quotation. For instance:—

The maiden asked, "What is a kiss?"
The poet wrote:
"Kisses are stamps that frank with bliss
Love's contract-note."

While for effectively studied simplicity it would be difficult to match the lyrical gem to which Miss Gingham-Potts has given the arresting title, "Farewell":—

The birds sing sweet in Summer;
The daisies hear their song;
But Winter's come, and they are dumb
So long.

I told my love in Summer,
So pure and brave and strong;
But frosts came on; my love is gone;
So long!

* * * * *
A new volume by the author of *Swings and Roundabouts* is something of an event; and in *Bottles and Jugs* Mr. Ughtred Biggs makes another fascinat-

ing raid on the garbage-bins of London's underworld. Mr. Biggs is a stark realist, and his unminced meat may prove too strong for some stomachs; but those who can digest the fare he offers will find it wonderfully sustaining. Here is no condiment of verbiage, no dressing of the picturesque. Life is served up high, and almost raw. By way of illustration we cannot do better than quote from the opening poem, "Bill's Wife," in which the calculated roughness of the rhythm is redolent of the pervading atmosphere:—

At the corner of the street
Stands the Blue-faced Pig;
Outside a barrel-organ is playing
And the people are dancing a jig.

A woman waits there grimly;
Her eyes are set and her lips drawn thin;
For Bill, her man, is in the public,
Soaking his soul in gin.

Students of sociology might do worse than devote careful attention to these gaunt chronicles of Slumland.

* * * * *
The following stanzas, taken from a poem entitled "Reconstruction," are a favourable example of Mr. Thor Pinmoney's somewhat unequal genius:—

By strife we live, but boredom slays;
My mind from out this office strays
And takes me back to the spacious days
When I counted socks in Ordnance.

I hate my pen; I hate my stool;
What am I but a nerveless tool?
But we did not work by rote or rule
When I counted socks in Ordnance . . .

There are times even now when it really seems
I'm back in a suburb of shell-shocked Rheims;
But the office echoes my waking screams
When I find it was only in my dreams
I was counting socks in Ordnance.

Unfortunately, all Mr. Pinmoney's efforts do not come up to this standard, and we should be almost inclined to wonder whether the writer has not after all mistaken his vocation, were it not for the really brilliant piece of work which brings the volume (*Pegasus Comes Home*) to a close. We make no apology for reproducing this masterpiece in full:—

Man comes
And goes.
What then?
Who knows?

Here we have the whole philosophy of life and the life hereafter summed up. If he never writes another line Mr. Pinmoney is by this assured of a permanent place in the anthology of post-bellum poetry.

Replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Lloyd George said it was a great boon that a large industrial community should have been founded amongst these lovely surroundings, a boon not only for the workers, but also for their little children, who would have the advantage of being reared in gorgeous mountain air. —*Daily Paper*.
Lloyd-Georgeous, in fact.



MANNERS AND MODES.

HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE OF A LADY WHO DREAMS THAT SHE HAS GONE TO A BALL IN HER NIGHT-GOWN AND FOUND HERSELF SHOCKINGLY OVERDRESSED.

THE "FIRST HUNDRED" OF LOEB.

[The Loeb Classical Library, founded by a munificent American millionaire, Mr. JAMES LOEB (pronounce "Lobe"), and edited by Dr. E. CAPP, Mr. T. E. PAGE and Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE, has now reached its hundredth volume.]

When ways are foul and days are damp,
When agitators rage and ramp,
And SMILLIE, with the aid of CRAMP,
Threatens to rend the globe;
When margarine is scarce, or beef,
And drinks are dear and few and brief,
I find refreshment and relief
And comfort in my LOEB.

Good print, good company, a text
By no vain annotations vexed

Which call from students sore perplexed

The patience of a Job;
And, page by page, a first-rate crib,
Neither too faithful nor too glib—
That, without fulsomeness or fib,
Is what we get in LOEB.

Let scientists on various fronts
Indulge in their atomic stunts,
Or harness to our prams and punts
The puissant radiobe;
No rather it delights to roam
Across the salt Aegean foam
With old Odysseus, far from home,
And bless the name of LOEB.

To soar with PLATO to the heights;
To find in PLUTARCH's kings and knights

The human touch that more delights

Than crown or regal robe;
To taste the fresh Pierian springs,
To see CATULLUS scorch his wings
With the fierce flame that sears and
stings—

For this I thank thee, LOEB.

I've made no fortune out of beer;
I'm not a plutocrat or peer,
Nor yet a bloated profiteer,
An OM or e'en an OBE;
But if I'd thirty pounds to spare
I'd go and blow them then and
there

Upon the Hundred Books that bear
The sign and seal of LOEB.

A NEWSPAPER SCOOP.

(With the British Army in France.)

"I spotted him by the fountain-pen stains on his vest and the thunderbolts sticking out of his pockets," said Frederick. "So I went up to him and said, 'You are Wuffle of *The Daily Hooter*, the man who wiped-up Whitehall and is now engaged in freezing-out France?'"

"What did he say?" asked Percival.

"Whipped out a note-book and asked me to tell him all about it. I said I was pining for the white cliffs of Albion and that the call of the counting-house and cash-box was ringing in my ears, but that I couldn't get demobilised because the Colonel's pet Pomeranian had conceived a fancy for me and wouldn't take its underdone chop from anyone else. I also hinted that I and a few friends could tell him things that would make his biggest journalistic scoops look like paragraphs in a parish magazine, so he invited me to bring you round this afternoon to split an infinitive with him."

"Wuffle?" said Binnie.

"That's the man who wrote about 'gilded sub-alterns loafing luxuriously in cushioned cars in a giddy round of useless and pampered ease'?"

"Well, I won't say he wrote it, but he signed it. No single man living could write all the stuff Wuffle signs. It's turned out as they turn out cheap motor-cars. One man roughs it out, passes it to the adjective department, thence to the punctuation-room, where they sprinkle it with commas and exclamation marks, and then Wuffle touches it up, fits it with headlines and signs it. Oh, I forgot. Before it goes to press the libel expert looks it over to see that it isn't actionable."

"Anyway, he's the responsible party," said Binnie, "and I would fain have converse with the Wuffle. That 'gilded subaltern' bit was ringing in my head like a dirgo the other night when I was wearily trudging the seven kilometres from St. Denis camp because there was no one to give me a lift."

That afternoon Frederick introduced his friends to Wuffle.

"Sorry we're late," he said, "but Percival and Binnie here have been engaged with the Pioneer-Sergeant discussing the best method of converting a whippet-tank into a roller for the tennis-courts."

At that moment a motor-lorry rumbled by, and Binnie, recollecting a passage in Wuffle's latest article about "motor-lorries rushing madly about with apparently no purpose in view," jumped excitedly to the door.

"Magneto Maggio" leading," he shouted, "and 'The Sparking Spitfire' is just behind. Care to double your bet on 'Maggio' at evens, Percival?"

"Not yet," replied Percival cautiously. "It's only the first lap yet, and 'Maggio' sometimes jibs a bit when she passes the Remount Depot."

Wuffle had his fountain-pen at the alert and looked inquiringly at Frederick.

"I suppose it is another example of deliberate waste," said the latter. "But we've got the lorries eating their heads

Wuffle jumped up with alacrity.

"I'd be awfully glad to get a snap shot of it," said he, disappearing in search of his hat and coat.

Frederick took the opportunity to make a few scathing remarks to Percival.

"It's just like you, you mouldy old citron," he said. "I start a little experiment in *tirage de jambe*, and you put your heavy hoof in and spoil the whole business. You know jolly well that Le Glaxo was completely closed down months ago."

"Oh, put another penny in your brain-meter and try to realise that you aren't the only one who's grown up," replied Percival impatiently. "Your brain-waves move about as quick as G.P.O. telegraph messages. I'd got the scheme worked out while you were putting over your old musical-comedy gags."

Since the departure of the British, Le Glaxo's only excitement is the arrival of its one train per day. Ignoring the sensation caused by the detraining of four persons simultaneously, Percival led his party along a muddy rough lane.

"The dump is about four kilometres away and the road gets rather bad towards the end," he said, maliciously edging Wuffle into a bit of swamp. "Sorry; I was going to warn you about that."

Wuffle scraped mud from his trousers and followed the leader over a rough wall into a hidden ditch. A breathless climb up a

hill and a steady trudge over ploughland found Wuffle still game, but, after he had got his camera ready for action on the cheerful assurance that they were nearing their quarry, a disappointed cry from the leader dashed his hopes.

"Hang it!" said Percival, "I forgot. The dump was moved to Pont Antoine last Tuesday. Come along; it's only three kilometres away."

Strangely enough, Pont Antoine was also a blank. Binnie suggested trying Monceau, two kilometres further on; but when they arrived there, fatigued and dirty, a thin drizzle was falling and it was almost dark. Percival confessed himself baffled.

"I'm awfully sorry," said he to Wuffle; "I can't find it now, and the point is how are we going to get back? There isn't a railway for miles."

"Don't any of our lorries or cars pass here?" asked Wuffle.

"Oh, yes. But they won't give you



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

The Rescuer. "I'M NOT A VERY GRACEFUL DIVER, YOU KNOW. WHAT ABOUT EMPLOYING A PROFESSIONAL SWIMMER FOR THIS PART OF THE SHOW?"

off in the garages and the petrol is simply aching to be evaporated, so we give the drivers exercise and ourselves some excitement over organising these Area Circuit Steeplechases."

"Why not trans-ship the lorries?" suggested Wuffle.

"That would never do, old prune," said Frederick. "The troops would have nothing to guard."

"Send the men home," persisted Wuffle.

"Come, my willowy asparagus," replied Frederick in horrified tones, "we must have troops to find us work to do. Of course it's sometimes difficult to keep the men employed, and then we have to make dumps of empty bisenit tins and things for them to guard."

"I fixed up a real beauty at Le Glaxo, not ten kilometres from here," chipped in Percival. "If you'd like to see it there's a train going in about twenty minutes."



COMMERCIAL CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

TRAPPING IMITATION ERMINE.

a lift. The orders are dead strict against civilians riding in W.D. vehicles."

"It's the result of the articles in the papers about waste," said Frederick sympathetically. "But I don't suppose there would be any objection to your hanging on and running behind."

Wuffle looked round disconsolately. In the gloom the lighted windows of the tiny Hôtel de l'Univers blinked invitingly.

"I think I'll stop here for the night," he said, "and telephone for a car to fetch me to-morrow."

"Right-o!" said Percival. "And when it's thoroughly light you might—you *might* be able to find the dump. So long."

As they rumbled uncomfortably home on a fortuitous three-ton lorry, Percival looked round for applause.

"*C'est bien fait, mon vieux*," chuckled Binnie. "I'll bet the Wuffle won't go dump-hunting again in a hurry. And he won't be able to do any damage from that little estaminet for a day or two."

* * * * *

The well-advertised series of articles in *The Daily Hooter* commenced a few days later. The conspirators studied them diligently in gleeful anticipation of finding their contribution to journalistic enterprise. It came at the end, in a brief paragraph.

"When I had collected my material for this powerful indictment, etc., etc."

(ran the article), "I met a party of irresponsible subalterns bent on the old, old army pastime of leg-pulling. For the sake of exercise and amusement I permitted them to conduct me on a wild-goose chase after an imaginary dump, which luckily led me to a sequestered little hotel where I was able to write my articles in peace and quietude. But to return to the main question. I unhesitatingly affirm . . ."

Percival, who was reading aloud, let the paper fall limply from his hand.

"Frederick," he said, "put your biggest boots on and kick me. The word-merchant was laughing at us all the time."

"The letter about the Bloomsbury cat that bought her own cat's meat in your issue of December 6th is interesting."

A Correspondent in "*The Spectator*."

The cat would, however, have shown more regard for the feelings of our justly-esteemed contemporary if it had wrapped up its purchase in some other publication.

"In his defence, — said that he had really intended marrying the girl, but that he came to the realization that she was extremely *ejaljonjs*, hence his *bjreach*.

The court found that this was sufficient ground to justify *jjjustify jujjij jstjijfy* his breach of promise."—*Canadian Paper*.

It is evident, however, that the Court did not arrive at this decision without considerable hesitation.

More Headaches for Historians.

"The revellers passed the time in dancing and singing until St. Paul's clock struck midnight. Then 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung with enthusiasm and, after repeated cheers, the crowd dispersed."—*Times*.

"It was typical of the largest crowd that has watched round the cathedral the passing of the year that at the moment when midnight struck it should be engaged in one tremendous jostle and push, rough and tumble, and that no one thought to strike up the tune—traditional to the occasion—of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"—*Star*.

"The gigantic Hindenburg figure of Militarism in the centre of the room melted away with the appearance of the Peace Angel, reputed to be the fairest lady in Chelsea, who had climbed a ladder within his leviathan bulk."—*Times*.

"When twelve o'clock struck The God of War should have collapsed gracefully to give place to the most beautiful artist's model in Chelsea, draped as the Goddess of Peace. But something went wrong with the ropes, and the God of War floated a yard or two into the air, just sufficiently high to show us the feet and knees of the Goddess of Peace."—*Evening Standard*.

"The famous flood-test of the Parisian, the stone ouave on the Bridge of Alina, is in water up to his waist."—*Provincial Paper*.

Surely an understatement. The "ouave" seems to have had his Z washed away.

From a *feuilleton* :—

"James put his cold hands in his pockets and buttoned up his coat collar before turning out to his work."—*Weekly Paper*.

This is not so easy as it sounds.



Toutou (released after internment for the duration, to old business friend who is trying to avoid him). "WELL, MINE FRIEND, AND WHERE HAF YOU BEEN HIDING YOURSELF THE LAST FOUR OR FIVE YEARS?"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"COME, all you young seamen, take heed now to me,
A hard-case old sailorman bred to the sea,
As sailed the seas over afore you was born,
An' learned 'em by heart from the Hook to the Horn."

"Don't hold by the ratlines when going aloft
(Which I've told you afore but can't tell you too oft),
Or you'll strike one that's rotten as sure as you live,
And it's too late to learn when you've once felt it give;
If you don't hit the bulwarks you'll sure hit the sea,
For them rotten ratlines—they're the devil," says he.

"Now if you should see, as you like enough may,
When tramping the docks for a ship some fine day,
A spanking full-rigger just ready for sea,
And think she's just all that a hooker should be,
Take 'eed you don't ship with a skipper that drinks—
You'd better by half play at fan-tan with Chinks!—
For that'll mean nothing but muddle an' mess,
It may be much more and it can't be much less,
What with wrangling and jangling to drive a man daft,
And rank bad dis-eip-line both forrard and aft,
A ship that's ill-found and a crew out of 'and,
And a touch-and-go chance she may never reach land,
But go down in a squall or broach to in a sea,
For them drunken skippers—they're the devil," says he.

"And if you go further and pause to admire
A ship that's as neat as your heart could desire,

As smart as a frigate aloft and alow,
Her brasswork like gold and her planking like snow,
Look round for a mate by whose twang it is plain
That his home port is somewhere round Boston or Maine,
With a jaw that's the cut of a square block of wood,
And beat it, my son, while the going is good!
There'll be scraping and scouring from morning till night
To keep that brass shiny and keep them decks white,
And belaying-pin soup both for dinner and tea,
For them smart down-easters—they're the devil," says he.

"But if by good fortune you chance for to get
A ship that ain't hungry or wicked or wet,
That answers her hellum both a-weather and lee,
Goes well on a bowline and well running free,
A skipper that's neither a fool nor a brute,
And mates not too free with the toe of their boot,
A sails and a bo'sun that's bred to their trade,
And a slush with a notion how vittles is made,
And a crowd that ain't half of 'em Dagoes or Dutch,
Or Mexieau greasers or niggers or such,
You stick to her close as you would to your wife,
She's the sort that you only find once in your life;
And ships is like women, you take it from me,
That, if they are bad 'uns, they're the devil," says he.

C. F. S.

"With regard to prison labour, it is stated that the manufacture of war stories had continued to employ every available inmate."

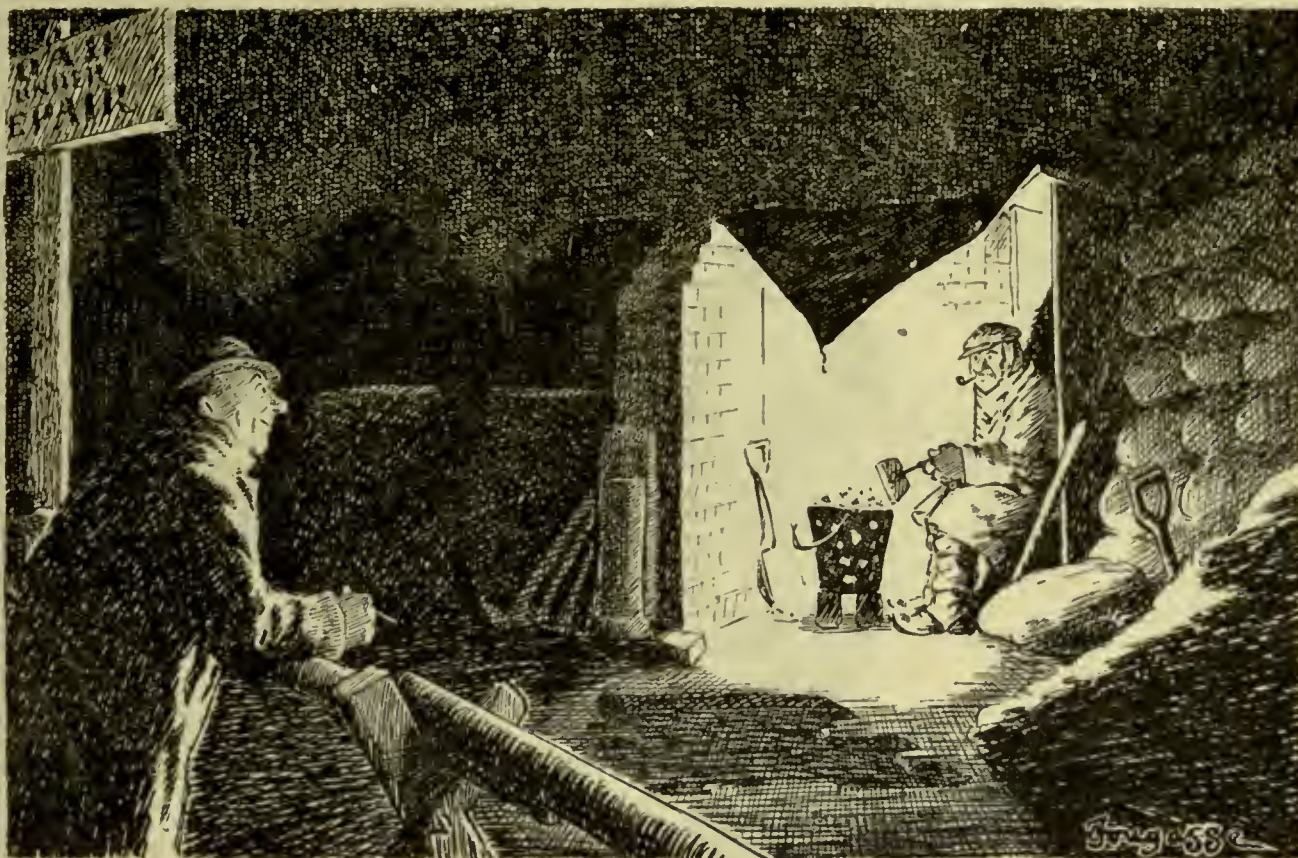
Christian Science Monitor.

We had wondered where some of them came from.



SOUNDING THE "ALL CLEAR."

WITH GRATEFUL COMPLIMENTS TO THE GALLANT VOLUNTEERS OF THE BRITISH
MINE CLEARANCE FORCE.



"HULLO, GEORGE! AND WHEN'S THE WAR GOING TO BE OVER, EH?"

THE QUESTIONABLE ALIEN.

William, my hitherto unventuresome friend William, is going abroad. I cannot be certain why. Perhaps he no longer feels his heroism equal to the strain of living in a country fit for heroes. It may be that he has unwittingly incubated a bacillus which figures in novels as the "Call of the Wild." Anyhow, William is going abroad—so much so that, if he went any farther, he would be on his way home again.

I need not say that I felt called upon to help William through this trying period, and our preparations proceeded satisfactorily until the clever geographers who arrange these things nowadays discovered that William could fetch the Far East by way of the Far West. Then the international complications set in. First, William's passport—a healthy enough document at the start—had to be carried round the diplomatic quarter of London until it broke out into a thick rash of supplementary *visas*. Next we sought out the moneychangers in their dens, to transmute William's viaticum bit by bit into four foreign currencies. Then a Great Power through whose territory William will have to pass apparently was nervous of his approach and instituted a grand inquisition into the status and antecedents of the Alien (William).

We unfolded the paper on our table and stared at it aghast. Its area was rather less than a square yard; in colour it favoured the yolk of bad eggs; while all over its broad expanse were ruled compartments, half of them filled with questions that no gentleman would ask another, the other half left blank for William's indignant replies. We managed with great difficulty to squeeze into the panel pro-

vided all his baptismal titles—there are four of these besides "William"—and then attacked the first real poser:—

Are you in possession of 100 dollars, or less? If less, by how much?

William groaned. "Reach me down Todhunter's Arithmetic, will you?" said he.

I did so, and turned up the Money Market page of our daily paper. Nothing was heard for the next five minutes but grunts and sighs of despair. We then gave it up on the understanding that William must make a point of winning heavily at bridge—or would it be euchre?—on the way across.

Have you ever been in the territory of the Great Power before?

"No," breathed William devoutly, "and, please Heaven, it shan't occur again!"

What is your reason for coming now?

"I suppose I'd better tell the truth," he said; "they'll never believe me if I say I've come to put DEMSEY up to that right drive of CARPENTIER'S."

Were you ever in prison, an almshouse, or an institution for the treatment of the insane? If so, which?

"Take your time, William," I said; "think carefully."

He gave a bitter laugh. "Do they want to know *all* the gaols and asylums I've been in," he asked, "or only the more recent?"

Are you a polygamist?

William turned deathly pale. He then fixed me with a terrible stare of accusation and reproach.

"No, no, William," I protested frantically, "I assure you on my honour that I haven't been talking."

This assurance calmed him somewhat. Bit by bit the



Runner. "BEAUTIFUL SCENT IN COVER TO-DAY, SIR."

Post-War Sportsman. "OH—ER—IS THERE? I HAVEN'T NOTICED IT, BUT I'VE GOT A COLD IN MY HEAD."

colour came back to his cheeks and at length he was able to remark more hopefully: "Well, there's this to be said for it, most of my wives are sportswomen. I don't think they'll give me away."

Are you an anarchist?

"No," answered William frankly, "but I possess a brother-in-law who has leanings towards Rosicrucianism. Next, please."

The next was a very searching, legally-worded inquiry. It demanded at great length to be informed whether William was a person who advocated the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the Great Power, or all forms of Law, or believed in the propriety of assassinating any or every officer of the Great Power because of his official character.

William took up the paper-knife with an expression of sheer animal ferocity. "Yes," he hissed, "the whole lot. Torturing them, too!"—and fell back into his chair with peal upon peal of maniacal laughter.

* * * * *

William was practically a wreck before the inquisition came to an end. He had not even sufficient spirit left to fly at me for entering his distinguishing marks as "a general air of honesty, tempered by a slight inward squint."

"The Board of Trade have awarded a silver cup to Mr. John Bruce, D.S.C., skipper of the steam drifter *Pansy*, of Wick, in recognition of the promptitude and ability with which he rescued the domestic servant, Strawberry Bank, Hardgate, pleaded guilty to having bonusic, stolen a gold safety pin, a fountain pen, two pairs of gloves, two blouses and several other articles of clothing."—*Fishing News*.

We never believe these fishing stories.

SONGS OF THE HOME,

II.—THE DIAGNOSIS.

WHEN Jimmy, our small but significant son,
Is prey of a temper capricious and hot,
And tires of a project as soon as begun,
And wants what he hasn't, and hates what he's got,
A dutiful father, I ponder and brood,
Essaying by reason and logic to find
The radical cause of the juvenile mood
In the intricate growth of the juvenile mind.

But women and reason were never allies;
The rule of a mother is logic of thumb;
The trouble concerns, she is quick to surmise,
His rum-ti-tiddily-um-ti-tum.

O woman (though angel in moments of pain,
When angels of pity are most *à propos*),
Why, why won't you listen when husbands explain
The things they have thought and the knowledge they know?

And why do you smile when they beg to repeat?
And why are you bored when they make it all clear?
And why do you label their emphasis "heat,"
And bid them "Be careful; the servants may hear"?

The argument leaves me, though ever more sure,
Reproachful and angry and sullen and dumb:
It leaves her reforming my diet, to cure
My rum-ti-tiddily-um-ti-tum.

HENRY.

ANIMAL HELPS.

(By a Student of Domestic Economy.)

LIVING in a remote country district, where the difficulty of obtaining servants is at present insurmountable—the nearest “pictures” are twelve miles off—I have been much impressed and encouraged by two letters in recent issues of *The Spectator*. One describes a Bloomsbury grocer's cat that bought her own cat's-meat; another recounts the exploits of a spaniel belonging to a house painter and glazier at Yarmouth (Isle of Wight), which, if given a penny, would immediately amble off to a grocer's shop and purchase a cake.

Viewed in their true perspective, these exhibitions of animal intelligence seem to indicate fruitful possibilities of the employment of our dumb friends to assist us in these trying times. Many years ago I remember reading of a baboon which discharged the duties of a railway porter at a station in Cape Colony with great efficiency. I have unfortunately mislaid the reference, but so far as I can remember no mention was made of wages or tips; consequently the importation and employment of skilled simian labour on a large scale might go a long way towards reducing the expenses of our railway system.

But in view of certain obvious difficulties it is perhaps better to restrict our attention to the sphere of domestic service and farm labour. And here I would urge with all the power at my command the employment of the elephant. The greatest burden of household work is the washing of plates, and this is a task which elephants are peculiarly well fitted to undertake; also the cleaning of windows without the use of a ladder. A well-trained and amiable elephant, again, would enable parents to dispense with a perambulator. I admit that the initial outlay might be considerable, but the longevity of elephants is notorious, and it would always be possible to hire them out to travelling menageries.

Another neglected asset is the well-known aptitude shown by poodles for digging out truffles, an accomplishment of which I often read in my youth. If truffles, why not potatoes?

The extraordinary intelligence and affectionate disposition of the runner duck has often been commented on by our serious weeklies, but so far little attempt has been made to turn these qualities to practical account. They forage for themselves. Why should they not be taught to do so for their owners as well?

One more point and I have done. Greek and Latin are going or gone, but a modicum of Mathematics seems to be



Visitor. "HOW IS MRS. BROWN TO-DAY?"

Maid. "WELL 'M, SHE EBBS AND FLOWS."

indispensable to the modern curriculum. The domestic pig has on many occasions shown a capacity for mastering simple arithmetical processes, and we know that the pupil always ends by bettering his master. Under a more enlightened and humane *régime* I confidently look forward to the time when our children will learn the Rule of Three, not from highly-paid and incompetent governesses, but from unsalaried porcine instructors, trained in the best Montessorian methods.

Our Plutocratic Sportsmen.

"A gold course is being laid out in Rydo House Park, Isle of Wight."—*Sunday Paper*.

The New Rich.

"Working Man (36) requires Lodgings, full or part board; ear ride or convenient Rolls-Royce."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Lady requires gentleman Chauffeur, repair and clean car; good dancer."—*Times*.

One who can "reverse," it is hoped.

"Considering the greatness of the provocation, Centralia, Wash., yesterday showed a calmness worthy of an American community. There were no further attempts at lynching after the hanging of the secretary of the I.W.W. organisation on Tuesday night."

American Paper.

Oh, my friends, let us strive to emulate the calmness of Centralia, Wash.

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER.—A Merry Christmas to you! A bit late, you say? On the contrary, in plenty of time. It is next Christmas I am referring to. Over there, in your tropical land, when the sun stings your skin through your shirt and the sand blisters your feet through your boot-soles, when you butter your bread with a soup-ladle and the mercury boils merrily in the barometer, then, vainly pawing the air for mosquitoes with one hand and reaching for the siphon with the other, you gasp, "Gad! it must be getting on for Christmas-time."

But over here in England, where the seasons wheel round without any appreciable difference in temperature, where, if it were not for the gentleman who writes the calendars, nobody would know whether to wear straw-hats or snow-shoes, Christmas comes sneaking up behind you and grabs you by the pocket before you have time to dodge. "Christmas Eve already!" you exclaim. "Christmas Eve! and there's dear old Tom in Penang and good old Dick in Patagonia and poor old Harry in Princetown, and I've not written a word of cheer to any of them and now have no time to do so." That's what happened to me this year, anyhow; but I'm determined it shall not occur again, so—A Merry Christmas to you, Ginger.

This my first Yule in the Old Country, after many in foreign climes, was not an unqualified success. On the morning of Christmas Eve I went for a walk and lost myself. After wading through bog systems and bramble entanglements for some hours I came out behind a spinney and there spied a small urchin with red cheeks and a red woollen muffler standing beneath a holly-tree. On sighting me he gave vent to a loud and piteous howl. I asked him where his pain was, and he replied that he wanted some holly for decorations, but was too short to reach it. I thereupon swarmed the shrub, plucked and tossed the richly berried boughs to the poor little chap. In return he showed me where I lived—which indeed was not two hundred yards distant, but concealed by the thicket.

Later in the day Edward came in to tea, much annoyed. Bolshevism, he declared, was within our gates. He had been out to collect Christmas decorations in his own private fenced spinney, and confound it if some scoundrels hadn't been and gone and stripped his pet holly-tree of every twig! Anarchy was yapping at the door.

The Aunt soothed him, saying she had that very afternoon purchased a

supply of splendid holly from a sweet little boy who had come round hawking it at sixpence a bough. I asked her if by any chance the dear little fellow had worn a red woollen comforter, and was not surprised when I heard that he had.

No sooner had I fallen asleep that same night than I was aroused by an extraordinary din. I lay there, comatose and semi-conscious in the pitchy darkness, and wondered what had happened. Presently I distinguished the bray of trumps, and I knew. "Golly!" I whispered to myself, "I'm dead. Cheer-o!" Then I recollected something I had read concerning ye sports and customs of ye Ancient British and decided it must be "Waits." I crept to the window and by a glow of lanterns beheld the St. Gwethian Independent Brass Band grouped round the porch, blasting "Christians, awake!" through their brazen fog-horns. I fumbled about on the dressing-table, missed the matches but found a half-crown. "Take that and trot!" I snarled, hurling it at them with all my strength. The coin hit the trombone a glancing blow on the snout, ricocheted off the bassoon and bounded into the rockery.

The music stopped abruptly as the bandsmen swarmed in pursuit of fortune. In half-an-hour's time they had pulled all Edward's cherished sedums and saxifrages up by the roots and turned over most of the smaller rocks without discovering the treasure. A conference in loud idiomatic Cornish then took place, with the result that two musicians were despatched to a neighbouring farm for picks, crow-bars and more lanterns; the remainder squatted on the flower-beds and whiled away the time of waiting by blasting "Good King Wenceslas" to the patient stars.

In due course the messengers returned and the quarrying of the rockery began in earnest. By 4.15 A.M. they had most of it littered over the drive, but had struck some granite boulders which defied even the crowbars. A further conference was then held, but at this point Edward made a dramatic appearance, clad in lilac pyjamas, odd boots and a kimono of the Aunt's, which he had worn as King Alfred in some charades the night before, and in the darkness had donned in mistake for his dressing-gown. His address was impassioned and moving, but had no effect on the Waits, who could only be persuaded to abandon their silver mine at the price of a second half-crown.

A day or so before Christmas I began to notice that everybody was getting presents—everybody except me, that is. This caused me pain. It gave the impression that I was not appreciated. I took thought for a space, then rode

into Penzance, bought several articles I had been wanting for some time, wrote a few affectionate notes in disguised handwriting, such as "With dearest love from Flossie," "With hugs and kisses from Ermyntude," etc., enclosed them with the articles, addressed and posted them to myself and rode home again.

On Christmas morning I opened them in public with a vast flourish, and left the touching little dedications lying carelessly about where anybody could read them. From the glances of wonder and respect which flashed at me from all sides I gathered that everybody did. The sensation was both novel and pleasing. One parcel, however, there was which I had not sent myself. It had been forwarded on by the "Punch" Office, marked, "Please do not crush," and carefully tied and sealed. My heart leapt. "By Jove!" said I, "a genuine Christmas present. Somebody loves me after all. Perhaps a duchess has sent me her tiara."

With trembling fingers I unlaced the strings. The household crowded about me, panting with envy and excitement. Reverently I folded the multitudinous wrappings back and revealed a very old, very dilapidated silk slipper, severely busted at the toe and stuffed with sticky sweets, a small female doll, and a note—"With all best wishes to PATLANDER for a happy Christmas, and many thanks for useful hints contained in *Punch* issue, December 10th, 1919."

I may remind you that in the issue mentioned was an epistle from me to you recommending the Post as a means of disposing of rubbish, with special reference to worn-out foot-gear. I only wish I knew who played this trick on me, Ginger; I would like to give him something in return—say an old footer-boot—with my foot inside.

Thine in sorrow, PATLANDER.

New Golfing Records.

"Mr. — then holed his fourth for a three."—*Sunday Paper*.

"— played very fine golf on the outward journey and stood 5 up at the second hole."—*Evening Paper*.

We suppose that in each case the player's opponent wasn't looking.

From a sale catalogue:—

"Pretty Light Grey Georgette Jumper, trimmed Grey Wool and Saxo Blue.

Usually 5 gns. 6½ gns."

No wonder they call it a jumper.

"ST. —'S CHURCH.

6.30 p.m.—Preacher: The Vicar.

7.45 p.m.—Bach's Church Cantata,

"Sleepers, Wake."

Provincial Paper.

We suspect the organist of being a bit of a wag.



Slightly deaf Footman (announcing each guest in character). "MR. JONES—THE LAST OF THE BANDIES."

THE WHAT-NOT.

"Look here," I said, "this is indeed serious. The what-not's moulting."

"It's been like that for a long time," said Anna. "But I suppose it's getting worse."

"I'm afraid so. And we *must* have something reliable," I said, "to stand dishes and things on at meals. We can't pile them all on the table at once like a cairn. To tell you the truth," I added, "I've had my eye on an old oak dresser at Smalley's for a long time. It would be a good investment—at a price."

"Yes," said Anna; "but I suppose the price would be the earth and the fulness thereof."

"That is precisely what I propose to find out, and if they'll take anything less than thirty pounds it's ours. In the meantime," I added, "we'll dope the poor old what-not with furniture cream and see about driving it to market."

There are two accepted methods of dealing at old furniture shops. The first is to approach them, well-groomed, be-ringed and perfumed, smoking a jewelled gasper and entering the shop

with a circular movement of the arm to expose the gold wrist-watch that will crawl up the sleeve at wrong moments, and to ask in a commanding voice, "How much is the—ah—oak-dresser—what?"

The presiding genius (and being a dealer he is usually a genius), who had really ticketed the article thirty pounds, approaches it, removes the ticket by a little sleight-of-hand and says, "Thirty-eight guineas, Sir," without a blush (the dealer who blushes is hounded from the ring). This method of dealing is direct action of the most dangerous kind.

The other method, and the one I most usually adopt, I can best illustrate by detailing my interview with the proprietor of Smalley's on the occasion when I went dressering.

I sidled into the shop in garments carefully selected from my pre-wardrobe and wearing a vacant expression. Picking up a piece of china I examined it carefully, turning it upside down, as though to search for a pottery mark, which I probably should never have recognised.

"H'm, not bad," I said.

"One of the best bits of Dresden

I've ever had," said the dealer. "I want——"

"Ah, German," I said, putting the thing down hurriedly as though it might be mined. "It may be a good piece, but—what is the price of that brass fender?"

"Seven-ten, old Dutch and a bargain," said the dealer laconically.

"But probably wouldn't fit the fireplace in my mind. Though," I added to myself, "it might fit the one in our dining-room."

I thought it about time to notice the dresser, not to attempt to buy it yet—oh dear no, but merely to fire the first shot in the campaign as it were.

"What kind of a dresser do you call this?" I said. "Slightly moth-eaten, isn't it?"

"That's nothing; merely age. It's Welsh," he added, "and a beauty. I wish I could get hold of more like it. Look at those legs; I'll guarantee you won't—Excuse me, Sir."

An immaculately dressed individual had entered the shop, and the gentleman trading as Smalley called an assistant to serve him. By the time he returned to me I had wandered far into the recesses of the emporium and was

busily examining a walnut stool with a woolwork seat.

"You haven't one like this in oak, I suppose? This one," I said, "would hardly suite my suit. That sounds wrong, but you apprehend my meaning."

"I haven't," he said simply. I could see that he was tiring rapidly, but wasn't absolutely ripe for plucking.

So I prised about a dozen pieces of china, admired several pictures and pieces of Stuart needlework, descanted on the beauties of a set of wheatear chairs, pulled a small rosewood table about until its claw and ball feet nearly dropped off from exhaustion, and finally led him back to the Welsh dresser.

"What's the price of the Scotsman?" I said easily, having seen thirty guineas on the ticket during the preliminary examination.

"Twenty-nine pounds to you," he said wearily. He evidently knew the strict rules of the game.

"But look at those legs," I said. "They're frightfully bent, aren't they?"

"That's one of the best features about it," he said. "Real Queen Anne, those legs are."

"Oh, were hers like that? I didn't know," I said. "Look here, I'll give you twenty-eight pounds, spot cash."

"Very well," he said. "I like to do business."

"I beg pardon," said a voice behind me, which, in turning, I discovered to belong to the assistant, "but that dresser's sold. The gentleman who's just left bought it."

As I was looking for the ticket (which had disappeared), I couldn't help overhearing the assistant's aside to his employer.

"Thirty-five guineas cash," he said.

There is something, after all, to be said for direct action.

"OLD FOLKS' TEA."

On the day of the party the Chief Constable has arranged for a staff of Special Constables to escort home any person requiring assistance."—*Provincial Paper*.

This bears out what has recently appeared about the terrible results of the tea-drinking habit.

"WANTED.—Skates and Boots for Leghorn Pullets."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper*.

They need a lot of exercise in the cold weather.

AT THE PLAY.

"CINDERELLA."

It is a very delicate task that the annual pantomime imposes upon Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS. He has to "surpass himself," but he must not do it once for all or he would rob the critics of their most cherished phrase. He reminds me of the constructors of our Atlantic "greyhounds," each longer by a yard or two than the last, each swifter by a fraction of a knot, each with a few more tons displacement, all pronounced to be the final word in scientific invention, yet all reserving something for the next time.

Certainly the present year marks an

a very nice sense of fun. As for Mr. CLAFF, who played the operatic *Baron*, his most humorous moment was when he meant to be most serious. This was in a song in praise of *Prince Charming*, "featuring" H.R.H. in a portrait curiously unlike the original.

The two most effective incidents were borrowed from the Circus and the Halls. Mr. DU CALION, who had no other very obvious claims to play the part of a humorous courtier, did his famous ladder-feat—a perfectly gratuitous performance, for, though he was supposed to be rescuing *Cinderella* through a top-storey window, she had the good sense to descend by the staircase, having ignored, as is the way of Love, the locked door that made this impossible.

The other imported business was the work of a black horse, who preserved an expression of extreme gravity and detached boredom during the play of human wit around his person, dissimulating his own superior gifts of humour until called upon to illustrate them with some excellent circus-tricks.

On the sentimental side, Miss MARIE BLANCHE, obedient to the inexorable tradition that a young hero of pantomime must be a woman, played *Prince Charming* with the right manners that makyth man; and as *Cinderella* Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON once more breathed that air of innocence which still re-

mains unstaled by years of steady addiction to the heroine habit. Her vocal intrusions, always well received, were not always well timed; certainly it was an error of judgment to insert a solo at the cross-roads after she had told us that she hadn't a moment to spare if she was to get home from the ball before the rest of the family. But here again it was a matter of obedience to some unwritten and inscrutable law of pantomime which it is not for us, the profane, to question.

And in this spirit I tender a grateful acknowledgment not only of the good things that my intelligence could appreciate in this lavish entertainment, but also of the other things that I can never hope to understand. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Good Boots 25/-
No Better 37/6."

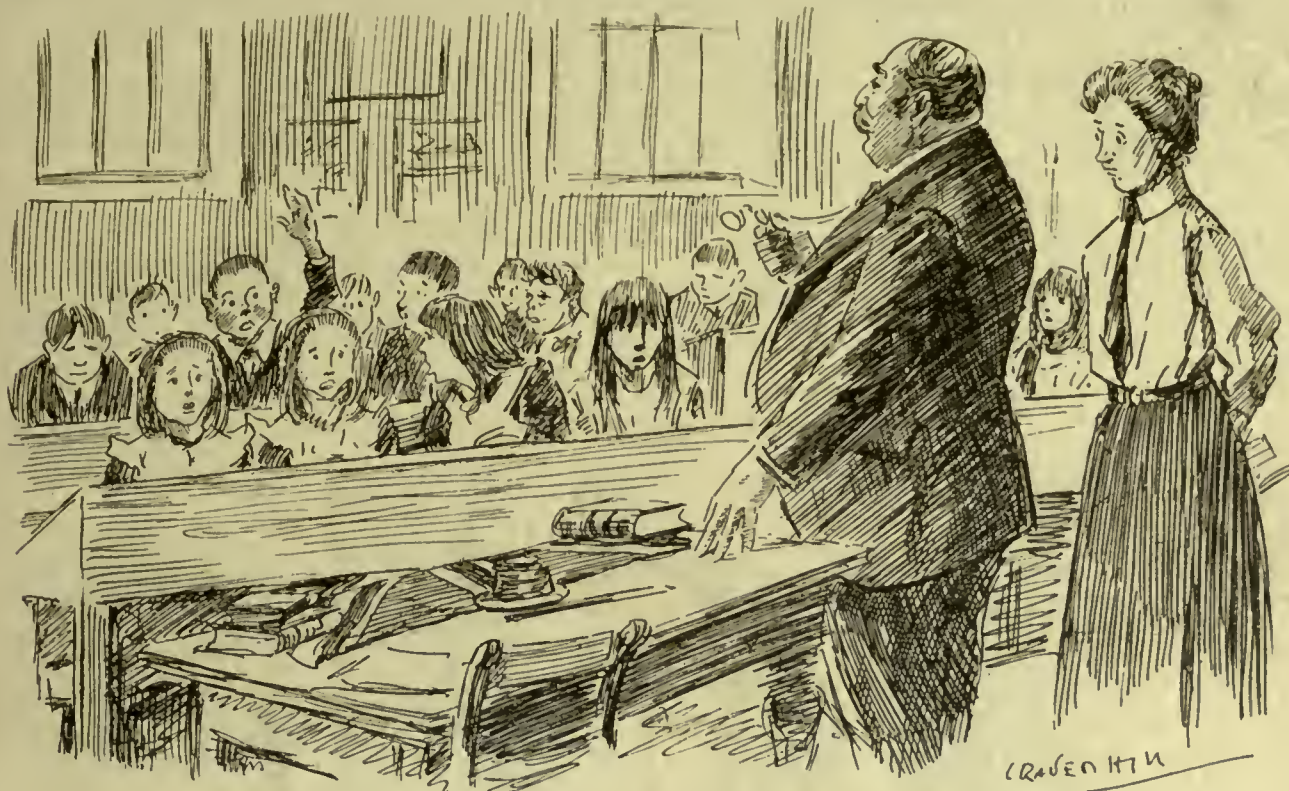


A HORSE-SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Pipchin MR. STANLEY LUPINO.
Baroness Beauxchamps MR. WILL EVANS.

advance in one respect at least—that the grotesque and the beautiful are kept reasonably apart; the lovely colour-scheme, for instance, of the garden in Fairyland is undisturbed by any element of buffoonery. There was a revival too of topical allusiveness after the reticence proper to war-time; and the GEDDES family must be justifiably flattered by their admission to a choric refrain.

The humour, of which Mr. STANLEY LUPINO bore the brunt, was here and there a little thin, and it is time that somebody let the Management of Drury Lane into the open secret that the pun, as an instrument of mirth, has long been a portion of the dreadful past. Mr. WILL EVANS, as the *Baroness Beauxchamps*, seldom let himself go, being no doubt held in restraint by a consciousness of his resemblance to Miss ELLEN TERRY. Not enough chance was given to Miss LILY LONG (the *Elder Sister*), who has



Speaker (endeavouring to cultivate a patriotic spirit in the young). "AND NOW, CHILDREN, IF YOU SAW OUR GLORIOUS FLAG WAVING TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK? (Prolonged pause.) COME, COME, WHAT WOULD YOU — WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?"

Small Boy. "PLEASE, ZUR, THE WIND WERE BLOWIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"I remember, I remember . . ." Still on every side echoes the poet's cry, while scarce a publisher but can prove that the thoughts of age make long, long books. Certainly not the shortest of these, but among the most readable, is *A Medley of Memories* (ARNOLD), in which the Right Rev. Sir DAVID HUNTER-BLAIR has embodied the recollections of his very active career as Benedictine monk and a leading figure in the world of British Catholicism. Eton, Oxford, Rome, and (of course) his own famous monastery at Fort Augustus, are the chief scenes of it; and about them all Sir DAVID talks vividly, even brilliantly. I am not saying that all this pleasant garrulity would not have been the better for the blue pencil, especially in those chapters in which the writer's memory dwells almost to excess upon the births, marriages, deaths and dinner-parties of the orthodox Peerage. Elsewhere, however, Sir DAVID finds occasion in plenty for the exercise of a wit so dextrously handled that often his thrust is delivered before you have realized that the rapier has left its sheath. I had marked a score of examples for quotation (and now have space for none) and twice as many good stories. In the Oxford recollections it was pleasant to renew my own lively memories of a certain notorious lecture by Mr. WALTER WALSH on Ritualistic Societies, when violence was narrowly averted by the tactful chairmanship of the present LORD CHANCELLOR—a lecture from which (as Mr. BELLOC observed at the time) "each member of the large audience departed confirmed and strengthened in whatever convictions he might previously have entertained." I sincerely hope that Sir DAVID has yet in store for us those

latter-day gleanings which he has been compelled to dismiss for the present as being too recent for print.

Mr. G. B. STERN has set himself to study with sympathy and a candour which extenuates nothing the Jew in England in the circumstances of war, and in particular the Jew of German origin completely loyal to the country of his adoption, but suspected and persecuted by such simple folk (and journals) as are content to put their faith in equally simple proverbs about leopards and spots. I suppose if *Children of No Man's Land* (DUCKWORTH) has a hero and heroine you will find them in *Richard Marcus* and his sister *Deborah*. Young *Richard*, passionately English, with all the simple unquestioning loyalty of the public-school boy, counts the months to the day when he can testify to this by bearing arms in his country's defence, but finds nothing open but internment or (by much wangling) a possible niche in a Labour battalion. *Deborah's* adventures are chiefly of the heart, or what passes for the heart with a common type of modern girl anxious to wring every sensation out of life that playing with fire can give. It does not do to betray one's age by expressing too confidently the idea that much of all the goings-on of *Deborah* and her friends *Gillian* and *Antonia* seems impossible. Mr. STERN certainly writes as if he knew what he was writing about, and there is so rich an exuberance in the way he crowds his canvas, and so much humour expressed and repressed in his point of view, that I found this a distinctly entertaining and instructive book.

Living Bayonets: A Record of the Last Push (LANE) is a fourth of the enthusiastic and fiery war-books of that eminently enthusiastic and inextinguishably fiery warrior-author, Lieutenant CONINGSBY DAWSON, of the Canadian

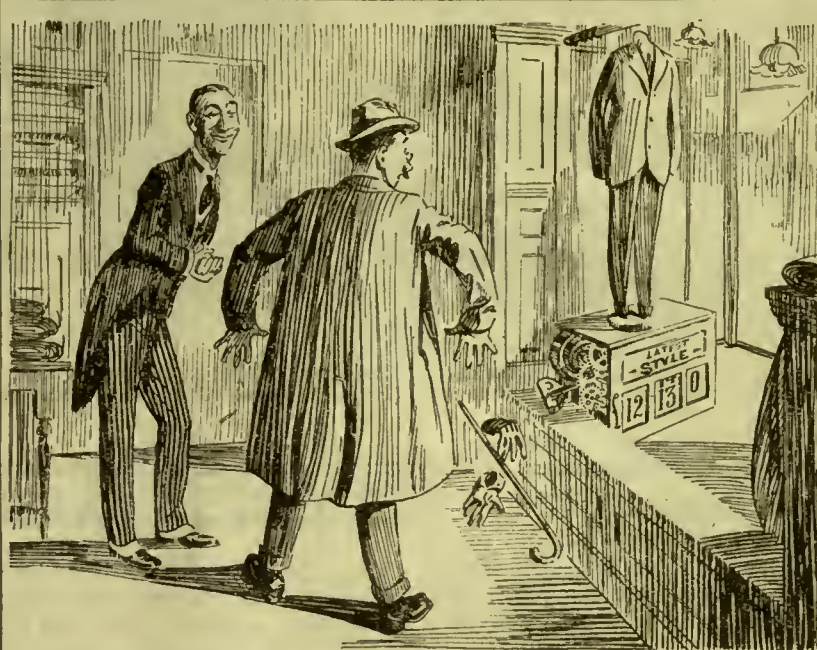
Field Artillery. If he evinces, blatantly at times, the motives and perspective of the propagandist, he is justified by the fact that he most ardently practised the Hun hatred which he preaches. He states that he enjoyed the dangers and discomforts of so doing, and his assertion is proved to be a true one by his having returned again and again to the fray, notwithstanding every excuse and temptation to leave it. The book follows on after his *Khaki Courage*, and is also in the form of letters to his people at home. It takes up the narrative at April 14th, 1917, and carries it to the triumphant end. When, by reason of his wounds, he had to leave the Front and work in London and elsewhere, he naturally lost touch with the real business of the battle; even after his return to the Front in April, 1918, his letters lack their original sense of actuality, and I, reading them, began to wonder if he was ever going to recover his former style. Happily he does so, and with his letter of July 11th he gives a striking picture of a terrible incident of war, of which I don't remember to have read before, but, as I read it now, I seem to be witnessing it myself. From this point on he steadily develops his best, so that he ends on a fitting climax to all his writings of the War in his long final letter of October 6th—propaganda unashamed. The book should be thrust under the noses of those pacifists who now labour to minimise the past and to magnify the virtue and the value of their personal loving-kindness.

It has ever been my misfortune that the presence in a story of two characters confusably alike, or a setting within drowning distance of a tide-race, will produce in me an almost insuperable sense of its having been "made on purpose." I had therefore a double stroke of bad luck in finding both these elements present in *The Splendid Fairing* (MILLS AND BOON). But the more credit to Miss CONSTANCE HOLME that, despite my increasing conviction that the wrong prodigal would return, and that the powers of nature were throughout almost visibly preparing to engulf him, the gentle and unforced power of her story did hold my attention till the final wave. Distinction shown in apparent absence of effort would, I think, be my verdict on her writing; she clearly knows her Northern farmer-folk with the sympathy of intimate experience. I hope I have not already suggested too much of the plot, a little tragedy of the commonplace dealing with the relations between two farming brothers, of whom the younger prospers while the elder fails, and the life-long jealousies of their women. Miss HOLME works, one may say, on a minute scale; the short but simple annals of the poor interest her to the extent of providing an entire volume of three hundred odd pages from the events of a single day. But though now

and then the old Northern counsel to "get eendways wi' it" does hover in the background of one's mind I repeat that sincerity carries the thing through. For all that, however, *The Splendid Fairing* did but confirm me in a previous impression that these Mary-call-the-cattle-home localities must remain more convenient to the local colourist than attractive to the inhabitants.

The publication, as a foreword, of a "Glossary of Native Words" used in the text made me wonder whether I should be bored or instructed, or both, by *The Death Drum* (HURST AND BLACKETT). Most happily I was neither. Miss MARGARET PETERSON has built her novel, perhaps a trifle hastily, about a quite uncommon theme and given it, in Uganda, a quite uncommon setting. It is the story of a half-caste who marries a white girl in order to avenge, in her degradation, his sister whom the English girl's brother had betrayed.

I must not say that *Tom Davis*, the half-caste, is too much a white man—for Miss PETERSON, to do her justice, has distributed goodness and badness among her blacks and whites with a quite impartial hand—but he is too fine a fellow to carry out his own plan, and, before he has done any lasting harm to the girl he has come to love, he takes himself, by way of a native rising, to a lotus-covered lake, and so out of her life. It seems a pity that the happiness of the story's end couldn't include *Tom*, but his ancestry effectually barred the way, and Miss PETERSON has had to rely upon a very strong and not quite silent English-



Customer. "MAY I LOOK AT THAT TWELVE-GUINEA SUIT IN THE WINDOW? (Catching sight of ticket) GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S TWELVE POUNDS THIRTEEN NOW."

Tailor. "YESSIR—A BRIGHT LITTLE NOTION OF OURS, IF I MAY SAY SO. A TICKET ATTACHED, LIKE THOSE THINGS IN THE TAXICABS, TO KEEP THE PRICE UP-TO-DATE."

man of the best type for her satisfactory finish.

Few authors have a shrewder idea than Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE of what the British and American public want in the way of humour, and I do not know anyone more determined to supply their requirements. He would be a dull fellow indeed who did not appreciate the high spirits and humorous situations to be found in *A Damsel in Distress* (JENKINS). It is no small feat to maintain a riot of irresponsible fun for more than three hundred pages, but Mr. WODEHOUSE gets going at once, and keeps up the pace to the end without even a pause to get his second wind. If some of the characters—a ridiculous peer, his more ridiculous sister and his most ridiculous butler—are of the "stock" variety, Mr. WODEHOUSE's way of treating them is always fresh and amusing. But in his next frolic I beseech him to give golf and its tiresome lingo a complete rest.

"Straying.—Wm. —, for allowing three houses to stray on the highway, was fined 20s."—*Local Paper*.
In these days landlords cannot be too careful.

CHARIVARIA.

THE PREMIER, says a contemporary, has become greatly attached to a white terrier puppy that he brought with him from Colwyn Bay. The report that it has been taught to run after its own tail by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE himself is probably the work of malice.

Our heart goes out to the tenant of an experimental wooden house who is advertising for the assistance of the man who successfully held up a post-office in London about a fortnight ago.

A London carman is said to have summoned his neighbour for calling him an O.B.E. We are sure he could not have meant it.

"The most hygienic dress for all boys is the Scots kilt," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. "My own boys wear nothing else." We are glad to see that the obsolete Highland practice of muffling the ears in a cairngorm has been definitely discarded.

According to a contemporary a new form of road surface material, which is not injurious to fish, has been produced by the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The utilisation of some of the deeper cavities in our highways for the purpose of food production has long been a favourite theme of ours.

"Having a tooth drawn," says a writer in *Health Hints*, "has its advantages." It certainly tends to keep one's mind off the Coalition.

Two men have been charged at Sutton with selling water for whisky. People are now asking the exact date when this was first made an offence.

At the present time a missionary costs twice as much as before the War, says the Rev. W. J. FULLERTON. Many a cassowary has been complaining bitterly of the high cost of this comestible.

A new tango will be danced for the first time on January 15th, says *The Daily Express*. For ourselves we shall try to go about our business just as if nothing really serious had happened.

Asked by the magistrate if her husband had threatened her, a Stratford woman replied, "No; he only said he would kill me." Almost any little thing seems to irritate some people.

It appears that, after reading various references about his trial in the London papers, the ex-Kaiser was heard to say that if we were not very careful he would wash his hands of the whole business.

There is a lot of wishy-washy talk about the Bolsheviks, says a Labour paper. Wishy, perhaps, but from what we see of their pictures in the papers, not washy.

"Supplies of string for letter mail-bags," says *The Post Office Circular*,

fleet at Scapa have now recommended that no receipt should be given until the money is handed over.

"You will soon be able to get work," said the Kingston magistrate to a man summoned for income-tax. This is the sort of thoughtless remark that tends to embitter the unemployed.

According to an evening paper, Granny LAMBERT, of Edmonton, proposed to the reporter who visited her on her one-hundred-and-sixth birthday. As, however, she is experiencing some difficulty in obtaining the consent of her parents the affair may possibly fall through.

Much sympathy is felt for the scrum-half who will be unable to assist his team this month on account of being severely crocked whilst helping his wife at the Winter sales.

The London policeman who went across to Ireland for his Christmas holiday is still under strict observation by mental experts.

We hear that the Congo Government have now decided that all Brontosauri must in future carry a red front light and a green rear light when travelling at night-time.

The War Office is said to be making preparations to abolish the Tank Corps. It appears that the Major-General who recently drove from Whitehall to Tothill Street in one of these vehicles has reported unfavourably upon them, saying that he never got a wink of sleep the whole time.

A remarkable echo of Armageddon is reported from the Wimbledon district. A subscriber was rung up the other day by "Trunks" and asked if he still wished to say good-bye to himself before leaving for the Somme.

Thistles do more damage to agriculture than rats, declared the Montgomeryshire Agricultural Executive Committee. Stung by this uncalled-for attack on his national vegetable a Scotchman writes to say that within his knowledge more arable land has been laid waste by leeks than by any other noxious weed.



Professor's Wife. "SEPTIMUS, THE THAW HAS BURST THE PIPES."
Professor. "No, NO, MARIE. AS I'VE HAD OCCASION TO EXPLAIN TO YOU EVERY YEAR SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, IT'S THE FROST THAT BURSTS THE PIPES—NOT THE THAW."

"will in future be 19 inches in length, instead of 18 inches." It is the ability to think out things like this that has made us the nation we are to-day.

Offers are invited in a contemporary for a large quantity of tiger skins. People should first make sure that the rest of the tiger has been properly removed before purchasing.

The composer of an American rag-time song is to have a statue erected to him in New York. It is hoped that this warning will have the desired effect on any composers in this country who may be tempted to commit a similar error.

We understand that, after several weeks of careful investigation into details, the special Committee appointed by the Government to deal with Germany's refusal to pay for her sunken

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

["Who will help the Disposal Board by starting some new fashion that would enable it to get rid of a great consignment of kilts as worn by the London Scottish, the Royal Scots and the Highland Light Infantry?"—Mrs. KELLAWAY on the Disposal Board's "Curiosity Shop."]

THERE are who hanker for a touch of colour,
So to relieve their sombre air;
For me, I like my clothes to be much duller
Than what the nigger minstrels wear;
I hold by sable, drab and grey;
I do not wish to be a popinjay.

In vain my poor imagination grapples
With these new lines in fancy shades,
These purple evening coats with yellow lapels,
These vests composed in flowered brocades;
Nor can I think that noisy checks
Would help me to attract the other sex.

With gaudy schemes that rouse my solemn dander
I leave our frivolous youth to flirt;
A riband round my straw—for choice, Leander;
A subtle nuance in my shirt;
For tie, the colours of my school—
These are the limits of my austere rule.

But, when they'd have me swathe the clamorous
tartan
In lieu of trousers round my waist,
Then they evoke the spirit of the Spartan
Inherent in my simple taste;
Inexorably I decline
To drape the kilt on any hips of mine.

It may be they will count me over-modest,
Deem me Victorian, dub me prude;
I may have early views, the very oddest,
On what is chaste and what is rude;
Yet am I certain that my leg
Would not look right beneath a filibeg.

I love the Scot as being truly British;
Golf (and the Union) makes us one;
Yet to my nature, which is far from skittish
And lacks his local sense of fun,
There is a something almost foreign
About his strange attachment to the sporran.

So, when a bargain-sale is held of chattels
Surviving from the recent War—
Textiles and woollens, built for use in battles—
And Scotland's there inquiring for
The kilt department, I shall not
Be found competing. She can have the lot.

O. S.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

"WELL, I've been to see three of them now," she said.
"The first is at Shepherd's Bush——"

"What pipes!" I ejaculated. "What music! What wild
ecstasy!"

"—four hundred yards from the Central Tube, to be
exact; and there's a large roller skating-rink next door.
You never rolled, did you? Three sessions daily, the ad-
vertisement says."

"I'm afraid I sat oftener than that when I rolled," I
confessed. "'Another transport split,' as the evening
papers say. I wonder whether Sir ERIC GEDDES is the
rink-controller. But tell me a little about the house. I
suppose there's a high premium and a deep basement?"

"There are."

"Next, please."

"The next is at Chiswick; very damp and miles and
miles to catch your bus. And there's a basement again."

"You might grow mushrooms in the basement," I said
hopefully, "while I hunted my Pimlico on the shore.
What about the third?"

"The third is at Hampstead, very high up and very
salubrious. The agent says we should be able to overlook
the whole of London."

"Impossible," I protested; "you can't ignore a thing like
London."

"I don't think he meant that exactly," she explained.
"He said that from the top bedroom window on bright
days one could catch a glimpse of the dome of St. Paul's."

"That will be rather fine," I agreed. "We can have
afternoon receptions in the top bedroom, and print 'To meet
the Dean and Chapter' on the card. People love meeting
Chapters in real life. What is the rental of this eyrie?"

She told me. It was as high as the site; and, again,
there was a dug-out underneath.

"You haven't tried Ponder's End?" I said at last. "I've
often seen those words on a bus, and a lot of sad-looking
people on the top, pondering, I suppose, the inevitable end."

"Well, which of them are we going to choose? It's the
servant problem that's the real trouble, you know. They
simply won't cope with a basement nowadays."

"I think you overestimate the help crisis," I said. "There
are two things that they really want. The first is to have
employers absolutely dependent on them, and the second is
a gay life. To take the first. I remember that when I was
in digs——"

"Do you mind if I knit?" she asked.

"—when I was in digs it was my landlady's fondest
delusion that I could do nothing to help myself. And, of
course, I was bound to foster the idea. Every night I used
to hide my pipe behind the coal-scuttle or my latchkey
in the aspidistra, just for her to find. There was rather a
terrible moment once when she came in unexpectedly and
caught me losing half-a-crown underneath the hearth-rug;
but I pretended to be finding it, and saved the situation.
It will be just the same with you. You will go down into
the basement and pretend to mistake the flour for the salt,
and the cook will love you for ever. It's all done by
kindness and incompetence."

"I suppose it is," she said doubtfully.

"And then there's amusements," I went on. "We
will have Charles in once or twice a week. No servant
who has ever heard Charles trying to sing would prefer
a night out at the cinema or the skating-rink. If she does,
we'll get a gramophone."

"Not for worlds," she gasped.

"Oh, you wouldn't have to listen to it. It would live in
the basement, and HARRY LAUDER would help the girl to
clean the knives and break the cups, and GEORGE ROBESY
would make washing the dishes one grand sweet song.
The basement would be a fairyland."

"All this doesn't seem to get us much further," she com-
plained, "in deciding which of those houses we're going
to take."

"Oh, doesn't it?" I said, and, sitting down, I wrote a few
lines rapidly and handed her the draft for approval. She
approved.

And that is why, if you look at *The Times'* "Domestic
Situations" column to-morrow, you may see the following
announcement:—

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID WANTED, helpless couple, where
gramophone kept; state whether Hampstead, Chiswick or
Shepherd's Bush preferred.
EVOE.



ANOTHER TURKISH CONCESSION.

TURKEY (*anxious to save the Peace Conference from embarrassment*). "EUROPE! WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL. IF THOU INSISTEST, I AM PREPARED TO STAY WITH THEE, BAG AND BAGGAGE."



"OH, YES, MADAM, BRITANNIA WILL SUIT YOU ADMIRABLY. AND WHAT ABOUT THE GENTLEMAN?"

"OH, HE'S GOING IN HIS DINNER-JACKET, REPRESENTING ONE OF THE SMALLER NATIONS."

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

ORDEAL BY WATER.

WHEN the innermost recesses of the Admiralty archives yield their secrets to the historian there will be some strange and stirring events to relate. But however diligently the chroniclers may search amongst the accumulated records at Whitehall there will still remain one outstanding performance, one shining example of courage and endurance of which no trace can there be found; for it was never officially known how Reginald McTaggart upheld the honour of the White Ensign in the Gulf of Lyons.

Reginald does not in the ordinary way suffer from excess of modesty; indeed he has been known to hint that on more than one occasion it was primarily due to his efforts that the world was eventually made safe for democracy; but of this his greatest exploit he will never speak without pressure, and even then but diffidently.

When WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN first cried "Havoc" and let slip the Prussian Guard, Reginald was among the most unsophisticated of landmen. He had never in his life so much as heard a bo'sun's pipe and could scarcely dis-

tinguish a battleship from a bathing-machine. But the blood of a maritime ancestry ran hot in his veins, and, being too highly educated to get on in the Army, he placed himself at the disposal of the Senior Service, which embraced him gladly. Henceforth his career was one of unbroken triumph.

Having taken a First in Mechanical Sciences at Cambridge, Reginald was at once detailed off for deck-swabbing on a Portsmouth depôt ship; but one day an enterprising Rear-Admiral of the younger school, noting his scientific manner of manipulating a squeegee, had him sent before the Flag Captain, who, on learning his antecedents, recommended the blushing Reginald for the post of batman to the Senior Wireless Officer. Here his talents showed to such advantage that in a little over a year he received a commission as technical officer, and was placed in charge of an experimental Torpedo School, well away from the storms and tempests that vexed his less gifted brothers.

It were tedious to relate Reginald's adventures during the next two years—how time and again he baffled the cunning devices of the German naval scientists—how he invented a pivotal

billiard-table for use on drifters in rough weather and perfected an electro-magnetic contrivance by means of which enemy submarines were inveigled into torpedoing themselves without warning. All this and much else is accessible to the formal historian; besides, Reginald tells people himself. We will hurry on to the grand exploit.

It occurred shortly after he was appointed to a post on the British Naval Mission at Athens. He had left England little more than a month when the Sea Lords became uneasy. Trouble broke out among the torpedoes and there was no one to set matters right. Paragraphs began to appear in the Press. The result was an urgent wireless message to Athens recalling Reginald at once. There was to be no delay.

"Are you prepared to start immediately?" asked the Vice-Admiral, when he had briefly outlined the situation.

Reginald saluted briskly.

"I don't quite know how you'll go," continued the Vice-Admiral. "We haven't an armed ship sailing West for a week. There's a little Greek trading steamer leaving for Marseilles tomorrow morning, but I'm afraid you would find her very inconvenient. Would you care to risk it?"

"I start in the morning, Sir," said Reginald tersely.

The Vice-Admiral seized his hand and wrung it warmly.

When Reginald came down to the harbour and saw the craft on which he had undertaken to embark he was seized with a sudden faintness. Even the toughest seafarer would have thought twice before venturing beyond the breakwater in such an unsavoury derelict; and Reginald, be it remembered, had only once in his life made a sea voyage, and that in the peaceful security of an ironclad. His heart quailed beneath his Commander's uniform.

However, setting his teeth and consoling himself with the thought that she would undoubtedly fall to pieces before they could leave the harbour behind, he went aboard.

The master, an unprepossessing but exceedingly polite child of the *Ægean*, was overwhelmed at the prospect of carrying a British Naval Commander as passenger. He saluted wildly; he gesticulated; it was too much honour. Would his Excellency the Commander accept the use of his poor state-room—yes? Would he undertake the navigation of this so dangerous voyage—no? Ah, but he would seek his so expert advice in the sudden perilous moment—good. Reginald bowed nervously.

At first all went well. Except for the atmosphere of the state-room, which was richly tinged with a mixed odour of mildewed figs and rotten pomegranates, and the uncomfortable feeling that, unless he trod delicately, the decks would crumble away and deposit him in the bosom of the Mediterranean, Reginald was fairly happy. A ready wit and a dignified bearing combined to cloak his lack of seamanship and kept the skipper in a fit state of humility and awe.

But in the Gulf of Lyons a breeze sprang up. It was quite a gentle breeze at first, and Reginald found it rather stimulating. Towards evening, however, it freshened, and the ship began to stagger. Reginald became conscious of those disquieting symptoms common to landsmen in such case. Fearful for his reputation he crept below to suffer in solitude.

By midnight it was blowing a gale, and Reginald had lost interest in life. He was thinking mournfully of the vanity of all human desires when a message was brought from the captain. They were about to perish. Would his Excellency the Commander come up to the bridge and save them, please?

It was a painful predicament, and Reginald was justly horrified. Could he venture out and display the weakness of the British Navy in the face of a crew of unwashed Greek matelots? On



POLICE CONSTABLE (DEMobilISED OFFICER) MEETS AN OLD FRIEND FROM FRANCE.

the other hand, could he skulk in his cabin and allow the Master to doubt his courage and resource? He rose and lurched unsteadily on deck.

The Captain was distinctly excited. Destruction was imminent. He had appealed to the Saints without avail. Would the British Commander come to their assistance? What did his Excellency think of it?

Reginald thought it was perfectly horrible. He had never thought such a ghastly scene possible. The ship appeared on the point of turning turtle and he was soaked to the skin already. Then, realizing that he could not remain on the bridge another minute without internal disaster, he made a supreme effort.

"My dear skipper," he howled at the

top of his voice, "you surely don't call this a storm? The merest breeze, I assure you. I really can't be disturbed for such a trifle. If it begins to blow at all during the night let me know and I'll come up and take the matter in hand;" and without waiting for a reply he scrambled down from the bridge and made a dash for the seclusion of the state-room.

Next morning they were rolling in the swell off Marseilles, with the prestige of the British Navy, if possible, higher than ever.

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin has placed a room in the City Hall at the disposal of the Labour party for the reception of reputations," *Irish Paper.*

A kindly thought. Reputations are so easily lost in Ireland.

JAZZERWOCKY.

(With apologies to LEWIS CARROLL.)

'Twas grilling, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the
board;

All gladsceme were their dazzlerags,
And the loud Nigs uproared.

"Beware the Tickle Trot, my son,
The feet that twink, the hands that
clug;

Beware the Slimmy Shake and shun
The thrustful Bunny Hug."

He put his pumptious shoon on foot,
He hent his knees to slithe and
sprawl,

Till, fagged and flausted by disdoot,
He brooded by the wall.

And, as in broody case he lay,
The Jazzerwock, with shoulders bare,
Came swhiffling through the jiggly fray
And grapped him by the hair.

One, two! One, two! And through
and through
The prancing maze they reeled and
pressed,

Till both his feet ignored the beat
And woggled with the best.

"And hast thou learnt at last to jazz?
Come take my arm, my clomplish
boy;"

O hectic day! Cheero! Cheeray!
He'ehwinckled in his joy.

'Twas grilling, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the
board;

All gladsceme were their dazzlerags,
And the loud Nigs uproared.

A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

I do not love dentists. In this anti-pathy I am not unique, I fancy. One never sees photographs of family dentists standing on mantelpieces heavily framed in silver; and, though *The Forceps* presents a coloured supplement depicting a prominent ivory-hunter with every Christmas number, there is, I am told, no violent demand for it outside the Profession.

This is not to be wondered at. A man who spends his life climbing into people's mouths and playing "The Anvil Chorus" on their molars with a monkey-wrench, who says, "Now this won't hurt you in the least," and then deals one a smart rap on a nerve with a pickaxe—such a man cannot expect to be popular. He must console himself with his fees.

I do not love dentists, I repeat, but I am also not infatuated with toothache. It is not that I am a coward. Far from it. Arterial sclerosis, glycosuria,

follicular tonsillitis and, above all, sleeping sickness I can bear with fortitude—that is, I feel sure I could—but toothache, no! I am not ashamed of it. Every brave man has at least one weakness. Lord ROBERTS's was cats. Achilles' was tendons. Mine is toothache (Biographers, please note). When my jaw annoys me I try to propitiate it with libations of whisky, brandy, iodine, horse-blister and patent panaceas I buy from sombreroed magicians in the Strand. If these fail I totter round to the dentist, ring the bell and run away. If the maid catches me before I can escape and turns me into the waiting-room I examine the stuffed birds and photographs of Brighton Pier until she has departed, then slither quietly down the banisters, open the street door and gallop. If I am pushed directly into the *abattoir* I shake the dentist warmly by the hand, ask after his wife and children, his grandfather and great-aunt, and tell him I have only dropped in to tune the piano. If that is no good I try to make an appointment for an afternoon this year, next year, some time, never. If that too is useless and he insists on putting me through it there and then, I take every anodyne he's got—cocaine, morphia, chloroform, ether, gas, also a couple of anaesthetists to hold my hand when I go off and kiss me when I come round again.

One of my chief objections to dentists is that they will never listen to reason; explanations are quite thrown away on them. They only let you talk at all in order to get your face open, and then into it they plunge their powerful anti-septic-tasting hands and you lose something. I never go near a dentist without paying the extreme penalty. (None of those cunning little gold-tipped caps or reinforced concrete suspension-bridges for me. Out it comes. Blood and iron every time). I admit they frequently appease my anguish. Almost invariably among the teeth of which they relieve me at each sitting is included the offending one. But still I maintain my right to have a say in my own afflictions. The doctors let me. I've got a physician who lets me have any disease I fancy (except German measles and Asiatic cholera; for patriotic reasons he won't hear a good word spoken for either of them; says we've got just as good diseases of our own. Damned insularity!).

If I send for this doctor he comes along, sits quietly beside my bed, eating my grapes, while I tell him where the pain isn't. The recital over he hands me a selection of ailments to pick from. I choose one. He tells me what the symptoms are, drinks my invalid port,

creeps downstairs and breaks the news to the hushed and awo-stricken family. A chap like that makes suffering a pleasure and is a great comfort in a home like mine, where a sick bed is the only sort you are allowed to lie in after 10 A.M. Without the fellow's ready sympathy I doubt if I should secure any sleep at all. One gets no assistance of that kind from dentists, although they give you more pain in ten seconds than a doctor does in ten years.

No dentist ever sees me home after the slaughter, orders me a diet of chicken breast, *pêche Melba* and champagne, or warns my family that I am on no account to be disturbed until lunch. No, they jerk your jaw off its hinges and dump your remains on the doorstep for the L.C.C. rubbish cart to collect.

Another thing: dentists should not be allowed out loose about the streets. They exercise a blighting influence. You are strolling along in the sunshine, head high, chest expanded, telling some wide-eyed young thing what you and HAIG did to LUDENDORFF, when suddenly you meet the dentist. You look at him, he looks at you, and his eyes seem to say, "What ho; my hero! Last week you went to ground under my sofa and couldn't be dislodged until I put the page-boy in to ferret you."

"And what happened then," inquires the wide-eyed young thing, "after you had caught the Hun tank by the tail and ripped it up with a tin-opener?"

"After that," says the eye of the dentist, "you wept, you prayed, you lay on the floor and kicked, you——"

"And did you kill all the crew yourself?" bleats the maiden, "single-handed—every one of them?"

"Oh, I—er," you stutter—"what I mean to say—that is—— Oh, dash it, let's go and get tea somewhere, what?"

PATLANDER.

From the *dramatis personæ* in a Malta opera-programme:—

"Singers, Old Beans, and Abbés."

The "old beans" no doubt were drawn from the local garrison.

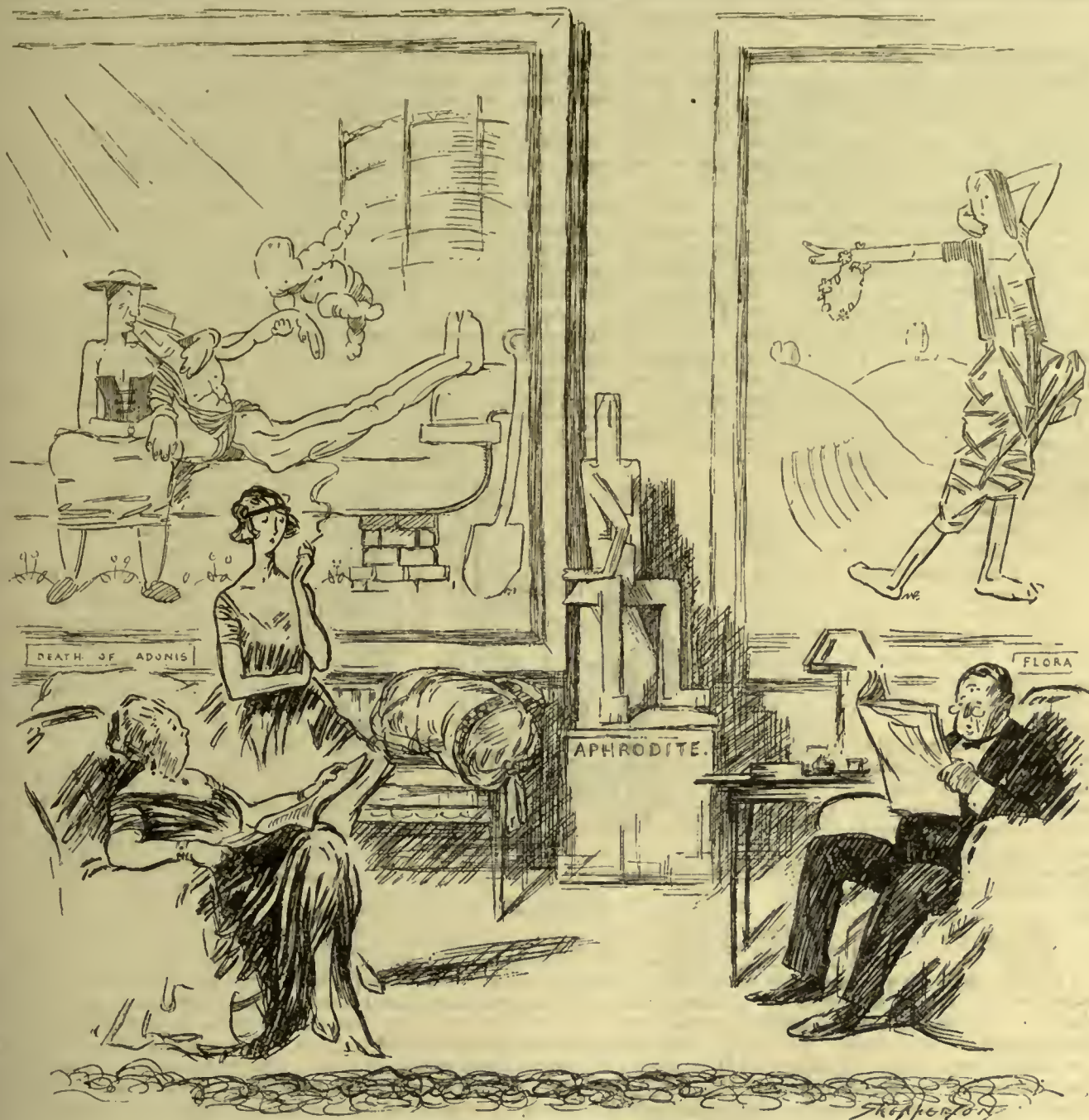
"The old wooden streets which survived in the more ancient parts of the capital [Petrograd] have, on account of the lack of fuel since the Bolsheviks became all-powerful, been torn down and demolished."

Daily Paper.

The last word in destructiveness.

"The standing joint committee of the Industrial Women's Organisations have passed a resolution unanimously endorsing the action of the Consumers' Council in opposing the decontrol of meat."—*Daily Graphic*.

The "standing joint" committee would seem to be the very one for the job.



MANNERS AND MODES.

HOW TO APPEAR BEAUTIFUL THOUGH PLAIN:—SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SPECIMENS OF THE LATEST ART.

Dress of the day.

"BATHROOM TOILETTES."

This season balls and dances, both private and public, are being given in greater numbers than ever.—*Local Paper.*

"A couple of ciphers, followed by a string of noughts, represents Germany's debt to France. And it looks as if the noughts are all France will get in the present generation."—*Evening Paper.*

But it is possible that under pressure Germany might throw in the ciphers as well.

"LOST AND FOUND."

ADDRESS BY THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Will the party who took the wrong Umbrella from the Ante-Room, Music Hall, kindly return same in exchange for his own to —, Music Hall?—*Scotch Paper.*

An odd address for the LORD ADVOCATE.

"Wells' 'History of the Universe' describes the slow disappearance of certain species, taking hundreds of thousands of years to do it."—*Daily Paper.*

In an age of hustle it is gratifying to find one eminent author approaching his work with due deliberation.

The Profiteer's Anthem.

"The Hymns to be sung will be: (1) 'All people that on earth do well.' . . ."
—*Rangoon Times.*

From *Surplus*, the official organ of the Disposal Board:—

"PORK AND BEANS."

16 oz. tins (15 ozs. Beans and Sauce, 1 oz. Pork); 21 oz. tins (20 ozs. Beans and Sauce, 1 oz. Pork)."

So the question which vexed many billets on the Western Front is now answered. There was pork in it.

MY FIRE.

"SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. of the world's accidents arise from gross carelessness!" I thundered at Suzanne, who for the fifteenth time in five years of matrimony had left her umbrella in the 'bus. Being on a month's leave, and afraid of losing by neglect the orderly-room touch, I thought fit to practise on her the arts of admonition. Admonishing, I wagged at her the match with which I was in the act of lighting my pipe. Wagging the match, I did not notice the live head drop off on to the khaki slacks which I had donned that afternoon to grace a visit to the War Office. Only when I traced Suzanne's petrified stare to its target did I discover that a ventilation hole had been created in a vital part of His Majesty's uniform.

With great presence of mind I put out the conflagration before venturing on an encounter with Suzanne's eye.

"You were discussing accidents," she observed sweetly. "What percentage of them did you say was due to gross carelessness?"

I did not bandy words. There was no escaping the fact that they were, as Suzanne reminded me, my sole surviving pair of khaki slacks, and that I should certainly have to get a new pair before returning to the Dépôt; for these were obviously beyond wear or repair.

"Well, anyhow I've three weeks to get them in," I said as lightly as I could. "My leave isn't up till the end of the month."

"Men's clothes are terribly dear just now," remarked Suzanne pensively. "And I was going to ask you to give me a new hat. But now I suppose—"

This roused my pride and self-respect. "Suzanne," I said, "the world is not coming to an end because I have to buy a pair of slacks. You shall have your new hat to-morrow."

She clapped her hands in triumph, and a moment's reflection showed me that I had been caught. If it hadn't been for the conflagration she would never have dared to ask for a new hat. Now I came to remember, I had taken her out and bought her one on the first day of my leave.

However, the damage was done (twice over, in fact), and I sat gently brooding over it in silence. Suddenly an

inspiring thought struck me. Eagerly I made my way to the writing-table and drew out a long and bulky envelope from the bottom drawer. For some time I sat there carefully mastering its contents.

"What's that funny-looking thing you're reading?" asked my wife at last.

"Oh, nothing important," I answered as casually as I could. "Er—by the way, do you know we're insured?"

"Considering that I've paid the premiums regularly while you were away, I should think I ought to know."

"Of course I shall put in a claim for the slacks," I murmured.

"But how can you?" she asked, and wondering looked at me. "I read the

other Aerial Craft, Storm, Tempest, Subterranean Fire . . ."

"Monsoon, Typhoon, Voleano, Avalanche," put in Suzanne impatiently. "Cut the cataclysms and come to the slacks."

"I'm just coming to them. . . . Burglary, Housebreaking, Theft and/or Larceny—now hold your breath, for we're getting there—'Conflagration and/or Fire . . .'" I paused to let it sink in. "The fact is," I continued weightily, "we've had a Fire."

"Have we? But I wasn't dressed for it. I should have worn a mauve peignoir, and been carried down to safety by a blond fireman. To have a fire without a fire-engine is like being married at a registry-office. Next time—"

"Nevertheless, we've had a Fire, within the meaning of the policy. Now I'm going to write a letter to the Insurance Company."

And I did so to the following effect:—

"77, The Supermansions, S.W."

"DEAR SIRS,—I regret to inform you that a fire took place at/in the above demesne and/or flat after tea to-day and damaged one (1) pair of khaki slacks/trousers so as to render them unfit for further use. I shall therefore be glad to receive from you the sum of two guineas, the original cost price of the damaged article of apparel. Yours, etc."

Next day I took Suzanne out to buy the new hat. This done, we went on to my tailor's to replace the ill-starred slacks. A casual inquiry as to price elicited the statement that it would be four guineas. I cut short a rambling discourse, in which the tailor sought to saddle various remote agencies with the responsibility for the increase, and stamped out of the establishment with the blasphemous vow that I'd get a pair ready-made at the Stores.

That evening I received a reply from the Insurance people:—

"In all communications please quote Ref. No. 73856/SP/QR."

"Sir,—We note your claim for garments injured by an outbreak of fire at your residence. We await the reports of the Fire Brigade and Salvage Corps, on receipt of which we will again communicate with you. Meanwhile, will you kindly inform us what other damage was done? We are, yours, etc."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"YOU'RE IN LUCK, MY BOY. THEY'VE IMPORTED A GENUINE MEXICAN BANDIT FOR YOUR KNIFE-FIGHT SCENE IN 'BAD HAT, THE HALF-BREED.'"

policy once, and as far as I remember there's nothing whatever about khaki slacks in it."

"Do you know what this policy is?" I exclaimed, brandishing the document impressively. "It's a Comprehensive Householder's policy. I don't know what a Comprehensive Householder is, but I think I must be one."

"But I'm sure it says nothing about slacks," she objected.

"Comprehensive!" I shouted. "That means all-embracing. This policy embraces my slacks."

"That sounds almost indelicate."

"Listen. 'Whereas the undermentioned, hereinafter called the Accused—the Assured, I mean—has paid blank pounds, shillings and pence Premium or Consideration . . . to insure him/her from loss or damage by Lightning, Explosion, Earthquake, Thunderbolts . . .'"

"Oo-er," said Suzanne with a shiver.

" . . . Aeroplanes, Airships, and/or



ANOTHER COMBINE:

Bystander. "'OW YER GOIN', MATE?"

Gutter Merchant. "FINE! I'VE JUST ANALGAMATED WITH THE BUSINESS NEXT DOOR."

I at once wrote back to remove their misapprehension:—

"DEAR SIRs,—My fire was not what you would call an outbreak. It was essentially a quiet affair, attended by neither Fire Brigade nor Salvage Corps; but just the family (like being married at a registry-office, don't you think?). My khaki slacks were the only articles injured. As I am now going about without them, you will realise that no time should be lost in settling the claim.

Yours, etc.

"P.S. I nearly forgot—73856/RS/VP. There!"

A day or two later I received a request, pitched in an almost slanderously sceptical tone, for more detailed information. I humoured them, and there ensued a ding-dong correspondence, in which that wretched Ref. No. was bandied backwards and forwards with nauseating reiteration, and of which the following are the salient points:—

They. Kindly state what you estimate the total value of the contents of your residence to be.

Myself (after a searching inquiry into present prices). £1,500.

They (promptly). We beg to point out that you are only insured for a total sum of £750. In accordance with the terms of your policy you are only entitled to recover such proportion of the value of the loss or damage as the total insured bears towards the total value of the contents—i.e., one-half.

Myself. Two guineas is exactly one-half of four guineas, the present cost of slacks. Please see attached affidavit from tailor. (By a masterly stroke I had actually induced the rascal to set out his iniquity in black and white.)

At last, twenty days after the fire, when I had finally screwed myself up to the point of going out to buy a pair of reach-me-downs, I was rewarded by receiving a cheque for two guineas from the Insurance Company, "in full settlement."

By the same post I received a letter from the Adjutant of my Depot informing me that I was not to return at the expiration of my leave, but by War Office instructions (I will spare you the Ref. No.) was to proceed instead to the Crystal Palace for immediate demobilization. (That, by the way, is part of

the game of being a volunteer for the Army of Occupation.) It was Suzanne who brought the two letters into their proper correlation.

"You won't have to get a new pair of slacks now," she said.

"Bless my soul, no!" I exclaimed. "Then what ought I to do with this cheque? Send it back?"

"Certainly not," cried Suzanne as she snatched it from my wavering hand. "I've been wanting a new hat for some time."

"Frenzied Finance."

"The guardians want more money also. What the Treasury financial taxations are only the bel-lal taxations are only the beginning of the demand upon the citizen's pocket."

Evening Paper.

"JUMPER CHAMPION."

"The reference to a young woman living at Esher, Surrey, who has knitted 50 jumpers since August 20, which her friends claim to be a world's record for an amateur, has resulted in a challenge.

'Jumper,' who lives at Margate, writes: 'I find it quite easy to knit in the dark and to read while knitting.'—*Daily Paper.*

The Margate candidate will get our vote.



THE SERVANTS' BALL.

Groom (somewhat heated). "CARE FOR A BREATHER, MY LADY?"

MY SALES DAY.

7.0 to 8.30. Rise, breakfast, and make out shopping-list. I put down:—

Waterproof for Henry.
School-frock and boots for the Kid.
Replenish household linen.

9.0. Arrive at large emporium just as the doors open. Ask to be directed to gentlemen's mackintoshes. Pause on the way to look at evening wraps marked down from five guineas to 98/11. It seems a sweeping reduction, but I do not require an evening wrap.

9.10 to 10.15. Try on evening wraps. Select a perfectly sweet *Rose du Barri* duvetyn lined *gris foncé*.

10.15. Continuing to head for mackintoshes. The course runs past a job-line in silk hosiery. Remember I ought to get stockings to go with the evening wrap.

10.15 to 11.5. Match stockings.

11.15. Arrive at gentlemen's mackintoshes. Find they are not being reduced in the sale. Observe however that some handsome silk shirts with broad stripes are marked half-price; get three for Henry, also a fancy waistcoat at 6/11½ (was 25/-), only slightly soiled down front.

11.40. Ask for Children's Depart-

ment. Take wrong turning and arrive at millinery.

11.40 to 1.10. Try on hats. Decide on a ducky little toque and a fascinating river hat (for next summer).

1.10 to 1.30. Still asking for Children's Department. When it is finally given to me I am told that useful school-frocks have all been sold.

1.30 to 6.30. Drift to Shoe Department; secure a pair of pink satin slippers—rather tight, but amazingly cheap. Swept by crowd into "Fancy Goods"; make several purchases. Get taken in a crush to "Evening Accessories"; am persuaded to buy.

6.35. Leave emporium. It is raining heavily.

7.15. Arrive home wet and exhausted. Have an argument, conducted affably on my side, with Henry, who flatly refuses to wear the half-price striped shirts or pay for the only slightly-soiled waistcoat. He makes pointed remarks about the bad weather, with cynical reference to mackintoshes. Am struck afresh by the selfishness of men.

7.45. Remember that I have forgotten household linen and Kid's boots, but determine not to let this spoil my good temper.

8.0. Dine alone with Henry. Do my

best to show a forgiving spirit in face of his egoism. So to bed, conscious of a day well spent.

OUR DAY OF UNREST.

["The great demand of the moment is something fresh to do on Sunday."] *Evening Paper.*

At the ample shrine of pleasure
You have worshipped well and long
On this day of so-called leisure,
Yet you feel there's something wrong.

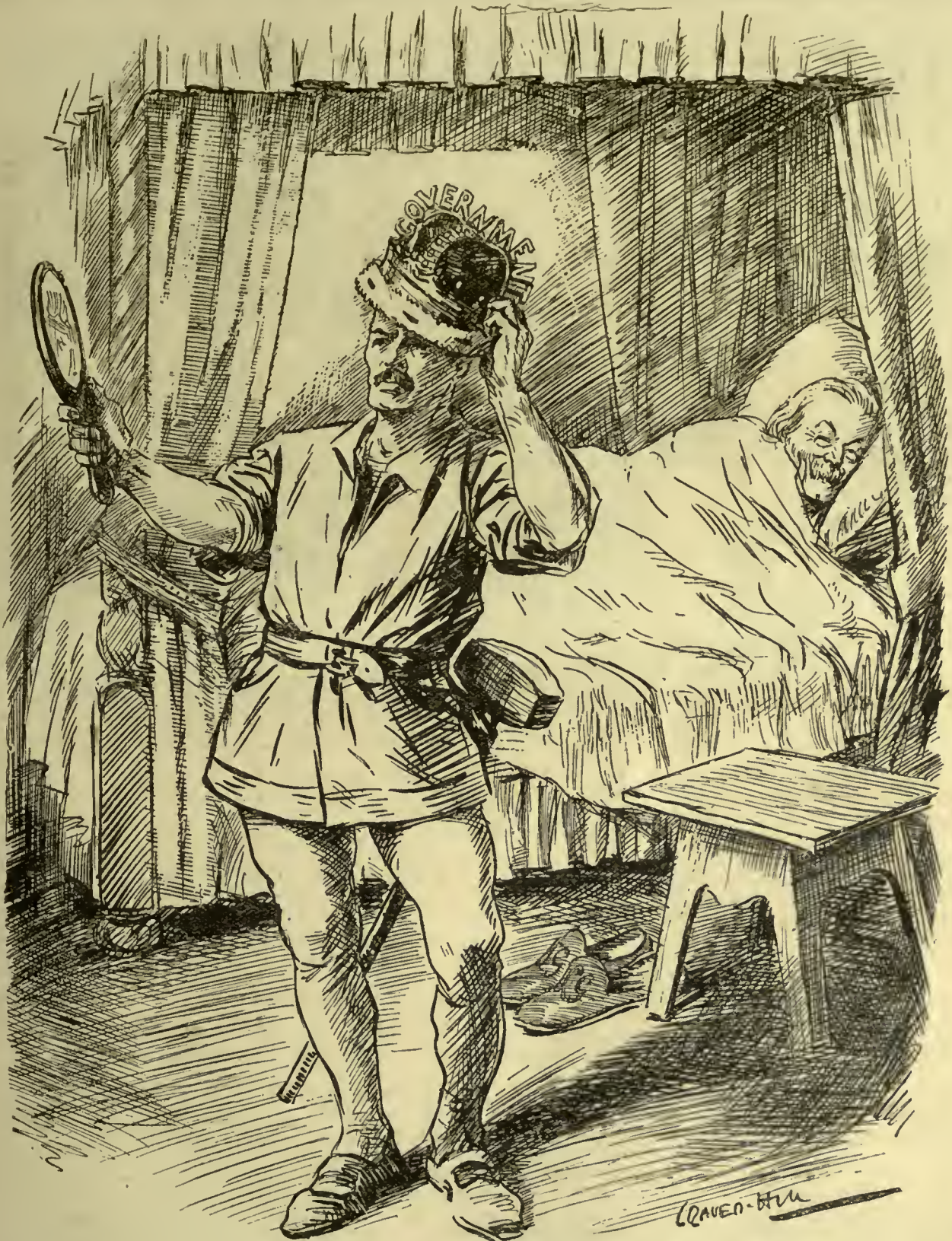
Blasé is your air and jaded;
Sabbath hours have lost their zest;
Utter ennui has invaded
Every corner of your chest.

Sport is shorn of all its glamour;
Motoring proves no more a lure;
So you come to me and clamour
For a speedy psychic cure.

Well, my friend, if fresh sensation
Is the object of your search,
And you want a consultation,
My advice is, Go to church.

Bolshevism in the Civil Service.

"Whitley Councils are the latest development in Government offices in Whitehall. What is aimed at is a system of promotion free and uninterrupted from top to bottom."



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

Labour. "PERHAPS IT'S A SIZE TOO BIG FOR ME AT PRESENT."

Coalition. "GLAD YOU FEEL LIKE THAT, AS I HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED WITH IT."



Soulful Party. "AH, YES, THE WORLD IS ALWAYS SO—WE NEVER STREW FLOWERS ON A MAN'S GRAVE UNTIL AFTER HE IS DEAD."

THE CANDOUR OF KEYNES.

(Suggested by the perusal of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace.")

THERE was a superior young person named KEYNES
Who possessed an extensive equipment of brains,
And, being elected a Fellow of King's,
He taught Economics and similar things.

On the outbreak of war he at once made his mark
As a "tempy," but Principal, Treasury Clerk,
And the Permanent Staff and the CHANCELLOR too
Pronounced him a flier and well worth his screw.

So he went to the Conference, not as a mute,
To act as the CHANCELLOR's chief substitute,
And in this extremely responsible post
He mingled with those who were ruling the roast.

The Big and redoubtable Three, 'tis confessed,
By his talent and zeal were immensely impressed;
But, conversely, the fact, which is painful, remains
That they failed to impress the redoubtable KEYNES.

So, after five months of progressive disgust,
He shook from his feet the Parisian dust,
Determined to give the chief Delegates beans
And let the plain person behind the Peace scenes.

Though his title is stodgy, yet all must admit
That his pages are seasoned with plenty of wit;
He's alert as a cat-fish; he can't be ignored;
And throughout his recital we never are bored.

For he's not a mere slinger of partisan ink,
But a thinker who gives us profoundly to think;
And his arguments cannot be lightly dismissed
With cries of "Pro-Hun" or of "Pacificist."

And yet there are faults to be found all the same;
For example, I doubt if it's playing the game
For one who is hardly unmuzzled to guy
Representative statesmen who cannot reply.

And while we're amused by his caustic dispraise
Of President WILSON's Chadbadian ways,
Of the cynical TIGER, laconic and grim,
And our versatile PREMIER, so supple and slim—

Still we feel, as he zealously damns the Allies
For grudging the Germans the means to arise,
That possibly some of the Ultimate Things
May even be hidden from Fellows of King's.

"The ——— Male Voice Choir and St. ———'s Brass Band discorded
Xmas music."—*Local Paper.*

We shouldn't wonder.

"Another element in the industrial activity of Japan, which is
brought forcibly home to the Westerner, is the obvious pleasure that
the Japanese people take in doing the work which is allotted to them.
It is no uncommon sight to see men laughing merrily as they drag
along their heavy merchandise, or singing as they swing their anvils
in a manner almost reminiscent of the historic village blacksmith."

Provincial Paper.

And "children coming home from school" know better
than to "look in at the open door."



"GRANDFATHER, I SIMPLY LOVE YOUR NICE LONG BEARD. PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER HAVE IT BOBBED."

THE EGOIST.

ON Monday morning Hereward Vale left home in an unsettled state of mind. That was putting it mildly. He was thoroughly unhappy. Something was up—he couldn't tell what—or whether it was his own fault or Mary's. Anyhow, it didn't seem to matter whose fault it was. The thing had happened. That was the one overwhelming idea that concerned him. The first shadow had fallen; their record of complete and perfect happiness was broken.

The road to the station was a long and particularly beautiful one. Hereward had always appreciated every inch of it. But to-day he hated it. He hated the way the yew-trees drooped, the leafless branches of the hazels, the faded, crumpled blackberry, the scattered decaying leaves. It was really a remarkable day for November—clear and frosty, with a bright blue sky and scudding white clouds. A strong north-east wind tested one's vitality. Hereward's was low. He buttoned his collar and hurried on.

Mary had never treated him quite like this before. She had always been

tender, sympathetic and understanding with his moods. True, he was trying; but she had known that before she married him. He was an artist, and an artist's work, he argued, depended largely on the state of his emotions. He earned the family bread by the labour of his hands and his hand was the servant of his mind, and his mind was a tempest of moods. Mary had applied herself to her task with creditable skill. She could always turn his sullenness to a sort of creative melancholy of which he was rather proud; his restlessness to energy and his discontent to something like constructive thinking. How she achieved the miracle he did not know, nor did he inquire. But he was guided by her as a child by its mother, still constantly rebelling.

But to-day the machinery had broken down. Mary had been cool, pleasant and crisply unemotional at breakfast-time. He had woken up cross and with a headache. He had a muddled feeling and wanted sorting out. But Mary seemed quite unaware of it. She had a preoccupied manner; she went about just too cheerfully, chatting just too pleasantly about trivial things. It

was mechanical, Hereward decided, and, anyway, it wasn't at all what he wanted. His monosyllabic responses were accepted as perfectly right and natural, when they were nothing of the sort. She did not get up and pass her hand lovingly and soothingly over his hair and say things appropriate to his state of mind. She went on with her breakfast and looked after him kindly enough, but without solicitude.

For instance, she made no comment on the fact that he had hardly touched his bacon; she merely removed his plate and gave him marmalade and toast as if he had left no bacon at all. She didn't even notice the lines of suffering on his face, the dark circles under his eyes. He cast a glance in the mirror when her back was turned to see if they were obvious. They were. Why wasn't Mary catching his hump? She always did.

When finally he left the house, a little bent, with no spring in his step, Mary didn't accompany him to the door. She didn't exchange with him one of those rapid looks of complete understanding that he had grown so accustomed to and found so sustaining

and helpful. She kissed him firmly and coolly, almost casually. Just so she might kiss an aunt.

The train journey was cold and lonely. Nobody he knew was travelling up to town. He bought a daily paper, but the headlines put him off. They were nearly all about divorce cases. There was one about a man who had lived for three years in the same house with his wife without speaking to her. Such things were possible! He gazed out of the window. The wonderful day had no charm for him. The feeling of autumn only further increased his sense of the loss of youth, of the decay of romance. He nursed and nourished his grievance. He desired that Mary should know what a wreck she had made of his day, possibly of his life.

He was in no mood for work. He went up to his studio in Fitzroy Square and muddled about with pens and ink. He had what he called a good tidy up, and firmly and consistently threw away every relic of sentiment he had foolishly preserved. At one o'clock, through habit and not because he was hungry, he went out and had a lonely lunch at a small restaurant, sitting at a marble-topped table which imparted to him something of its chill. After that he loafed about looking at things till dusk. Dusk was quite unbearable. He fled back to the studio, made up a stupendous fire, lit a pipe and mused.

He decided not to go home that night. He felt hurt and ill-used. He would stay in town and have a thoroughly good time. As the idea struck him he looked round the studio. The corners were dismal and shadowy. Everything not in the immediate circle of the fire looked gray and cheerless. His easel, with a bit of drapery thrown across it, was like a spectre with outstretched arms. It suggested despair. He could think of no one whom he wanted to see. There wasn't a soul he knew whom he would not in this crisis deliberately have avoided.

So he went to the Russian Ballet and was bored. He had been excited about *Cleopatra* the first time he had seen it; he now decided that it was a great mistake to try to repeat emotional experiences.

He left hurriedly before the programme was half over. His feet took him mechanically to Waterloo Station. He looked up a train. The 9.30 was due out; he sprinted and caught it. The carriage he managed to get into was empty and warm. He slept; he slept all the way, and it did him good.

When he arrived at the other end the night was calm and the sky star-spangled. The walk out exhilarated him; his exasperation was over. He



Musician (having bumped lady with 'cello). "OH, I AM SO SORRY."
Lady. "DON'T MENTION IT. I'M PASSIONATELY FOND OF MUSIC."

ran lightly down the leaf-strewn steps of the old garden and looked in at the window. Mary was seated at the fire. She looked pensive, pretty and a little sad. He whistled and she smiled up. "Hooray!" she said, "I'd nearly given you up." She slipped round and had the door open before he could get out his key and drew him in. She helped him off with his coat and scanned his face with even more than her usual intentness and interest. But she didn't

ask him why he was late and he didn't tell her. He thought that could wait.

Their extemporised supper was a great success, and they sat before the wood fire far into the night.

"What was up this morning?" he finally asked. "You weren't quite yourself, were you?"

"This morning?" she questioned, puzzled. "Oh, I remember. I woke with a splitting headache. Did you notice it? You nice old thing!"

AT THE PLAY.

"Mr. PIM PASSES BY."

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn . . .
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

WHEN *Pippa* "passed," singingsongs like that and preoccupied with the splendid fact of her one day's holiday, she unconsciously brought about a change for the better in the heart or conscience of all who overheard her. It was not so with the passing of *Mr. Pim*. Prior to his intrusion, there had been nothing to disturb the well-ordered existence of *Geo. Marden, Esq., J.P.*, and his wife (late *Mrs. Tellworthy*), except that they did not see eye to eye on the small question of his niece's early engagement to a young artist and on the still smaller question of futuristic curtains. Then came *Mr. Garraway Pim*, a doddering old gentleman, with a thin falsetto voice and a loosish memory, but otherwise harmless. He arrives with an introduction from Australia and casually lets fall a tale of a fellow-passenger with the unusual name of *Tellworthy*, from which—and other incidental evidence—*Mrs. Marden* gathers that her first husband (an ex-convict) is still alive. Having dropped this thunderbolt he drifts off, leaving tragedy in his wake. End of Act I.

Marden, highly conscientious, takes the orthodox view that his lawless marriage must be nullified. His wife, though horrified at the resurrection of her impossible first husband, permits herself to recognise the humorously ironic side of things. *Mr. Pim*, fortunately located in the immediate neighbourhood, is sent for that he may throw further light on the painful subject of *Tellworthy's* revival. He now reports—what he had vaguely imagined himself to have mentioned in the first instance—that *Tellworthy* had met his death at Marseilles through swallowing a herring-bone. The Second Act closes with a burst of jubilant hysterics on the part of *Mrs. Marden*.

But the situation is only partially relieved. True, the old husband is dead all right, but the *Mardens'* marriage is still bigamous; they have been living all this time in what would be regarded in the eyes of Heaven (and, still worse, the county of Bucks) as sin. However, a trifling formality at a registry-office

can rectify this and nobody need be any the wiser. This at least is *Marden's* attitude, always free from any suspicion of complexity. But his wife (if that is the word for her), being of a more subtle nature, determines to make profit out of the situation. She points out to him that she is at present the widow *Tellworthy* and that she must be wooed all over again, and can only be won on her own terms. These include a recognition of the niece's engagement (has not the young artist an equal right with *Marden* to a speedy marriage with the woman of his choice?) and a concession to her taste in futuristic curtains.



A DROPPER OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Mr. Pim *Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.*
Mrs. Marden *MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.*

At this juncture *Mr. Pim* drifts in again to correct an error of memory. The name of the gentleman who succumbed to the herring-bone was not *Tellworthy* (he must have got that name into his head through hearing it mentioned as that of *Mrs. Marden's* first husband). It was really *Polwhistle*—either *Henry* or *Ernest Polwhistle*; he was not quite sure which. Everything is thus restored to the *status quo ante*, except that *Marden*, in a spasm of generous reaction, feels himself morally bound to abide by the new conditions that his wife had laid down.

Mr. Pim only passes by once more to announce his settled conviction that *Polwhistle's* Christian name was *Ernest* and not *Henry*.

It will be seen that the play is original in design; but it is also a true play of character revealed by circum-

stance. Further—and this is very rare—it owes nothing to the adventitious aid of the costumier. For the author's observation of the unities is extended to include the matter of dress; he allows his people one costume each and no more.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH played as if every one of her words had been made expressly for her, as, no doubt, they were. I have never seen her so perfect in detail, in the poise of her head, in her least gesture and intonation, in her swift changes of mood; never so quietly mistress of the *finesse* of her art.

As *Marden*, *Mr. BEN WEBSTER* was a little restless in a part for which he was not constitutionally suited, but played with the greatest courage and sincerity. *Mr. DION BOUCICAULT's* study of *Mr. Pim* was extraordinarily effective; and the way in which he made the attenuated pipings of this futile old gentleman carry like the notes of a bell was in itself a remarkable feat.

These three were given great chances, full of colour. But in the part of *Brian Strange*, the boy-lover, by its nature relatively colourless, *Mr. LESLIE HOWARD* was hardly less good. He never made anything like a mistake of manner. I wish I could say the same of his flapper. But *Miss COHAN* asserted her good spirits a little too boisterously for the picture.

I hope I shall not be suspected of partiality towards one of *Mr. Punch's* young men if I say that this is the best of the good things that *Mr. MILNE* has given us. As

in his unacted play, *The Lucky One*, he gives evidence of a desire, not unfrequent in humourists, to be taken seriously. But he knows by now that brilliant dialogue is what is expected of him, and he thinks, too modestly, that he cannot afford to dispense with it for long at a time. The result is that, after stringing us up to face a tragic situation, he is tempted to let us down with light-hearted cynicisms. He would hate me to suggest that *Mr. BERNARD SHAW* has infected him, but perhaps he wouldn't mind my hinting at the influence of *Sir JAMES BARRIE*. Certainly his *Mardens* remind me of the *Darlings* in *Peter Pan*. Just as there we were invited alternately to weep for the bereaved mother's sorrow and roar over the bereaved father's buffooneries, so here, though not so disastrously, our hearts are torn between sympathy for



IT WAS UNFORTUNATE THAT BROWN HAD NOT FINISHED HIS MASTERPIECE, "THE SURRENDER OF THE GARRISON," BY THE TIME THE WAR CAME TO AN END.



Fougasse

HOWEVER, IT NEEDED VERY LITTLE ALTERATION TO MAKE IT SALEABLE.

the husband's real troubles and amusement at the wife's flippant attitude towards the common tragedy.

I will not deny the sneaking pleasure which this flippancy gave me at the time, but in the light of calmer reflection I feel that Mr. MILNE would really have pleased himself better if he could have found the courage to keep the play on a serious note all through the interval between Mr. Pim's first and second revelations. Apart from the higher question of sincerity he would have gained something, in an artistic sense, by getting a stronger contrast out of the change of situation that followed the announcement of Tellworthy's demise.

In the First Act we seemed to have a little too much of the young couple, but this insistence was perhaps justified by the important part which their affairs subsequently played (along with the *leit-motif* of the futuristic curtains) in the readjustment of the relations between husband and wife.

If I have any flaw to find in a really charming play, I think it was a mistake for Mrs. Marden to let Mr. Pim into the secret of her past. As with the sweet influences of *Pippa*, so with the devastating havoc wrought by the inexactitudes of Mr. Pim, I think he should have been left unconscious of the effect of his passing.

For the rest,

Mr. MILNE's at his best—
All's right with the play! O. S.

EUPHONIOUS ALIENS.

(A successful chamber concert has been given by three players, styling themselves "The Modern Trio," and named as under.)

You may search through all Europe
from Nenagh to Nish

For such a delightfully-named coalish
As that of MANNUCCI and MELZAK and
KRISH.

In MELZAK we note the Slavonic
ambish;

MANNUCCI suggests an Italian dish,
And there's an exotic allurements in
KRISH.

Their combined *cantilena's* as soothing
as squish;

'Twould have banished the madness of
SAUL, son of KISH,

Had he listened to MELZAK, MANNUCCI
and KRISH.

Their music, I gather, is wholly delish,
But their names are the thing that I
specially wish

To applaud in MANNUCCI and MELZAK
and KRISH.

The Struggle for Life.

"FOR SALE.—Entire household, \$200 cash."
American Paper.

ANOTHER CRISIS.

WHETHER it is due to war-weariness or not the fact remains that the British public view with apparent apathy the new crises which arise day by day to threaten their happiness and maybe to change the whole course of their life.

Only a few mornings ago we read in *The Daily Chronicle* the following momentous statement made by that newspaper's golf correspondent: "I'm told that the thirty-one pennyweight ball is doomed." Doomed! Yet, so far as could be observed in the demeanour of the pleasure-seekers in the Strand on the afternoon of that same day, things might have been exactly as they were the day before.

We learn that the sub-committee investigating this matter of the thirty-one pennyweight ball have consulted both the manufacturers and the professionals. A ray of hope is given by the statement, made on good authority, that "the manufacturers have adopted a very reasonable attitude." The country should be grateful for this. But, on the other hand, "the professionals want full freedom in the selection of balls."

To foster a false optimism at this juncture would be criminal, and it may as well be admitted at once that negotiations are proceeding with difficulty. As we go to press we learn that a protracted meeting, lasting from 2 p.m. until after midnight, has been held. The leader of the manufacturers, on emerging from the conference hall, was seen to look pale and exhausted. Pushing his way through the pressmen and photographers he said, "Boys, for the moment we are bunkered; we must employ the niblick. No, that is all I can tell you;" and he walked quickly away with his hand to his brow and muttering words seldom heard off the course.

Equally grave, the organising secretary of the professionals was even less communicative, for he spoke in his native tongue, and the Scotsman among the reporters who undertook to translate his remarks was unfortunately unable to make himself understood.

The PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary has issued to the Press a statement that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is keeping in close touch with Walton Heath and the progress of events, but that at present no useful purpose would be served by Government interference.

The Daily Chronicle correspondent also announces that representatives of American golf are to visit St. Andrews in the Spring to discuss the question. We trust their visit may not be too late. If the problem is one that can be solved by dollars no doubt they will come well-equipped for enforcing American

opinion on the British public. We can only hope that international relationships will not be strained by their deliberations; let there be a spirit of toleration and a recognition of the rights of small nations, and all may yet be well.

WHY THE SPARROW LIVES IN THE TOWN.

In noisy towns, where traffic roars and
rushes

And where the grimy streets are dark
and narrow,

You never see the robins and the
thrushes,

Nor hear their songs. Only the City
sparrow

Chirps bravely and as cheerily as they,
Although his home is very far away.

He chirps of lanes, of far-off country
places

(This is the sparrows' story that I'm
telling);

Long, long ago they lived in sweet wide
spaces;

Their homes were in the hedges, gay,
green-smelling;

The people, though, came citywards to
dwell;

"Then we," the sparrows said, "must
go as well.

"Yes, we're the birds to go, for all
our brothers

Would lose their songs in cities dark
and crowded;

Their hearts would break; but we're
not like the others,

We cannot sing, our coats are drab
and dowdy;

But we can chirp and chirp and chirp
again;

The people shan't forget a country
lane."

And so they came, and in all city-
weathers

They chirped a note of cheer to exiles
weary;

And still the sparrows chirp, for their
brown feathers

Hide now, as then, brave kindly
hearts and cheery,

Of lanes they've never seen nor lived
among,

Of country lanes they sing, the same
old song.

"SIR ALBERT'S ELEVATION.—'Up, Stanley,
up!'—*Shakespeare* (amended)."

Sunday Pictorial.
Great SCOTT (WALTER)!

"Very attractive was the interior of the
Hall, when the Misses — entertained
a large number of their friends at an enjoyable
dance. Everything was 'conteur de pose.'"

Australian Paper.
It is very clear they weren't jazzing.



THE POST-WAR SPORTSMAN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE HUNTSMAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Romance of Madame Tussaud's (ODDAMS) strikes one, in these days of universal reminiscence, almost as a *libre à faire*, certainly as a volume that finds its welcome waiting for it. I suppose there are few unhappy beings for whom the very name of that gifted lady does not revive something of the nursery magic that is never quite forgotten. All of which means that Mr. JOHN T. TUSSAUD, who has written, vivaciously and with obvious pleasure, this history of the famous show, is (I hope) assured beforehand of his sales. It is a fat record, taking the story from the earliest wax profiles made by Dr. CURTIUS for the Parisian aristocracy in the days before the Revolution; through the Terror, when his niece (afterwards Madame Tussaud) was employed to model notable heads from the basket of the guillotine, which was itself subsequently to figure amongst the attractions of her collection, and finally bringing the enterprising artist and her models to England and Baker Street, whence a comparatively recent move established them (the foundress in effigy only) in their present palace. I was especially interested to trace the evidence of close attention paid to the show by Mr. Punch, and in particular to learn that the title Chamber of Horrors was first invented by that observer; though the author falls into an obvious chronological inexactitude in ascribing to these pages a cartoon by CRUIKSHANK published "in November of Waterloo year." I have no space for the many queer stories, chiefly of encounters between the quick and the wax, with which the book abounds, nor for more than mention of its admirable photo-

graphs, of which I should have liked many more. Altogether it gives an unusual sidelight on the history of two Capitals; and incidentally, if the reading of it puts others in the same resolve as myself, an extra turn-stile will be needed in the Marylebone Road.

Mr. HARRY TIGHE is something of a problem to me. With the best will in the world to appreciate what looked like unusual promise I can only regard him at present as one who is neglecting the good gifts of heaven in the pursuit apparently of some Jack-o'-lanthorn idea of popularity. No doubt you recall his first novel, *The Sheep Path*, a sincere and well-observed study of feminine temperament. This was followed by one that (though it had its friends) marked, to my thinking, a lamentable fall from grace. He has now published a third, *Day Dawn* (WESTALL). Here, though popularity of a kind may be its reward, the work is still woefully beneath what should be Mr. TIGHE's level. Certainly not one of the demands of the circulating libraries is unfulfilled. We have a fair-haired heroine (victim to cocaine), a dark and villainous foreigner, a dashing hero, a middle-aged woman who adores him despite the presence of her husband, himself called throughout *Baron Brinthal*, a style surely more common in pantomimic circles than in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair; and the incidents embrace both murder and suicide. Moreover there is "plenty of conversation," and the intrigue moves sufficiently quickly (if jerkily) to keep one curious about the next page. But having very willingly admitted so much I return to my contention, that for Mr. TIGHE to neglect his sensitive and delicate art for the antics of these

tawdry dolls is to betray both himself and the craft of which he may still become a distinguished exponent.

From the official who is interested in officialdom to the Infantry officer who is interested in tactics, from the mechanical expert who can appreciate the technical details of diagrams to the child who revels in faultless photographs of hair-raising monsters ("I may read it, mother, mayn't I, when I've unsticked my fingers?" was the way I heard it put), everybody, I think, will find plenty to attract him in Sir ALBERT STERN's finely illustrated *Tanks 1914-1918* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Tanks were born at Lincoln, and rightly so, for did not OLIVER CROMWELL's Ironsides mostly come from this region?—and the main theme of this book is to show how much more formidable an obstacle they found in the files and registries of Whitehall than in the trenches and wire-entanglements of Flanders and France. Parents they had and sponsors innumerable. Practical soldiers and engineers were enthusiastic about them, and the Bosch quaked in his trenches or ran; but even so late as the autumn of 1917, after General FOCH (as he was then) had said, "You must make quantities and quantities; we must fight mechanically," one stout little company of obscurantists bravely defied the creed of Juggernaut until the irresistible logic of its successes in the field crushed them remorselessly under the "creeping grip." And that company, of course, according to Sir ALBERT STERN, was the British War Office.

Let me commend to you *The Mask* (METHUEN) as a craftsmanlike essay in imaginative realism; ruthlessly candid and self-revealing, but free from that tiresome obsession of the ultra-realists that everything that has ever happened is equally important in retrospect. The narrator, *Vanya Gombarov*, a Russian Jew, discourses reflectively and detachedly, as it were from behind a mask, to an English artist friend about his early childhood in his own land and the dismal adventures of the *Gombarov* family in that underworld of exploited and miserable aliens which is one of the root social problems of America. Very poignantly Mr. JOHN COUNROS makes you understand the import of the phrase so constantly on the lips of such victims of their own credulous hopes of El Dorado—"Woe to COLUMBUS!" The portrait of *Vanya's* stepfather, brilliant, magnanimous, pursued by an Æschylean malignity of destiny, fills much of the foreground and is a quite masterly piece of work. One cannot be wrong in assuming this to be essential autobiography; there is a passionate conviction as of things intimately seen and dreadfully suffered. Such material might well have tempted to a mere piling of squalor upon squalor. A fine discretion has given a noble dignity to a record through which shines the unquenchable human spirit. One passage, full of affectionate discernment about London, will cause a flicker of just pride in everyone who is authentic Cockney, whether by birth or adoption. A big book of its kind, I dare assert.

Star of India (CASSELL) is what Mrs. ALICE PERRIN calls her latest novel, a title so good that I can only wonder why (or perhaps whether) it has not been used before. Inside also I found excellent entertainment. One supposes the author to have been confronted with two main problems with regard to her plot—how to make sufficiently plausible the marriage between a flapper (if you will forgive the odious word) of seventeen and a middle-ageing Anglo-Indian; and, secondly, how to impart any touch of novelty to the inevitable catastrophe that must attend this union. The first she has managed by a very cunning suggestion of the mingled jealousy, curiosity and boredom that drove *Stella* into the arms of her elderly suitor; the second by a variety of devices, to indicate which would be to give away the whole intrigue—one, I may say, whose climax is not nearly so visible from afar as that of most triangle tales. One point only I will reveal: Mrs. PERRIN has had the courage, while vindicating her own common-sense judgment upon such folk, to introduce a second girl, daughter and pupil of one of the spoon-fed idealists who would govern India with the platitudes of ignorance, and not only to make her sympathetic, but to convince me of her attractions, which (especially just now) was not easy work. Decidedly a first-rate yarn.



OUR LAUNDRIES: THE COLLAR-FINISHER.

We may, I think, take it that the love-story in *The Gunroom* (BLACK) is fiction pure and naively simple, but that the experiences of *John Lynwood*, the hero, in the Navy are given as the actual experiences of Mr. C. L. MORGAN, the author. Let me then at once say that his revelations of the bullying of junior by senior midshipmen go back to a period before the War. These "shakings," we are asked to believe, were due partly to custom and partly to boredom caused by lack of leave. If Mr. MORGAN is correct both in his facts and surmises it is satisfactory to think that the War must have obliterated the boredom which provoked such excesses, and one need not be a fanatical opponent of physical punishment to hope that such forms of tyranny will never again be tolerated as a matter of custom. I am obliged to conclude that these incidents in *Lynwood's* career are absolutely true, for certainly nothing less than absolute truth could excuse their appearance in print; but at the same time I must confess that any attack upon our Navy is apt with me to act as an irritant. The more reason that I should honestly admit Mr. MORGAN's merits and say that he writes with a nice sense of style, and that his book does not derive its only interest from its revelations.

Hunting Extraordinary.

"GOOD SPORT WITH THE HOLDERNESS.

A stout ox led the field into Bilton village."—*Provincial Paper*.

Réchauffés for Cannibals.

"A company, numbering over 80, sat down to dinner, the host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. —) proving, as usual, a first-class menu." *Local Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

We understand that the Frenchman who lost his temper so completely during a duel with pistols that he threatened to shoot his opponent will be suspended from taking part in similar encounters for the next six months.

A man who had half a ton of coal delivered to him without warning has been removed to an asylum, where he is being treated for coal-shock.

Wrexham Education Committee has decided not to have Welsh taught in the elementary schools. Doubts have recently arisen, it appears, as to whether it will ever be the chosen medium of communication in the League of Nations.

"There is a movement on foot," says *The Daily Mail*, "to brighten the dress of boys." Smith Tortius writes to say that, according to the best opinion in his set, the waist should be worn fuller and less attention paid to the "sit" of the shirt.

A man recently arrested in Dublin was found to have in his possession a loaded revolver, three sticks of gelignite, four lengths of fuse, a number of detonators and a jemmy. It is thought that he may have been dabbling in politics.

"Demobilised men are doing such execution at the London World's Fair Shooting Galleries," says a news item, "that the supply of bottles is running short." Nothing, however, can be done about it till the PRIME MINISTER returns from Paris.

"There is a proper time for the last meal of the day," says a medical writer. We have always been of the opinion that supper should not be taken between meals.

After addressing a meeting for two hours, says a contemporary, TROTSKY fainted. A more humane man would have fainted first.

We feel very jealous of the suburban gentleman who wrote last week asking what an O.B.E. was, and whether, if it

was a bird, it should be fed on hemp-seed or ants' eggs.

With reference to the wooden house which fell down last week, the builder is of the opinion that a sparrow must have accidentally stepped on it.

LORD BIRKENHEAD describes the Coalition as an "invertebrate and undefined body." Meaning that they have rather more wishbone than backbone.

An Indian native was recently sen-

porter that he only writes novels for a hobby. This sets him apart from the many who do it with malicious intent.

A referee has lodged a complaint against the Football Club on whose ground he was assaulted by several spectators who disagreed with his decisions. Although sympathising with him we fear his attempt to rob our national game of its most sporting element will not meet with general approval.

It is generally expected that, owing to the number of deaths from whisky poisoning which have occurred of late, America may decide to go dry again.

It is reported on good authority that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN will visit America daily until the signature of DEMPSEY's manager is obtained.

LENIN, says a contemporary, has completed his plans for the overthrow of civilisation. It seems that all our efforts to conceal from him its presence in our midst are doomed to failure.

"A search for combined beauty and brains," says *The Daily Mail*, "has been instituted by *The Weekly Dispatch*." We gather, however, that a good circulation will also be taken into consideration.

According to the Technical Secretary of the Civil Aviation Committee a vehicle has been designed which is equally at home in the air, on land, on the water and under it. It is said to be distinguishable from Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL only by the latter's eloquence.

We understand that certain members of the betting classes have demanded that the starting price for coal should be published each day in the early evening papers.

A Triumph of Realism.

From a publisher's advertisement:—"FALLING WATERS." "Not a dry page in it."

The New Polygamy.

"The bride . . . carried a handsome bouquet of harem lilies."—*Local Paper*.



Peter Grant.

SCENE.—Miles from anywhere.

Tammas. "COULD YE OBLIGE ME W' A MATCH, SIR?"

Stranger. "I'M AFRAID I'VE ONLY GOT ONE."

Tammas. "AY—SHE 'LL DO."

tenced to write a poem. In other countries of course you commit a poem first and are sentenced afterwards.

Mr. F. H. ROSE, M.P., writing in *The Sunday Pictorial*, refers to the Ministry of Munitions as "a veritable monument of superfluous futility." For ourselves we don't mind futility so long as it isn't superfluous.

Will the lady who, during the Winter Sales' scramble, inadvertently went off with two husbands please return the other one to his rightful owner?

Mr. J. H. SYMONS, the Weymouth draper novelist, has told a *Star* re-

THE BENEFITS OF PEACE

(as they appear to be viewed by certain unofficial guardians of public morality).

WHEN Peace superseded the strife and the stress
Which the public regard as a gift for the Press,
It was feared in the quiet that followed the storm,
With nothing to do but retrench and reform,
That the Town would be painted a colourless tint
And the printers have nothing exciting to print.

That fear was unfounded, I'm happy to say,
And red is the dominant tone of to-day;
So far from incurring a shortage of news
While the place is made fit for our heroes to use,
We cannot remember a rosier time;
We have rarely enjoyed such an orgy of crime.

There are scandals as nice for the reader to nose
As any old garbage of carrion crows;
Our mystery-mongers are full of resource;
There's a bigamy boom and a vogue of divorce;
To the licence of flappers we freely allude,
And we do what we can with the cult of the nude.

No, the War isn't missed; there's a murrain of strikes
Where a paper can take any side that it likes;
We are done with denouncing the filth of the Bosh,
But we still have our own dirty linen to wash;
Though we trade with the brute as a man and a brother,
Our Warriors still can abuse one another.

And if spicier features incline to be slack
There is always the Chief of the State to attack;
We have standing instructions to cask him with mud
And a couple of columns reserved for his blood.
Oh, yes, there is Peace, but our property thrives—
We are having, I tell you, the time of our lives.

O. S.

OUR BALLYBUN LOTTERY.

[A *propos* of Premium Bonds it has been recalled that in his evidence, given some years ago before a Select Committee, the then Under-Secretary for Ireland stated that in that distressful country "lotteries are very much used for religious purposes by people of all denominations," and that "it would be flying in the face of public opinion, especially of the great religious bodies, to interfere with them."]

Murphy has given up charity for ever. He was perhaps fuller of this virtue than any other body in Ballybun, and his house was packed with things he had won at raffles. When a brick tore a hole in the Orange drum our Presbyterian pastor at once got up a bazaar for repairs to the chapel, and Murphy won the finest silver tea-service this side of the Aran Islands. Murphy knew no distinctions of race, creed or sex in the holy cause of charity. When our Methodist minister, who is universally popular, as his knowledge of a horse would be a credit to any denomination, got up an Auction Bridge Drive in aid of the Anti-Gambling League, Murphy came home with three pink antimacassars, a discourse by JEREMY TAYLOR and two months' pay out of the pocket of McDougal, the organist, who seems to play cards by ear. But Nemesis was lying in ambush for Murphy.

Three old ladies in Trim decided to get up a Tombola for the poor this winter, and of course they sent Murphy a sheaf of tickets. As lotteries are illegal they, being pious, hated them; anyway they decided to call it a Tombola. They got the whole of Ireland to send them prizes, articles of vertu and bric-à-brac, and any other old things that are of no use to anybody. The carriage on the stuff and the

printer's bill nearly ruined the charitable ladies, but, as they said, the Tombola would pay all the expenses, and if they could knock any more out of it the poor should have it.

If you sold a dozen tickets you could keep the thirteenth for yourself, and as Murphy, on account of his charity, was so popular he must have sold hundreds. People seemed to have an idea that the raffle was for a gondola, and they thought it would look beautiful on the pond in front of the Town Hall. Unfortunately our local poetess confirmed this error by writing a poem about it called "Italy in Ireland," which was produced in *The Ballybun Binnacle*, with a misprint about the gondolier's "untanned sole," which caused a fracas in the editorial office.

Murphy explained to all concerned that perhaps his Italian was rusty, and anyway his time was so taken up reading lottery-tickets and other charitable literature that he never knew what it was all for. It was a Tombola, however, this time, and not a gondola, they were subscribing for. It was a kind of Italian lottery which the police didn't mind because the prizes were not in money or anything of value, but just Old Masters and brick-bracks. Murphy has such a way with him that the editor and the poetess each took a dozen tickets.

When the result of the draw was published Murphy won six prizes, but no one grudged him them as he had taken so much trouble. The Grand Prize, a "statue carved by an Italian artist, the finest bit of sculpture ever seen in Ireland," was won by our popular grocer, Mr. McAroon. We were all delighted. People trooped in crowds to McAroon's back-door after closing-time to tell him so. The police took their names, but the magistrates, who have a great respect for the fine arts, said that this was a day in the artistic development of the Cinderella of the West which automatically and *prima facie* regularised an extension of closing-hours.

McAroon said that his religion did not run much to statues, but that, to show his tolerance to all denominations, especially to those on his books, he would have it unveiled by his Minister. He would invite the Bishop and all men of goodwill to be present at the ceremony. He would place it in the corner of his garden overlooking the esplanade, where it would cheer the simple mariners coming home after their arduous fishing toils, and perhaps remind one or two of them (but he would mention no names) of a dozen or so of porter that had been left unpaid for after a recent wedding.

The Ballybun express carries no goods whatever, except with the connivance of the guard and driver, who are both very decent Ballybun boys, and will bring anything down from Dublin for anyone. They promised to carry the statue themselves from the railway station up to McAroon's house. If the express was less than three hours late, which it was sure to be if it was running smoothly, they could just beam-end the statue on its pedestal and the presiding elder could unveil it with a hammer.

The train was not too late, just punctually late, and the guard had time to hurry the statue along through the biggest crowd we have had for years in Ballybun.

The Minister said that he would not open the case with prayer, because it might give offence to friends of other Christian denominations; he would just knock the front off and let this matchless piece of statuary from the blue skies of Italy dazzle them with its beauty. It needed no words from him, but he would just like to remind any of his flock present that the collection next Sunday was for the heathen both at home and abroad.

The statue then flashed out on us and left us breathless. It was the most scandalous thing ever seen in Ballybun; it was Venus rising from the sea without a stitch. There



“WANTED.”

HOLLAND. “SO YOU SAY YOU'D LIKE ME TO SURRENDER THE EX-KAISER?”

ENTENTE POLICEMAN. “WELL, MA'AM, I DIDN'T GO SO FAR AS THAT. I ONLY ASKED YOU FOR HIM.”



A MINISTERIAL ATTITUDE.

Wife (to amateur politician). "NAH THEN—WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? IN THE 'OUSE O' COMMONS?"

she stood with one hand raised toward the sky and the other pointing at the backs of all the pious people in Ballybun as they hurried indignantly home. Some of them blamed McAroon, while others said that Murphy knew all the time what a Tombola really was and that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

The Bishop ordered his people not to deal at McAroon's until Murphy had removed the scandalous object. So many bitter things were said that McAroon, who is obstinate when roused, vowed that as long as the sun shone in heaven the lady should add lustre to his back-yard. The Minister however tried to move him to a more prayerful spirit.

McAroon said it wouldn't be right to smash up for firewood a marble statue that had cost five hundred pounds if a penny. The clergyman said that if everybody stopped away from his store he would lose more than that in a year, and that in any case, if McAroon suffered, he would suffer in the holy cause of charity.

McAroon's piety was touched, and he said that in the interests of peace and holy charity he would agree on a compromise. He had forsooth to keep his vow and let the lady stop, but she had two outstretched arms and there was always abundance of family washing on hand in the daytime at all events. The clergy of all denominations agreed that his decision was in keeping with the best traditions of a Family Grocer.

Murphy and McAroon made it up publicly. Murphy asked how anyone in Ballybun could possibly know the Italian bathing regulations. Italy was a godless country;

but "anyway," said he, "hear you me. I have suffered so much in mind from this that I have done with charity for ever."

Christian peace and friendship reign once more in Ballybun; but any visitor who desires to see the beauties of Spagnoletti's famous masterpiece (what McAroon calls his "Anna Dryomeny") without the washing to serve as a veil must come by night and bring his own matches.

SO LONG.

ALL coiled down, and it's time for us to go,
Every sail 's furl'd in a smart harbour stow,
Another ship for us an' for her another crew;
An' so long, sailorman. Good luck to you!

Fun an' friends I wish you till the pay 's all gone,
Pleasure while you spend it an' content when it 's done,
An' a chest that 's not empty when you go back to sea,
An' a better ship than she 's been an' a truer pal than me.

A good berth I wish you in a ship that 's well-found,
With a decent crowd forrard an' her gear all sound,
Spars a man can trust to when it comes on to blow,
An' no bo'sun hawlin' when it 's your watch below.

A good Trade I wish you an' a fair landfall,
Neither fog nor iceberg, nor long calm nor squall,
A pleasant port to come to when the work 's all through . . .
An' so long, sailorman. Good luck to you! C. F. S.

THE SMUGGLER.

(With the British Army in France.)

"If I am to be a bold bad smuggler, old scream," said Percival, packing pyjamas and parcels into his bag, "I demand the proper costume and accessories of the craft. No self-respecting smuggler can be expected to run a cargo in a British warm and field-boots."

"Of course, my swagging buccaneer, if you want to do it in the grand manner," answered Frederick, "I'll arrange for the saucy little cutter, the sequestered cove an' the hard-riding exciseman with a cocked hat and cut-lass. But the simpler if less picturesque way is to dump your bag on the counter at the Customs House and be taken with a fit of sneezing when the Grand Inquisitor asks you if you have anything to declare."

"Whereupon he'll band me a quinine tablet and, when I show signs of convalescence, repeat the question in a loud voice. And if I don't know the correct answer I'll find myself meditating in Portland or Pentonville. That's what I'm exposing myself to by obliging corrupt an' unscrupulous friends," continued Percival bitterly.

"Hang it!" expostulated Frederick, "the potty little bottle of scent I'm asking you to deliver to my cousin Julia won't get you more than a seven-days' stretch. And you've got fourteen days' leave."

"Well, I won't grumble about that, although I'd arranged my programme differently. But what about the box of Flor Fantomas I'm taking for the Major, and the bottle of whisky with which the skipper has entrusted me for the purpose of propitiating his projected father-in-law, to say nothing of the piece of Brussels lace which Binnie says is for his aunt. Their combined weight will just about earn me a lifer. I can see me wiring the War Office for an extension of leave on urgent business grounds—nature of business, to enable applicant to complete term of penal servitude."

"Don't, Percival, old crumpet," murmured Frederick, visibly affected; "the thought of you languishing in a felon's cell, without cigarettes, gives me a pain in my heart. Let me see what I can do for you."

In a few minutes he was back, beaming. "I've fixed it all right, *mon lapin*," he said; "if the worst comes to the worst they'll bail you out with the Mess funds. But they won't accept further responsibility. The Major says, if a fellow who's spent his whole career dodging duties can't dodge the duty on a box of cigars he doesn't deserve sympathy."



THE NEW POOR.

"GOOD MORNING, MADAM. I DEAL IN CAST-OFF CLOTHING."

"OH, HOW LUCKY! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ANYTHING THAT WOULD SUIT MY HUSBAND?"

So Percival proceeded on leave with a heavy bag and a heavier conscience. On the boat he was greeted hilariously by Gillow the gunner and Sparkos the sapper, who invited him below to drink success to the voyage. In order to give the voyage no chance of failure they continued to drink success to it until the vessel backed into Folkestone Harbour, when they felt their precautions might be relaxed.

"Thanks to our efforts we've arrived

safely," said Gillow as they strolled up on deck; "but the sight of jolly old England doesn't seem to be moving you to mirth and song, Percival. Why this outward-bound expression when we're on the homeward tack, my hearty?"

"It's the gnawing molar of conscience," said Percival ruefully; "I've got a consignment of pink-ribboned parcels in my bag which I know to contain contraband and which I also suspect—Frederick's and Binnie's any-

way—to contain amorous missives not meant for vulgar eyes. If I deliver the parcels with the seals broken I shall get the glacial glare from the damsels concerned, and when I get back scorpions and poisoned bill-hooks will be too good for poor Percival."

"Phew!" whistled Sparkes. "They go through your baggage with a fine toothcomb nowadays. Couldn't you drop over the side with your bag and drift ashore on a deserted beach, disguised as a floating mine?"

"I've cut impersonations of hardware out of my *répertoire* since the day I failed to get past an R.T.O. disguised as a brass-hat," said Percival sadly. "I suppose I must fall back on direct action. I've a feeling that England expects every man this day to pay his duty."

On the quay there was the usual mad charge of porters. Percival indicated his bag to one of them with a distracted air, and followed him to the Customs House guiltily. The porter dumped the bag before an official, who had a piece of chalk hopefully poised between his fingers.

"'Nything t' 'clare?" he asked, preparing to affix the sign which spelt freedom.

Percival blew his nose violently, hoping the chalk would descend to save him the necessity of answering, but it remained poised in mid-air.

"Anything to declare?" repeated the official, with emphasis.

"Er," said Percival weakly—"nothing that you need worry about—only a few presents."

"I'll have to trouble you for your keys, then," said the incorruptible.

Percival sighed dismally and produced them. Suddenly he noticed Gillow declaring his baggage, and became so interested that he failed to perceive that the official was in difficulties with the lock of his bag.

"This the right key, Sir?" demanded the latter at length.

"Oh, yes," said Percival absently. "But perhaps the bag isn't locked."

The bag wasn't. It opened easily, and the official plunged into a welter of articles of personal use; but no parcels or dutiable goods came to light.

"Praps you think it's a joke, wasting my time like this," snorted the official indignantly. "All I can say is, it's an infernal bad one."

"Awfully sorry," said Percival sweetly, as his eye followed Gillow, who had emerged unchallenged. "I must have forgotten to bring the parcels I spoke about."

Smiling cheerfully, he directed the porter to place his bag by the side of Gillow's in a Pullman, and took his

seat with an expression of complete content.

"How fares the master criminal?" asked Sparkes.

"A sympathetic friend took my troubles on his shoulders," said Percival, "and got the parcels through with an effrontery which amazed me. I always took him for an upright youth, too."

"Who was it?" asked Gillow.

"You! Didn't you notice you took my bag by mistake? But don't let it weigh unduly on your conscience. Mine's clear anyway, and I feel that my troubles are over."

But it was not till he got home and opened his own bag that he discovered a quantity of broken glass, a pungent odour of whisky and Cologne water, a discoloured parcel of lace and a box of sodden cigars.

"I was never meant for a smuggler," he groaned.

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE.

On the glory of the trappers!

Oh to be as in this book,

Chasing things in furry wrappers,

Poking from their crevice-nook

Loudly though they squeak and grumble,

Squirrel fitch and Arctic cat

(Editor: "I do not tumble;

Will you please explain this jumble?"

Author: "I shall come to that").

Oh! (as I was just remarking

When you interrupted me)

Where the marabouts are barking

It is there that I would be;

Where on promontories stony

All the loud Atlantic raves

And the, if not very tony,

Still quite practical seal coney

Plunges in the wind-whipt waves.

Where the graceful skunk opossum

And the stylish leopard mink

Scamper as you come across 'em,

Climb upon the cañon's brink,

Gambol with the pony musquash,

Claimed not for a collar yet—

Far away from London's bus-squash

And advertisements of tusk-wash

Are my yearning visions set.

If such dreams and such romances,

Editor and reader mine,

Have not filled your heart with fancies—

Silence and the lonely pine,

Distant snows that cool the fever

Of a weary world-worn soul,

There where life is no deceiver

And the wallaby-dyed-beaver

Makes a very natural mole—

If you have not heard the calling

Of the lone, lone trail and far,

Where the animals entralling

I have lately mentioned are,

Nature splendid and full-blooded,

Just a gun and pipe and dog
(How those avalanches thudded!)—

No? Why, then you can't have studied
Perkins' Bargain Catalogue.

EVOE.

BILLIARDS.

HERBERT V. JAMES.

THIS match of a hundred up was played in the handsome saloon of the "Leadswingers' Arms" yesterday afternoon before an unusually dense crowd, who both came in just too late to secure the table. It is understood that the game was arranged as the result of a heated discussion during lunch the same day, in the course of which Herbert had the effrontery to tell me—I mean, to tell James—that what I—that is, he—knew about billiards wouldn't cover the pyramid-spot. James, who some hours later thought of a perfectly priceless repartee, which he has since forgotten, replied with dignity by challenging the other to an immediate game. Herbert accepted and, hastily finishing their lunch, the two repaired to the nearest billiard-room.

"I'm not due back at the office for another twenty minutes, so we've tons of time," observed Herbert airily as they entered.

James looked at him, but said nothing. He had the better of the opening manœuvres, however, for he secured the only cue that possessed a non-flexible tip; Herbert's was at the best of the semi-rigid type, a fact which impelled him to declare that the place would soon resemble a popular tea-shop. Not being pressed for an elucidation of this remark, he volunteered one. "No tips," he explained as he tenderly chalked his.

Herbert won the toss and elected to break with spot, which appeared to be a rounder ball than its fellow. Taking a careful and protracted aim at the red, he only missed the object-ball by inches, his own travelling twice round the table before finally coming to rest in baulk.

"Now then, Inman," he said, with a poor attempt at jauntiness, "score off that if you can."

James's reply was a calculated safety-miss, which only failed of its intention in that it left his ball about an inch away from the middle pocket. The closeness of the contest may be gauged from the fact that at this stage the game was called (or would have been called if the marker had not gone out to his dinner) at one all.

"In off the white," declared Herbert, and promptly potted it. "Sorry," he added almost before the ball was in the pocket.

For some time after this episode,



MANNERS AND MODES.

DYSPEPSIA DE LUXE.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

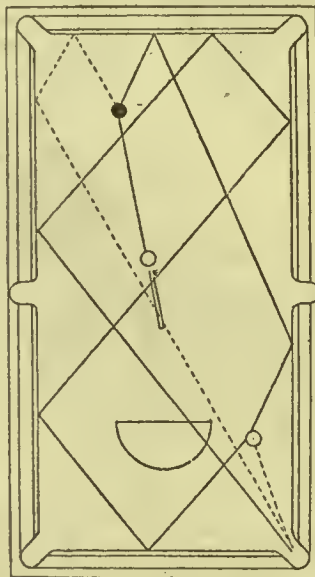
"HOP IT, LEANDER! THE HELLESPONT'S DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TANK. THIS END'S 'FUN AT FLOUNDER BEACH.'"

which chilled the atmosphere a trifle, the exchanges were uneventful. A slight tendency towards "barracking" on the part of the crowd was quickly stifled, however, by a brilliant effort from James, who by means of all-round play built up an attractive break of 5.

Herbert at once responded by taking off his coat, but for several innings contributed nothing else of note except a powerful shot which pocketed the red ball in the fireplace. After an agreement had at last been reached about the rule governing this particular class of stroke, both players settled down to their work and put in some useful breaks, runs of 3, 7 and 4 by James being countered by 2, 5, 6 and 3 (twice) by Herbert. The latter was the first to reach the 50-mark, an event which the crowd signalled by hanging up their hats and advancing to the table. When they were informed that the game was one of a hundred up, they seemed disposed to argue the matter, and from this stage their attitude towards the players became openly and impartially critical.

The latter half of the match was marked by a somewhat peculiar incident. With the game standing at 75 all Herbert made a stroke that left the red hovering on the brink of a pocket. He waited anxiously, but with no result. At this point one of the crowd emitted a prodigious yawn, and it was the intense vibration set up from this act, so James declared, that induced the ball to topple over into the pocket. In support of his contention that no score

should ensue he pointed to a framed copy of the Rules of Billiards on the wall that balanced a coloured advertisement of Tommy Dodd whisky, and recited the rule on vibration. Herbert



A MASTERLY TEN-SHOT, WHICH COLLECTED ALL THREE BALLS IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND POCKET.

[The continuous line shows the path of the striker's ball and the dotted lines those of the object balls.]

strenuously denied that any such phenomenon had taken place, and when James appealed to its author he was met with such an outburst of elephantine sarcasm that he refrained from further contesting the point.

After this the luck of the play went

against James, and when, the marker having by now finished his meal, the score was actually called at 90—99 in his opponent's favour, he might have been excused for giving up the game as lost. With dogged determination, however, he faced the situation. His own ball was somewhere near the centre, the red about eighteen inches from the top left-hand pocket, and the white midway between the right-hand cushion and the D. With an almost superhuman stroke (but *not*, as was subsequently averred, with his eyes shut) he smote the red, and his ball travelled rapidly up and down the table. On the down journey it glanced off the white, after which, still going at a tremendous pace, it made a complete tour of the table and concluded its meteoric career in the bottom right-hand pocket. Meanwhile the red and the white had both departed on voyages of their own, the terminus in each case being the self-same pocket. (*See diagram.*) After the balls had been taken out, examined and counted, and James's person had been searched to see if he were concealing any, the marker pronounced this to be a 10-shot, and the game was thus strikingly ended in James's favour.

Commercial Candour.

"The Great Song of a Britisher is—
'There's No Place Like Home.'

STAY AT —'S HOTEL,
And you'll Sing it and Realise it."

South African Paper.

"The mere selling of an article is a simple matter, but keeping the customer sold is our principal aim."—*Advt. in West Indian Paper.*



First Notice. "WOULD YOU MIND MY PASSING, PLEASE?"

Second ditto. "NOT AT ALL—NOT AT ALL—IF YOU DON'T MIND USING ME AS THE HANDRAIL."

MY DÉBUT IN "PUNCH."

I AM, I hope, decently modest. When I said so once to Margery she remarked that there was no need to make a virtue of necessity. But younger sisters, of course . . .

I came down to breakfast at my usual time—as the others were finishing—and found a letter awaiting me. I opened it under the usual fire of insults from Margery and John. To-day I ignored them, however, and my young heart gave a small jump. I am a modest young man.

"What's the matter with you, little Sunbeam?" asked John (he is Cecilia's husband, through no fault of mine). "Is the tailor more rude than usual, or has she found out your address?"

"The Vicar has asked him to sing at the Band of Hope," suggested Margery. I commenced my breakfast.

"What is it, Alan?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, nothing," I said easily. "The proof of a thing of mine that *Punch* has accepted."

They hadn't a word to say for a few seconds, then Margery began:—

"Poor old dear, it must be some awful mistake."

I ignored Margery.

"But, Alan darling, how beautiful! You've been trying for years and years and now at last it has happened. I *do* hope it isn't a mistake," said Cecilia anxiously. She was trying to be nice, you know. I'm sure she was. I went on with my breakfast.

"Well, John," said Cecilia, "can't you congratulate him, or are you too jealous?"

John sighed deeply and pondered.

"Terrible how *Punch* has gone down since our young days, isn't it?" he said heavily.

* * * * *

I spent a miserable time until it appeared. Somehow or other Cecilia let the great glad news get about the village. Farley, our newsagent and tobacconist, held me when I went in for an ounce of the usual mild.

"So I hear you've 'ad a article printed by this 'ere *Punch*, Sir," he said. "Some-think laughable it'd be, I suppose like, eh?"

"Not half," I said, striving hard to impersonate a successful humourist.

"Ah, well, it's all good for business," he said, as one who sees the silver lining. "I've 'ad quite a number of

orders for the paper for the next two or three weeks."

I crept from the shop, only to meet an atrocious woman from "The Gables," who stopped me with a little shriek of joy.

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis, I've been dying to meet you, do you know. I always have thought you so funny, ever since that little sketch you got up for the Bazaar last summer. I said to my husband when I heard of your success, 'I'm not surprised. After that sketch, I *knew*.' Do tell me when it's appearing. I'm sure I shall simply scream at it."

I escaped after a time and wondered whether it was too late to stop publication of the horrible thing.

* * * * *

I came down to breakfast and found John with a copy beside him. I looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "the worst has happened. It is in print. We have been waiting for you to appear."

He turned the pages and cleared his throat.

"I shall now read the article aloud," he said. "Each time I raise my hand the audience will please burst into hearty laughter."



Little Girl (rather sceptical about what she regards as her new toy). "PUT HIM ON THE FLOOR, MUMMY, AND SEE IF HE'LL GO."

Margery giggled.

"Cecilia," I said, rising, "if you don't control this reptile that you have married, if you don't force him to hold his peace, if you allow him to read one word, I'll throw the bread-knife at him and . . . and pour my coffee all over the tablecloth."

"John," said Cecilia, "have a little thought for others and read it quietly to yourself."

Cecilia meant well, of course, but Margery giggled again.

John read it to himself in a dead silence, sighed heavily and passed it to Margery.

"We shall never live it down," he said, putting his head into his hands and gazing moodily at the marmalade.

Margery read it and giggled three or four times; but Margery giggles at anything.

Cecilia read it and beamed.

"Alan, dear," she said, "it's lovely! Of course they accepted it. John, you wretch, say you liked it." (Cecilia can be a dear.)

"Well, if I must tell the truth," said John, "it isn't quite so bad as I expected. In fact I very much doubt whether he wrote it at all. If he did—well, it's a marvellous fluke, that's all."

I smiled.

"You may smile, swolled-head," said John; "but I'll bet you five golden guineas to a bad tanner you couldn't do it again."

"Done," I said.

After a few days, however, I realised that I had made a mistake. Even a bad sixpence is worth something nowadays.

Cecilia and Margery vied with each other in offering me the feeblest suggestions for articles that they felt sure would reduce a rhinoceros to hysterics. John presented me with a copy of *A Thousand and One Jokes and Anecdotes* "to prove he was a sportsman," he said. I started to look for a bad sixpence.

Then Margery said to me:—

"Why don't you write and explain the whole thing to the Editor and offer to go halves if he prints it?"

I looked at her in amazement.

"You horrible little cheat!" I said.

* * * * *

However, on thinking it over carefully there seems a lot to say for the idea and it's really quite fair. Anyhow I can't possibly let John win. So here's the story, and with any luck it will cost John five golden guineas. But I shan't give the Editor half.

The Perils of Humour.

From *Punch*:—

"THE PROFITEER'S ANTHEM.

The hymns to be sung will be (1) "All people that on earth do well."—*Rangoon Times*."

From *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:—

"THE PROFITEER'S ANTHEM.

The hymns to be sung will be (1) "All people that on earth do dwell."

Rangoon Times, quoted in *Punch*."

"It was reported to the Sanitary Committee yesterday that the Inspector of Nuisances had made arrangements for the repair of the meteorological instruments."—*Local Paper*.

Judging by our recent weather; quite the right man to look after it.

From a money-lender's circular:—

"Having been, perhaps, the richest nation in the world before the war, and wealth being only comparative, it is our empirical duty to achieve a like position again."

So that's why they are "trying it on."

"The news, says the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, in itself is serious enough as showing the dangers of letting the Adriatic settlement continue to be at the mercy of a coup de theatre or coup de d'etat, whichever one may like to call it."—*Evening Paper*.

We fancy the Paris correspondent of *The Times* would prefer the former.

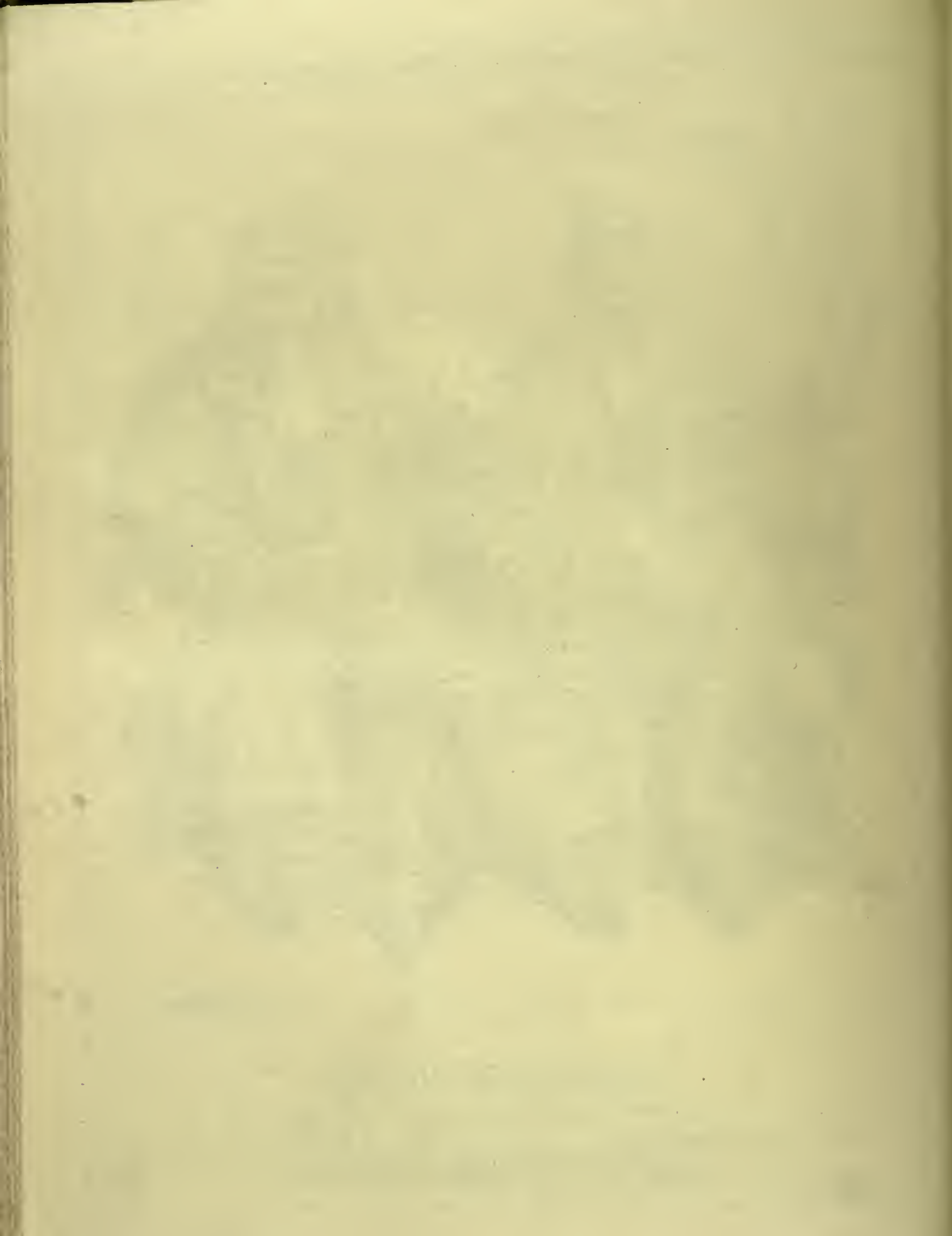


EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE

(As dispensed by the LORD CHANCELLOR and a predecessor).

INJURED PARTIES (simultaneously).

"OH! TO BE SMACKED BY THOSE WE LOVE
DOETH WORK LIKE MADNESS IN THE BRAIN."





FRENZIED BOXING FINANCE.

Master of the Ceremonies. "LOOK 'ERE! 'FORE MY MAN FIGHTS HE WANTS TWO POTTIES, THREE GLASSIES AN' A BLOOD-ALLEY; AN' I WANTS A PACKET O' FAOS FOR MESELF."

THE BURIAL OF DUNDEE.

"Dundee is dead," said my wife, returning from her morning visit to the kitchen.

"I am very sorry to hear it," I replied, laying down the newspaper on the breakfast-table, at which I still lingered; and indeed I was sorry. Dundee had been our household cat from the earliest days of our married life, from the time when he was a tiny kitten the colour of marmalade, which had earned him his name.

"Cook is very much upset," my wife continued.

"Her distress does her credit," I answered.

"She talks of leaving."

I must confess with shame that a pang acuter than the first went through me at the news, for Cook was one of those rare artists who understands the value of surprise and never rides success to death.

"Ask her to reconsider her decision," I said.

"I have," said my wife, "and she remained immovable."

"Perhaps when the first shock has worn off?"

"There is just a chance."

"Yes, I am sure you can persuade her," I concluded, preparing to leave for my office.

"Before you go," interrupted my wife, "what are we going to do about the burial?"

"How does one usually dispose of dead cats?" I asked. "I thought the dustman——"

"Out of the question."

"I know it is forbidden by the by-laws of the Corporation, but a shilling——"

"How stupid you are! If anything were to decide Cook to go it would be handing over Dundee's remains to the dustman. You know how particular Cook is about funerals."

I know indeed. The rate of mortality among her friends and relations was abnormally high, and on account, as I suspect, of her skill in cookery she was in frequent demand as a mourner. By continual attendance she had cultivated a nice sense of what was fitting on these occasions and posed as an authority on the subject.

"Very well, then, let's have him buried," I said.

"Where?"

"In our garden."

"Who by?"

"Palmer or Emily."

Palmer and Emily are respectively the parlour- and house-maid.

"Both would say it was not the work for which they were engaged. They would leave at the same time as Cook, if I asked them."

"Who else can we get?" I asked.

"Yourself," my wife made answer.

"Me? But I can't be seen by all the street burying a cat." I should explain that our only garden is in front of the house.

"If you wait till it is dark you needn't be afraid of anyone seeing you," protested my wife.

"And run the risk of being detected by some suspicious policeman. No, thank you."

"Then if you won't do it yourself you must find someone who will. It is our last hope of persuading Cook to stay."

"By heaven!" I cried, looking at



Cheery Member (to Club pessimist). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! HAVING A BAD CROSSING?"

my watch, "I am a quarter-of-an-hour late. I must run."

This was my customary device to evade the embarrassing dilemmas which my wife not infrequently thrust upon me at this hour. So for the moment I escaped. All day in the office I was fully occupied. From time to time the memory of Dundee lying stark in the basement obtruded itself upon my thoughts, but I dismissed the vision as one does a problem one has not the courage to face.

The problem remained unsolved when I stepped out of the train on my return from the City. To gain time for reflection I resolved to make a détour. As I struck into an unfamiliar side street, I looked up, and there in front of me stood an undertaker's shop.

The inspiration! I entered. From the back premises advanced to meet me the undertaker, with a visage tentatively woe-gone, not yet knowing whether I was widower, orphan, businesslike executor or merely the busybody family friend. I unfolded my difficulty. Beneath the outer crust of professional melancholy there evidently seethed within the undertaker a lava of joviality.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," he said. "It is not perhaps strictly in my line,

but one of my assistants will be delighted to earn an extra shilling or so by obliging you. What name and address?"

I joyfully gave both and made my way home.

Midway through dinner came a ring at the front-door bell. Palmer interrupted her service to answer, and returned to me with a card on a salver.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," she announced.

"How strange, at this hour! Who can it be?" asked my wife.

"The gentleman to bury Dundee," I explained in a lowered voice, as I passed the visiting-card, deeply edged with black, across the table to her.

Next morning my wife was able to announce that Cook had consented to stay. The burial of Dundee by a real undertaker had gratified her sense of the correct. I departed to the City filled with self-complacency.

For a month I dwelt in this fool's paradise. Then one evening my wife gently broke the news.

"I have something serious to tell you. Cook has given notice."

"Who is dead now?" I asked.

"No one. She is engaged to be married."

"Married?"

"Yes, to the young undertaker."

"What young undertaker?"

"The one who buried Dundee."

It was too true. At supper, after the inhumation, a mutual esteem had sprung up that rapidly ripened into love. The enterprising young journeyman, so enamoured of his calling that he consented to inter dumb creatures in his leisure time, had evidently discerned in Cook, with her wealth of funeral lore, a helpmeet worthy of himself; while Cook on her side, conquered by his diligence and discretion, considered she had secured a respectable settlement for life, with the prospect of obsequies of the highest class for herself.

CLERICAL EDUCATION.

[The Rev. KENNEDY BELL, in *The Daily Sketch*, deplors the dreariness of parish magazines and suggests, with a view to brighten their contents, that clergymen should serve an apprenticeship on the daily Press.]

THE Reverend Mr. KENNEDY BELL is wholly unable to say all's well With the state of our parish magazines, And is moved to indicate the means Of making their pages bright and snappy And hored subscribers cheerful and happy.



"MY DEAR, YOU ARE NOT DANCING."

"NO—MOST PROVOKING. I MISLAID MY PARTNER AT PADDINGTON, AND HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHERE THE DANCE IS."

Now the most original of his hints
For galvanizing these dreary prints
Is this: That every parson, before
He aspires to be parish editor,
Should join the staff of a leading daily
And learn to write genially and gaily.
It may be a counsel of sheer perfection,
And yet, perhaps, on further reflection,
We may admit that something is
gained
By the plan of having clergymen
trained

In the very heart of the Street of Ink
To paint their parish magazines pink.
So generous laymen may haply decide
That it *may* be worth their while to
provide

Each KENNEDY BELL with stepping-
stones

To rise to the height of a KENNEDY
JONES.

But others, a small and dwindling
crew,

Possibly fit, but certainly few,
And cursed with a most pronounced
capacity

For suffering from inept vivacity,
Would gladly be reckoned as unen-
lightened

Could they keep one class of journal
un-"brightened."

THE PASSING OF THE LITTER.

It happened only a couple of weeks ago, but the horrible memory comes back to me as if it only happened yesterday. It was my own fault, because with a telephone loose about the place one ought not to encourage other pets.

"Well," I said to Sibyl, "there we are, and we must make the best of them."

Sibyl sniffed as she usually does when these periodical occurrences happen in our house.

"Which of them are you going to keep?" she asked, "and is it really necessary to keep any of them?"

"Well," I said; "but——"

"What I mean to say," said Sibyl, "better do away with them when they are quite young. It would be far more humane."

"I am with you up to a point," I said; "I admit they are not a very propossessing lot."

"How they came to be born at all is what I cannot understand," said Sibyl, who is always like that when trying to be serious.

"Well," I said, "I have decided to keep one of them—No. 1."

"But surely," said Sibyl, "that is the most delicate one of the lot."

That, I well knew, was quite true. Whether I should ever rear No. 1 was a matter for time to prove. It was so delicate that once or twice already it had been on the verge of collapse, but I had rallied it each time.

"As for the others," I said, "we shall have to get rid of them."

I need not go into painful details; but the thing was easily done. That very evening, unfortunately, through an oversight, No. 1 perished also.

For this I blame McWhirter.

"The number of my bus is 21," he said in the theatre buffet that night; "by the way what's yours?"

"Whisky," I said absent-mindedly, "and not much soda."

And it was only after I had drunk it that I realised my error. It was then too late.

And that is how New Year Resolution No. 1—the most delicate of the litter—passed away at the early age of one week.

Our Plutocratic Sportsmen Again.

"Wanted, set of gold clubs, with bag, for lady."—*Local Paper.*

LIFE.

A MODERN NOVEL—SPASMODIC SCHOOL.

I.

Her parents were hygienic, so they never let a germ intrude
 Within the cells and tissues of the girl they christened
 Ermyntude;
 They bathed her body every hour and all internal harm
 allayed
 By pouring Condy's Fluid on her butter and her marmalade;
 And when they dressed her took good care to tuck her
 chest-protector in—
 Result, she grew up strong and fair as any peach or nectarine.

II.

She had no fear of lion or of tiger (in imprisonment)
 And in an awful storm at sea she asked the mate what
 niizen meant;
 It was a plucky act; if I'd neglected to report it you'd
 Never have known the depth and true dimensions of her
 fortitude.
 If you remain agnostic, if you hold it still not proven, I'll
 Give fifty more examples of her courage when a juvenile;
 They lie in my portfolio, all printed, filed and docketed,
 Including one in which a stick of dynamite she pocketed.

III.

She also painted: one could tell her pictures mid a billion,
 So daubed were they with ochre blots and splashes of
 vermilion;
 She claimed to be a connoisseur of *objets d'art* and curios,
 But what attracted notice was her openwork and lury hose,
 Fashioned in every colour from magenta down to cinnabar,
 Suggestive of a rainbow or the various liquors in a bar.

IV.

So when she came to twenty-one, the age they call
 discretionary,
 The trooping of her followers was, in a word, processional.

V.

But she disdained flamboyant types and snubbed the gay
 and gildy brand;
 Instead she loved a decadent whose pagan name was
 Hildebrand,
 Until that sad occasion when she met him coming back o'
 night,
 His system loaded up with bhang and opium and aconite.

VI.

An artist next attracted her; she turned on her cajoleries,
 And soon in unison they laughed at other people's drolleries;
 His speech was polychromatic (as the speech of many a
 carman is);
 He mostly talked of masses, lights, half-tones and colour-
 harmonies;
 That was his doom, for one fine day he went to his sarco-
 phagus,
 The word "*chiaroscuro*" stuck deep down in his oesophagus.

VII.

I do not know; it may have been her hose that took poor
 Rendall in,
 Who previously had flirted with her elder sister, Gwendoline.
 This Rendall was a wholesale dealer, very rich and large
 in all
 His habits, though he always said his profits were but
 marginal.

Well, Rendall kept on waddling round her, like a tired and
 tardy yak;
 His movements showed beyond a doubt that his disease
 was cardiac;
 He took her on the river; after thinking for a time, aloud
 He said, "I will propose to you; that is, of course, if I'm
 allowed."

VIII.

And she replied, "If I were going to propose, I'm blest if I
 Would personate an elder who is just about to testify.
 Now first of all I must remark that Love has come to grip
 you late
 In life, but, passing over that, I've certain things to stipulate:
 You must exhibit interest, as even Goth or Vandal would,
 In curios and bric-à-brac, in ivories and sandalwood;
 And you must cope with cameo, veneer, relief and lacquer
 (Ah!
 And, parenthetically, pay my debts at bridge and baccarat).
 I dote on Futurism, and so a mate would give me little ease
 Whose views were strictly orthodox on MYRON and
 PRAXITELES.
 You do not understand," she sneered, "so gross is your
 fatuity;
 Well then, I answer 'No,' without a trace of ambiguity."

IX.

And Rendall turned back sad at heart; but in a stride his
 honey-bee
 Was in his arms exclaiming, "Then would wasted all your
 money be.
 Come, I will take you with your faults and try to make
 the best of you;
 Your purse is good; perhaps in time I may improve the
 rest of you."

[Publishers' Note.]

Readers who are not sated yet and still for more are
 hungering
 Will find Vol. II. describe how E. gave cause for scandal-
 mongering.
 Vol. III. narrates how R. became enamoured of a fairy at
 A ball, was robbed of all his wealth and joined the
 proletariat.
 How E. washed clothes to earn her bread, while R. reclined
 in beery ease
 Upon his bed, will be exposed in Vol. IV. of this series.
 And further volumes show exactly what was worst and
 best in E.,
 And how at last, aged eighty-four, she found her life's true
 destiny.]

A Side-Slip.

"Just before the war we were in danger of having the ugly and even
 abominable word 'aviator' fostered upon us. Just as that word seemed
 victorious, *The Times* suddenly announced that it had decided once
 and for all to use 'airman' instead, and there can be no doubt that
 the example there set, which was copied by journalists on other
 papers, secured the predominance of a good new English word over a
 deformed importation."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"The volume contains some 500 portraits of New England aviators."
Same paper, same date, same page.

"QUARTER MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Record, Sgt. Smith (North
 Staffords), 5 2-5secs.

Wilkinson	1
Goddard	2
Worsley	3

An excellent win, Wilkinson putting in a wonderful spurt in the
 last 80 yards."—*Indian Paper*.

From which we infer that he did not succeed in lowering
 Sergeant SMITH's remarkable record.

THE MAN WHO COULD DO IT HIMSELF.

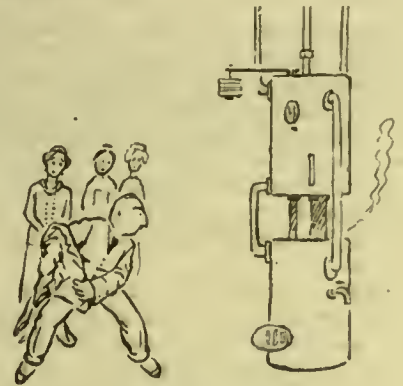
Fargus



"HORACE, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BOILER. SHALL I GET THE PLUMBER?"



"PLUMBER? OF COURSE NOT—



I'LL PUT IT RIGHT.



JUST GET ME A SPANNER—



AND A HAMMER—



AND A LADDER—



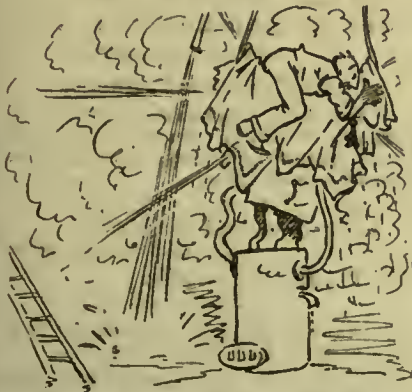
AND SOME STRING—



AND A WOODEN PLUG OR TWO—



AND AS MANY TOWELS AS YOU CAN FIND—



AND ALL THE BLANKETS IN THE HOUSE—



AND—



THE DOCTOR."

SHAKSPEARE THE TRADUCER.

THE members of the League of Scottish Veterans of the World War met recently in New York, and after "due deliberation" (*Query*, Can Scotchmen deliberate "duly" in New York now?) passed a resolution demanding that SHAKSPEARE's tragedy, *Macbeth*, be removed from the curriculum of English literature studies in American schools.

Apparently this was an example of "dry" Scotch humour. A neighbouring city had previously banned *The Merchant of Venice* from its schools on the ground that the character of *Shylock* was a libel on the Jewish race. If Jewish children no longer had to pay for school editions of *The Merchant of Venice* should Scottish infants still have to squander their bawbees on a play that insulted their forbears? Perish the thought! "We consider," they declared, "that if a Jewish gabardine is to be cleaned by American Boards of Education the stain should likewise be removed from the Scottish kilt." And if there are no reliable cleaners in the U.S.A. it should be sent to Perth.

The example thus nobly set is being widely followed. The members of the Southern Jazz-band Union met yesterday way down in Tennessee and passed a resolution demanding the elimination of *Othello* from the educational curriculum. The proposer declared with some heat that "no coloured gentleman would spifflicate his missus wid a bolster on de word of a mean white thief like dat *Iago*." The mere suggestion was dam foolishness and an insult to the most prominent section of the freeborn citizens of the U.S.A. "If dey gwine whitewash de Scotchman, why not de man ob colour too?"

At a representative meeting of Welshmen Mr. Jones ap Jones moved that, as a protest against SHAKSPEARE's treatment of *Fluellen* and the Cymric vegetable symbol, *Henry V.* "be no longer taught in Welsh schools or read at Jesus Collego, Oxford, whatever."

At a recent meeting of the S.P.R. it was proposed by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, of Oliver Lodge, Esher, Surrey, "that the Board of Education be asked, in the interests of scientific truth, to suspend the teaching of *Hamlet* until the scenes in which the *Ghost* appears shall

have been omented in the light of modern research by a committee of psychological experts appointed for the purpose. The proposer quoted the line spoken by *Hamlet* to the apparition:—

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd," and said he would like to substitute for it, "Be thou a subjective hallucination arising from an uprush of inhibited emotional disturbance from the subliminal consciousness, or the objectivisation of a telepathic communication from the extra-corporeal sphere of being, or, finally, a manifestation to sensory perception of some supra-normal undulatory movement of the ether."

He had always deprecated, he said, the meddling of untrained amateurs

MODERN MOON-RAKERS.

PORTA, the once notorious Michigander, Who launched the now exploded solar slander,

Whereat ten thousand negroes stood aghast,

In one short month into oblivion passed,

But PICKERING's momentous lunar serceid

Proves the persistence of this wondrous breed.

Yet this in PICKERING's favour let us state:

He has no scare or scandal to relate— Nothing in any way that may impugn The credit or the morals of the moon; And on the other hand it does attract us

To learn that she is growing sage and cactus.

Hardly romantic vegetables, these,

And not so edible as good green cheese

Which nursery rhymers (banned by MONTESSORI)

Associated with the lunar story.

Still PICKERING's vegetable views are tame

Contrasted with Professor GODDARD's aim;

For he, as from the daily Press we learn,

An obvious plagiarist of good JULES VERNE,

Would have us build a Bertha fat enough

To send a charge of high explosive stuff

Across the intervening seas of space

Bang into Luna's unoffending face.



Lady (buying music). "OH, AND HAVE YOU GOT 'A LOVER IN DAMASCUS'?"
New Girl. "WELL, MA'AM, MY PIANCÉ WAS IN MESPOOT, BUT HE'S BACK IN Brixton now."

with the details of psychic phenomena, and felt that the rule should be made retrospective. An amendment was carried to add *Julius Caesar* and *Richard III.* to the motion for similar reasons.

The Labour Party have decided to ask Mr. FISHER to ban *Coriolanus* on the ground that many of the speeches of the chief character betray an anti-democratic bias, out of keeping with the ideals that should be set before the rising generation. Phrases like "The mutable rank-scented many," applied to the proletariat, could only foster the bourgeois prejudices of jaundiced reactionaries and teach the young scions of the capitalist classes to look down upon the manual worker.

"For Sale Black Ebony Gentleman's Shaving Outfit."—*Local Paper.*

We gather that our coloured brother is about to grow a beard.

Meanwhile our own alert star-gazing chief,

DYSON (Sir FRANK), is rather moved to grief

Than anger by the astronomic pranks Played by unbalanced professorial cranks,

Who study science in the wild-cat vein And "ruin along the illimitable inane."

The New Naval Uniform.

"FOR SALE, NAVAL CADET'S (R.N.) MESS-DRESS; 39 inches side seam; pair cricket boots, purple velour hat, grey chiffon velvet dress."—*Daily Paper.*

"SUEDE TURNIP, best varieties."

Advt. in *Tasmanian Paper.*

No kid about this offer.

"Wanted, at once, respectable Man for Polishing Porter."—*Daily Paper.*

The manners of some of our porters notoriously leave much to be desired.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

A SLIGHT ACCIDENT SECURES HIM A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION TO THE MASTER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

From Friend to Friend (MURRAY) is the name given, from the first of them, to a collection of eight fugitive papers, prepared for republication by the late Lady RITCHIE during the last months of her life, and now edited by her sister-in-law, Miss EMILY RITCHIE. Fugitive though they may have been in original intent, these pages are so filled with their writer's delicate and very personal charm that her lovers will be delighted to have their flight thus pleasantly arrested. Lady RITCHIE was above all else the perfect appreciator. *Horas non numerat nisi serenas*; the gaze that she turns smilingly upon old happy far-off days looks through spectacles rose-tinted both by the magic of retrospect and her own genius for admiration. London, Freshwater, Paris, Rome—these are the settings of her memories; and we see them all by a light that (perhaps) never was on land or sea, in whose radiance beauty and wit and genius move wonderfully to a perpetual music. In truth, however, these eminent Victorians of Lady RITCHIE's circle must have been a rare company; I have no space for even a catalogue of them—Mrs. CAMERON, with her vague magnificence, pouring letters and an embarrassment of gifts upon her dear TENNYSONS; the KEMBLE sisters, LOCKHART, THACKERAY himself, a score of great and (to the kindly chronicler) gracious personalities live again in her pages. I should add that the volume is rounded off by a short story, a late addition to the *Miss Williamson* series, which might be called a pot-boiler, were it not somehow incongruous to associate so gentle a flame with any such activities.

Slight as it is, *From Friend to Friend* forms an apt and graceful finish to the work of one whose life was given to the claims of friendship.

Fanny goes to War (MURRAY) should be read by those who also went and those who didn't. It is a chronicle of the adventures of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry in Belgium and France—vivid; inviting wonder, laughter and sometimes tears; fresh and delicious. The account of the first visit to the trenches awakens memories. Viewed from this distance it seems all to have been so picturesque, such fun! The humour of Thomas, the intelligence and tact of the good French *poilu*, the awful moments and the wild jests in between—these are all shown. The splendid humour with which "PAT BEAUCHAMP," the author, bravely endured her own casualty with its distressing effects is typical in itself of that spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race which made the Teuton race wish it hadn't. In my view, the *obiter dictum* of an anonymous Colonel sums up the values of this ladies' contingent better than does the preface of the distinguished Major-General: "Neither fish, flesh nor fowl," said the Colonel on having the constitution of this anomalous unit explained to him, "but thundering good red herring!" Time was, I believe and hope, when I myself, passing through the Base Port on leave and being full of life and daring, have sighted a lady-chauffeur of a motor-ambulance and have thrown a friendly glance, even a froward smile, at her. Waiving all questions of propriety, I hope that this was so; and that the lady-chauffeur was no less than "PAT BEAUCHAMP" herself, in the later stages of her career overseas. Though her only response may have

been to splash mud over me, I should feel happy, now, thus to have paid my respects to this gallant and high-spirited lady. I count myself among the company, battalion, division, corps and army of her admirers.

It certainly does not seem eight years, yet it must be fully that, since JOSEPH CONRAD in *The English Review* lifted a veil that lay between his admirers and an interesting personality with the pleasantly discursive papers which form the basis of the re-issued *A Personal Record* (DENT). Between then and now *Chance*, that masterly but difficult book, has by a curious freak of public taste given Mr. CONRAD, hitherto the well-loved favourite of the relatively few, a much wider constituency. To these late comers, rather than to the older (and of course superior) Conradists, who know it already, let me recommend this rambling, which is by no means to say aimless, account of the wanderings of the MS. of *Almayer's Folly*, some queer entertaining scraps of the author's family history, a description of the encounters with the original *Almayer*, and those vignettes of Marseilles which obviously were used as the background of *The Arrow of Gold*. This record is one of those quiet friendly books that flatter the devotee by a sense of peculiar intimacy with his hero. It is also engagingly characteristic. Mr. CONRAD here unravels the fine threads of his personal history and philosophy with the same artful reserve and exquisite elaboration with which he evolves the creatures of his resourceful imagination.

The Life of Liza Lehmann (UNWIN), written by herself, and finished, as her husband tells in a pathetic foot-note, "scarcely two weeks before her death," is a book holding many special bonds of association with *Punch*, not least the

fact that her father-in-law, Deputy J. T. BEDFORD, was the author of that *Robert, the City Waiter*, who was among the most famous and popular of Mr. Punch's early creations. The volume that the writer has put together is the record of a busy, successful and, on the whole, happy life, passed in the company of interesting people, about many of whom MADAME LEHMANN has remembered some entertaining story. Chiefly, as is natural, the persons recorded are the musical folk of the last half-century, from JENNY LIND to Sir THOMAS BEECHAM; though in the allied Arts I was taken by a pleasing and new anecdote of ROBERT BROWNING reciting *How they Brought the Good News* into an Edison phonograph, and overcome by loss of memory halfway through the ordeal. One wonders if this rather surprising record exists to-day. I am not going to assert that the non-technical reader may not find the pages devoted to reprinted criticism rather over-numerous; old newspaper files, like old theatrical photographs, too quickly fade. But the author's humour endured; and I like to

think that she could appreciate a joke made at her own expense; witness her quotation from the gushing friend who, at the moment of the first triumph of *The Persian Garden*, overwhelmed the composer with the tribute, "Do let me thank you! The local colour is too wonderful. I simply felt as if I was at Liberty's!"

To the jaded reader I recommend *The Road to En-Dor* (LANE) as a book which should undoubtedly stir him up. It is the most extraordinary war-tale which has come my way. With such material as he had to his hand Lieutenant E. H. JONES would have been a sad muddler if he had not made his story intriguing; but, anyhow, he happens to be a sound craftsman with a considerable sense of style and construction. And he has a convincing way of handling his

facts that compels belief in the most incredible of stories. Lieutenant JONES was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks at Zozgad, and to amuse himself and his fellow-prisoners he raised a "spook" which in time gained such a reputation that it had the Turkish officials almost hopelessly at its mercy. From being merely a joke his spook soon began to suggest to him a way of escaping from the camp, and then, in conjunction with Lieutenant C. W. HILL, he worked it for all it was worth. His record of their adventures and of the sufferings, physical and mental, which they had to face is really astounding; but I fear it will be received coldly by the psychist. Spiritualism, indeed, is treated with scant respect, and whatever our own view of this vexed subject may be most of us will admit that Lieutenant JONES has considerable reason for his strong opinion.



FAIRY TALES REVISED.

Cassim Baba. "Ah! NOW I HAVE IT—"OPEN SESAME!" LUCKY THING I HAD THAT COURSE OF LESSONS IN MEMORY TRAINING."

In *The Green Shoes of April* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Miss RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA has got together quite a lot

of people and situations that other novelists have used before. There is the fine young Irishman soldiering in India, the soulless actress who marries and leaves him, and the splendid Irish girl, his true mate, whom he weds in happy ignorance of his first partner's continued existence. But the hero has a maiden aunt, with a story of her own, and the heroine a terrific grandmother who are Miss MACNAMARA's creations, and as she makes wife number one lie like a trooper in order to preserve the happiness of wife number two a *souçon* of freshness is imparted to the *réchauffé*. Of course the well-meaning first wife is not allowed to succeed in her efforts, and *Beau and Perry* (you would never guess from that which was which, but in this case it doesn't matter) have a very bad time indeed until, reassured by a friendly barrister, they settle down again into wedded happiness. These are the confiding souls whom novelists and lawyers love, and I can see Miss MACNAMARA, by-and-by, getting quite a nice story out of someone's attempt to oust their eldest son from his inheritance. I hope she will.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that petrol is being increased by eightpence a gallon, pedestrians will shortly have to be content to be knocked down by horsed vehicles or hand trucks.

Moleskins, says a news item, are now worth eighteen-pence each. It is only fair to add that the moles do not admit the accuracy of these figures.

Three hundred pounds is the price asked by an advertiser in *The Times* for a motor-coat lined with Persian lamb. It is still possible to get a waistcoat lined with English lamb (or even good capon) for a mere fraction of that sum.

Charged with impersonation at a municipal election a defendant told the Carlisle Bench that it was only a frolic. The Bench, entering into the spirit of the thing, told the man to go and have a good frisk in the second division.

"Steamers carrying coal from Dover to Calais," says a news item, "are bringing back champagne." It is characteristic of the period that we should thus exchange the luxuries of life for its necessities.

Charged at Willesden with travelling without a ticket a Walworth girl was stated to have a mania for travelling on the Tube. The Court missionary thought that a position could probably be obtained for her as scrum-half at a West End bargain-counter.

A correspondent writes to a London paper to say that he heard a lark in full song on Sunday. We can only suppose that the misguided bird did not know it was Sunday.

A medical man refers to the case of a woman who has no sense of time, proportion or numbers. There should be a great chance for her as a telephone operator.

"Owing to its weed-choked condition," says *The Evening News*, "the Thames is going to ruin." Unless something is done at once it is feared that this famous river may have to be abolished.

As the supply of foodstuffs will

probably be normal in August next, the Food Ministry will cease to exist, its business being finished. This seems a pretty poor excuse for a Government Department to give for closing down.

"Music is not heard by the ear alone," says M. JACQUES DALCROZE. Experience proves that when the piano is going next door it is heard by the whole of the neighbour at once.

for sale under the hammer the other day one gentleman offered to buy it on condition that the vendor papered the principal room and put a bath in.

A Bolton labourer who picked up twenty-five one-pound Treasury notes and restored them to the proper owner was rewarded with a shilling. It is only fair to say that the lady also said, "Thank you."

Asked what he would give towards a testimonial fund for a local hero one hardy Scot is reported to have said that he would give three cheers.

We learn on good authority that should a General Election take place during one of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S visits to Paris *The Daily Mail* will undertake to keep him informed regarding the results by means of its Continental edition.

A sad story reaches us from South-West London. It appears that a girl of twenty attempted suicide because she realised she was too old to write either a popular novel or a book of poems.

The Guards, it is stated, are to revert to the pre-war scarlet tunic and busby. Pre-war head-pieces, it may be added, are now worn exclusively at the War Office.

At the Independent Labour Party's Victory dance it was stipulated that "evening dress and shirt sleeves are barred." This challenge to the upper classes (with whom shirt-sleeves are of course *dé rigueur*) is not without its significance.

As much alarm was caused by the announcement in these columns last week that the collapse of a wooden house

was caused by a sparrow stepping on it, we feel we ought to mention that, owing to a sudden gust of wind, the bird in question leaned to one side, and it was simply this movement which caused the house to overbalance.

"The eternal combustion engine has become recognised the world over as a factor in modern civilisation."—*Provincial Paper*.

But surely it is many years since Lord WESTBURY in the GORHAM case was said to have "dismissed h—— with costs?"



THE WAVE OF CRIME.

Gent. "WHAT MADE YOU PUT YOUR HAND INTO MY POCKET?"

Doubtful Character. "JUST ABSENT-MINDEDNESS. I ONCE 'AD A PAIR OF PANTS EXACTLY LIKE THOSE YOU'RE WEARING."

A weekly paper points out that there are at least thirty thousand unemployed persons in this country. This of course is very serious. After all you cannot have strikes unless the people are in work.

It appears that the dog (since destroyed) which was found wandering outside No. 10, Downing Street, had never tasted Prime Minister.

It is reported that when Sir DAVID BURNETT put up Drury Lane Theatre

THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF TRADE.

[The revival, in certain quarters, of commercial relations with Germany has already begun to blunt the memory of the War. And now the proposal to open up trade with the Co-operative Societies in Russia, to the obvious benefit of the Bolsheviks, who practically control the whole country, looks like an attempt to bring about indirectly a peace which we cannot in decency negotiate through the ordinary channels of diplomacy.]

They are coming, the carpet-baggers, their voices are heard in the land,

Guttural Teuton organs, but very polite and bland;

And our arms are stretched for their welcome; we've buried the past like a dud;

For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

The Winter of war is over, and lo! with the dawn of Spring

They come, and we greet them coming, like swallows that homeward swing,

Fair as the violet's waking, swift as the snows in flood,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Likewise with Soviet Russia—we've done with the need to fight;

There are gentler methods (and cheaper) of putting the whole thing right;

The palms of the dealers are plying the soap's invisible sud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Of Peace there can be no parley with LENIN'S régime, as such,

But Business can easily tackle what Honour declines to touch,

Making the sewage to blossom, sampling the septic mud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

Thus may our merchant princes modestly play their part,
Speeding the silent process of soldering heart to heart,
Just as the forces of Nature silently swell the bud,
For blood may be thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than blood.

So in the hands of the Bolshie our hands shall at last be laid;

Deep unto deep is calling to lift the long blockade;

"No truck," we had sworn, "with murder;" but God will forget that oath,

For blood is thicker than water, but Trade is thicker than both.

O. S.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

AN HONOURABLE RECORD.

MANY years ago, in the reign of good QUEEN VICTORIA, a little ship sailed out of Grimsby Docks in all the proud bravery of new paint and snow-white decks, and passed the Newsand bound for the Dogger Bank. They had christened her the *King George*, and, though her feminine susceptibilities were perhaps a trifle piqued at this affront to her sex, it was a right royal name, and her brand-new boilers swelled with loyal fervour. She was a steam trawler—at that time one of the smartest steam trawlers afloat, and she knew it; she held her headlights very high indeed, you may be sure.

Time passed, and the winds and waters of the North Sea dealt all too rudely with the fair freshness of her exterior; she grew worn and weather-stained, and it was apparent even to the casual eye of a landsman that she had left her

girlhood behind her out on the Nor'-East Rough. Some of the younger trawlers would jeeringly refer to her behind her back as "Auntie," and affected to regard her as an antediluvian old dowager, which of course was mainly due to jealousy. But she still pegged away at her work, bringing in from the Dogger week by week her cargoes of fish, regardless alike of the ravages of time and the jibes of her upstart rivals. As long as her owners were satisfied she was happy, for she cherished first and last a sense of duty, as all good ships do.

And then suddenly came the War, infesting the seas with unaccustomed and nerve-racking dangers. I must apologise for mentioning this, as everybody knows that we ought now to forget about the War as quickly as possible and get on with more important matters, but at the time it had a certain effect upon us all, not excluding the *King George*. Scorning the menaces that lurked about her path she carried on the pursuit of the cod and haddock in her old undemonstrative fashion, for she was a British ship from stem to stern and conscious of the tradition behind her.

Then one day they hauled her up in dock, gave her a six-pounder astern, fitted her with wireless and sent her out to take care of her unarmed sisters on the fishing-grounds. She flew the White Ensign.

These were the proudest days of her life: she was helping to keep the seas. It is true the big ships of the Fleet might laugh at her in a good-natured way and pass uncomplimentary remarks about her personal appearance, but they had to acknowledge her seamanship and her pluck. She could buffet her way through weather that no destroyer dare face, and mines had no terrors for her, for even if she were to bump a tin-fish it only meant one old trawler the less, and the Navy could afford it.

It was during these days, too, that she became known, though not by name, to readers of *Punch*, for her adventures and those of her crew were often chronicled in his tales of the "Auxiliary Patrol." And when she had seen the War through she said Good-bye to his pages and made ready to return again to the ways of peace. She was quite satisfied; she never thought of giving up her job, though she was now a very old ship, and it would have been no shame to her. She just took a fresh coat of paint and steamed away to the Dogger Bank once more.

* * * * *
The other day a small paragraph appeared in some of the newspapers that were not too busy discussing the possibilities of another railway strike: "The Grimsby trawler *King George*," it said, "is reported long over-due from the fishing-grounds, and the owners say that there is no hope of her return." No one would notice this, because the first round of the English Cup was to be played that week, and besides it was not as though it were a battleship or a big liner that had gone down. It was just the old *King George*.

And that, I suppose, is the end of her, except that she may continue to be remembered by one or two who served aboard her in the days of the Auxiliary Patrol—remembered as a gallant little ship that served her country in its hour of need, and did not hold that hour the limit of her service. Well played, *King George*!

"THE DRINKWATER TRAGEDY."

Heading in "New York Times."

This comes from dry America, but it is not the wail of a "Wet"; merely the heading of an article on *Abraham Lincoln*.

"Wales has its Ulster just as Ireland had, and it was a question whether Wales was going to be conquered by the industrial area of Cardiff and the district, or whether the industrial area was going to conquer Wales."—*Western Mail*.

We shall put our money on "the industrial area."



A POPULAR REAPPEARANCE.

Mr. ASQUITH (*the Veteran Scots Impersonator*) sings:—

"I LOVE A LASSIE,
ANITHER LOWLAN' LASSIE."



Officer. "WELL, PETERS, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"

Steward (who has asked for special leave). "NOTHIN' DOIN', SIR. THE SKIPPER 'E SEZ TO ME, 'E SEZ, 'IT 'LL COST THE COUNTRY FOUR-AN'-SEVENPENCE TO SEND YOU 'OME, AN' AS THE NAVY 'AS GOT TO ECONOMISE YOU 'LL DO TO BEGIN ON,' 'E SEZ."

A LIMPET OF WAR.

(With the British Army in France.)

THE day on which that fine old crusted warrior, Major Slingswivel, quits the hospitable confines of Nullepart Camp will be the signal that the British Army in France has completed its work, even to the labelling and despatching of the last bundle of assorted howitzers. A British army in Franco without Major Slingswivel would be unthinkable. It is confidently asserted that Nullepart Camp was built round him when he landed in '14, and that he has only emerged from it on annual visits to his tailor for the purpose of affixing an additional chevron and having another inch let into his tunic. Latest reports state that he is still going strong, and indenting for ice-cream freezers in anticipation of a hot summer.

But for an unforgivable error of tact I might have stood by the old brontosaurus to the bitter end. One evening he and I were listening to a concert given by the "Fluffy Furbelows" in the camp Nissen Coliseum, and a Miss Gwennie Gwillis was expressing an

ardent desire to get back to Alabama and dear ole Mammy and Dad, not to speak of the rooster and the lil melon-patch way down by the swamp. The prospect as painted by her was so alluring that by the end of the first verse all the troops were infected with trans-Atlantic yearnings and voiced them in a manner that would have made an emigration agent rub his hands and start chartering transport right away. She had an enticing twinkle which lighted on the Major a few times, so that I wasn't surprised when the second chorus found him roaring out that he too was going to take a long lease of a shack down Alabama way.

"Gad—she's immense! We must invite her to tea to-morrow," he said to me in a whisper that shook the Nissen hut to its foundations. Slingswivel was no vocal lightweight. Those people in Thanet and Kent who used to write to the papers saying they could hear the guns in the Vimy Ridge and Messines offensives were wrong. What they really heard was Major Slingswivel at Nullepart expostulating with his partner for declaring clubs on a no-trump hand.

"Very well," I answered sulkily. It wasn't the first time the Major had been captivated by ladies with Southern syncopated tastes, and I knew I should be expected to complete the party with the other lady member of the troupe, Miss Dulcie Demiton, and listen to the old boy making very small talk in a very large voice. I could see myself balancing a teacup and trying to get in a word here and there through the barrage.

Still, there was no getting out of it, and next afternoon found our quartette nibbling *petits gâteaux* in the only *pâtisserie* in the village. The Major was in fine fettle as the war-worn old veteran, and Gwennie and Dulcie spurred him on with open and undisguised admiration.

"Now I'm in France," gushed Gwennie, "I want to see *everything*—where the trenches were and where you fought your terrible battles."

"Delighted to show you," said Slingswivel, bursting with pride at being taken for a combatant officer. "How about to-morrow?"

"Just lovely," cooed Gwennie. "We're showing at Potiteville in the

evening, but we shan't be starting before lunch."

"That gives us all morning," said the Major enthusiastically. "Miss Gwennie, Miss Duleie, Spenlow, we will parade to-morrow at 9.30."

I couldn't understand it. Naturally Gwennie, with her mind constantly set on Alabama, couldn't be expected to be up in war geography, but the Major knew jolly well that all the battles within reasonable distance of Nullepart had been fought out with chits and indents. I put it to him that it wasn't likely country for war thrills.

"Leave it to me," he said confidently.

So I left it, and when we paraded next morning where do you think the wily old bird led us? Why, to the old training ground on the edge of the camp, where the R.E.'s used to lay out beautifully revetted geometrical trenches as models of what we were supposed to imitate in the front line between hates. Having been neglected since the Armistice they had caved in a bit and sagged round the corners till they were a very passable imitation of the crump-battered thing.

Old Slingswivel so arranged the itinerary that the girls didn't perceive that the sector was bounded on one side by Père Popeau's turnip field and on the other by a duck-pond, and he showed a tactical knowledge of the value of cover in getting us into a trench out of view of certain stakes and pickets that were obviously used by Mère Popeau as a drying-ground. To divert attention he gave a vivid demonstration of bombing along a C.T. with clods of earth, with myself as bayonet-man nipping round traverses and mortally puncturing sand-bags with a walking-stick. It must have been a pretty nervy business for the Major, for any minute we might have come across a notice-board about the hours of working parties knocking off for dinner that would have given the whole show away. But he displayed fine qualities of leadership and presence of mind at critical moments, notably when Gwennie showed a disposition to explore a particular dug-out."

"I shouldn't advise you to go in there, Miss Gwennie," he said gravely.

"Why?" asked Gwennie apprehensively.

"Not a pleasant sight for a lady," said the Major gruffly. "It upset me one day when I looked in."

This was probable enough, for the Mess steward used it as a store for empty bottles.

Gwennie shuddered and passed on.

The Major mopped his forehead with relief and set the ladies souveniring among old water-tin stoppers, which



The New Minister. "BOY, DO YE NO KEN IT'S THE SAWBATH?"

Boy. "OH AY, FINE. BUT THIS IS WORK O' NECESSITY."

Minister. "AN' HOO IS THAT?"

Boy. "THE MEENISTER'S COMIN' TAE DINNER AN' WE'VE NAETHIN' TAE GIE 'IM."

he alleged to be the plugs of hand-grenades.

Taking it all round, it was a successful morning's show, which did credit to the producer, and it was only spoiled when, so to speak, the curtain rolled down amidst thunders of applause.

"We don't realize what we owe to gallant soldiers like you," said Gwennie admiringly.

The Major waved a fat deprecating hand.

"And Captain Spenlow has just been telling me," continued Gwennie, "that you occupied this sector all through the War and that you hung on right to the very last, notwithstanding incredible efforts to dislodge you."

At this crude statement of the naked facts Slingswivel's face went a deeper shade of purple, and you can appreciate why I put in an urgent application for immediate release, on compassionate grounds, and why the Major gladly endorsed it.

"WAR CRIMINALS."

THE THREE PREMIERS MEET ALONE TO-DAY.
Evening Paper.

We suspect Mr. KEYNES' hand in these headlines.

"Information wanted as to whereabouts of Mrs. J. O. Plonk (Blonk) wife of J. O. Plonk (Clonk)."—*Advt. in Chinese Paper.*
This should go very well with a banjo accompaniment.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN AUTHOR'S WIFE.

"I won't stand it any longer," said Janet intensely, meeting me in the hall. "Take off your umbrella and listen to me."

"It's off," I replied faintly, perceiving that something was all my fault. "Can't you hear it singing 'Niagara' in the porch?"

I dropped the shopping on the floor and sat down to watch Janet walking up and down the room.

"I want," she continued in the tone of one who has had nobody to be indignant with all day, "a divorce."

"Who for?" I inquired. "Really, darling, we can't afford any more presents this—"

"Me," she interrupted, frowning.

"Couldn't you have it for your birthday?" I suggested. "I may have some more money by then. Besides, I gave you—"

"No, I could not," replied Janet in a voice like the end of the world; "I want it now. I will not wear myself out trying to live up to an impossible ideal, and lose all my friends because they can't help comparing me with it. And it isn't even as if it were my own ideal. I never know what I've got to be like from one week to another. And what do I get for my struggles? Not even recognition, much less gratitude."

"Janet," I said kindly, "I don't know *what* you're talking about. Who are these people who keep idealising you? I will not have you annoyed in this way. Send them to me and I'll put a little solid realism into their heads. I'll tell them what you really are, and that'll settle their unfortunate illusions. Dear old girl, don't worry so . . . I'll soon put it right."

Janet looked at me piercingly.

"It's this," she said; "I keep having people to call on me."

"I know," I answered, shuddering; "but I can't help it, can I? You shouldn't be so attractive."

"Dear Willyum," she replied, "that's just the point; you *can* help it."

"Stop calling me names and I'll see what can be done."

"But it's part of my 'whimsical wit' to call you Willyum," she said grimly. "I understand that I am like that. People realise this when they read your articles, and immediately call to see if I'm true. I've read through nearly all your stories to-day, in between the visitors, and—and—"

I gripped her hand in silence.

"I'm losing all my friends," she mourned, touched by my sympathy, "even those who used to like me long ago. Girls who knew me at school say

to themselves, 'Fancy poor old Janet being like that all the time, and we never knew!' and they rush down to see me again. They sit hopefully round me as long as they can hear it; then, after the breakdown, they go away indignant and never think kindly of me again."

She gloomed.

"And all the cousins and nice young men who used to think I was quite jolly have suddenly noticed how much jollier I might be if only I could say the things they say you say I say . . ."

"Hush, hush," I whispered; "have an aspirin."

"But it's quite *true*," she cried hopelessly. "And She's just what I ought to be. She says everything just in the right place. When I compare myself with Her, I know I'm not a bit the kind of person you admire, and—and it's no good pretending any longer. I'm not jealous, only—sort of mis-rubbable."

She rose with a pale smile and, hushing my protestations, arrived at her conclusion.

"We must part," she said, throwing her cigarette into the fire and walking to the window; "I can't help it. I suppose I'm not good enough for you. You must be free to marry Her when we find Her. I too," she sighed, "must be free. . . ."

"I now call upon myself to speak," I remarked, rising hurriedly. "Janet," I continued, arriving at her side, "keep perfectly still and do not attempt to breathe, because you will not be able to, and look as pleasant as you can while I tell you truthfully what I think you are really like."

(I have been compelled to delete this passage on the ground that even if people believed me it would only attract more callers.)

"All right," she continued, unruffling her hair; "but if I do you must promise to leave off writing stories about me. Will you?"

"But, darling," I objected, "consider the bread-and-jam."

She was silent.

"Well, then," she said at last, "you must only write careful ones that I can live up to."

"I'll try," I agreed remorsefully; "I'll go and do one now—all about this. And you can censor it." I left the room jauntily.

Janet's voice, suddenly repentant, followed me.

"No," she called, "that won't do either. Because if it's a true one you won't sell it."

"But if it isn't," I called back, "and I do, we can put the money in the Divorce Fund."

THE SORROWS OF A SUPER-PROFITEER.

[Bradford wool-spinners are stated to be unable to escape from the deluge of wealth that pours upon them or avoid making profits of three thousand two hundred per cent.]

AND so you thought we simply steered Great motor-cars to champagne dinners

And bought tiaras and were cheered
By hopes of breeding Epsom winners;
Eh, lad, you little knew the weird
Dreed by the Yorkshire spinners.

How hollow are those marble halls,
The place I built and deemed a show-thing,

Its terraces, its waterfalls—
Once more I hear that sound of loathing,

The bell rings and a stranger calls
To speak of underclothing.

They've bashed my offices to wrecks,
They've broke their way beyond the warders,

And now my country seat they vex,
They trample my herbaceous borders;
They chase me up and down with cheques,

They flummox me with orders.

They bolt me to the billiard-room,
Where chaps are playing five-bob snooker;

They see me dodging from the doom,
They heed no threats and no rebuker;
"We've got thee now," they say, "ba goom!"

And pelt me with their lucre.

Vainly I put the prices up
To stem that flowing tide of riches;
The horror haunts me as I sup;
The unknown guest arrives and pitches

His ultimatum in my cup:—
"The people must have breeches."

I shall not see the skylark soar
Nor hear the cuckoo nor the linnet,
When Springtime comes, above the roar
Of folk a-hollering each minute
For yarn at thirty-two times more
Than what I spent to spin it.

Eh me, I cannot help but pine
For days departed now and olden,
When I could drink of common wine,
To powdered flunkies unbeholden;
Do peas taste better when we dine
Because the knife is golden?

Often I wish I might repair
To haunts that once I used to enter,
Like "The Old Fleece" up yonder there,
Of which I was a great frequenter,
Not yet a brass-bound millionaire,
But just a cent-per-center. *EVOR.*

"Over 30,000 people paid £2,019 to see the eup tie at Valley Parade."—*Provincial Paper.*
The new rich!



MANNERS AND MODES.

HERO-WORSHIP: DISTRACTIONS OF THE FILM WORLD.

THE JUMBLE SALE.

Aunt Angela coughed. "By the way, Etta was here this afternoon.

Edward's eye met mine. The result of Etta's last call was that Edward spent a vivid afternoon got up as Father Christmas in a red dressing-gown and cotton-wool whiskers, which caught fire and singed his home-grown articles, small boys at the same time pinching his legs to see if he was real, while I put in some sultry hours under a hearthrug playing the benevolent polar-bear to a crowd of small girls who hunted me with fire-irons.

"What is it this time?" I asked.

"A jumble sale," said Aunt Angela.

"What's that?"

"A scheme by which the bucolic English exchange garbage," Edward explained.

"Oh, well, that has nothing to do with us, thank goodness."

He returned to his book, a romance entitled *Gertie, or Should She Have Done It?* Edward, I should explain, is a philosopher by trade, but he beguiles his hours of ease with works of fiction borrowed from the cook.

Aunt Angela was of a different opinion. "Oh, yes, it has: both of you are gradually filling the house up with accumulated rubbish. If you don't surrender most of it for Etta's sale there'll be a raid."

My eye met Edward's. We walked out into the hall.

"We'll have to give Angela something or she'll tidy us," he groaned.

"These orderly people are a curse," I protested. "They have no consideration for others. Look at me; I am naturally disorderly, but I don't run round and untidy people's houses for them."

Edward nodded. "I know; I know it's all wrong, of course; we should make a stand. Still, if we can buy Angela off, I think . . . you understand? . . ." And he ambled off to his muck-room.

If anybody in this neighbourhood has anything that is both an eyesore and an encumbrance they bestow it on Edward for his muck-room, where he stores it against an impossible contingency. I trotted upstairs to my bedroom and routed about among my *Lares et Penates*. I have many articles

which, though of no intrinsic value, are bound to me by strong ties of sentiment; little old bits of things—you know how it is. After twenty minutes' heart-and-drawer-searching I decided to sacrifice a policeman's helmet and a sock, the upper of which had outlasted the toe and heel. I bore these downstairs and laid them at Aunt Angela's feet.

"What's this?" said she, stirring the helmet disdainfully with her toe.

"Relic of the Great War. The Crown Prince used to wear it in wet weather to keep the crown dry."

Aunt Angela sniffed and picked up the sock with the fire-tongs. And this?"

ceeding from the shed, I went thither to investigate, and was nearly capsized by Edward charging out.

"It's gone," he cried—"gone!" and pawed wildly for his stirrup.

"What has?" I inquired.

"The Limit," he wailed. "She's picked . . . lock . . . muck-room with a hairpin, sent . . . Limit . . . jumble sale!"

He sprang aboard his cycle and disappeared down the high road to St. Gwithian, pedalling like a squirrel on a treadmill, the tails of his new mackintosh spread like wings on the breeze. So Aunt Angela with serpentine guile had deferred her raid until the last moment and then bagged "The Limit," the pride of the muck-room.

"The Limit," I should tell you, is (or was) a waterproof. It is a faithful record of Edward's artistic activities during the last thirty years, being decorated all down the front with smears of red, white and green paint. Here and there it has been repaired with puncture patches and strips of surgical plaster, but more often it has not. As Edward is incapable of replacing a button and Aunt Angela refuses to touch the "Limit," he knots himself into it with odds and ends of string and has to be liberated by his ally, the cook, with a kitchen knife. Edward calls it his "garden coat," and swears he only wears it on dirty jobs, to save his new mackintosh, but nevertheless he is sincerely attached to the rag, and once attempted to travel to London to a Royal Society beano in it, and was only frustrated in the nick of time.

So the oft-threatened "Limit" had been reached at last. I laughed heartily for a moment, then a sudden cold dread gripped me, and I raced upstairs and tore open my wardrobe. Gregory, the glory of Gopherville, had gone too!

A word as to Gregory. If you look at a map of Montana and follow a line due North through from Fort Custer you will not find Gopherville, because a cyclone removed it some eight years ago. Nine years ago, however, Gregory and I first met in the "Bon Ton Parisian Clothing Store," in the main (and only) street of Gopherville, and I secured him for ten dollars cash. He is a mauve satin waistcoat, embroidered with a chaste design of anchors and



Female (to ignorant party). "E's DRESSED AS ONE O' THEM BRONCHIAL BUSTERS TO ATTRACT ATTENTION TO 'IS CORF CURE."

"A sock, of course," I explained. "An emergency sock of my own invention. It has three exits, you will observe, very handy in case of fire."

"Hump!" said Aunt Angela.

Edward returned bearing his offerings, a gent's rimless boater, a door-knob, six inches of lead-piping and half a bottle of cod-liver oil.

"Hump!" said Aunt Angela.

No more was said of it that night. Aunt Angela resumed her sewing, Edward his *Gertie*, I my slumb—, my meditations. Nor indeed was the jumble sale again mentioned, a fact which in itself should have aroused my suspicions; but I am like that, innocent as a sucking-dove. I had put the matter out of my mind altogether until yesterday evening, when, hearing the sound of laboured breathing and the frantic clanking of a bicycle pump pro-



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN PROCESS OF DECIDING THAT THE HIRE OF A CAR TO TAKE HIM TO HIS FANCY-DRESS REVEL WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL WORTH THE EXPENSE.

forget-me-nots, subtly suggesting perennial fidelity. The combination of Gregory and me proved irresistible at all Gopherville's social events.

Wishing to create a favourable atmosphere, I wore Gregory at my first party in England. I learn that Aunt Angela disclaimed all knowledge of me during that evening.

Subsequently she made several determined attempts to present Gregory to the gardener, the butcher's boy and to an itinerant musician as an overcoat for his simian colleague. Had I foiled her in all of these to be beaten in the end? No, not without a struggle. I scampered downstairs again and, wrestling Harriet's bicycle from its owner's hands (Harriet was the housemaid and it was her night out), was soon pedalling furiously after Edward.

The jumble sale was being held in the schools and all St. Gwithian was there, fighting tooth and nail over the bargains. A jumble sale is to *us* what remnant sales are to *urbs*. I battled my way round to each table in turn, but nowhere could I find my poor dear old Gregory. Then I saw Etta, the presiding genius, and butted my way towards her.

"Look here," I gasped—"have you

by any chance seen——?" I gave her a full description of the lost one.

Etta nodded. "Sort of illuminated horse-blanket? Oh, yes, I should say I have."

"Tell me," I panted—"tell me, is it sold yet? Who bought it? Where is——?"

"It's not sold *yet*," said Etta calmly. "There was such rivalry over it that it's going to be raffled. Tickets half-a-crown each. Like one?"

"But it's *mine*!" I protested.

"On the contrary, it's *mine*; Angela gave it to me. If you care to buy all the tickets——?"

"How much?" I growled.

"Four pounds."

"But—but that's twice as much as I paid for it originally!"

"I know," said Etta sweetly, "but prices have risen terribly owing to the War."

* * * * *
I found Edward outside leaning on his jaded velocipede. He was wearing the "Limit."

"Hello," said he, "got what you wanted?"

"Yes," said I, "and so, I observe, did you. How much did *you* have to pay?"

"Nothing," said he triumphantly; "Etta took my new mackintosh in exchange," he chuckled. "I think we rather scored off Angela this time, don't you?"

"Yes," said I—"ye-es."

PATLANDER.

From an invitation to a subscription-ball:—

"Hoping that you will endeavour to make this, our first dance, a humping success . . ."

As the Latin gentleman might have said, *Nemo repente fuit Terpsichore*.

"Two pigs off their feet had hard work to get to food trough, but K—— Pig Powders soon put them right."—*Local Paper*.

Set them on their feet again, we conclude.

"Respectable reserved lady (25), of ability, wishes to meet respectable keen Business Gentleman, honourable and reserved."

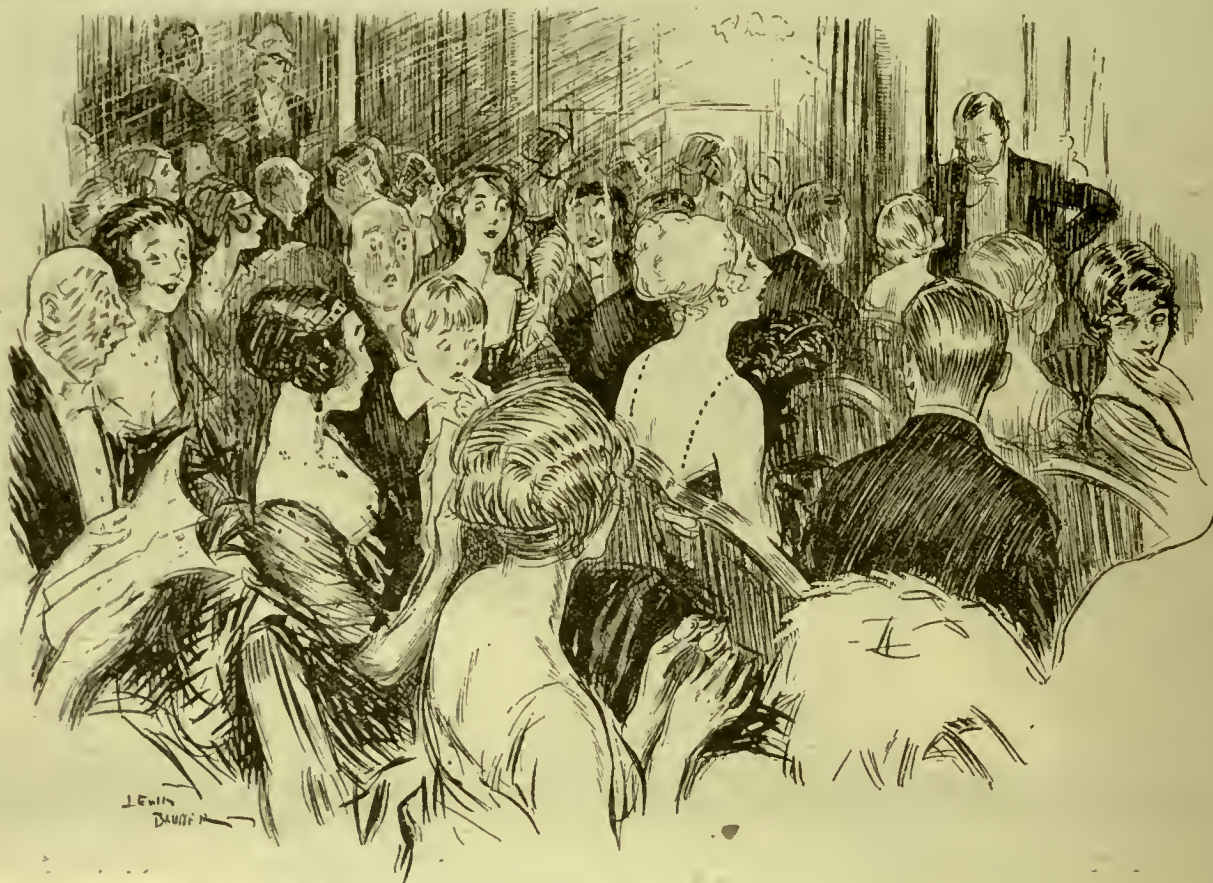
Adrt. in Irish Paper.

Obviously reserved for quo another.

"A big re-union of all returned men and their dependents is to be held at the Board of Trade building on New Year's day. . . . A year ago the affair was a huge success and the ladies hope for an even better record this year."

Manitoba Free Press.

Manitoba is so embracing.



Small Boy (indicating highly-powdered lady). "MUMMY, MAY I WRITE 'DUST' ON THAT LADY'S BACK?"

TO MY BUTTER RATION

(On hearing that the stuff is shortly to be decontrolled).

Thou whom, when Saturday's expiring sun
 Informs me that another day is done
 And summons fire from the reflecting pane
 Of Griggs and Sons, where groceries obtain,
 I seek, not lightly nor in careless haste
 As men buy bloaters or anchovy paste,
 Who fling the cash down with abstracted air,
 Crying, "Two tins, please," or "I'll take the pair,"
 But reverently and with concentrated gaze
 Lest Griggs's varlet (drat his casual ways!),
 Intrigued with passing friend or canine strife,
 Leave half of thee adhering to the knife—
 My butter ration! If symbolic breath
 Can be presumed in one so close to death,
 It is decreed that thou, my heart's desire,
 Who scarcely art, must finally expire;
 Yea, they who hold thy fortunes in their hands,
 Base-truckling to the profiteer's commands,
 No more to my slim revenues will temper
 The cost of thee, but with a harsh "*Sie semper*
Pauperibus" sling thee, heedless of my prayers,
 Into the fatted laps of war-time millionaires.
 No more when Phœbus bids the day be born
 And savoury odours greet the Sabbath morn,
 Calling to Jane to bring the bacon in,
 Shall I bespread thee, marvellously thin,
 But ah! how toothsome! while my offspring barge
 Into the cheap but uninspiring margo,

While James, our youngest (spoil), proceeds to cram
 His ample crop with plum and rhubarb jam.
 No more when twilight fades from tower and tree
 Shall I conceal what still remains of thee
 Lest that the housemaid or, perchance, the cat
 Should mischief thee, imponderable pat.
 Ah, mine no more! for lo! 'tis noised around
 How thou wilt soon cost seven bob a pound.
 As well demand thy weight in radium
 As probe my 'poverished poke for such a sum.
 Wherefore, farewell! No more, alas! thou 'lt oil
 These joints that creak with unrewarded toil;
 No more thy heartsick votary's midmost riff
 Wilt lubricate, and, oh! (as WORDSWORTH says) the diff!

ALGOL.

"PUNCH" ON THE SCREEN.

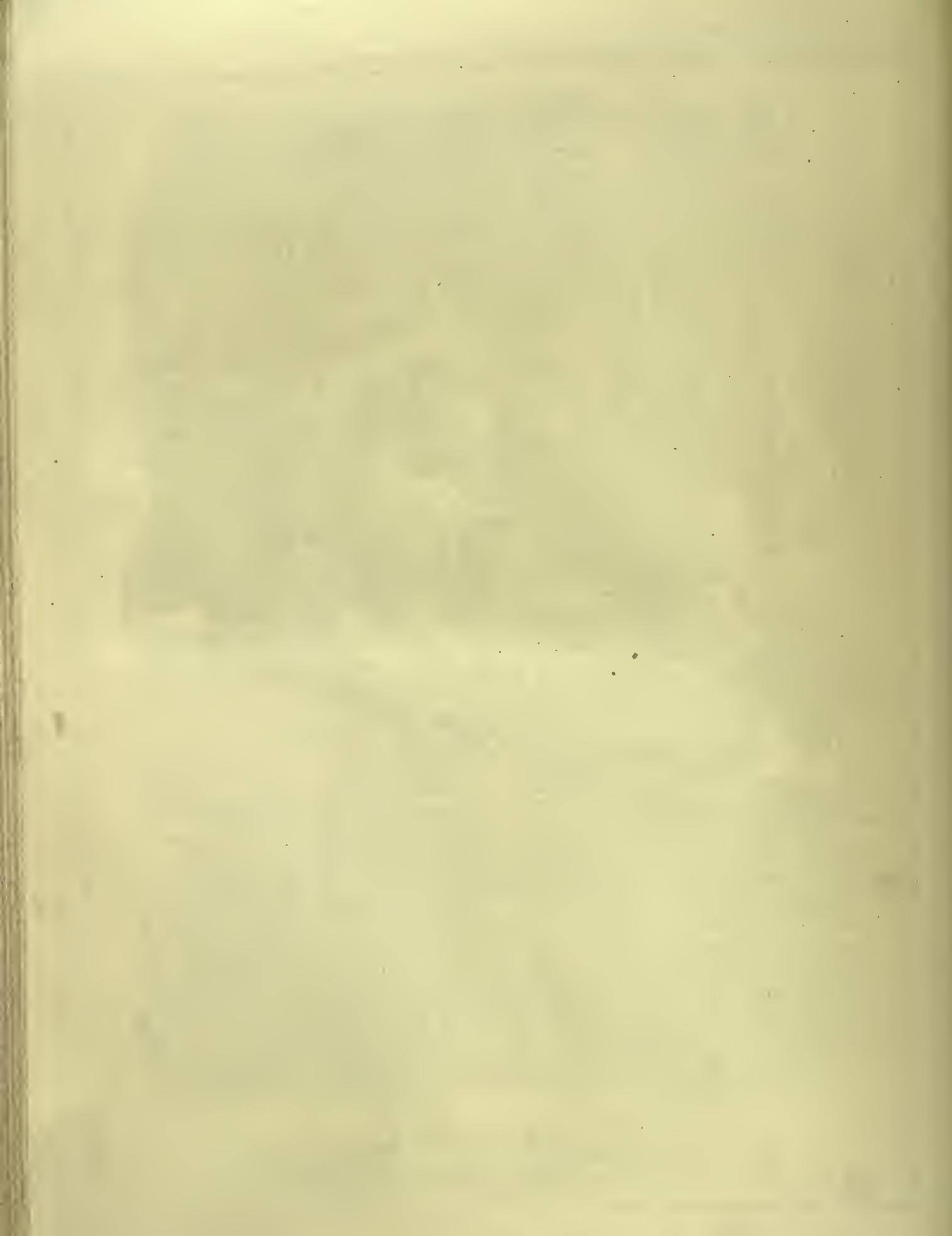
Mr. Punch begs to inform the Public that he has prepared for their entertainment twelve sets of Lantern Slides reproducing his most famous Cartoons and Pictures (five of the sets deal with the Great War), and that they may be hired, along with explanatory Lectures, and, if desired, a Lantern and Operator, on application to Messrs. E. G. Wood, 2, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C., to whom all inquiries as to terms should be addressed.

"When he endeavoured to put the man out the Alderman was chucked under the paw. He drove straight to the barracks, informed the police of what had occurred, and having met his assailant on the road near by, he was placed under arrest."—*Irish Paper*.
 The Alderman seems to have had a rough time all through.



ROUGE GAGNE—

MAIS LA SÉANCE N'EST PAS ENCORE TERMINÉE.





Newly-crowned Cotton King (with the plovers' eggs). "Ere, my lad, take these darn things away. They're 'ard-boiled and absolutely stone-cold."

THE MOO-COW.

I WAS getting so tired of the syncopated life of town (and it didn't fit in with my present literary work) that I bribed my old pal Hobson to exchange residences with me for six months, with option; so now he has my flat in town, complete with Underground Railway and street noises (to say nothing of jazz music wherever he goes), and I have his country cottage, old-fashioned and clean, and a perfectly heavenly silence to listen to. Still, there are noises, and their comparative infrequency makes them the more noticeable. There is, for instance, a cow that bothers me more than a little. It has chosen, or there has been chosen, for its day nursery a field adjoining my (really Hobson's) garden. It has selected a spot by the hedge, almost under the study window, as a fit and proper place for its daily round of mooing.

Possibly this was at Hobson's request. Perhaps he likes the sound of mooing, or, conceivably, the cow doesn't like Hobson, and moos to annoy him. But surely it cannot mistake me for him. We are not at all alike. He is short

and dark; I am tall and fair. This has given rise to a question in my mind: Can cows distinguish between human beings?

Anyway the cow worries me with its continual fog-horn, and I thought I would write to the owner (a small local dairy-farmer) to see if he could manage to find another field in which to batten this cow, where it could moo till it broke its silly tonsils for all I should care; so I indited this to him:—

MY DEAR SIR,—You have in your entourage a cow that is causing me some annoyance. It is one of those red-and-white cows (an Angora or Pomeranian perhaps; I don't know the names of the different breeds, being a town mouse), and it has horns of which one is worn at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees higher than the other. This may help you to identify it. It possesses, moreover, a moo which is a blend between a ship's siren and a taxicab's honk syringe. If you haven't heard either of these instruments you may take my word for them. Further, I think it may really assist you if I describe its tail. The last two feet of it have become unravelled, and the upper

part is red, with a white patch where the tail is fastened on to the body.

It is only the moo part of the cow that is annoying me; I like the rest of it. I am engaged in writing a book on the Dynamic Force of Modern Art, and a solo on the Moo does not blend well with such labour as mine.

There are hens here at Hillcroft. This remark may seem irrelevant, but not if you read on. Every time one of these hens brings five-pence-halfpenny worth of egg into the world it makes a noise commensurate with this feat. But I contend that even if your cow laid an egg every time it moos (which it doesn't, so far as my survey reveals) its idiotic bellowing would still be out of all proportion to the achievement. Even milk at a shilling a quart scarcely justifies such assertiveness.

My friend Mr. Hobson may, of course, have offended the animal in question, but even so I cannot see why I should have to put up with its horrible revenge; which brings me to the real and ultimate reason for troubling you, and that is, to ask you if you will be so good as to tell the cow to desist, and, in case of its refusal, to



USES OF A TUBE NUISANCE.

A. G. M. M. M.

remove it to other quarters. If the annoyance continues I cannot answer for the consequences.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

The reply ran:—

DEER SIR,—i ain not a scollard and can't understand more'n 'alf your letter if you don't lik my cow why not go back were you cum from i dunno what you mean by consequences but if you lay 'ands on my cow i'll 'ave the lor of you. Yours obedient HENRY GIBBS.

I felt that I hadn't got off very well with Henry, and thought I would try again, so wrote:—

DEAR MR. GIBBS,—Thank you so much for your too delightful letter. I am afraid you somewhat misapprehended the purport of mine. I freely admit your right to turn all manner of beasts into your demesne; equally do I concede to them the right to play upon such instruments as Nature has handed out to them; but I also claim the right to be allowed to carry on my work undisturbed. The consequences would be to me, not to the cow, unless laryngitis supervenes. I love cows, and I greatly admire this particular cow, but not its moo; that is all.

Is it, do you suppose, uttering some Jeremiad or prophecy? Can it, for example, be foretelling the doom of the middle classes? Or is it possible that our noisy friend is uttering a protest

against some injurious treatment received from its master?

I have discovered that our daily supply of milk is supplied by your herd, and on inquiry I find that our cook is not at all confident that a quart of the same as delivered to us would satisfy the requirements of the Imperial standard of measurement.

If the animal's fog-horn continues I shall take it as an indignant protest against a slight that has been cast on its fertility, and shall seriously think of calling in the Food-Inspector to examine you in the table of liquid measure.

Delightful weather we have been experiencing, have we not?

Believe me as ever, dear Mr. Gibbs,

Yours most sincerely,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

I do not know how much my correspondent understood of this letter, but, as the moo-cow was shortly afterwards relegated to fresh pastures, and as we are getting decidedly better measure for our milk money, I gather that he had enough intelligence for my purposes.

The threat which I thus put at a venture may be recommended to anyone suffering from the moo nuisance.

"The serious loss to D'Annunzio recently of 800,000 lire, through the disappearance of his cashier, has had a happy sequel. The airman-poet has received a like amount from a rich Milanese lady. The donor remains incognito."

Evening Standard.

It was very clever of the lady to disguise herself as an unknown man.

THE NEW SUBTRACTION.

(By a middle-class Martyr.)

EUCLID is gone, dethroned,
By dominies disowned,
And modern physicists, Judæo-Teuton,
Finding strange kinks in space,
Swerves in light's arrowy race,
Make havoc of the theories of NEWTON.

Yet, mid this general wreck,
These blows dealt in the neck
Of authors of established reputation,
Four methods unassailed
Endured and never failed
To guide our arithmetic calculations.

But now at last new rules
Are used in "Council Schools"
In consequence of Governmental action;
And newspapers abound
In praise of the profound
Importance of the so-called "New Subtraction."

New, maybe, but too well
I know its influence fell;
The "new subtraction" (which I suffer under)
From what I earn or save
By toiling like a slave
Is just a euphemistic name for plunder.

"At Richmond a discharged soldier was charged with stealing a pillow, valued at 7/6, the property of the Government . . . The prisoner, who had a clean sheet, was fined 40/-."—Local Paper.

We can understand his wanting a fresh pillow to go with his clean sheet.



Golf Enthusiast (urging the merits of the game). "—AND, BESIDES, IT'S SO GOOD FOR YOU."

'Unbeliever. "SO IS COD-LIVER OIL."

GOLDEN GEESE.

THE London University Correspondent of *The Observer* has been deploring the fact that a number of professors and lecturers have lately resigned their poorly-paid academic positions in order to take up commercial and industrial posts at much higher salaries. Among the instances he cites is that of a Professor of Chemistry at King's College, who has been appointed Director of Research to the British Cotton Industry Research Association.

The movement, which the writer denounces as bearing "too obvious an analogy to the killing of the golden goose," is not however confined to London University. From the great seats of learning all over the country the same complaint is heard. We learn, for instance, that Mr. Angus McToddie, until recently Professor of Physics at the John Walker University, N.B., has vacated that post on his appointment as Experimental Adviser to the British Constitutional Whisky Manufacturers' Association.

Past and present alumni of Tonypanydy will learn with regret that the University is to lose the services of its Professor of Live Languages, Mr. O. Evans, who is about to assume the responsible and highly-remunerated position of Director of Research to the Billingsgate Fishporters' Self-Help Society.

The Egregious Professor of Ancient History at Giggleswick University will shortly take up his duties as Editor of *Chestnuts*, the now comic weekly.

Professor Ernest Grubb, who for many years has adorned the Chair of Entomology at Durdleham, is about to enter the dramatic sphere as stage-manager to a well-known troupe of performing insects.

Another recruit to Stage enterprise is Professor Seymour Legge, who has been appointed Chief Investigator to the Beauty Chorus Providers' Corporation. Mr. Legge was formerly Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Ballycorp.

SATURDAYS.

Now has the soljer handed in his pack,
And "Peace on earth, goodwill to all" been sung;
I've got a pension and my ole job back—
Me, with my right leg gawn and half a lung;
But, Lord! I'd give my bit o' buckshee pay
And my gratuity in honest Brads
To go down to the field nex' Saturday
And have a game o' football with the lads.

It's Saturdays as does it. In the week
It's not too bad; there's cinemas and things;
But I gets up against it, so to speak,
When half-day-off comes round again and brings
The smell o' mud an' grass an' sweating men
Back to my mind—there's no denying it;
There ain't much comfort tellin' myself then,
"Thank Gawd, I went toot sweet an' did my bit!"

Oh, yes, I knows I'm lucky, more or less;
There's some pore blokes back there who played
the game
Until they heard the whistle go, I guess,
For Time an' Time eternal. All the same
It makes me proper down at heart and sick
To see the lads go laughing off to play;
I'd sell my bloomin' soul to have a kick—
But what's the good of talkin', anyway?

"If we were suddenly to be deprived of the fast underground train, and presented with a sparse service of steam trains in sulphurous tunnels, the result on our tempers and the rate of our travelling would be—well, electric!"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

We have tried to think of a less appropriate word than "electric," but have failed miserably.

THE RIDING LESSON.

Phyllida arrived up to time with her suit-case, a riding-crop and a large copy of D'AULNOY'S *Fairy Tales*. She was not very communicative as we drove out, and I sought to draw her. You never, by the way, talk down to Phyllida. Personally, I don't believe in talking down to any child; but to employ this method with Phyllida is to court disaster.

"Pleasant journey?" I inquired casually, flicking Rex's ear.

"M," responded Phyllida in the manner of a child sucking sweets. Phyllida was not sucking sweets, and I accepted my snub. We drove on for a bit in silence. Phyllida removed her hat, and her bobbed hair went all round her head like a brown husby. I looked round and was embarrassed to find the straight grey eyes fixed on my face, the expression in them almost rapturous.

"Jolly country, isn't it?" I essayed hurriedly, with a comprehensive wave of my whip.

The preoccupied "M" was repeated with even less emphasis.

Another protracted silence. I decided not to interfere with the course of nature as manifested in one small grey-eyed maiden of eight. Presently there burst from her ecstatically, "Uncle Dick, is this the one I'm going to ride?" So that was it. From that moment we got on splendidly. We discussed, agreed and disagreed over breeds, paces, sizes. I told her the horse she would ride would be twice the size of Rex, and she nearly fell out of the trap when I said we might go together that very afternoon.

"I've not learned to gallop," she remarked with some reluctance; "but of course you could teach me."

I had only heard the vaguest rumours of her riding experience, and she was very mysterious about it herself. However, when she came downstairs at the appointed time, in her brown velvet jockey-cap, top-boots, breeches and gloves complete, she looked so determined and efficient I felt reassured.

I had to make holes in the stirrup leathers eleven inches higher than the top one of all before she could touch the irons; but she settled into the

saddle with great firmness and we were off without any fuss. Once on a horse, she had no difficulty in maintaining a perfect continuity of speech, and I soon felt relieved of all anxiety about her safety. If she was not an old and practised hand, she had nerve and balance, and I did not think fit to produce the leading rein which I had smuggled into my pocket.

We trotted a perfect three miles, and she had an eye to the country and a word to say about all she saw. When

what I might find. I knew Treacle, once started, would dash for home. If the child could only stick it, all might be well. I pounded along, and after a two-mile run I came on them. She had pulled him in and was walking him, waiting for me, a little turned in the saddle, one minute hand resting lightly on his broad back. She was prettily flushed, her hair blown, but she hadn't even lost her crop.

"Did you stop to get my cap?" she said as we came up. "Thanks awfully."

I wanted to hug the little thing, but her dignity forbade any such exhibition.

The only other reference to the afternoon's experience was on a postcard I happened to see written the same night, addressed to her mother.

"DARLING BEE" (it ran in very large baby characters),—"I had the most adorable ride to-day I ever had. I learned to gallop all by myself. I thaut at first the horse was running away with me, but Uncle Dick soon eaut me up. He had my cap.

Your loving
PHYLLIDA."

I only hope that Isabel will think it was all just as deliberate as that.

"The Ashton-under-Lyne fight is beginning, and *The Daily News* comes forward to-day with the suggestion that the Liberal candidate should withdraw.

The practical effect of the candidature of a Libebral may be only to reduce the Labour majority . . .

In such circumstances we think it matter for great regret that there should be any Libtral candilature . . .

Upon this the comment at the Liberal headquarters to-day was, 'Well, it is a little difficult to know just where we are, isn't it?'

Evening Paper.

Yes, or *what* we are, for that matter.

"GILBERT-SULLIVAN OPERAS.

Friday, 'Trial by July.'

Provincial Paper.

It seems a long remand.

Journalistic Camaraderie.

"The whole of this preliminary business is nauseating, and in *real* sporting circles it is taboo as a topic of conversation. No wonder *The Times* devoted a leading article to the matter the other day."—*Daily Mail*.

How these NORTHCLIFFE journals love one another!



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"YOU NEEDN'T BE A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT HANDLING THE CHILD, ME LAD. IT'S NOT A REAL ONE."

we turned to come back, I felt Brimstone make his usual spurt forward, but I was not prepared for Treacle's sudden break away. He was off like a rocket. That small child's cap was flung across my eyes in a sudden gust. I had retrieved it in a second, but it was time lost, and, by Jove! she was out of sight round a bend. I followed after, might and main, but the racket of Brimstone's hoofs only sent Treacle flying faster. I caught sight of the small figure leaning back, the bright hair flying. Then they were gone again. My heart beat very fast. "She had never learned to gallop!" At every bend I hardly dared to look for



P.C. (referring to notes). "I TOLD 'ER SHE WOULD BE REPORTED, YOUR WORSHIP, TO WHICH SHE REPLIED, 'GO AHEAD, MY CHEERY LITTLE SUNBEAM!'"

MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE sporting public is so intrigued by the prospect of a DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER match that other impending championship events are in danger of being forgotten.

The present position in the challenge for the World's Halma Championship is this. Mr. George P. Henrun is patriotically endeavouring to secure the contest for Britain, and to that end has put up a purse of half-a-guinea. The Société Halma de Bordeaux has cut in with a firm offer of twenty-two francs, and the matter now remains in abeyance while financial advisers calculate the rate of exchange in order to ascertain which proposal is the more advantageous. The challenger, of course, is Tommy Jupes, aged twelve, of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. His opponent, the champion, has an advantage of three years in age and two inches in reach, but the strategy of Master Jupes is said to be irresistible. Only last week he overwhelmed his mother, herself a scratch player, when conceding her four men and the liberty to cheat twice.

The public will be thrilled to hear that a match has now been arranged between the two lady aspirants for the World's Patience Championship, viz., Miss Tabitha Templeman, of Bath, and Miss Priscilla J. Jarndyce, of Washington. To meet the territorial prejudices

of both ladies the contest will take place in mid-Atlantic, on a liner. There will be no seconds, but Miss Templeman will be accompanied by the pet Persian, which she always holds in her lap while playing, and Miss Jarndyce will bring with her the celebrated foot-warmer which is associated with her greatest triumphs. The vexed question of the allocation of cinema royalties has been settled through the tact of Mr. Manketlow Spefforth, author of *Patience for the Impatient*. One lady wanted the royalties to be devoted to a Home for Stray Cats, and the other expressed a desire to benefit the Society for the Preservation of Wild Bird Life. Mr. Spefforth's happy compromise is that the money shall be assigned to the Fund in aid of Distressed Spinsters.

Bert Hawkins, of Whitechapel, has expressed his willingness, on suitable terms, to meet T'gumbu, the powerful Matabele, in a twenty-ball contest for the World's Cokernut-Shying Championship. There is however a deadlock over details. T'gumbu's manager is adamant that the match shall take place in his nominee's native village of Mpm, but Mr. Hawkins objects, seeing little chance of escaping alive after the victory of which he is so confident. He says he would "feel more safer like on 'Ampstead 'Eaf." Another difficulty is that Mr. Hawkins insists on wearing his fiancée's headgear while competing, and

this is regarded by T'gumbu as savouring of witchcraft. Mr. Hawkins generously offers his opponent permission to wear any article of his wives' clothing; but the coloured candidate quite reasonably retorts that this concession is practically valueless. On one point fortunately there is unanimity: both parties are firm that all bad nuts must be replaced.

Another Asian Mystery.

"OLD AND RARE PAINTINGS. Exquisite works of old Indian art. Mytholo-Roast Beef or Pork: Bindaloo Sausages gical, Historical, Mediæval."—*Englishman (Calcutta)*.

"Two capable young gentlemen desire Posts in good families as Companions, ladies or children; mending, hairdressing, decorations; willing to travel; in or near London."

Daily Paper.

What did *they* do in the Great War?

"One of the exquisite features was the presence of the Deacon's wives. We had 83 upon our Roll of Honour, and of these 36 turned up."—*Parish Magazine*.

The other forty-seven being presumably engaged in looking after the Deacon.

"In addition to the fine work done by the Irish regiments he assured them that many a warm Irish heart beat under a Scottish kilt."

Local Paper.

Surely Irishmen enlisted in Scottish regiments are not so down-hearted as all that!

THE TALE OF THE TUNEFUL TUB.

["Why do so many people sing in the bath-room? . . . The note is struck for them by the running water. While the voice sounds resonantly in the bath-room it is not half so fine and inspiring when the song is continued in the dressing-room. The reason is that the furniture of the dressing-room tends to deaden the reverberations."—*Prof. W. H. BRAGG on "The World of Sound."*]

WHEN to my morning tub I go,
With towel, dressing-gown and soap,
Then most, the while I puff and blow,
My soul with song doth overflow
(Not unmelodiously, I hope).

The plashing of the H. and C.
Castalian stimulus affords;
I reach with ease an upper G
And, like the wild swan, carol free
The gamut of my vocal chords.

And when, my pure ablutions o'er,
The larynx fairly gets to work,
Amid the unplugged water's roar
I caper, trolling round the floor,
In tones as rich as THOMAS BURKE.

But in my dressing-room's retreat
My native wood-notes wilt and sag;
Not there those raptures I repeat;
My bellow now becomes a bleat
(For reasons, ask Professor BRAGG).

So, Ruth, if song may find a path
Still through thy heart, be listening by
The bathroom while I take my bath;
But leave before the aftermath,
Nor while I'm dressing linger nigh.

On the acoustic side, I fear,
My chest of drawers is quite a "dud;"
The chairs would silence Chanticleer,
Nor would I have you overhear
When I have lost my collar-stud.

BOOKS AND BACKS.

THE proposal to revive the old "yellow back" cover for novels, partly in the interest of economy in production, partly to attract the purchaser by the lure of colour, has caused no little stir in the literary world. In order to clarify opinion on the subject Mr. Punch has been at pains to secure the following expressions of their views from some of the leading authors of both sexes:—

MR. J. M. KEYNES, C.B., the author of the most sensational book of the hour, contributed some interesting observations on the economics of the dye industry and their bearing on the question. These we are reluctantly obliged to omit. We may note however his general conclusion that the impact on the public mind of a book often varies in an inverse ratio with the attractiveness of its appearance or its title. At the same time he admits that if he had called his momentous work *The Terrible Treaty*, and if it had been bound in a

rainbow cover with a Cubist design, its circulation might have been even greater than it actually is. But then, as he candidly owns, "as a Cambridge man, I may be inclined to attach an undue importance to 'Backs.'"

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON writes: "MATT. ARNOLD once chaffed me for keeping a guillotine in my back-garden. But my real colour was never sea-green in politics any more than it is yellow in literature or journalism. Yet I have a great tenderness for the old yellow-backs of fifty years ago. Yellow Books are another story. The yellow-backs may have sometimes affronted the eye, but for the most part they were dove-like in their outlook. Now 'red ruin and the breaking-up of laws' flaunt themselves in the soberest livery. I do not often drop into verse, but this inversion of the old order has suggested these lines, which you may care to print:—

"In an age mid-Victorian and mellow,
Ere the current of life ran askew,
The backs of our novels were yellow,
Their hearts were of Quaker-like hue;
But now, when extravagant lovers
Their hectic emotions parade,
In sober or colourless covers
We find them arrayed."

MR. CHARLES GARVICE points out that the choice of colour in bindings calls for especial care and caution at the present time, owing to the powerful influence of association. Yellow might lend impetus to the Yellow Peril. Red is especially to be avoided owing to its unfortunate appropriation by Revolutionary propagandists. Blue, though affected by statisticians and Government publishers, has a traditional connection with the expression of sentiments of an antinomian and heterodox character. At all costs the sobriety and dignity of fiction should be maintained, and sparing use should be made of the brighter hues of the spectrum. He had forgotten a good deal of his Latin, but there still lingered in his memory the old warning: "*O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.*"

MISS DAISY ASHFORD, another of our "best sellers," demurs to the view that a gaudy or garish exterior is needed to catch the public eye. The enlightened child-author scorned such devices. Books, like men and women—especially women—ought not to be judged by their backs, but by their hearts. She confessed, however, to a weakness for "jackets" as a form of attire peculiarly consecrated to youth.

MADAME MONTESSORI cables from Rome as follows:—"The colour of book-covers is of vital importance in education. I wish to express my strong conviction that, where books for the young are concerned, no action should

be taken by publishers without holding an unfettered plébiscite of all children under twelve. Also that the polychromatic series of Fairy Stories edited by the late MR. ANDREW LANG should be at once withdrawn from circulation, not only because of the reckless and unscientific colour scheme adopted, but to check the wholesale dissemination of futile fables concocted and invented by irresponsible adults of all ages and countries."

SONGS OF THE HOME.

III.—THE GUEST.

I HAVE a friend; his name is John;
He's nothing much to dote upon,

But, on the whole, a pleasant soul
And, like myself, no paragon.

I have a house, and, then again,
An extra room to take a guest;
And in my house I have a spouse.
It's good for me; I don't protest.

By her is every virtue taught;
Man does as he is told, and ought;
He has to eat his own conceit,
So, "Just the place for John!" I thought.

The unsuspecting guest arrives;
But (note the worthlessness of wives)
Does he endure the kill-or-cure
Refining process? No, he thrives.

He's led to think that he has got
The very virtues I have not;
Her every phrase is subtle praise
And oh! how he absorbs the lot.

She finds his wisdom full of wit
And listens to no end of it;
And if he dash tobacco-ash
On carpets doesn't mind a bit.

All that the human frame requires,
From flattery to bedroom fires,
Is his; and I must self-deney
To satisfy his least desires.

I have a friend; his name is John;
I tell him he is "getting on"
And "growing fat," and things like
that . . .
He pays no heed. He's too far gone.
HENRY.

"PUPILS wanted for Pianoforte and Theory.
—J. G. Peat, Dyer and Cleaner."
New Zealand Herald.

"That strain again! It had a dying fall."—*Twelfth Night*, Act I., Sc. 1, 4.

"The lowest grade of porter is the grade from which railway employees in the traffic departments gravitate to higher positions."
Daily Paper.

THE EINSTEIN theory is beginning to capture our journalists.

There was a Society Sinner
Who no longer was asked out to dinner;
This proof of his guilt
So caused him to wilt
That he's now emigrated to Pinner.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Post-War Sportsman. "WOT'S THE MATTER?"

Mrs. P.-W.S. "WHEN I WANT HIM TO JUMP THE FENCE HE JUST STOPS AND EATS IT. WHAT AM I TO DO?"

P.-W.S. "COME ALONG WI' ME, MY DEAR; I'LL SHOW YOU. 'E CAN'T EAT A GATE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the war-after-the-war, the bombardment of books that is now so violently raging upon all fronts, any contribution by a writer as eminent as Lord HALDANE naturally commands the respect due to weapons of the heaviest calibre. Unfortunately "heavy" is here an epithet unkindly apt, since it has to be admitted that the noble lord wields a pen rather philosophic than popular, with the result that *Before the War* (CASSELL) tells a story of the highest interest in a manner that can only be called ponderous. Our ex-War Minister is, at least chiefly, responding to the literary offensives of BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and THIRPITZ, in connection with whose books his should be read, if the many references are properly to be understood. As every reader will know, however, Lord HALDANE could hardly have delivered his apologia before the accuser without the gates and not at the same time had an eye on the critic within. Fortunately it is here no part of a reviewer's task to obtrude his own political theories. With regard to the chief indictment, of having permitted the country to be taken unawares, the author betrays his legal training by a defence which is in effect (1) that circumstances compelled our being so taken, and that (2) we weren't. On this and other matter, however, the individual reader, having paid his money (7s. 6d. net), remains at liberty to take his choice. One revelation at least emerges clearly enough from Lord HALDANE's pages—the danger of playing diplomat to a democracy. "Extremists, whether Chauvinist or Pacifist,

are not helpful in avoiding wars" is one of many conclusions, double-edged perhaps, to which he is led by retrospect of his own trials. His book, while making no concessions to the modern demand for vivacity, is one that no student of the War and its first causes can neglect.

It is not Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD's fault that his initials are identical with those of the London County Council, nor do I consider it to be mine that his rather pontifical attitude towards men and matters reminds me of that august body. Anyone ignorant of recent inventions might be excused for thinking that *The Paravane Adventure* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the title of a stirring piece of sensational fiction. But fiction it is not, though in some of its disclosures it may be considered sensational enough. In this history of the invention of the Paravane Mr. CORNFORD hurls a lot of well-directed bricks at Officialdom, and concludes his book by giving us his frank opinion of the way in which the Navy ought to be run. It is impossible, even if one does not subscribe to all his ideas, to refrain from commending the enthusiasm with which he writes of those who, in spite of great difficulties, set to work to invent and perfect the Paravane. If you don't know what a Paravane is I have neither the space nor the ability to tell you; but Mr. CORNFORD has, and it's all in the book.

A stray paragraph in a contemporary, to the effect that the portrait of the heroine and the story of her life in Baroness VON HUTTEN's *Happy House* (HUTCHINSON) is a transcript of actual fact, saves me from the indiscretion of

declaring that I found *Mrs. Walbridge* and her egregious husband and the general situation at Happy House frankly incredible. Pleasantly incredible, I should have added; and I rather liked the young man, *Oliver*, from Fleet Street, whom the Great Man had recently made Editor of *Sparks* and who realised that he was destined to be a titled millionaire, for is not that the authentic procedure? Hence his fanatical obstinacy in wooing his, if you ask me, none too desirable bride. I hope I am not doing the author a disservice in describing this as a thoroughly wholesome book, well on the side of the angels. It has the air of flowing easily from a practised pen. But nothing will induce me to believe that *Mrs. Walbridge*, putting off her Victorian airs, did win the prize competition with a novel in the modern manner.

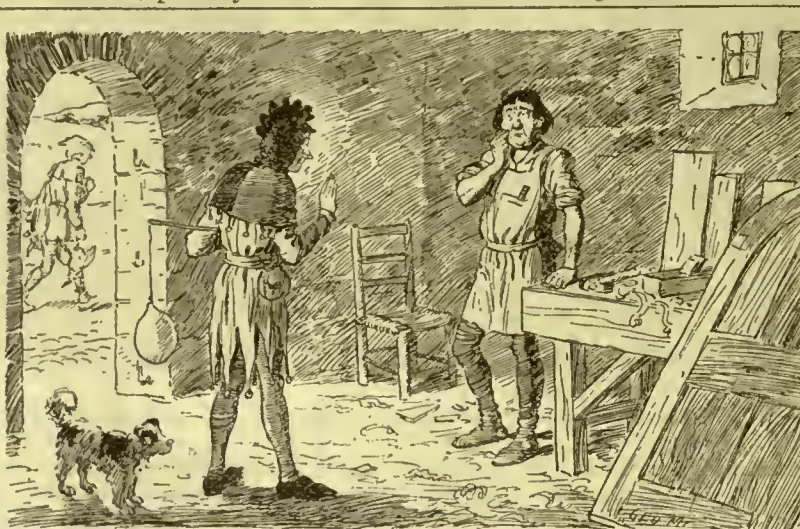
Mr. ALEXANDER MACFARLAN's new story, *The Inscrutable Lovers* (HEINEMANN), is not the first to have what one may call Revolutionary Ireland for its background, but it is by all odds the most readable, possibly because it is

not in any sense a political novel. It is in characters rather than events that the author interests himself. A highly refined, well-to-do and extremely picturesque Irish revolutionary, whom the author not very happily christens *Count Kettle*, has a daughter who secretly abhors romance and the high-falutin sentimentality that he and his circle mistake for patriotism. To her father's disgust she marries an apparently staid and practical young Scotch shipowner, who at heart is a confirmed romantic. The circumstances which lead to their marriage and the subsequent events which reveal to each the other's true temperament provide the "plot" of *The Inscrutable Lovers*. Though slender it is original and might lend itself either to farce or tragedy. Mr. MACFARLAN's attitude is pleasantly analytical. It is indeed his delightful air of remote criticism, his restrained and epigrammatic style queerly suggestive of ROMAIN ROLLAND in *The Market Place*, and his extremely clever portraiture, rather than any breadth or depth appertaining to the story itself, that entitle the author to a high place among the young novelists of to-day. Mr. MACFARLAN—is he by any chance the Rev. ALEXANDER MACFARLAN?—may and doubtless will produce more formidable works of fiction in due course; he will scarcely write anything smoother, more sparing of the superfluous word or that offers a more perfect blend of sympathy and analysis.

Susie (Duckworth) is the story of a minx or an exposition of the eternal feminine according to the reader's own convictions. I am not sure—and I suppose that places me among those who regard her heroine as the mere minx—that the Hon. Mrs. DOWDALL has done well in expending so much cleverness in telling *Susie's* story.

Certainly those who think of marriage as a high calling, for which the vocation is love, will be as much annoyed with her as was her cousin *Lucy*, the idealist, at once the most amusing and most pathetic figure in the book. I am quite sure that *Susie* and *Lucy* both abound, and that Mrs. DOWDALL knows all about them; but I am not equally sure that the *Susie*s deserve the encouragement of such a brilliant dissection. Yet the men whose happiness she played with believed in *Susie's* representation of herself as quite well-meaning, and other women who saw through her liked her in spite of their annoyance; and—after all the other things I have said—I am bound, in sincerity, to admit that I liked her too.

You could scarcely have given a novelist a harder case than to prove the likeableness of *Cherry Mart*, as her actions show her in *September* (METHUEN), and I wonder how a Victorian writer would have dealt with the terrible chit. But FRANK SWINNERTON, of course, is able to hold these astonishing briefs with ease. Here is a girl who first



The Fool. "GOOD MASTER CARPENTER, I AM IN GREAT NEED OF WIT FOR TO-NIGHT'S FEAST. HAST THOU ANY MERRY QUIP OR QUAINCE CONCEIT WHEREWITH I MIGHT SET THE TABLE IN A ROAR?"

The Carpenter. "NAY, MASTER FOOL, I HAVE BUT ONE, WHICH I FASHIONED MYSELF WITH MUCH LABOUR. IT GOETH THUS: 'WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A—?'"

The Fool. "ENOUGH! THAT JOKE HATH ALREADY COST ME TWO GOOD SITUATIONS."

Nigel, he is impetuous and handsome, and falls in love with *Marian* because she is sympathetic, and with *Cherry* because she is *Cherry*, and also perhaps a little because the War has begun and the day of youth triumphant has arrived. But he does not make a very deep impression upon me, and as for *Marian's* husband, who is big and rather stupid, and always has been, I gather, a bit of a dog, he scarcely counts at all. *Marian*, however, is an extremely clever and intricate study, and for *Cherry*—I don't really know whether I like *Cherry* or not. But I have certainly met her.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in calling attention to two small volumes, lately issued, which reproduce matter that has appeared in his pages and therefore does not need any further token of his approbation: to wit, *A Little Loot* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), by Captain E. V. KNOX ("EVOE"); and *Staff Tales* (CONSTABLE), by Captain W. P. LIPSCOMB, M.C. ("L."), with illustrations, now first published, by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN. Also to *Zoovenir* (Dublin: The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland), by Mr. CYRIL BRETHERTON ("ALGOL"), a book of verses which have appeared elsewhere and are being sold for the benefit of the Dublin Zoo.

CHARIVARIA.

A RUMOUR is going about that martial law may be declared in Ireland at any moment. By which of the armies of occupation does not seem clear.

To make money, says a London magistrate, one must work hard. This is a great improvement on the present method of entering a post-office and helping yourself.

Cat skins are advertised for in Essex. A suburban resident writes to say he has a few brace on his garden wall each night, if the advertiser is prepared to entice the cats from inside them.

Much alarm has been caused in foreign countries by the report that British scientists are experimenting with a machine that makes a noise like Lord FISHER.

According to a witness at a police court in London nearly two hundred people stood and watched a fight between dockers in City Road last week. The way some people take advantage of Mr. COCHRAN'S absence in America seems most unsportsmanlike.

Horse-radish from Germany is being sold in Manchester at six shillings a bundle. Even during the War, thanks to the efforts of the local Press, the Mancunian has never wanted for his little bit of German hot stuff.

Asked how old he was by the magistrate a railway-worker is said to have replied, "Thirty-nine last strike."

The House of Representatives at Washington have offered one hundred thousand pounds to fight the influenza germ. It is said that, if they will make it two hundred thousand, DEMPSEY'S manager will consider it.

An American millionaire, says a gossip, has decided to stay at one London hotel for three months. There was no need to tell us he was a millionaire.

A way is said to have been found for washing linen by electricity. In future patrons will have to tear the button-holes themselves.

It is all very well asking Germany to hand over her war criminals, but the trouble is to find enough innocent men to round them up.

The rumour current in France, to the effect that our PREMIER has been seen in London, is believed by Parisians to have been spread by political rivals.

The Bolsheviks recently deported from America were welcomed on the Finnish frontier by the Red Army and

Medical Research Committee. On the other hand the sunstroke cravat continues to prove fatal in a great number of cases.

A Swansea man who went to his allotment to dig up some parsnips and ended by taking three cabbages from a neighbour's plot has been fined ten pounds. We approve of the sentence. A man who deliberately associates with parsnips should be shown no mercy.

A news message states that passports enabling Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD to proceed to Russia have been refused. As a result we understand that the well-known Socialist has threatened to remain in this country.

Greenwich Council has refused a war trophy, consisting of a hundred bayonets. It appears that in those parts they still adhere to the fantastic theory that the chronometer won the War.

A novel idea is reported from a small town in Norfolk. It appears that at the annual fancy-dress ball all the inhabitants clubbed together and went as a Brontosaurus.

The Hotel Métropole has now been vacated by the Government, and it is thought that, as soon as the extra sleeping accommodation has been cleared away, it will be used as an hotel once again.

We understand there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE has offered the ex-Kaiser a leading part in his revue, *Come Over Here*.

A correspondent points out in *The Daily Express* that there are five Sundays in the present month. We understand however that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is not to blame this time.

Our Cynics.

"It is stated that the management of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Co. intend to change the name of the newly-acquired steamer *Onward* to something more in keeping with the traditions of the Company."

Ramsey Courier.

"Serious complaint is being made at another recurrence of the failure of the electric light in —. It is no light matter."—*Local Paper*. It wouldn't be.



Benevolent deck-hand (to solitary small boy). "ULLO, BEATTY! WHERE'S YER PA?"

Small boy. "UP AT THE SHARP END, LEANING OVER THE PALINGS."

eleven brass bands playing "The International." That ought to teach them to get deported again.

A Thames bargee has summoned a colleague for throwing a huge piece of coal at him. Quite right too. The coal might have fallen into the river.

One Scottish M.P., says a weekly paper, has not made a speech in the House of Commons for twenty years. This is probably due to the fact that a Scotsman rarely butts in when a fellow-countryman is speaking.

The so-called "pneumonia" blouse is conducive to health, declares the

OF CERTAIN BRUTUSES WHO MISSED THEIR MARK.

["COALITION DOOMED."—*Poster of "Evening News."*

"COALITION DEATH SENTENCE."

"Times'" *Headline on Mr. ASQUITH at Paisley.*

"BLOW TO THE COALITION."

"Times'" *Headline on Mr. BARNES's resignation.]*

HAVE you heard of the coming of Nemesis,
How she glides through the ambient gloom
That envelops the Downing-Street promises
Where GEORGE is awaiting his doom?
For the hour of his utter discredit
Has struck and the blighter must go;
If the Carmelite organs have said it
It's bound to be so.

The Cabinet's daily imbroglio
Amounts to a permanent brawl;
Mr. BARNES has resigned a portfolio
Which never existed at all;
It is true he was, anyhow, going,
Yet it serves (in *The Times*) for a sign
Of the symptoms, perceptibly growing,
Of GEORGE's decline.

Mr. ASQUITH (of Paisley) endorses
The sentence of violent death,
Though he leaves him alternative courses
For yielding his ultimate breath;
He allows him an optional charter—
To swing by his neck from a tree,
Or to perish a piteous martyr
To *felo-de-se*.

And what of poor Damocles under
This horror that hangs by a thread?
Does he wilt in a palsy and wonder
How soon it will sever his head?
Are his lips and his cheeks of a blank hue?
Does he toy with his victuals and drink?
Not at all; on the contrary, thankyou,
His health's in the pink.

He'll be bashed to the semblance of suet,
So say the familiars of Fate;
But they don't tell us who is to do it
Or mention the actual date;
Though the lords of the Circus assure us
His voice will be presently mute,
Yet the victim, pronounced *moriturus*,
Declines to salute.

All colours, from purple to yellow,
The oracles kill him in print,
But he turns not a hair, for the fellow
Is hopeless at taking a hint;
Apparently free from suspicion
And mindless of what it all means,
He careers on the road to perdition,
Ebullient with beans.

O. S.

"Our Invincible Navy."

In the article which appeared under the above title in the issue of *Punch* for January 14th, the setting of the nautical episode, in which the subject of the story conducted himself with so much aplomb and resourcefulness, was derived from a personal experience related to the author; but Mr. Punch has his assurance that *Reginald McTaggart* was not intended even remotely to represent any actual individual.

HIS FUTURE.

PART I.—THE PROPOSAL, 1920.

"ABOUT this boy of ours, my dear," said Gerald.

"Well, what about it?" said Margaret. "He weighed fourteen pounds and an eighth this morning, and he's only four months and ten days old, you know."

"Is he? I mean, does he? Splendid. But what I was going to say was this: in view of the present social and economic disturbances and the price of coal and butter——"

"He doesn't need either of those yet, dear."

"—and the price of coal and butter, it behoves us, don't you think, to very seriously consider (yes, I meant to split it)—to very seriously consider Nat's future?"

"Oh, I've been doing that for ever so long, Gerald. Probably in a year or two we shan't be able to get even a general or a char, so I'm going to teach him all sorts of household jobs—as a great treat, of course. Washing up the plates and dishes and laying fires—oh, and darning as well. He must certainly mend his own socks, and yours too."

"Well, perhaps, if he has time. But I have a much better proposal to make than that. My idea is that we should bring him up to be a miner."

"I thought children under twenty-one always were."

"Not minor, silly—miner."

"Well, what's the difference? Saying it twice doesn't help. And neither does shouting," she added.

Gerald wrote it down.

"Oh, I see. But why?"

"Because then he can earn enough money to keep us all comfortably—us in idle dependence at Chelsea, him in idle independence at Merthyr-Tydfil or wherever one mines."

"He might send us diamonds now and then too. Or perhaps it isn't allowed."

"No, no. He'll be a coal-miner, naturally."

Margaret pondered this for some minutes.

"No, I don't think much of your idea," she said finally.

"Very likely coal will have gone out of fashion by then and we shall all be warming ourselves with Cape gooseberries or pine-kernels or something. I think he ought to be taught all kinds of mining—diamond-mining, salt-mining, gold-mining and undermining at Lloyd's. Then he could take up whatever was most profitable at the moment."

"He has a busy youth ahead of him, I see. Have you thought of anything else?"

"Not at present. Don't you think, though, that this little talk of ours has been rather instructive, Gerald? Shall we open a correspondence in *The Literary Supplement* on 'The Boy: What Will He Become'?"

"Not quite the sort of thing for their readers, I should say."

"But surely some of them must be quite human. It isn't as if I'd said *Notes and Queries*. One can't imagine the readers of that ever——"

"Listen!" said Gerald. "I think I hear——"

But Margaret had vanished. Nat's already pessimistic views on his future were being published for the benefit of the Man in the Street.

PART II.—THE DISPOSAL, 1945.

The President and Committee of the British Lepidopterists' Association request the pleasure of your company on January the 15th, at 5 P.M., when Mr. Nathaniel Pendergast will give an illustrated address on The Haunts and Habits of the minor Copperwing, together with a few Notes on Gnats.

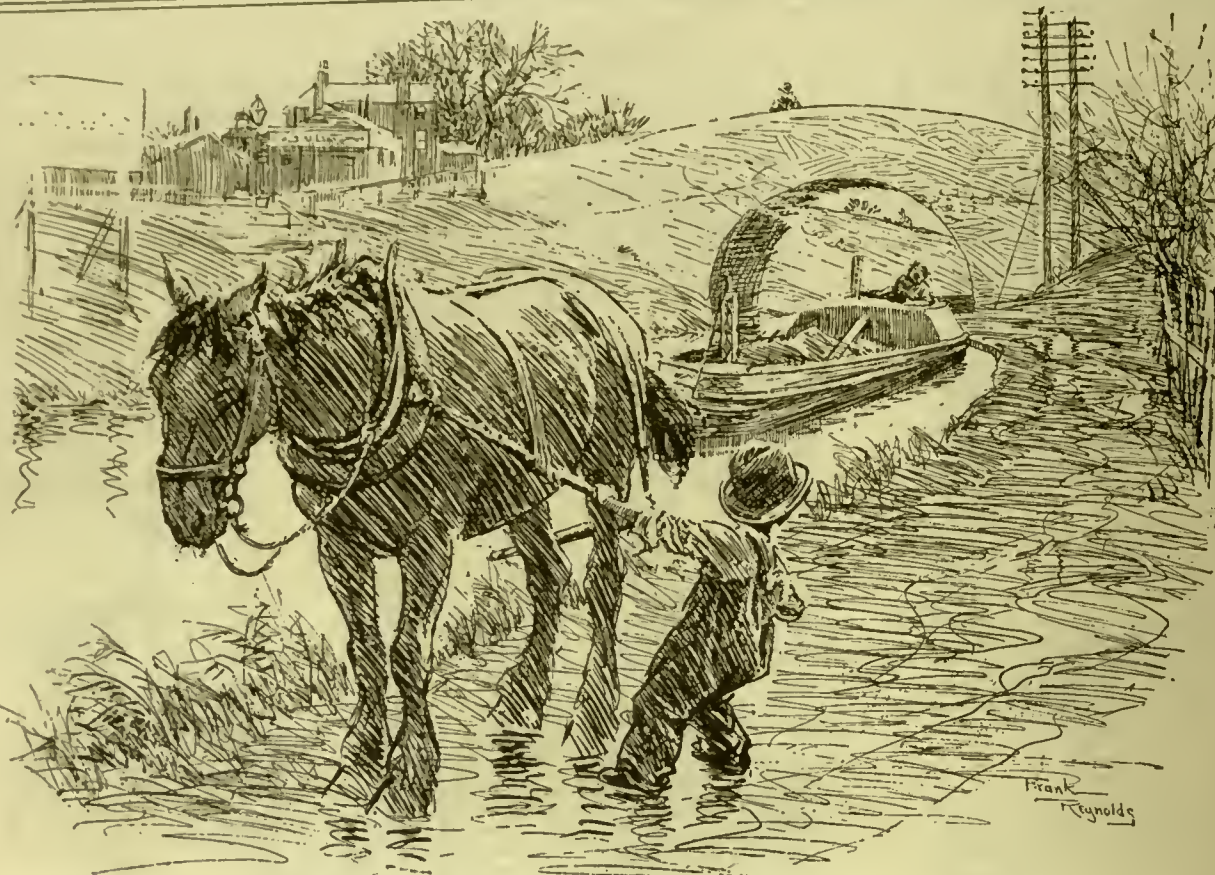
"Linen collars at 3s. 6d. each sounds incredible."—*Daily News*.
A bit stiff, no doubt.

ANTI-COALITION CINEMA



A DOWNING STREET MELODRAMA.

THE PREMIER. "COME ON IN, BONAR; I LOVE THESE FANCY BLOOD-CURDLERS. BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD."



Disgusted Parent. "NAH THEN, 'ORACE, SET ABAAIT 'IM! ANYONE CAN SEE THE 'ORSE 'AS LOST ALL RESPECT FOR YER."

SPORTING GOLF.

(With the British Army in France.)

"I NOTICED the old sapper instinct asserting itself in Mac when he tried to tunnel out of that bunker at the seventh," said Denny after tea in the golf club-house. "He'd have found some opportunities on a really sporting course like ours at Villers-Vereux. Remember Villers, Ponting?"

"It wasn't a golf links as I remember it," said Ponting grimly.

"Bless you, I'm not speaking of those far-away days. I'm talking of a month or two back, when I was there with a Chinese Salvage Company trying to clear up the mess you made. Beastly quiet it was, too. The only excitement was a playful habit the Chink had contracted of picking up a rusty rifle and a salvaged clip of cartridges, pointing the gun anywhere and pulling the trigger to make it say *Bang!* I often found myself doin' the old B.E.F. tummy-wriggle when the *Chinois* was really happy.

"One Sunday—a non-working day—when all was drab and dreary and existence seemed a double-blank, my orderly mentioned that he had discovered some old 'golfing bats' in one

of the hutments. Evidently they were the remains of the spoils of a lightning foray on the Base. A further search revealed a couple of elliptical balls, quite good in places. So I tipped my cub, Laxey, out of his bunk and we proceeded to resurrect our pre-war form. By-and-by we got adventurous, and Laxey challenged me to play him a match after lunch for ten francs a side. The details required some arranging, as there were no greens or holes, but eventually we decided on a cross-country stroke competition, starting from the hut-door and finishing at a crump hole, map ref.: B 26c, 08,35.

"We tossed for clubs, and as I won I picked a driver and a hockey stick, leaving Laxey a brassie and a putter head tied to a whangee cane that gave it plenty of whip. Laxey was spot, and broke with a ten-yard drive. Then I teed up and drove with a good follow-through action that carried me round several circles before I could stop.

"I did better the next time, and made my ball rather sorry that it had been making fun of me. Laxey had a bad lie and, though he lofted his ball with the putter (as I said, the whangee *did* give it 'whip'), he didn't clear the hutments. After he had cannoned off

the roof of a 'Nissen' into the cook-house I took my turn, and to my disgust pulled into a trench that formed part of our old support line.

"Our ways lie apart now, old melon," I said, 'and I should advise you to follow my example and get your bat-man to keep the count. Otherwise your play will be affected by arithmetical troubles.'

"Accompanied by my faithful Wilkins I found my ball and reviewed the situation. The driver and hockey stick were hopeless for mashie shots, but Wilkins reported a practicable C.T. a few yards to the right, leading to the front line, and some gently sloping revetting from thence to the level. Luckily the C.T. had plenty of length to each traverse, and when I emerged in the open with my sixty-seventh Laxey was only just getting clear of the huts, having been badly bunkered in the coal dump. He made good progress from there, but I got into the rough—a regular Gruyère of shell-holes. While I was attempting to hack my way through I heard a delighted gurgle of laughter and turned round to see half-a-dozen of the Chinks sitting on their hams and watching me with undisguised jubilation.

"Send them away, Wilkins," I said irritably. "Can't you see they're putting me off my game?"

"Wilkins shoved them off, and I took the old German line with a rush. While I was so to speak consolidating, a runner arrived from Laxey asking for the loan of a pair of wire-cutters.

"'E's 'ung up on the wire, Sir," said the runner, 'an' cursing the artillery somethink awful from force of 'abit."

"I sent a pair of nail-scissors, with my compliments, and would Mr. Laxey kindly inform me what was his score to date? Laxey returned the scissors, saying that he found he could manage better with a tie-clip, and his score at 15.30 hours was 346, please. Cheered by the knowledge that I was a matter of twenty to the good, I excocted a brilliant dribble along a ditch, neatly tricked a couple of saplings and finished with a long spinning-jenny into a camouflaged strong point. By this time Wilkins was in such a maze of mathematics that he hadn't time to scare off the coolies, who were tumbling up in large numbers and giving a generous meed of applause.

"Towards the 400 Laxey, who also had a good gallery of Chinks, was losing touch, and I advised him by runner to change direction. He thanked me, but said that, in view of the difficult nature of the terrain, he had decided to work round from a flank. Feeling that I was nearing the objective I organised a series of approach-shots with the driver, and sent to ask Laxey if he would care to accept fifty start. However, having fozzled into a ruined pillbox, I reduced the offer by half, and later on, confident—not to say insulting—reports from Laxey induced me to withdraw the concession altogether.

"At 16.30 hours precisely, amid intense excitement on the part of the Celestial audience, we arrived at the deciding crump-hole simultaneously. When I say we arrived, I mean that Laxey had an eight-yard putt from a good lie—an easy proposition with the whangee putter—and I was ten yards away in as wicked a little crevice as you could wish to find.

"If it doesn't shake your nerve, skipper," said Laxey, "I might mention that my score is 543."

"You'd better give me the game, then," I answered. "I'm but a modest 520."

"Not jolly likely. You'll take at least twenty to get out of that burrow. Besides, I know Wilkins is rotten at figures, and I claim a recount."

"An audit and scrutiny showed that we were both 537, and although Laxey



Constable (to dreamy little foreigner). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WERE BORN, TICH, BUT I'LL GIVE ODDS YOU'LL DIE IN ENGLAND."

held a distinct advantage in position I decided on a strenuous effort to halve the game. I took a firm stance and the hockey stick and let drive for the hole with a tremendous pickaxe stroke. Instantly there was a blinding flash and an explosion, and, when we had finished picking sand out of our ears and eyes and allayed the excitement of the Chinks, we discovered my ball comfortably nestling in the crump-hole.

"If assistance with derelict Mills bombs is allowed," said Laxey, "we've halved."

"On the contrary," I replied, "as your ball is apparently missing I've won."

"And, if you believe me, we couldn't find Laxey's ball anywhere, though we had seen it but a minute or two before. So I claimed the ten francs; but I didn't mention to Laxey that the following morning I was passing a group of the coolies and saw them with an object that looked suspiciously like Laxey's ball, hammering it with a stick and trying to make it say *Bang!*"

"Wanted, Second Housemaid of three, Scotchwoman preferred; willing to wait on table if required; comfortable situation."

Daily Paper.

Possibly; but we always prefer our servants to do their waiting on the floor.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM HIND.

1920.

BACK in the years of youth, a thought-
less thruster,

I did adventure to the East and spurn
My native land, and foolishly entrust
her

To other guardians pending my
return;

And now time bears me to the second
lustre,

And I am old and weary and I burn
To freshen memories waxing somewhat
vague;

But men say, "Shun old England like
the plague."

Lord knoweth Hind is not a place of
pleasure

Nor such a land as men forsake with
tears;

Lord knoweth how we venerate and
treasure

The English memory down the Indian
years;

Yet now the mail pours forth in flowing
measure

England's un-Englishness, and in
our ears

Echo the words of men returned from
leave,

Describing Englands one can scarce
believe.

Englands abandoned to the fleeting
passions,

Feckless as Fez, hysterical as Gaul,
All nigger-music and fantastic fashions
(And not a house from Leith to
London Wall);

Where food and coal are dealt you out
in rations

And you can hardly raise a drink at
all,

And tailors charge you twenty pounds
a touch.

Is that a place for Nabobs? No, not
much.

Better were Hind where troubles more
or less stick

To one set style and do not drive
you mad

With changes; where a roof and a
domestic,

Petrol and usquebagh can still be
had;

And one can trust the Taj and the
Majestic

(Bombay hotels be these and none
too bad)

To stand for culture in the hour of need
And stop one running utterly to seed.

Hind be it; as for Home—*festina lente*;

Hind be it and a station in the sun,
Wherein if peace abideth not nor plenty

At least you are not ruined and un-
done.

I am not coming home in 1920,
And maybe not in 1921;
If all the English England's dead and
gone,

One can remember; one can carry on.
H. B.

LITTLE TALES FOR YOUNG PLUMBERS.

THE CONVERSION OF GEORGE.

George was a plumber by trade and
a striker by occupation. He did his
plumbing in his holidays, when he was
not busy. He liked plumbing, as it gave
his throat a rest. He was really the
Champion Long Distance Plumber of the
World and had gained the R.S.V.P.'s
gold medal for doing the back-in-a-
minute-to-get-your-tools in more than
two hours. And his heart was as
tender as his feet. If he heard a clock
strike he longed to strike in sympathy, so
that hard-hearted employers who know
George's weakness always kept their
time-pieces muffled.

The bursting of our water-pipe was
the means of bringing me into touch
with George. He joined our bathing-
party in the front hall, and said simply,
"I am the plumber." Just like that. He
then said that he would swim home for
his tools, as he had forgotten the can-
opener. When he got back Auntie was
drowned.

He did not stay long, as he had to go
on sympathetic strike with the graziers.
He was not really a grazier as well as
a plumber, but his heart was so tender
that he couldn't keep on plumbing so
as to give satisfaction, he said, as long
as the graziers were not grazing, so to
speak. It didn't really matter. No-
thing matters nowadays. I just went
out and sold the house as it stood for
an enormous sum and emigrated on the
proceeds to Tooting Bec.

But this tract deals with George and
his conversion, and has been written
specially to be put into the hands of
young plumbers. Let us see then how
George gave up his sinful ways
and how his heart was changed.

It began with his tooth—an old, old
tooth. It had done some work in its
time, but it decided to strike. And
strike it did. George gave it beer—
Government beer—and it hit George
back, good and hard. George then
began to talk to it. He asked if it knew
what it was doing of. He threatened it
with more Government beer if it didn't
get on with its work more quiet-like.
The tooth sat up then and bit George.

"All right, young fellow my lad,"
said George; "you come out along o'
me, and come quiet. You're going to
the dentist's, you are, and he'll Bol-
shevise you proper, he will."

The tooth stopped aching at once;
it was a wisdom tooth. But George

knew it was only just lying low, to
break out into sympathetic strike on
Monday morning. So out he rushed
with it and took it to the dentist. I
was the dentist.

I led George gently by the hand to
my nice little chair and told him what
beautiful weather we were having for
the time of the year. I said, "Open,
please," and George opened. I then
took my nice little steel whangee,
beautifully polished, and tickled the de-
linquent. A gentle tickle and no more.
I didn't really go far—not farther than
his back collar-stud—but George said
things as if I were a capitalist.

I then said coldly, "It doesn't hurt!"
I am what is known in the profession
as a painless dentist and rarely feel
much pain.

I capped his repartee by remarking,
"Keep open, please." That always
shuts 'em up. George kept open. I
then spilt some cotton-wool in his
tooth and put up some scaffolding in
the entrance of his mouth, and said
nonchalantly (I always charge extra
for this), "I have forgotten my niblick;
keep open. I shall be back anon." I
then went out and had lunch.

When I came back George was still
keeping open, but he looked at me very
wicked with his blue eyes and asked me
from under the cotton-wool if I ever
intended to finish my ruddy little job.

I said, "Dear brother and oppressed
fellow-striker, I regret that I cannot.
I see by *The Dentists' Daily* that our
Union has declared a sympathetic
strike with the Amalgamated Excava-
tors and Theological Students. You
have my sympathy. I can no more."

George tried to persuade me as we
went downstairs together, bumping our
heads on each step in turn, but it was
of no avail.

I do not however regret my pious
invention, as I hear that George is a
changed man. Being intelligent, he
thought things over for himself, instead
of letting a man in a red tie do it for
him, and after six weeks came to the
conclusion that a strike is a game that
more than one can play at. He strikes
now only in his holidays. He never
now forgets his tools or leaves taps
running. He does a good day's plumb
for a good day's pay. And he sings
while he works. Strange to say that
little tooth of his has given up striking
too.

But yet it is not strange, for, as I
told you, it was a wisdom tooth.

"£3 10s. HUSBANDS.

WIFE WHO HOUSEKEEPS FOR THREE ON
£2 A WEEK."

Daily Paper.

But isn't this rather trigamous?



MANNERS AND MODES.

TYPICAL VOTARIES OF TERPSICHORE, MOST GRACEFUL OF THE MUSES.

FIXES THE HARE.

I FOUND Andy Devenish, of Castle Devenish, Co. Cork, in Piccadilly. He was wearing an old frieze overcoat, the bottom of which had suffered from a puppy's teeth, and a bowler hat with a guard-ring dangling from its flat brim. His freckled nose was squashed against Fore's window as he gazed wistfully at the sporting prints within. I led him gently westwards, pushed him into the club's best arm-chair, placed the wine of our mutual country at his elbow and spoke to him severely.

"Tell me," said I, "how is it I find you thus, got up in the height of fashion, loitering with intent to lady-kill in this colossal rabbit-warren which knows no

foxes, eh? Aren't they entitled to some consideration? Didn't they carry on patiently for four dull years while you were in France, learning to walk in the cavalry, on the understanding that you'd make up for it when you got back by hunting them every day of the week? Have you no love or sympathy for dumb animals? Why are you here? What are you flying from? Tell me your dread secret. Is it debt, arson, murder—or is some woman threatening to marry you?"

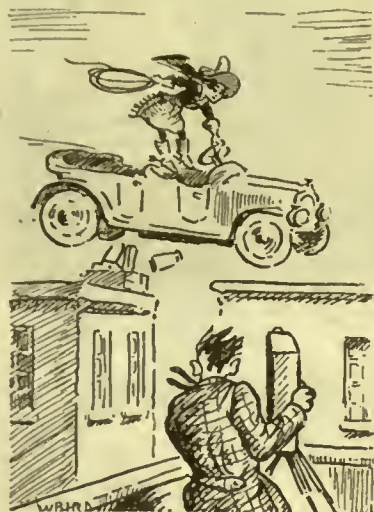
Andy growled into his whiskey-and-soda, then suddenly pointed out of the window. "See the advertisement on that bus?"

"MIND THE WIDOW," I read, "shrieking comedy by Cosmo——"

"But how?" I asked.

"Ye'll discover if ye'll let me speak for a half a minute. I may admit to you I was very sweet on a little girl that was staying with the MacManuses a while back, so I bought a bottle of that stuff to keep my hair down while I was pitching her the yarn. I cornered the lass alone in the MacManus' drawing-room, went down on my knees and threw off a dandy proposal I had learnt by heart out of a book. The girl curled about all over the sofa with emotion, and for a bit I thought my eloquence was doing it. Then I perceived she was near shaken to pieces with laughter. Couldn't think why till I happened to catch sight of myself in a mirror and saw that my darned old

BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.



THE FILM ACTRESS HAS A LIFE OF CONSTANT CHANGE. AS SOON AS SHE HAS FINISHED BEING "DARE-DEVIL DAISY"—



SHE IS EXHORTED TO PLAY THE NAME PART IN "VIOLET, THE MASCOT OF BUTTERCUP FARM," FEATURING A PENSIVE SMILE.

hound but the sleuth, no horse but the towel? How is it, man, when there's a Peace on and the month is February and there's no frost south of the Liffey? Why aren't you dressed in a coat that is pink in spots and a cap that is velvet in places, flipping over your stone-faced banks on a ram-pageous four-year-old that you bought for ten pounds down, ten pounds some time, a sack of seed oats and an old saddle, and will eventually palm off on an Englishman at Ballsbridge for two hundred cash? What about the hounds? The Ballinknock Versatiles? What are they doing without their master? Going for improving country walks with Patsey Mike, two and two like young ladies from a seminary, or sitting up on their benches, a tear in every eye, wailing, 'Oh, where is our wandering boy to-night?'

"And what about the Ballinknock

"No, not that one," Andy grumbled; "t'other."

It was a picture of a smiling gentleman with a head that gleamed like patent leather. The gentleman attributed his happiness to the fact that he mixed "Florazora" cream with his scalp. "Florazora Cream," I read, "fixes the hair. Subtly perfumed with honey and flowers. Imparts a lustre and——" The bus resumed its journey.

I studied Andy's head. Normally it looks as though he had been mopping out a rusty drain with it. It was quite normal, every hair on end and pointing in a different direction.

"Well, what of Florazora?" I asked. "It's evident she has never entered into your life, at any rate."

"That's all you know about it," said Andy. "They're sitting up for me with blunderbusses and brickbats at home, and 'Florazora' is the cause."

hair had come unstuck again and was bobbing up all over my head, not singly as it is now, but a cockatoo tuft at a time, thanks to 'Florazora.' I rose up off the MacManus carpet and ran all the way home."

"Still I don't see——" I began.

"Ye never will if ye don't give me a chance to tell ye," said Andy.

"Do ye remember that greasy divil Peter Flynn that owns a draper's shop in Ballinknock main street? A fat man he is with the flowing locks of a stump orator, given to fancy waistcoats and a frock-coat—very dressy. Ye'd see him standing at the shop-door on fair-days, bobbing to the women and howdy-doin' the country boys the way he'd tout a vote or two, he being the leading Sinn Fein organiser down our way now. Anyhow he and his raparees got after me and the hunt, on account of me evicting a tenant that hadn't



Odd Job Man (to Gardener, discussing dinner which has been sent them from the house). "NASTY BIT O' MUTTON THIS, AIN'T IT?"
 Gardener. "'TAIN'T MUTTON—IT'S PORK."
 Odd Job Man. "IS IT? I 'OPE IT IS. I'M VERY FOND OF A BIT O' PORK."

paid a penny of rent for seven years and didn't ever intend to. They hinted to the decent poor farmers round about that there'd be ricks fired and cows ripped if they allowed me to hunt their lands, so I got stopped everywhere. I had land enough of my own to carry on with, so I hunted there till the foxes and hares gave out, which they precious soon did, seeing that half the neighbourhood was out shooting, trapping, poisoning and lurching them.

"I bought a stag from a feller in Limerick and chased that for a bit; then on a 'tween day, when I was away and the deer out grazing in the demesne, somebody slipped a brace of Mauser bullets into it, and that form of diversion was likewise at an end. As far as I could see an animal wouldn't stand a ten minutes' chance in my country unless it were an armadillo.

"I wrote to the War Office, asking them could they kindly oblige me with the loan of a lively little tank for pursuing purposes, but got no answer. I guess Winston had a liver on him that morning. So there was nothing for it

but to give up the hounds. I went and broke the sad news to Patsey Mike, who was mixing stirabout at the time. 'Oh, God save us, don't be doing that, Sor,' says he. 'Hoult hard a day or so and I'll be afther findin' some little object to hunt, that them dirty blag-yards won't shoot at all.'

"Two mornings later he turned up, dragging something in an oat-sack.

"I have it here that'll course out before the houn's like a shootin'-star,' says he.

"What is it?' says I.

"The rogue put his hand in the sack and drew out a yellow mongrel dog.

"Where did ye get that?' says I.

"Shure didn't I borry it?' says he.

"And who did ye borrow it from?' says I.

"From Misther Flynn, no less,' says he. 'Tis his little foxey pet dog.'

"Does Mr. Flynn know you borrowed it from him?' says I.

"Begob that he does not,' says he. 'Mr. Flynn is beyond in Youghal and I borried it in the dark dead of night over the yard wall. Faith, he'll run

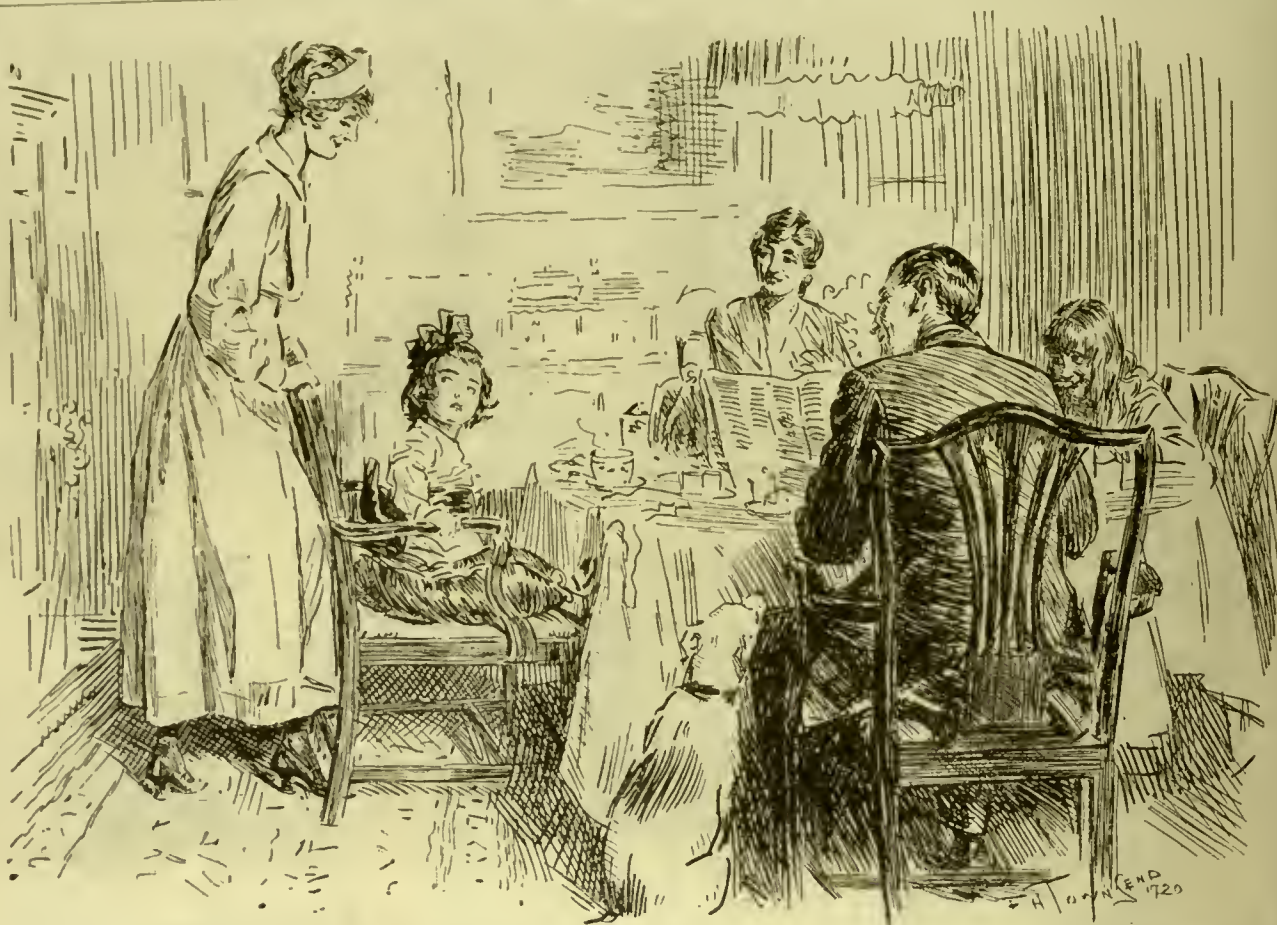
home like a flick of lightning, he's that scared, the same dog.'

"Ye did well,' said I; 'but will the hounds chase him?'

"That they will, Sor. What with foxes one day, stags the next and hares the next, there's sorra a born thing they wouldn't hunt given there's smell enough in it,' says the lad. 'Have ye the laste little trace of aniseed in the house that you could drench the crature with the way the houn's would folly him?'

"Divil a drop of aniseed or anything else had I on the place, and I stood there scratching my ear with my crop wondering what to do, when suddenly I remembered that relic of my courting days, 'Florazora.' 'I have it,' I said; 'I've got something that'll fix that hare all right.'

"I fetched the bottle and rubbed a handful or so of the stuff well into Mr. Flynn's pet dog and let him go with a flip of my whip lash to help him on his way. He lit out for home as though the devil had kicked him, yelling blue murder and laying a trail of flowers



Rosamund (who has had a restless night). "Now I THINK OF IT, NURSE, IF YOU SHOULD FIND A FLEA IN MY BED I DON'T WANT IT KEPT."

and honey across the country so thick you could pretty nigh eat it. I gave him a fair start, then laid the hounds on and we had a five-mile point, going like a steeplechase all the way. Flynn lives in a lonely house about half a mile out of Ballinknock, and the 'bag-man' got home to it and through the wee dog-hole into the yard with just six inches to spare.

"Patsey went over the wall and borrowed the dog three times after that. It was no trouble at all. Flynn was still away in Youghal, and his house-keeper was that deaf Gabriel would have to announce the Crack of Doom to her on his fingers. But it was too good to last. On the fourth day we were nearing Flynn's house, the dog leading the pack by not fifty yards, when I saw him cut across a field to the left, while the hounds tumbled into a little breen that runs up from the railway-station and went streaking down it singing out as if they were on a breast-high scent and in view.

"'Begob,' says I to Patsey, 'they've changed; they're running a hare, I believe.'

"'Tis a hare in a frock-coat then, Sor,' says he, pointing with his whip.

"Sure enough it was a man they were after. I saw him then galloping down the breen for dear life, coat-tails flying, hair streaming, terror in his big white face. Flynn! I did my damdest, but I had no hope of stopping them, not in that little lane. When I came out on the high-road I found what was left of the politician half-way up a telegraph post, like a treed cat, screeching and scrambling and calling on the Saints, with old Actress swinging by her teeth to the tails of his shirt, Cruiskeen ripping the trousers off him a leg at a time, and the rest of the pack leaping under him like the surf of the sea.

"I nearly rolled off my mare with laughter, though well I knew the screeching scarecrow up the pole would have me drawn and quartered for that day's work. I whipped the hounds off in the end, took 'em by road to Fermoy that same evening and boxed 'em to my brother-in-law in Carlow. 'Twas fortunate I did, for my kennels were burnt to the ground that night."

Andy sighed, drained his glass and gazed regretfully at the bottom.

"H-m, ye-es, but there's still a point I would like cleared up," said I. "What made the pack change and chaso Flynn?"

"Appears he was strongly addicted to 'Florazora' too," said Andy.

PATLANDER.

Another Impending Apology.

From the account of a farewell meeting in honour of a retiring Minister:—

"It was altogether a notable gathering, and perhaps the congregational repetition of the General Thanksgiving at the opening of the meeting gave the keynote to the whole proceedings."—*Christian World*.

"An immediate advance of 10s. a week for adult workers and 5s. for juniors is being made to employers by the National Transport Workers' Federation."—*Evening Paper*.

We have always contended that the motto "For others" is the guiding principle of Labour.

"There are Germans still in the Baltic Provinces—which is full of uuuuuuuuuuuuuu caoi aca."—*Daily Paper*.

Very suspicious.

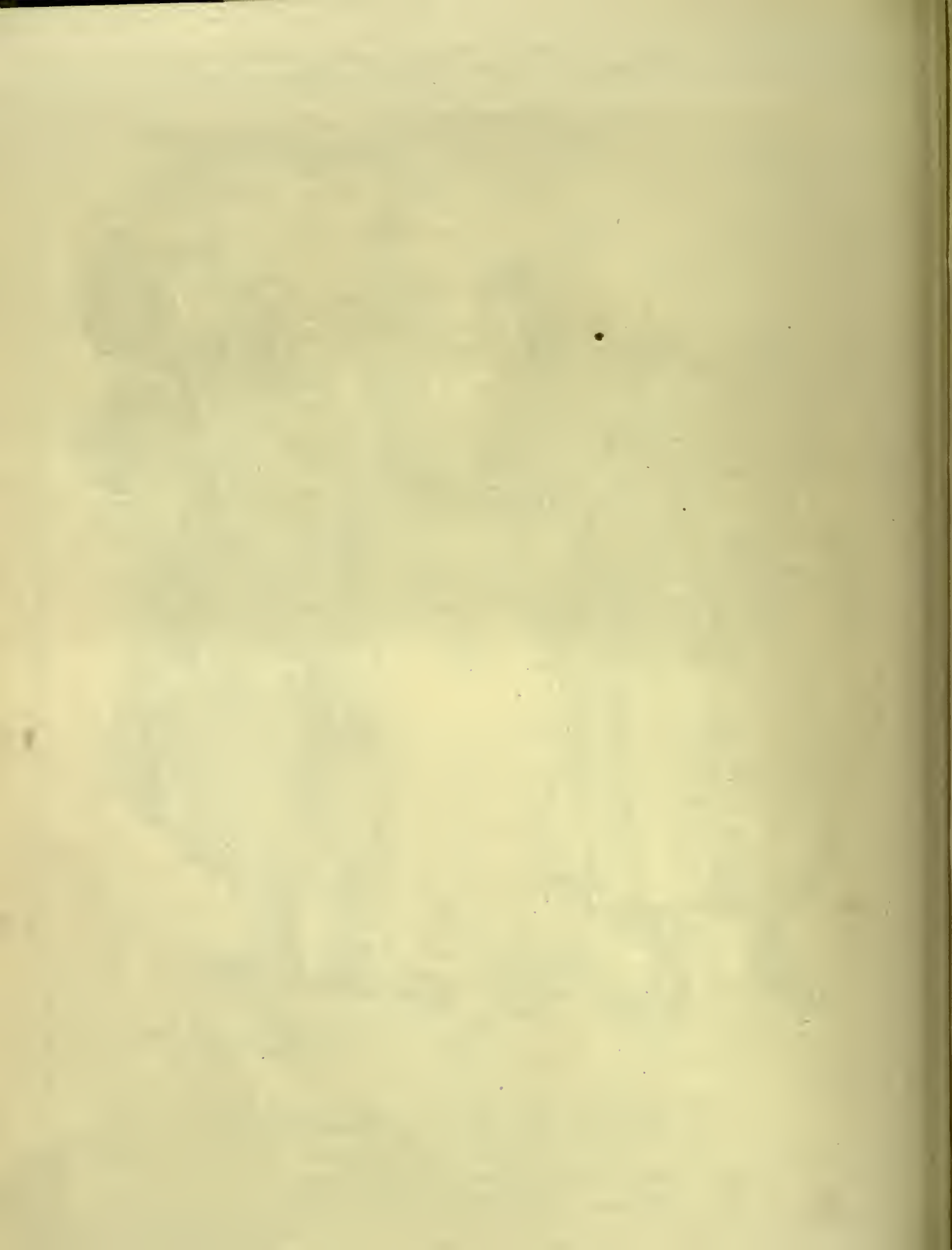


A WOMAN OF SOME IMPORTANCE

(Mr. Asquith and the Paisley Mill-hand).

"HOW ARE YOU VOTING, MY PRETTY MAID?"

"WAIT AND YOU'LL SEE, KIND SIR," SHE SAID.





SCENE.—Local Hall. DRAMA, "The Alaskan Tiger Cat."
 Hero (after unsuccessful proposal). "THEN, MARGARET, AM I TO TAKE IT THAT YOU REFUSE ME?"

LABOUR AND ART;

OR, THE CONVERSION OF BINKS.

You have stood at some time, I suppose, with a sense of disaster

And gazed at a picture resembling an egg on a mat,
 Or a sideslip of squares in the mode of a Pimlico master?—
 Well, Binks's "Rebellion" and "Afternoon Tea in my Flat"

Were extremely like that.

He was nuts upon Beauty was Binks, and from boyhood acquainted

With Art, and so bound to her side with such delicate links

That I doubt if the soul of her, much as we've written and painted,

Had ever been fathomed (for is she not strange as the Sphinx?)

Till she got to know Binks.

He had hundreds of phases, and all of them highly sensational,

A Cubist unbending, a Vorticist equally stout;
 Scorned one thing, he said, and one only, the Representational,

Meaning, I take it, a school where there isn't much doubt
 What the whole thing's about.

And at times he would say, as I stared at his riotous scrimmages

And asked what on earth was the meaning, "You must have regard

To the mind of the artist, for Art is a matter of images,"

And it seemed that he thought all these things when he gazed very hard

At a tub in a yard.

But at times he would tell me that Art was a mere inter-weaving

Of hues and designs; he had done what he could to expel
 All thoughts and all visual objects, for these were deceiving,

And I told him, so far as an ignorant layman could tell,
 He had done that quite well.

But I think that of all of his phases the last was most funny;

He was vested in white when I met him by chance in the town;

He had shaved off his beard, his beard, like Apollo's, of honey;
 His hair was quite short, he had lost his habitual frown,

He was looking quite brown.

He told me he never exhibited now in a gallery;

Commissions were filling his time and engaging his heart;
 What was more, he observed, he was making a regular salary,

So I asked him to tell me the worst and explain from the start

What had happened to Art.

"I have banished Design," he informed me, "and thoughts are all duller

Than Beauty, and Beauty is Art; but no critic can grouse
 At the notion of Absolute Pure Indivisible Colour

As calm as Eternity, smooth as omnipotent nouns—

I am painting a house."

EVOR.



Visitor. "YOUR FATHER SEEMS TO BE HAVING A STIFF TIME WITH THE ROLLER?"
 Daughter of the House. "OH, MUMMY ONLY SETS HIM ON TO IT WHEN HE'S BEEN NAUGHTY."

THE BEST OF THINGS.

"THE New Poor?" said Holder, like myself, one of them. "Nonsense. There are none. There are people who will not use their imaginations, of course. They are poor, but not newly so. This so-called new poverty doesn't touch me. True, the money I make will not go so far as it used to, but my imagination goes very much farther. I have trained it, encouraged it, my wife's and boy's too. We have cast off the absurd restraints imposed by the law of probability. In the old days, when I used to think, say, of motors, I was invariably badgered by the spectre of improbability. I used to think of a four-hundred-pound car, or perhaps, in a daring moment, my thoughts would creep timidly, like mice out into a still kitchen, on to the six-hundred-pound plane, only to scurry back to the lower plane almost instantly. Now I've thrown all that overboard. Rubbish! When I think of motors I think in terms of Rolls-Royces. Why think cheaply? It's a poor imagination that won't run to a six-cylinder car at least. Strictly, I shall never own a real motor scooter.

What of it? In my mind I use Rolls-Royces. We've rather worked the thing up at home. Come and dine with us and see for yourself."

We had sausages and mashed potatoes, with water. And I may say that never have I enjoyed a meal more. You see, Holder kept on telling us all the time about the famous dinner which now, owing to the War, we should never really eat, but which we were at perfect liberty to imagine we were eating. I am sorry you were not there. The *hors d'œuvres*! Holder describes *hors d'œuvres* better than any man I know. Oh, masterly, the colour . . . RUSKIN, perhaps. Anyhow, he carried us quite away.

His wife chose oysters. His description of oysters, instantly furnished, was a little gem—a pearl, silver-grey, so much so that I too chose oysters. His little boy, Dickie, chose caviare; but he really did not care for it. He bit on a piece of button in his sausage, poor child. That was why he did not appreciate the caviare. But Holder distracted his mind with some very remarkable mushroom soup—*potage de champignons*—a brilliant word-sketch. We all chose it.

For fish there was saus—pardon me,

sole. The little lad, Dickie, chose salmon; but Holder reminded him that he had had salmon the previous evening; it was out of season in any case, and he described how the sole tasted that probably Dickie will never touch. The boy appeared to enjoy it immensely.

I think it was the game, simple roast partridges, exquisitely cooked, which Mrs. Holder enjoyed most. Her eyes were frankly shining as she pensively chewed the third quarter of her sausage, and she thrilled to the juices of the partridge of the dinner she could no longer hope really to eat, but which Holder, thank God, would often describe, at any rate until a tax is put on conversation. Even then something might be done—deaf and dumb language, possibly—an evasion, I admit, but even the New Poor must eat occasionally.

We all enjoyed the game course most, with the exception of Dickie. The lad had finished his sausage, and mashed potato alone is not inspiring. But that great man, Holder, noticed it in time, and he satisfied the child with a word-painting of the brown crisp skin of cooked goose. Then we drank some magnificent wine. Holder



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

CHANCING, ON THE WAY HOME, TO COME UPON HOUNDS WHEN THEY HAVE JUST KILLED, HE PROPOSES TO SECURE THE BRUSH FOR MRS. P.-W. S., BUT CONCLUDES THAT UPON THE WHOLE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO BUY ONE IN TOWN.

ransacked the English language for it. A vivifying champagne.

But enough of food, or you will think we were gourmands. None of us cared for any sweets after such a meal. And that is what I like about the Holders: with them enough is as good as the feast they will never have.

After dinner we smoked a very fine cigar in the imaginary conservatory which Holder has just run up, and I have rarely, if ever, heard a better description of men smoking cigars in a conservatory. Next, Holder played me a fast game of billiards. He allowed me to choose my own table, and I picked the most expensive in the catalogue. Dickie marked for us. Then he went to bed. I heard his father whisper a most convincing description of eider-downs and real wool blankets when he kissed him. He is only a very little boy—big blue eyes, you know, like a girl's; they watered a little. Excitement. . . .

It was a clear moonlit night with a touch of frost in the air, so Mrs. Holder rang for the visionary footman, a good-looking, most willing, sensible

man, according to Holder's quick portrait of him, who piled up some great logs on a bank of coals of a positively fantastic size, and we gathered round to enjoy a run in the brand-new, latest model Rolls-Royce which is one of the special things which Holder will never possess in this world. Ah, but she was a queen of cars, and the best of cars always run better at night. I wonder why. So smoothly silky, so dreamily sweet-running, a pouring of cream! I wish I could convey to you the satin sound of her transmission, the low golden purr of her gears, the fanning of her velvet wings—wheels, that is. I would sooner ride in that verbal car of Holder's than walk round the real backyard that is my own, unless I fall behind with the rent, as I begin to fear I shall. . . .

Down the dreamy moon-drenched highways, across the magic silver-flecked moors, we climbed on the wings of the peregrine to the keen, cold uplands, soared awhile, then dropped to the warm and sheltered valley and so home again. We felt the radiator, Holder and I, and it was quite cool.

She will never boil on a stiff hill. Mrs. Holder was glowing from her ride; for an instant she looked pink and pretty; she had lost that wistful pinched look.

I went inside for a phrase or so of Holder's admirable idea of what cherry brandy should be. We chatted for a little about the estate that he will never purchase, and then I left, having promised to go round there to-morrow for a little shooting. It will be hot work among the pheasants if Holder has not lost his voice.

He and his wife came down the drive to the entrance-gates with me.

"Good-night," they said; "we're glad you've enjoyed yourself."

Holder was a little hoarse, for he is a generous host. I think too the motor run had tired them both, for their faces were again a little haggard; and the wind had brought tears to the eyes of Mrs. Holder.

So I said good-bye to them—and to Jack, their elder boy, whom they will never see again. He lies in France. But, you understand, it was as if he had been with us all again for a little while that evening.

HOPE FOR POSTERITY.

FULL many a year has waxed and waned
And sunk into its shroud
Since that first day that I obtained
A diary and vowed
To keep (as I informed my wife)
"The Records of a Simple Life."

Within it I resolved to state,
Like Mr. PEPPERS of yore,
The things that I, for instance, ate
And she, my Mary, wore,
Facts that would have a curious worth
When I was famed and—under earth.

And generations yet unborn
Would feel a thrill to note
How I upon an April morn
Left off my overcoat,
Or showed a pardonable spleen
At having missed the 9.16.

Nine volumes I've commenced at least
To write with eager pen;
The first, I note, abruptly ceased
On January 10,
While yesteryear the break occurred,
I think, upon the 23rd.

But this year, I am proud to see,
Stands not as others stood;
The prospects of posterity
Are really rather good,
Now that my zeal (not on the ebb)
Has borne me safely into Feb.

MUSICAL AMENITIES.

THE connection of occultism with music was recently discussed by Mr. CYRIL SCOTT in his interesting volume on *Modernism in Music*. It is satisfactory to know that the subject is not to be allowed to drop. Grave discontent is rife in orchestral circles at the monopoly enjoyed at spiritualist *séances* by the tambourine, and it is reported that Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN, the distinguished and outspoken musical critic, will shortly deliver a public lecture on behalf of the admission of other instruments to these mysteries, and in particular the tuba. The claim of the tuba, Mr. NEWMAN holds, is not only based on the profundity of its tones, but upon long literary tradition. Nothing could be more conclusive than the reference in the old Latin hymn:—

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulera regionum."

It is anticipated that the discussion will be attended by Signor MARCONI, Lord DUNSANY, Mr. YEATS and Lieutenant JONES, the author of *The Road to En-Dor*.

* * *

Meanwhile the conflicting current of musical materialism is running strong. *The Daily Mail*, always in the van of artistic progress, has espoused the cause

of the insurgent Georgians with intrepid zeal. Mr. JULIUS HARRISON is extolled in a leading article for finding a theme for an orchestral work, not in any of the misty or metaphysical abstractions which appealed to the effete Victorian composers, but in plums. And, mind you, not Carlsbad, but honest Worcestershire plums, without any Teutonic taint. Mr. JULIUS HARRISON's patriotic example is not likely to be lost on his brother composers. Indeed it is asserted on credible authority that Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK, who has completely forsown all Oriental and exotic subjects, is engaged on a gigantic symphony, with choral interludes, entitled "Yorkshire Pudding;" and that Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE is collaborating with Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN in a romantic historical opera in fifteen Acts called "From Woad to Broadcloth."

* * *

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who, it may be necessary to remind youthful readers, was a musical critic on *The Star* and *The World* before he achieved fame as a dramatist, has been causing his friends and admirers serious misgivings by his article on Sir EDWARD ELGAR in a new musical journal, *Music and Letters*. Sir EDWARD ELGAR has a great following; he has written oratorios; he is an O.M.; yet Mr. SHAW salutes him as the greatest English composer, the true lineal descendant of BEETHOVEN, one of the Immortals and the only candidate for Westminster Abbey! To find Mr. SHAW taking a majority view is bad enough; it is a case of proving false to the tradition of a lifetime—a moral suicide. But why drag in BEETHOVEN? So left-handed a compliment prompts the suspicion that, after all, what appears to be eulogy is in reality nothing more than an essay in adroitly dissembled obloquy. *Mutatis mutandis*, Mr. SHAW would not thank Sir EDWARD ELGAR for calling him, for example, the Voltaire of *nos jours*. What he does enjoy is the frank disparagement of Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, who describes him in the second volume of *My Diary*, just published, as "an ugly fellow, his face a pasty-white, with a red nose and a rusty red beard, and little slaty-blue eyes."

* * *

An interesting but, we regret to say, decidedly hostile estimate of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as a musician appears in the columns of a leading anti-*Coalition* daily. The critic discusses the PREMIER both as vocalist and instrumentalist, and in both capacities finds him sadly wanting. The volume of his voice is small, the timbre is unpleasant, the production faulty and the intonation far from pure. Admitting that Mr.

LLOYD GEORGE has a certain flexibility and facility common to all Welsh singers, the critic condemns his habit of resorting to an emotional tremolo which frequently degenerates into a mere "wobble." The PREMIER, he continues, shows agility and spirit in florid passages, but his declamation lacks dignity and his articulation is often indistinct. As a pianist he is equally unsatisfactory; his repertory is extremely limited and he is quite unable to interpret the complex harmonies of the Russian School.

* * *

A painful example of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's ignorance is forthcoming in the astounding fact that he is, or was, under the impression that Karsavina was the name of a town, and that the only musician of the name of Corelli was the author of *The Sorrows of Satan*. The critic concludes with a masterly analysis of the results of these shortcomings on the vitality of the *Coalition* Cabinet, already weakened by the withdrawal of Mr. BALFOUR, a very sound and accomplished musician of the old school.

THE EXILE.

Now I return to my own land and people,
Old familiar things so to recover,
Hedgerows and little lanes and meadows,
The friendliness of my own land and people.

I have seen a world-frieze of glowing orange,
Palms painted black on a satin horizon;
Palm-trees in the dusk and the silence standing
Straight and still against a background of orange;

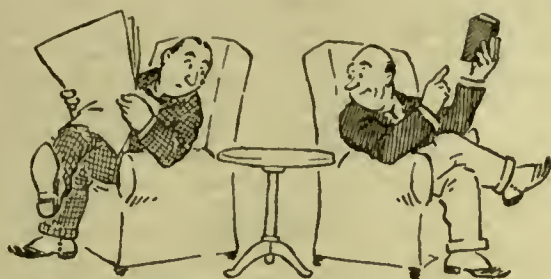
A gorgeous magical pomp of light and colour,
A dream-world, a sparkling gem in the sunlight,
The minarets and domes of an Eastern city;
And, in the midst of all the pomp of colour,

My heart cried out for my own land and people,
My heart cried out for the lush meadows of England,
The hedgerows and the little lanes of England,
And for the faces of my own people.

"The Viceroy, fishing in the Kabini river yesterday, caught a mahseer weighing 77 pounds. This is the best fish so far caught in one day."—*Weekly Rangoon Times*.

We gather that the giant would not have allowed any less august angler to land it except by instalments.

Fougasse -



"RATTLING GOOD BOOK THIS, *COURTSHIP AND CRIME*."
"YES, I'VE READ IT."



"SPLENDIDLY WRITTEN."
"YES, I'VE READ IT."



"BY JOVE, IT'S EXCITING!"
"I'VE READ IT."



"THERE'S ONE THRILLING BIT WHERE—"
"YES, I'VE—"



"—THE HERO—"
"—READ IT."



"—BUT I MUST READ IT TO YOU."
"I'VE READ IT."



"I KNOW YOU'LL—"
"I'VE READ IT."



"—ENJOY IT."
"I'VE READ IT."

GUINEA-PIGS.

It was with ill-concealed trepidation that I approached the Pontifical Personage who presides over Messrs. Barkrod and Tomridge's Zoological Department. The recollection of my previous and only encounter with him still burned in my memory. I had gone thither with a young nephew on whom in a rash moment I had urged the satisfaction to be derived from the study of natural history and he had countered with a birthday and a demand that I should convert precept to practice by providing him with a pet.

The P.P. greeted us with benignant expectancy. His white apron merely accentuated the obvious fact that he had come in a limousine. I have since decided that he mistook me for an eccentric peer. It seems that eccentric peers and struggling journalists are apt to provide the same air of sartorial abandonment to the eye of the uninitiated.

It was the young nephew, however, who made the running. The entire menagerie whistled, barked, sat up on its hind legs, performed acrobatic feats and said, "Scratch poor Polly," at his discriminating behest. Finally he reached a point where he simply could not decide between a Goliath cockatoo at £22 10s. and a white-faced Douroucouli at twenty-seven guineas.

At this juncture I insinuated myself into the discussion, and by the exercise of subtle pressure got him to compromise on a pair of white rats at half-a-crown. Never shall I forget the look of majestic contempt with which the Personage withered me as he extracted two torpid rodents from a congeries of their kith and, holding them by their pink tails, dropped them into a paper bag with the air of a Marchese depositing alms in the palm of a lazzarone.

Not lightly indeed did I again enter into the Presence. But on this occasion duty called. The troubadour with lady's glove in helm never showed a bolder front than the journalist in search of copy. And boldness, it seemed, was to be rewarded. As I approached the Pontifical Personage it appeared certain that he did not remember me. And why, I asked myself, should he? Had I been the Duke of Bedford or the President of the Ladies' Kennel Club I might have expected a place in his august memory. But an insignificant uncle buying white rats—it was absurd, of course, to fear recognition.

I plunged straightway *in medias res*. "I have here," I said, "a journal of unimpeachable veracity which declares that the Pasteur Institute in Paris is suffering from a guinea-pig shortage. Please oblige me with your expert opinion on this momentous matter."

The P.P. smiled slightly, cleared his throat and, waving me to the further end of the menagerie, proceeded to answer my question. "The common or Sicilian guinea-pig," he began, "the *Porculus Auriferus Excubitor* of Burfox, is still fairly common, though I may say that it is many a day since they could be purchased for a guinea. An allied species, the Chinese or edible guinea-pig, the Sing Fat Soo of the Cantonese restaurateur, is indeed quite plentiful, but for some reason or other has never found favour with the lead-

fine boar, was brought from China as the mascot of H.M.S. *Colossus*, but just after reaching harbour was accidentally devoured by the ship's cat. The remaining two I have here. They are expensive, of course, a hundred-and-five guineas the pair, but quite unique.

"Of greater zoological interest perhaps is this little fellow, *Porculus Auriferus Decaudatus*, an arboreal species from the Solomon Islands; or the striated guinea-pig of Central Nicaragua, which I am happily able to show you."

He placed Nicaragua's most valuable product in my hand, and it promptly bit me. That I did not drop it into a cageful of terrier-pups was wholly due to the native vigour with which *Striatus* hung on.

"The price of that is forty-five guineas," continued the Pontifical Person smoothly, as he restored it to its cage. I shivered.

"Now here," he went on, "is a pig of real historic interest. I have a fair number of them just in from my collectors in the Persian Gulf and can do them at eighteen pounds the pair." He motioned me towards a larger cage wherein a bevy of dun-coloured piglets were holding a soviet. "The Sumerian or Desert Pig," he explained, "of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, erroneously identified by GRENFELL and HUNT with the Southern form of the Tree Hyrax."

It was at this point that my intelligence forsook me. I had been getting on too well. It was the old story of over-confidence.

"Honestly now, old chap,"

I said, "and strictly between ourselves, do you ever sell any of the little beasts?"

His face lit up in a brilliant smile. "No, Sir," he replied, drawing himself up majestically and looking me squarely in the eye, "we keep these to show to inquisitive customers. We only sell WHITE RATS!"

I fled. As I crossed the interminable length of floor that separated me from the door I could feel that contemptuous smile rowelling my shrinking vertebrae. Halfway across, the Blue Himalyan guinea-pig could have given me three drachms and whipped me by sheer brute strength. As I sped towards the door an attendant opened it. It was unnecessary. I could easily have crept underneath it.

ALGOL.

"VACUUM for Sale, good condition. After 6 o'clock."—*Provincial Paper*.

Our own is generally at its best about an hour and a-half later.



Magistrate. "DO YOU WANT A LAWYER TO DEFEND YOU?"

Prisoner. "NOT PARTICULARLY, SIR."

Magistrate. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT THE CASE?"

Prisoner. "OH, I'M QUITE WILLING TO DROP IT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

ing English fanciers. The fact is that since the War our customers have become more discerning, and the common guinea-pig, being no longer called for, is not bred and has therefore ceased to be available for scientific purposes. A few of the art shades, notably *tête-nègre* and *beige* pigs, are still in request by the furriers; but the public demand is for something more select.

"Now here"—and reaching into an adjoining cage the Pontifical Personage extracted between finger and thumb a pinch of twitching fluff—"is the most highly-prized of the race, the blue Himalyan pig. Only five specimens have so far reached this country. The first pair were presented to the Duchess of Snoblands by the Maharajah of Khidmutgar about three years ago, but the sow met with an unfortunate accident in her ladyship's absence, being dipped into a box of face-powder by a thoughtless maidservant. The third specimen, a



Mistress (returned from shopping). "HAS ANYONE CALLED, LAURA, WHILE I'VE BEEN OUT?"

Laura (newly from the country and eager to display her progress in urban manners). "No, MA'AM, ONLY THE TELEPHONE RANG, MA'AM, AND I DID PUT ON MY CLEAN CAP AND APRON TO ANSWER IT, MA'AM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"A tough hide and some facility of expression"—to quote the author's modest estimate of his qualifications—have enabled Rear-Admiral Sir DOUGLAS BROWNRIGG to make his *Indiscretions of the Naval Censor* (CASSELL) the liveliest book of the War that has come my way. Thanks to the first element in his make-up he managed to retain his difficult and delicate post throughout the War, and only once came into serious collision with any of his official superiors. As these included First Lords of such diverse temperament as Mr. CHURCHILL and Lord FISHER, and First Sea Lords with such diametrically opposite views regarding publicity as Lord FISHER and Sir HENRY JACKSON, this was no small achievement. Thanks to the second element he has written a book which scarcely contains a dull page. Whether he is giving us a pen-picture of Mr. CHURCHILL conducting Admiralty business from a sick-bed, with his head swathed in flannel and an immense cigar protruding from the bandage; or explaining how the legend of Lord KITCHENER's survival arose from a trivial error that caused the news of the *Hampshire* disaster to reach Berlin a few minutes before it was published in London, he always writes with directness and *verve*. Admiral BROWNRIGG tells a good deal about the censorship, and illustrates his theme with some excellent reproductions of naval photographs before and after the Censor had "re-touched" them. He tells us even more about his

work in a less familiar rôle, that of Publicity Agent to the Silent Service. It was he who arranged visits to the Fleet by more or less distinguished personages—"BROWNRIGG's circus parties," as they were dubbed in the gun-room—and who engaged authors like Mr. KIPLING and artists like Sir JOHN LAVERY to describe and portray the doings of the Fleet and its auxiliaries. It pains me to learn, however, that "Passed by Censor" was only a guarantee for the harmlessness and not for the veracity of the stories narrated; and in particular that the famous "Q"-boat ruse of the demented female with the explosive baby was a pure work of imagination.

Without any special heralding, Mr. ERIC LEADBITTER seems to have stepped into the front rank, perhaps even to the leadership, of those active novelists whose theme is English rural life. I emphasize the word "active," with of course a thought for the master of them all, the wizard of Dorchester, at whose feet it would probably be fair to suppose Mr. LEADBITTER to have learnt some at least of his craft. His new story, *Shepherd's Warning* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), is a quiet tale of life in a not specially attractive village—a tale that conquers by its direct humanity and by an art so delicate and so deftly concealed that the book has a deceptive appearance of having written itself without effort on the part of its author. It concerns a group of peasants, agricultural labourers, inhabitants of Fidding, a village gradually yielding to the encroachments by tram and villa of the neighbouring town. The simple annals of

these folk, and especially of one family, old *Bob Garrett* and his grandsons, provide the matter of a tale gentle as the passage of time itself, never dull, instinct with quality in every line of it. Mr. LEADBITTER has a method of concentration so pronounced that, once let his characters, even his heroine, step outside the beam that he has focussed upon Fidding, and they vanish utterly, till the working (apparently) of fate brings them back again. Even the murder in his early chapters is so lightly touched upon as to produce hardly any effect of violence. His sympathy with the life of the soil, and the human lives that are so near to it, is clearly absorbing; the result is that, to all save the confirmed sensationalist (piqued possibly by the waste of good homicide), *Shepherd's Warning* will also, I think, prove Reader's Delight.

Mr. H. COLLINSON OWEN, formerly Editor of the soldiers' paper, *The Balkan News*, would just love to trap you into an argument on the value of our Macedonian campaign as compared with certain other war efforts. His book, *Salonika and After* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), shows him thirsting to accept battle for the cause he champions; and in the sub-title, *The Side-Show that Ended the War*, he fairly throws down the gauntlet. But take my advice and don't be drawn. He has a foreword from General MILNE to support him, and an extract from LUDENDORFF'S *Memoirs*, and a quotation from *The Times*. He has a very lively and convincing way of putting things too, and once he gets his enthusiasm fairly in hand becomes an uncommonly powerful advocate. Not that this volume is by any means just a piece of special pleading; only the author is honourably concerned to show both the importance and the severity of the war against the Bulgars, which he thinks people at home were a little inclined to disparage. I certainly cannot remember doing so, but, putting controversy aside, this book remains an adequate first-hand account of an adventure so great as to demand an heroic literature all its own, where it can be seen in true perspective. Mr. OWEN deals delightfully with nights in Salonika clubland or the vagaries of King "Tino," or with the more warlike matters culminating in the terrific actions that held the enemy's left wing tight while our allies smashed his centre. An excellent book, with illustrations above the average and a good map handily placed.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY'S *Spade Work* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a queer story queerly told. A musician and an art-and-crafty girl, both poor and both dull, are engaged.

The musician, visiting his fiancée, now well off and installed in a comfortable village farm-house, lets the strong air of the place get into his head and falls deep in love with a yeoman's daughter, who in turn, stimulated by this experience, straightway succumbs (at her first dance in real society, into which the great lady of the village, her patron, has introduced her) to the suggestion that she shall spend an unchaperoned night on a young blood's yacht, with results usual in distressful fiction. However, after many tribulations she and her musician, now duller than ever, are united, while the jilted craftswoman is left "full of ideas, sumptuous (*sic*), a little feverish" for village industries which from my impression of her mentality I should judge would be of a devastating order. Lovers of that charming

little West-country village in which the author sets her scene will not easily forgive her for naming it and baldly cataloguing its houses and sundry points of its environment, leaving out most that is the essential of its charm. It's simply not done by authentic writers of fiction—barring house-agents.

Those who experienced the rapture of discovery in an exhibition last May of caricatures by EDMUND X. KAPP may now rejoice (supposing them to command the needful guinea) that they can recapture this pleasure through a volume of twenty-four representative drawings collected under the apt title of *Personalities* (SECKER). Not for me to attempt detailed consideration even if it were not the duty of every amateur to fall a victim at first



SQUEEZED IN AND SQUEEZED OUT.
REGRETTABLE RESULT OF OVER-PRESSURE ON THE UNDERGROUND.

hand to Mr. KAPP's amazing art. But one can hardly pass without tribute such things as the head of the Japanese poet on page 1 ("Seer of Visions"), a really wonderful example of much meaning in few lines, or the WYNDHAM LEWIS, the only drawing in the book in which a suggestion of cruelty tinges the satire. Perhaps the most directly laughter-moving pages are those devoted to the brilliant series of musical conductors; is this because we have all stared out two hours into expert familiarity with these variously-tailored backs? But indeed here is a volume of twenty-four joys, or rather twenty-five, the last being anticipation of Mr. KAPP's further activities, which I for one shall await with very genuine interest.

"Miss —, the well-known lady golfer, was married yesterday. Several well-known golfers formed a guard of honour, and made an arch of golf clubs for the bridal couple to pass under. The bride and bridegroom were pelted with wooden golf balls."—*Provincial Paper*.

Rubber-cores might have been less painful, but were perhaps too expensive.

CHARIVARIA.

"If a burglar broke into my house," says Lady BEECHAM, "I should use the telephone to summon help." Lady BEECHAM seems to have a sanguine temperament. *

Asked how she would act in case a burglar broke into her house, Miss IRIS HOVEY said she would stand before him and recite SHAKESPEARE. If anybody else had said this we should have suspected a cruel nature. *

A libel action arising out of the representation by a German artist of the ex-CROWN PRINCE as a baboon is to be heard shortly. It is not yet known who is to prosecute on behalf of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. *

Nine thousand officials have been appointed to control the food supplies in Petrograd. English Government officials regard this arrangement as the work of an amateur. *

It is said that the exchange crisis is regarded by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN as a deliberate attempt to divert attention from the DEMPSEY contest. *

The rumour that CARPENTIER and DEMPSEY, in order to avoid further fuss and publicity, have decided to fight it out privately, appears to have no foundation. *

Wrexham Education Committee is reconsidering its decision against teaching Welsh in the elementary schools. The pathetic case of a local man who was recently convicted of stealing a leg of beef owing to his being unable to give his evidence in Welsh is thought to have something to do with it. *

A domestic servants' union has been formed and an advertisement for a good plain shop stewardess (two in family; policeman kept) will, we un-

derstand, shortly appear in *The Morning Post*. *

During the recent gales on the West Coast of Ireland the anemometer registered the unprecedented velocity of one hundred-and-ten miles per hour. A number of cases of anemonia are reported from the Phoenix Park district. *

According to *Men's Wear*, silk hats are to be increased in price by at least thirty per cent. Is it by this process, we wonder, that they hope to drive Mr. CHURCHILL out of business? *

break the law. It seems that he mistook the man for a policeman. *

A French physician declares that a gift for yawning is one of the most valuable health-assets. This should be good news for revue-producers. *

"Honesty," says Dr. INGRAM, "is the best policy after all." All the same some of our profiteers seem to get along pretty well, thank you. *

The egg-laying competition promoted by *The Daily Mail* has proved a great success. It is most gratifying to learn that the hens have done their best for "the paper that got us the shells." *

"The influenza microbe," announces a medical journal, "has made its appearance in many parts of the country and is slowly but surely making its way towards London." With any other Government than ours a simple suggestion that the sign-posts *en route* should be reversed would have been at once adopted. *

During the last four weeks exactly four hundred and ninety-nine rats have been destroyed in a small town in South Bedfordshire. It is hoped that as soon as these figures are

published a sporting rodent will give itself up in order to complete the fifth century.

"A champagne support was provided in the lower hall."—*Local Paper*.
Very sustaining, we feel sure.

"The paper supports the proposed formation of a first army of 'shock troops,' which would be capable of preventing the mobilisation of a great German army."—*Evening Paper*.
Anything to keep the influenza at bay.

"The times for the incubation of the eggs of various birds are as under:—

Ostrich	41 days.
Gnu	49 days."

Poultry-Keeping.

"Gnus, indeed!" said the Emu.



— A.T. SMITH —

"WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT ON SPURS?"

"I WAS GOING TO SPEAK ABOUT THAT, SIR. I REGRET I ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED TO PUT THEM ON THIS MORNING, AND CONSEQUENTLY HAVE CAUGHT COLD. SO I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE KIND ENOUGH TO ORANT ME LEAVE UNTIL—"

A pig and sty constituted first prize at a recent whist drive at Bishop's Waltham. We understand that a difference of opinion between the winner and the pig as regards the user of the sty has ended fatally for the latter. *

It is reported that the Victory badge now being worn extensively in New York is to be replaced by another bearing the inscription, "We did them." *

"I intend to tour England," says a Prohibition lecturer, "and I will not be hurried." We recommend the railway. *

A Tralee man charged with shooting a neighbour said he had no desire to

TO AMERICA

(*deferentially hinting how others see her and what they think of her threatened repudiation of her PRESIDENT'S pledges.*)

WHEN you refuse to sign the Peace
Except with various "reservations,"
And prophesy a swift decease
Impinging on the League of Nations;
When you whose arms (we've understood)
Settled the War and wiped the Bosh out
Regard the whole world's brotherhood
As just a wash-out;

You say, in terms a little blunt,
"This scheme that you are advertising
Was all along a private stunt
Of Wilson's singular devising;
His game we weren't allowed to know;
Under a misty smile he masked it;
We never gave him leave to go
(He never asked it).

"And you, poor credulous Allies,
Found in this fellow, self-appointed,
The worth he had in his own eyes
And let him pose as God's anointed;
Taking no sort of pains to see
Whether or not he had a mandate,
Like puppy-dogs the other Three
Out of his hand ate."

But how if *we* had queered his claim
Or questioned his credentials, saying,
"Who is this Woodrow What's-his-name?
And what's the rôle he thinks he's playing?
Is he a Methodist divine?
Or does he boom Chicago bacon?"—
I think that I can guess the line
You would have taken.

"Behold a Man," I hear you say,
"Of peerless wit and ripe instruction,
Elect of Heaven and U.S.A.—
Surely an ample introduction;
He comes to put Creation right;
He brings no chits—he doesn't need 'em;
Who doubts his faith will have to fight
The Bird of Freedom!"

O. S.

"SMALL ADS."

"WHERE do you get servants from?" I asked.

"From small ads," said Phyllis promptly.

I picked up the paper from the floor where I had thrown it in the morning. My wife is one of those rare women who always leave things where you put them. It is this trait that endears her to me. I ran my trained eye over an ad. column.

"Got it at once," I said with pardonable pride. "How's this?—'General (genuine), stand any test trd. £70 possess. s. hands yrs. s.a.v.'"

"I like genuine people," said Phyllis thoughtfully. "And under the circumstances"—(here she looked hard at me, as if I were a circumstance)—"under the circumstances I think we ought to have one that will stand any test. Seventy pounds is out of the question, of course, but she might come for less when she sees how small we are. What does 's. hands yrs.' stand for?"

"I don't know," I said; "I can only think of 'soft hands for years.'"

"I should like her," said Phyllis. "Their hands are the one thing against Generals. She must be a nice girl to take such care of them. Think how careful she'd be with the china. What's 'trd.'?"

"I'm afraid it must mean tired," I said.

"Oh, she'd soon get rested here," said Phyllis; "I don't think that need be against her. She's probably been in a hard place lately. Are there any more?"

"Plenty," I said. "How does this one strike you?—'General, no bacon, possess. 2 rms. £45 wky. s.a.v.'"

"I like that one," said Phyllis. "She must be an awfully unselfish girl to go without bacon. I don't see how we are going to spare two rooms, though, unless she's willing to count the kitchen as one. Forty-five pounds a week must be a printer's error. But we can easily afford forty-five pounds a year."

"It may mean that she's 'weakly,'" I suggested.

"That wouldn't matter much," said Phyllis; "and I like her the better for being honest about it."

"'Wky.' might stand for 'whisky,'" I hinted darkly.

Phyllis blanched. "Then she's no good," she said; "I simply couldn't stand one that drinks. What's the next one like?"

I read on: "Domestic oil no risk. 6 dys. trd. s. hands 10 yrs. s.a.v."

"I wonder whether that means that she *can* cook on an oil-stove or that she *can't* cook on any other kind? And does the 'no risk' refer to her or the stove? It's not very clear. I don't think we'll take up this one's references. Besides I shouldn't like one that was tired for six days."

"Out of every seven," I added, "and the seventh day would be the Sabbath, and her day off."

"Go on to the next," said Phyllis firmly.

The next one merely said; "General. Kilburn tkg. £40 1 rm. s.a.v."

"It would be nice to have a taking sort of girl," I thought (unfortunately aloud).

"We won't think of her, the hussy!" said Phyllis. "Pass me the paper, please."

"They all seem to want 's.a.v.," she said. "What do you suppose it means? I wish they wouldn't use so many abbreviations. 'S.a.' stands for Sunday afternoon, of course, but I can't think what the 'v.' is for. Of course we'll give them Sunday afternoons free, if that's what it means. I only wonder they don't want an evening off in the week as well. I call them most reasonable. And there are so many to choose from. I always understood from mother that they're so hard to get."

Then she turned the paper over.

"Oh, you are stupid!" she said. "You've been looking at the 'Shops and Businesses for Sale' column."

"So've you," I snapped.

And then I regret to say we had our first quarrel.

I told Phyllis firmly that she is not at all tkg., nor would she stand any test; that no one could engage her, much less marry her, without taking risks; that she hadn't had s. hands for yrs., that *she* wouldn't go without her bacon for anyone, and that I should be jolly thankful if she would take every blessed s.a.v.

I admit that Phyllis was more dignified. She merely sailed out of the room, remarking that I made her trd.

"Our Invincible Navy."

In continuation of a paragraph in his last issue, Mr. Punch expresses his regret if the article which appeared under the above title in these pages on January 14th has unwittingly given offence to any one of his readers through others having connected him with the character of *Reginald McTaggart*.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS BURGLAR.

PAISLEY HUMANITARIAN. "IF I COULD ONLY BE QUITE SURE THAT I SHOULDN'T BE DISCOURAGING HIM FROM SAVING."

[Mr. ASQUITH has pronounced himself cautiously in favour of a Capital Levy, on the condition, amongst others, that it must not be allowed to discourage the habit of saving.]



JULIUS CÆSAR ON THE LINKS.

Actor (whose knowledge of SHAKESPEARE is greater than his golf). "O, PARDON ME, THOU BLEEDING PIECE OF EARTH."

RINGS FROM SATURN.

(Extracted from various issues of "The Daily Mandate.")

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mandate."

SIR,—For a number of years I have been experimenting in wireless telephony with my installation on the heights of Lavender Hill. On several occasions recently I have been puzzled by mysterious ringings of the bell attached to the instrument, which have obviously been set up by long-distance waves. On taking up the receiver, however, I have been unable to make out any coherent message, but only a succession of irregular squeaks, although once I distinctly heard a word which I can only transcribe as "Gurroo." I have no doubt in my own mind that one of the more advanced planets is trying to get in touch with us by means of wireless telephony, and that once we have deciphered the code we shall be able to converse freely with its inhabitants. I myself incline to the belief that these rings emanate from Saturn,

which, in spite of its great distance from the earth, is just as likely to wish to communicate with us as any other planet.

Yours faithfully,

DIOGENES DOTTLE, F.R.S.

II.

Mr. Dottle's remarkable letter, published in our issue of yesterday, suggesting that inhabitants of Saturn have been endeavouring to communicate with the earth by means of wireless telephony, has created profound excitement in scientific and other circles. To a representative of *The Daily Mandate* a number of well-known men expressed their views on the matter, which will undoubtedly stimulate further investigation into the momentous possibilities of this epoch-making revelation. The opinions advanced, which are, on the whole, highly favourable to Mr. Dottle's theory, are as follows:—

Sir Potiphar Shucks, the famous astronomer: "The possibility that Saturn is inhabited is one that, in the absence of incontrovertible evidence either way, should not lightly be set

aside. Assuming that it is inhabited, that its people are skilled in the use of wireless telephony and that it is possible to set up waves of sufficient intensity to travel all the way from Saturn to us, I see no reason why communications of the nature suggested by Mr. Dottle should not at some future date become an accomplished fact."

Mr. Artesian Pitts, the well-known imaginative historian: "I have long held the belief that Saturn is inhabited by a type of being possessing a cylinder-like body composed of an unresisting pulp, a high dome-shaped head filled with gas, and long tentacles, bristling with electricity, through which all sensations are emitted and received. These tentacles would act as an ideal telephonic apparatus, so that there is every likelihood of Mr. Dottle's having actually received a message from Saturn. I take 'Gurroo' to be Saturnian for 'Hello.'"

Signor Tromboni, the pioneer of wireless telephony: "We are making ar-

rangements to test Mr. Dottle's interesting theory, and for this purpose are erecting a special installation on the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, which is several thousand feet higher than Lavender Hill. At our own stations we have frequently noticed mysterious ringings, which we have hitherto ascribed to carelessness on the part of operators; but Mr. Dottle's letter opens up a new world of possibilities. *The Daily Mandate* is to be congratulated on the prominence it has given to the subject, which has already had the effect of sending Tromboni shares up several points."

Mr. G. Shawburn: "It is an insult to Creation to assume that ours is the only populated planet. Of course Saturn is inhabited, but, unlike our own world, by people of intelligence. In the matter of mental advancement Saturn can make rings round the earth. All the same I don't for one moment suppose that Mr. Dottle knows what he's talking about."

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL: "Nothing is known in the Department under my control of telephone calls having been received from Saturn or the neighbourhood. I do not propose for the present to take any steps in the matter."

The LORD MAYOR: "Saturn is a long way off."

III.

(Extract from leading article.)

"... Again we ask, 'What is the Government doing?' For several days now our columns have been ringing with the world-wide acclamation of this stupendous discovery, beside the potentialities of which the wildest efforts of imaginative literature are reduced to pallid and uninspired commonplaces. Even so cautious a scientist as Sir Potiphar Shucks has declared that the idea of Saturn being inhabited is one that 'should not lightly be set aside,' and has announced his conviction that under favourable conditions communication with that planet should in the near future become 'an accomplished fact.' Other eminent leaders of thought and action, including Signor Tromboni, are even more enthusiastic in their reception of the great theory first given to the world by Mr. Diogenes Dottle in a letter to *The Daily Mandate*. But the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is content to treat the question with the airy scepticism and obstructive complacency that have rendered the London Telephone service a byword of inefficiency, and refuses even to make a grant in aid of the work of investigation.

"In these circumstances the proprietors of *The Daily Mandate* have



Indignant Egoist. "BE CAREFUL UP THERE WHAT YOU'RE DROPPING. THAT PRECIOUS NEARLY HIT ME!"

much pleasure in announcing that they will pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to the first man, woman or child in the British Empire who can produce evidence of having received an intelligible telephonic message from Saturn, and a further sum of one hundred thousand pounds to the first person to send a message to that planet and receive a clear reply. The services of a Board of distinguished experts are being engaged for the purpose of testing and adjudicating all claims.

"Meanwhile the POSTMASTER-GENERAL must go."

"It may safely be said that there are more millionaires to the square yard in Bradford than in any other city in the country, not even excepting London or New York."

Daily Paper.

The news that Britain has annexed the United States will comfort those who thought it was the other way about.

"The incessant singing of a cricket in a London church compelled the preacher to shorten his sermon."

The Children's Newspaper.

We may now expect increased enthusiasm for the "Sunday Cricket" movement.

A VERMIN OFFENSIVE.

THERE was a faint scuffling sound behind the wainscot.

"There it is again," said Araminta.

"Not a doubt of it," I replied, turning pale.

Thrusting on my hat I rushed up the hill to the Town Hall and asked to see the Clerk of the Borough Council immediately.

"I have reason to suspect," I said in a hoarse low whisper, as soon as I was shown into the man's presence, "that our premises are in imminent danger of being infested. Counsel me as to what I should do."

"It is your duty as a good citizen to take such steps as may from time to time be necessary and reasonably practicable to destroy the vermin," he said in a rather weary and mechanical tone.

"I hope I am not one to take my civic duties lightly," I replied with some *hauteur*, "but observe that I merely said I had reason to suspect the imminence of the peril. I should like to know the legal definition of infestation, if you please. I cannot definitely say that house-breaking has taken place as yet. I do not know that there has even been petty larceny. There may have been merely loitering with felonious intent."

"What is the size of your premises?" he inquired.

"It is more a message than a premises," I explained. "About twelve feet by ten, I should say—speaking without the lease."

"And how many vermin do you expect it to be about to harbour?"

"None have actually hove in sight at present," I said reassuringly, "but there is a sound of one in the offing—in the wainscoting, I mean."

"In a residence of your size I should say that a single mouse would constitute infestation within the meaning of the Act, so soon as it forces an ingress. It will then be your bounden duty to demolish it. How about purchasing a trap?"

"You are sure that is better than hiding behind the arras and hitting it over the head with a pole-axe?" I inquired anxiously, "or proffering it a bowl of poisoned wine?"

"Poison is no longer supplied free," he answered coldly, and I went out.

Very luckily, as I hastened up the hill, I had observed a building with the words, "Job Masters. Traps for Hire," written upon a wooden board. I went inside and found an elderly man sitting at a desk in a small office. He looked extremely patient. "Are you Job?" I asked breathlessly. "I have come to buy a mouse-trap."

Appearances, of course, are quite often deceptive. They were in this case. The elderly man was very much annoyed. When he had explained matters forcibly to me I went on down the hill and entered an ironmonger's.

"I wish to buy a trap to catch a mouse," I said to the assistant behind the counter.

"Certainly, Sir. What size?" said the lad politely.

"Small to medium," I replied, rather baffled. "It has only a medium-sized scratch."

He showed me a peculiar apparatus made of wire and wood containing apparently a vestibule, two reception rooms, staircase and first-floor lobby, with an open window and a diving-board. Underneath the window was a small swimming tank.

"I don't want a hydropathic exactly," I explained. "I propose to exterminate this rodent, not to foster longevity in it. How does it work?"

He pointed out that, after examining the various apartments, the animal would be allured by the fragrance of a small portion of cheese placed above the diving-board; overbalancing, it would then be projected into the water, where it would infallibly drown. "It is a thoroughly humane instrument," he assured me, "and used in the best homes."

I bought it and went on to a cheese foundry. Araminta was rather scornful of the sanatorium when I came home with it and set it, loaded and trained, on the dining-room floor; but the children were delighted. It ranked only a little lower than the pantomime, and if only we could have secured an outside visitor to it I believe that it would have defeated the Zoo. To visit it with a sort of wistful hope became the principal treat of the day. But, alas, the mansion remained untenanted. Sometimes during a lull in conversation we would hear the faint scuffling again, but after about six days I became convinced, by kneeling down and placing my ear to the carpet like an Indian, that the noise was even fainter than it had been at first. A terrible suspicion seized me. I dashed out and rang the bell of the flat next door.

"It is just as I feared," I said to Araminta on returning a few moments later. "We are not going to be infested after all. The vermin has been sighted in No. 140b."

"We must make the best of it," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "though it is hard on the children, poor dears."

"I wasn't thinking of the children," I replied bitterly; "I was thinking of the expense. If we had been living in a house instead of a flat we could

at least have deducted it from the rates."

I sat down and made out a bill as follows to the Clerk of the Borough Council, heading it:—

On Account of Spurious Infestation.

To one Mouse Institute and	s. d.
Aquarium	5 6
" Cheese	0 6
" Labour at 2/6 per hour .	0 7½
Total	6 7½

The man replied coldly that the householder was responsible for all expenditure incurred in precautionary measures and that the Council was in no way liable for the costs resulting from an offensive that failed to materialize. He ended with the rather rude postscript, "What kind of cheese did you use?"

This was a bit sickening. However, by threatening to lay information against him, I have at last succeeded in inducing the occupier of 140b to take over the abattoir at a very satisfactory valuation. It was between that and buying his mouse. EVOE.

TWO NIGHTMARES.

[*Dreamed after reading in a daily paper that "any style of dress that lessens one's self-confidence should be tabooed" (sic).*]

I TRAVELLED from the Sussex hills

With confidence divine,
Full of the conscious power that thrills
My heart when life is mine,
And strode to Lady Fancy Frills
With whom I was to dine.

Her guests had come from Clubs and Courts

And Halls of wealthy Jews;
As they surveyed my running shorts
I felt my courage ooze,
While conscious power, grown out of sorts,

Leaked through my canvas shoes.

* * *

Then I re-travelled South by West

Inflated with a joy

Which in the suit I called my best

No buffet could destroy;

I may remark I'd come full-dressed
From lunch at the Savoy.

But when the hills began to shout

I coloured to the roots,

And when the valleys cried, "Get out!"

To the last word in suits,

My joy, displaced by sudden doubt,
Leaked through my spatted boots.

=====

Of the mysterious Marconigrams:—

"They may be the effort of sentiment beings in some neighbouring planet to communicate with us."—*Evening Paper.*

Can we have broken in on a conversation between *Venus* and *Mars*?



MANNERS AND MODES.

PROFITEERING IN THE WEST END COMPELS MAYFAIR TO PUT ON ANY OLD RAGS AND DO ITS SHOPPING IN SHOREDITCH.

A CONFLICT OF EMOTIONS.

(With the British Army in France.)

"I've seen rivetters at New York pie-foundries and stew-specialists on North Sea trawlers," said Percival severely, "but I never realised how monotonous feeding could be till I got into a Mess controlled by Binnie."

Binnie puffed his pipe severely, being of the tough fibre which enables Mess Presidents to endure. Frederick, who had been silent, rose from his seat, heaved a distressing sigh and left the room.

"There's the moral that adorns the

throes of a spasm of melancholy. Percival entered and narrowly escaped being drawn into the vortex of a particularly powerful inspiration.

"Freddy, old pard," he said kindly, "why so triste? If the trouble's financial, my cheque-book is unreservedly at your service. Havin' no balance at the bank I've no use for it myself."

"It's not that—at least not worse than usual," groaned Frederick.

"Then tell me all about it."

"It's a long story," commenced Frederick.

"Let me off with a synopsis," interrupted Percival.

"I can't. It baffled description. Well, they drifted apart; but often afterwards, when that young laddy was studying his Manual of Military Law in his lonely dug-out, the image of Sister Carruthers glowed on the printed page. But I never met her again until the other day, when I was having a gentle toddle round Quelquepart and saw her gliding along the quay. Something gripped me by the heart; I took my courage in both hands and spoke to her.

"Don't you remember me, Sister?" I said. 'It was you who nursed me in No. 99 General.'



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"WILL YOU STAND BACK, SIR? YOU'RE SPOILING THE PICTURE."

tale, you—you public danger!" continued Percival, indicating Frederick's retreating figure. "Look to what a condition that once bright youth has been brought by your endless stews and curries."

"Not a bit of it," answered Binnie lightly. "Frederico could eat patent breakfast food and toasted doormats without taxing his digestion. His complaint is the tender passion. I recognise the symptoms."

"It looks like an acute attack, anyhow," said Percival, rising, "and prompt counter-irritants are indicated. But I'll confirm your diagnosis first."

Inside Frederick's quarters the sound of regular and sustained sighing suggested that the sufferer was in the

"Once upon a time," continued Frederick, "there was a big war, which made quite a stir in the daily papers and was a common subject of discussion in the clubs. There were many casualties, amongst them being a blithe young laddy who came down to the Base with a fractured maxilla caused by nibbling an M. and V. ration without previously removing the outside tin—or something of the sort. He was sent to hospital and devotedly tended by a Sister of exquisite beauty—such a figure and such hair! It wasn't exactly auburn and not exactly burnished bronze—"

"And it wasn't pale puce and it wasn't ultramarine," broke in Percival impatiently. "Tell me what it was, not what it wasn't."

"She looked at me coldly.

"As you are the third young officer who has adopted a similar method of introduction this afternoon," she said, "you must forgive me if I ask for some confirmation."

"Surely you haven't forgotten?" I cried. "You drew me a sweet little design in dots and dashes to hang over my bed. When I was evacuated to England I wanted to thank you, to ask if we might meet again, but you thrust a clinical thermometer between my teeth and told me not to speak till you gave me permission. Then you left me, and I was whisked away to the boat clinging grimly to the thermometer, inarticulate and heartbroken."

"And I presume your object in



Conversationalist. "EXTRAORDINARY CRIME WAVE WE'RE HAVING—ER—AH—FOR THE TIME OF YEAR."

speaking to me to-day is to return the thermometer?' she said primly.

"That's where I took the full count," continued Frederick, sadly. "If I could have produced any old thing in the thermometer line my *bona fides* would have been established and I could have gone ahead like cotton-mill shares. Instead of which, she'd said Good-day and gone while I was thinkin' out explanations. Since that time I've been parading Quelquepart simply bristling with thermometers, but I've never met her again."

"The old Army fault of unpreparedness," remarked Percival. "You ought to go to hospital."

"Don't be juvenile! What have hospitals to do with heartache?"

"Everything, if you go to the right one—the one where your ministering angel ministrates, for instance."

"Percival, old ace," said Frederick, with admiration, "you'll rank among the world's great thinkers yet. Turn on the current again and tell me what is my complaint."

"Digestive trouble," said Percival promptly. "There's already been rumours about, and you'll be doing a public service by going to dock with dyspepsia. Binnie will be so stricken

by remorse that he'll at once start providing the Mess with decent food."

"Then for your sakes I'll rehearse the symptoms. But my curse will be on your head if I get to the wrong hospital."

It was unfortunate that the M.O. was in an unsympathetic mood next morning. He thumped Frederick on the lower chest and pooh-poohed the idea of hospital. "All you want is a few of these tablets," he said, "and you'll be fit as nails in a day or two."

Frederick crawled away dispiritedly to confide in Percival. That sapient youth counselled perseverance.

"You must go right off your feed," he said. "Let the doc. see you feebly pecking and he'll soon get alarmed. In the meantime I'll nip off to give Binnie critical accounts of your appetite and send him to market right away."

Only a burning passion and stealthy bars of chocolate could have sustained Frederick through the next few days. To sit down to breakfast with a healthy appetite and refuse his egg and rasher put the biggest possible strain on his constancy. His task was made doubly difficult by the scheming of Percival, who was constantly inciting Binnie to procure fresh delicacies.

"You've crocked poor Freddy," he said; "and there will be others going the same way if you don't improve the messing. Now I saw some nice plump chickens to-day in the . . ."

Thus harried, that evening Binnie provided a dinner that almost reduced Frederick to breaking-point. Only the fact that the M.O. was sitting opposite gave him strength to refuse the soup and fish, to trifle with the chicken and turn wearily from the sweet. As the savoury was being served he caught a scrap of conversation across the table.

". . . to the boat to see her off for demob.," the M.O. was saying to the Padre. "Jolly nice girl—Jim Carruthers' daughter, you know."

Frederick pricked up his ears.

"I remember," said the Padre. "She used to be at 99 General."

There was no doubt who was the girl referred to. Frederick sat back in his chair with a heavy sense of disappointment and loss. He felt acutely sorry for himself. But presently above the pain in his heart there arose a stronger and more compelling feeling.

"Corporal," he said, "I think after all I'll try one of those crab patties. Or you might tell the waiter to bring in two."



Old-fashioned Aunt. "GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD! YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT LIKE THAT? YOU LOOK LIKE A CHORUS-GIRL."
Modern Maiden. "OH, COME, AUNT! I DON'T LOOK AS HORRIBLY RESPECTABLE AS THAT, SURELY?"

PICTURES.

"SOME likes picturs o' women" (said Bill) "an' some likes 'orses best,"

As he fitted a pair of fancy shackles on to his old sea-chest;
 "But I likes picturs o' ships" (said he), "an' you can keep the rest.

"An' if I was a ruddy millionaire with dollars to burn that way,

Instead of a dead-broke sailorman as never saves his pay,
 I'd go to some big paintin' guy, an' this is what I'd say:—

"Paint me *The Cutty Sark*' (I'd say) 'or the old *Thermopylae*,

Or *The Star of Peace* as I sailed in once in my young days at sea,

Shipshape an' Blackwall fashion too, as a clipper ought to be.

"An' you might do 'er outward bound, with a sky full o' clouds,

An' the tug just droppin' astern an' gulls flyin' in crowds,
 An' the decks shiny-wet with rain an' the wind sbakin' the shrouds.

"Or else racin' up-Channel with a sou'-wester blowin',
 Stuns'ls set aloft and alow an' a hoist o' flags showin',
 An' a white bone between her teeth, so's you can see she's goin'.

"Or you might do 'er off Cape Stiff in the 'igh latitudes yonder,

With her main-deck a smother of white an' her lee-rail dipping under,
 And the big greybeards drivin' by an' breakin' aboard like thunder.

"Or I'd like old Tuskar somewhere around—or Sydney 'eads, maybe,

Or Bar Light, or the Tail o' the Bank, or a glimpse o' Circular Quay,

Or a junk or two, if she's tradin' East, to show it's the China Sea.

"Nor I don't want no dabs o' paint as you can't tell what they are,

Whether they're shadders or fellers' faces or blocks or blobs o' tar,

But I want gear as looks like gear an' a spar that's like a spar.

"An' I don't care if it's North or South, the Trades or the China Sea,

Shortened down or everythin' set, close-hauled or runnin' free;

You paint me a ship as is like a ship an' that 'll do for me."

C. F. S.

Egyptian Darkness.

"Several letters have appeared in the native Press in some of which they ask Minindirect way, as they have done, but in a indirect way they have done but in a clear clear manner which cannot be interpreted two ways."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

Or, so far as we are concerned, even one way.



ANOTHER "RESERVATION."

STARVING EUROPE. "GOD HELP ME!"

AMERICA. "VERY SAD CASE. BUT I'M AFRAID SHE AIN'T TRYING."

["Relief would be found in the resumption of industrial life and activity and the imposition of adequate taxation. The American people should not be called upon to finance the requirements of Europe in so far as they result from failure to take these necessary steps."—Mr. CARTER GLASS, Secretary of the United States Treasury.]



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

THE BIG-GAME CURE.

[In common with everything else, wild animals have risen considerably in price.]

In other times I might have made
For those wild lands where growls
the grisly,
Have tracked him (with some native aid)
And held a broken-hearted Bisley;
Now that my Maud has murmured,
"Nay,"

Shrinking from matrimony's tight
knot,
I might have acted thus, I say
(Contrariwise, I might not).

In any case to-day I shrink
From thus evading Sorrow's tram-
mels;

A sense of duty bids me think
How costly are the larger mammals;
To kill them just to soothe my mind
Would seem to savour of the wasteful,
A thing all patriot poets find
Exceedingly distasteful.

Not mine the immemorial cure;
The voice of conscience warns me
off it;

I'll leave the following of the spoor
To those who follow it for profit;
I feel they would not thank me for
Turning the jungle to a shambles,
Who speculate in lions or
Have elephantine gambles.

And so this poet will not roam;
Remaining on his native heath, he
Will seek an anodyne at home,
Nor look beyond the Thames for
Lethe;
And if he fades away, denied
The usual balm in cardiac crises,
Say only this of him, "He died
A prey to soaring prices."

HOW TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES.

The *Weekly Dispatch* symposium, in which various celebrities discuss the way to act in the event of a burglar being found in the house, shows the need for a little advice in case of emergencies. We append the following very helpful hints:—

The old plan of offering a burglar a cigarette and asking him to take a chair while you telephone to the police is not now so successful as in the past. The best plan is to tackle the fellow right away. For this purpose you should step behind him, take hold of his coat and force it over his face. Then tie his left arm to his right leg across the back. Properly carried out, this method rarely fails.

To attract the attention of the young lady behind a post-office counter, fire

a revolver three times in succession, using blank cartridges. After first aid has been rendered to the attendants step up to the counter and purchase your stamp.

If you should be knocked down by a taxi, don't be alarmed and try to creep out from under the thing. And don't blame the driver. Apologise to him, and, as you are being carried away, shake hands and tell him that while it was his cab it was your fault. Treated in this manner, drivers are not nearly so offensive when they knock you down the next time.

Should the telephone-bell ring in your house, don't get excited. Keep calm. Remember General GRANT. Remove the women and children to a place of safety, lift off the receiver and say, "Good Heavens! Whoever can it be?"

Let us suppose that you are being attacked by a man with a chopper. Wait until the weapon is well poised over your head. Just as he begins the down stroke step aside smartly. The hatchet will then be found buried in the ground. This means that by-gones are by-gones.



"ARE THEY RISING THE DAY, SIR?"

"No."

"AH, WEE, JUST BIDE A WEE. THEY AYE TAK BEST IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING."

PETER AND JUDY.

EXCEPT for the fact that they had different sets of parents and were born some hundred miles apart, Peter and Judy are practically twins. Consequently, after an interval of three months, strenuous efforts were made by the two young mothers to bring about a proper introduction between the two wonders.

The occasion was to be one of great importance, for it was Judy's very first tea-party, marking, as it were, the dawn of her social career. For days the post-office wrestled with the correspondence necessary to bring about the meeting. The mothers, both in person and by proxy, had secured the precincts of Kensington and Oxford Street respectively for the necessary adornments to do their offspring justice, changing their minds so often that the assistants came to take as much interest in the party as if they were going to it themselves.

And yet, when the great moment arrived and the strong silent man was borne into the room, round-eyed and expectant, he found his hostess already tired out with her first tea-party and fast asleep. He could scarcely

believe his eyes; nor could Judy's scandalised father.

Peter was very good about it. He bore this chilly reception stoically, deprecating any desire to wake the sleeping beauty—deprecating, in fact, any interest in her or her cot whatsoever. Ignoring the efforts of the Big People to fix his attention by pointing him directly at the main object of the tea-party (they should have known that babies like looking the *other* way always) he remained passively interested in a fascinating brass knob, the while getting his gloves into a satisfactory state of succulence before the Big People should take it on themselves to remove them.

At last his patience is rewarded. The hostess, sighing sleepily, is beginning to show signs of realising her responsibilities. Two immense arms, two enormous fistfuls of fingers gather her up and she is borne through the air triumphantly . . . Peter and Judy are introduced.

I doubt whether any two people in this world ever displayed greater indifference. Solemnly they turn their eyes upon every other object in the room except each other. It is not until the number of permutations in

which two people can look at everything is exhausted mathematically that their eyes meet at last.

Then they cut each other dead.

* * * * *
Side by side they recline on the couch. Judy, pouting with sleep, is buffeting her face with her little white boxing-gloves, while Peter stares fascinated at the fire, quite sure that social functions are not in his line. "O-o!"

With only three months' experience, Judy has not yet attained complete mastery of the art of manipulating difficult things like limbs. Inadvertently, and in excess of zeal to kick higher than any other baby, she has landed out a beautiful backhander and caught Peter hard in the tummy. Peter's eyes open wide. Creases appear on his face and widen. A cavern opens and a roar follows:—

"Ya—o-o!"

"Hullo!" (Judy looks up in amazement, for there is only one noise in the house like that, and she has the sole rights of it). "Hullo, is that me? I didn't know I was doing it"—(the roars from Peter continue)—"but I suppose I am. I must be. Let's have a lot more of this very good noise I am making—Ya—o-o!"

The duet produces a crescendo astounding to them both, for there has never been a noise so wonderful as this in all their experience. Then to Judy a very strange thing happens. She pauses for breath, but the noise goes on. "This is amazing—how do I do it?..."

She joins in again—and then Peter stops. He too is puzzled vaguely. However, bother introspection, the concert proceeds, both artists doing their level best. Now one of them pauses, now the other, and at length serious doubts begin to creep in. There is something queer afoot—something...

The matter resolves itself. Turning suddenly they behold each other, both yellingsplendidly. Amazement! Cavern confronts cavern! Face to face they roar their hardest, demanding the reason for this strange phenomenon, "this other me who does when I don't."

They pause—their mouths remain agape. Slowly they close and smiles succeed. Joy! A reasonable-sized face at last. What a relief after the enormous faces, the great mouths, the Cyranese noses of the Big People who are wont to come and peer. Here at last is a true face, a face that—no, they both agree not to dwell unduly on the discovery.

Indifferent to each other once again they regard the special objects of their attention, their hands waving gently in the air, seeking the fairies that babies' hands are always trying to catch.

Ha! their hands have met.

"Hoo! It's a reasonable hand. It's got proper fingers, not stumps of bananas."

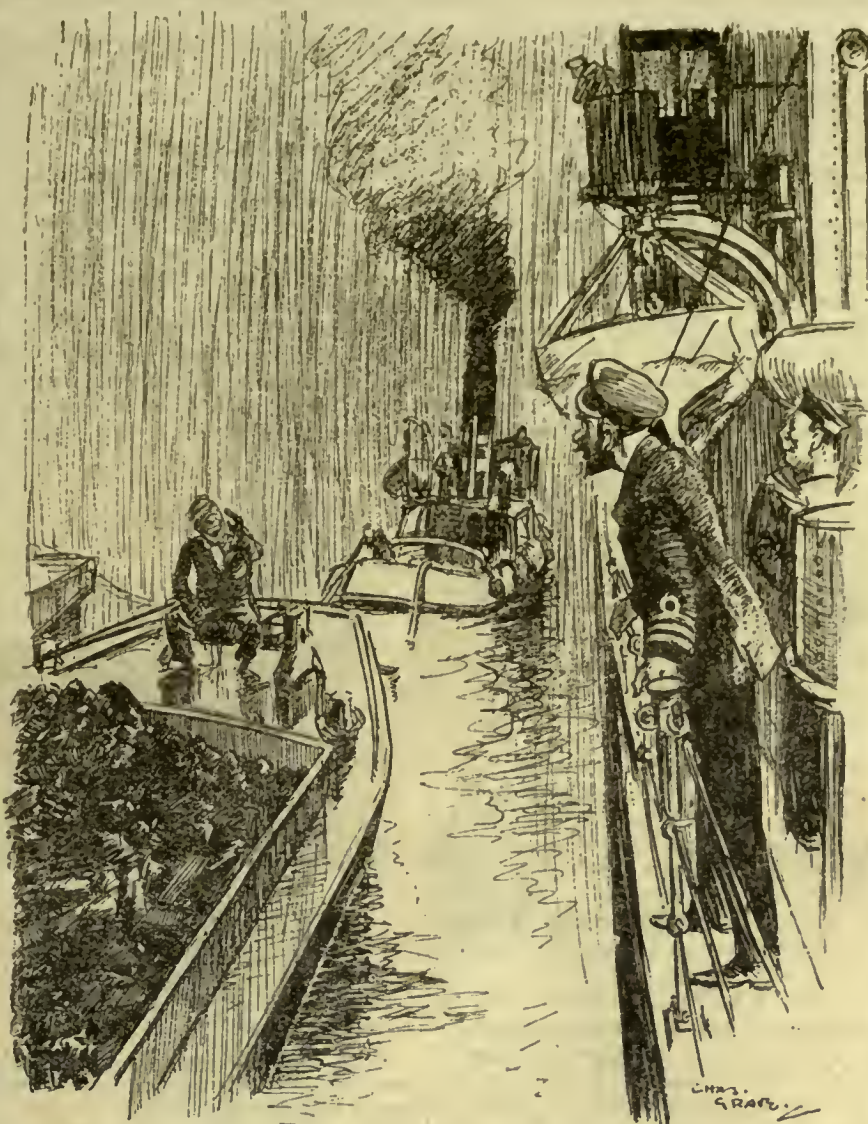
"Moreover," says Peter politely, "if you care to take advantage of my offer you will find that it is properly moistened, succulent and suitable to a baby's taste. You needn't mind; I prepared it myself."

"Goo! Gool-gurl!" All is peace and chuckles. Hand-in-hand they survey their mothers. "Our mothers, yours—mine. Ha, ha—he, he—goo!"

The inner thoughts of the two babies may be hidden from me (I accept the punishment), but I know—I know what the two mothers are thinking of. Twenty years hence, a paragraph in *The Times*: "Peter—Judy—" Oh, you fatuous mothers! L.

"Public interest remains unabated in the remarkable occurrences at the poultry-house farm at Brickendon, where spirit rappings in the morse code have been heard for weeks past... One question put to the spirit last night was 'How many people are outside?' And the reply was 'Rorty,' which proved to be correct."—*Liverpool Paper*.

And possibly furnishes some clue to the identity of the spirit concerned.



Officer. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Officer. "I CAN SEE THAT. WHAT KIND OF COAL?"

Lighterman. "COAL.."

Lighterman. "BLACK COAL.."

MORE INTENSIVE PRODUCTION.

WHEN first I learned to play the fool
In various (unaccepted) verses
There was, I found, one golden rule
For poets who would line their purses.
"If ye," it ran, "to wealth would mount,
For silk attires would change your
tatters,

Mere quantity will never count;
Quality is the thing that matters."

Broadly this precept, too, was laid
On grosser forms of human labour;
E.g., on Jones's antique trade,
Or Brown, the sausage-man, his
neighbour;

Until of late, throughout a land
Reeling from strikes and "recon-
struction,"

A cry was heard on every hand,
A clamour for "Increased Produc-
tion."

While "makers," then, gird on their
might

And merchants buzz like bees in
clover;

When Jones is sawing day and night
And Brown shows twice his last
turnover;

Shall I not follow where they've led
And, at the PREMIER's invitation,
Double my output, Mr. Ed.?—
I look for your co-operation.

"Oh, to be in England now that Noel's near."
So, one might adapt one of Kipling's lines."
Indian Paper.

What do they know of BROWNING who
only KIPLING know?

"LADY wishes to travel in exquisite lingerie."
Daily Paper.

By all means; but why should she be
content to wear an inferior quality when
she is stationary?

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. TODD'S EXPERIMENT."

A NEW terror—or else a new attraction—has been added to the British Drama. MR. WALTER HACKETT has brought the scent of the cinema across the footlights. When he wants to inform you of certain episodes in the hero's past career, or let you know what he is doing when he is out of sight, he throws the main stage into darkness and lights up a smaller one on which he gives you as many as six little tabloid plays within the play.

Such a scheme has its obvious conveniences for the playwright, and should greatly simplify the difficulties of stagecraft. Those introductory statements which are required to explain the opening conditions and need such adroit handling will no longer be necessary. You just put everybody wise by a series of *tableaux parlants*. No longer need the author worry about the best way of conveying to his audience the details of any action that takes place off the stage; he just turns on a playlet and there it is. Altogether, with a couple of the unities disposed of, he ought to have a much easier time.

On the other hand he is going to have trouble with his principal stage and put his actors to the inconvenience of playing in a painfully congested area. Thus, in *Mr. Todd's Experiment*, the permanent scene was the hall of a house, with a large tapestry occupying more than half of the wall. Lurking behind this tapestry was the stage for the tabloids, and the general company had to crowd themselves into the remainder or wander forlornly about in the space in front of the tapestry. The playlets again are almost bound to be just concentrated episodes, probably elemental in theme and certainly elementary in treatment.

The excuses for their interpolation in *Mr. Todd's Experiment* were not marked by a very great subtlety. There was really none for the first three, which simply relieved *Mr. Todd* of the tedious recital of the hero's disillusionments in love. The next two were introduced by way of illustrating his alleged gift of clairvoyance; and the last served frankly to fill in the interval while the rest of the company was away at dinner. The general effect of all these desultory little *Guignols* was perhaps rather cheap, and not very complimentary to the intelligence of those of us who had outgrown a childish penchant for peep-shows.

Mr. Todd's Experiment (for I have spoken only of MR. HACKETT'S) was to restore a *blasé* and valetudinarian young man of thirty to a proper state

of energy by recalling the memories of his past loves and so reviving in him a desire to stand well in the eyes of the sex. For this purpose he produces (1) a bunch of wood-violets to suggest (through the nose) the environment of his first passion; (2) a specially-tipped brand of cigarettes to revive (through the mouth) the sentiment of his second; and a gramophone record to recover (through the ear) the associations of his third.

So well does he succeed that the hero pulls himself together, shaves off his beard, becomes our OWEN NARES again, and sallies forth, habited for conquest, to pay calls on all the three. From all



Willoughby Todd (MR. HOLMAN CLARK).
"BE YOUR OLD TRUE SELF. MAKE THE WOMEN ADORE YOU."

Arthur John Carrington (MR. OWEN NARES).
"YOUR ADVICE IS GOOD. I WILL NOW TAKE OFF MY BEARD AND BE OWEN NARES ONCE MORE."

the three he retires disillusioned, having found them as egoistic as himself, and in the end finds solace rather shamelessly, in the love of a devoted slave who might have been his for the taking any time in the last several years.

The matter was pleasant enough, but its interest must, I think, have left us indifferent if it had not been for the diversion afforded by the playlets. While the idea was original, the presentation of it seemed to have a touch of amateurishness, though I would not go so far as to agree with the old fogey, played by MR. FRED KERR, who pronounced the scheme to be "all Tommy rot." With the exception of one character—the devoted slave—the lightness of the dialogue, mildly cynical, was due not so much to its wit as to the absence of ponderable stuff. The easy trick, so popular with the modern playwright,

of letting the audience down in the middle of a serious situation was illustrated by the hero when, being in deadly earnest, he tells every woman in turn that she is the only woman he has ever loved.

As *Mr. Todd*, MR. HOLMAN CLARK was as frosh as he always is; but MR. OWEN NARES could hardly hope to satisfy the exigent demands of adoration in the part of young *Carrington*. Who, indeed, could sustain his reputation as a figure of romance when addressed as "Arthur-John"? MR. FRED KERR, who played *Martin Carrington*, the cantankerous uncle, cannot help being workmanlike; but he was asked to repeat himself too much. The best performance was that of Miss MARION LORNE, in the part of the hero's one devoted lover, *Fancy Phipps*; her quiet sense of humour, salted with a slight American tang, kept the whole play together. O. S.

"TEA FOR THREE."

Playwright MR. ROY COOPER-MEGRUE, and principal players Miss FAY COMPTON, the wife; MR. STANLEY LOGAN, the friend, and MR. A. E. MATTHEWS, the husband, made a first-rate thing of two-thirds of *Tea for Three*.

The wife is without blemish physically or morally. The husband is faithful with a single-minded fidelity in thought, word and deed that looks (and, I am assured by equally innocent victims, is) positively deadly. The friend "frits and flutters" about in a distinctly casual, not to say polygamous, mood, but has one sacred place in his untidy heart in which the wife is enshrined. He can manage to sustain life so long as he may come to triangular tea on Thursdays. But the faithful husband puts his foot on that.

Hence the stolen lunch for two with which the play opens. Philosophy there is, and very good philosophy too, from the flutterer and fritter, and such love-making as every virtuous woman (at heart a minx) allows. She is sorry, doubtless, for the suffering she causes, but (this is my gloss, not, I think, the author's) is really enjoying it like anything and taking jolly good care to look her best. Then follow little lies and as little and as needless and quite innocent indiscretions; and the jealous husband on the rampage.

All this excellently put together, seasoned with wisdom and wit and most capably played; Miss FAY COMPTON, admirable example of a pretty actress who won't let herself be captured by stage tricks, making everything explicable except her continued love for her intolerable bore (and Turk) of a husband; MR. A. E. MATTHEWS

handling a desperately unsympathetic part, which was already beginning to look impossible, with great adroitness; and Mr. STANLEY LOGAN, though badly hampered by a shocking cold and fighting a coughing audience, carrying the bulk of the good talk and lifting it gently over the few difficult places with a brilliant and well-concealed art.

Thus till towards the end of the Second Act. Then a bad, a very bad, fairy stuffed into Mr. MEGRUE's head the idea of the suicide lottery. The infuriated husband, finding his wife in her friend's room at 7 p.m. (frightfully improper hour), sternly offers his bowler (or Derby) hat, in which are two cards. The one marked with a cross is drawn by the flutterer and means that he is for it. He is to kill himself within twenty-four hours . . . And all this with perfect seriousness.

You will see how the Third Act of a comedy which had tied itself in this kind of a knot simply could not be played. The author had completely sacrificed plausibility, and it was not uninteresting to see him twisting and turning, hedging and bluffing to save it; and a little uncomfortable to note the conviction oozing away out of the performers. . . . Queer also that it isn't more generally recognised that to come to the theatre with a loud persistent cough is a form of premeditated robbery with violence. T.

A NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

THE latest development in connection with the International Brotherhood movement is the establishment of a College of Correct Cosmopolitan Pronunciation. The need of such an institution has long been clamant, and the visit of the Ukrainian choir has brought matters to a crisis. At their concert last week several strong women wept like men at their inability to pronounce the title of one of the most beautiful items on the programme—"Shtchedryk." Again, as Mr. SMILLIE must have bitterly reflected, how can we possibly render justice to the cause of Bolshevism so long as we are unable to pronounce the names of its leaders correctly? The same remark applies to the Russian Ballet; the Yugo-Slav handbell-ringers; the vegetarian Indian-club swingers from the Kurakoram Himalayas; the polyphonic gong-players from North Borneo; the synthetic quarter-tone quartette from San Domingo; the anthropophagous back-chat comedians from the Solomon Islands; not to mention a host of other interesting companies, troupes, corroborers and pow-wows which are now in our midst for the purpose of cementing the confraternity of nations.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN. HE DETERMINES TO MASTER THE ART OF CRACKING A WHIP.

Suitable premises for the College have been secured in the heart of Mayfair and a competent staff of instructors has already been appointed, who, with the aid of gramophones, will be able to train the students to perfection in the requisite command of the most explosive gutturals, labials and sibilants. Doctor PRINKEIVITCHEVTSNICHITZKY will be the director of the College; Dr. SETON WATSON and Mr. WICKHAM STEED have kindly undertaken to supervise the Yugo-Slav section, and the list of patrons and patronesses includes the names of the Prince of Prinkipo; Madame KARSAVINA, so long a victim of the mispronunciation of her melodious surname; Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, the famous Irish

scholar; Pronk-Bib-Doda, the Albanian chieftain; Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE; Lord PARMOOR; Sir THOMAS BEECHAM and the Dowager Begum of BHOPAL.

Pegasus at Polo.

"The following teams have entered for the Lahore Polo Tournament:—4th Cavalry, 17th Cavalry, 21st Lancers, 33rd Cavalry, 39th Central India Horse, Lahore, the Fox-hunters from Meerut, and the Royal Air Horse from Delhi."

Civil and Military Gazette.

An Up-to-date Costume.

"For your evening dress I advise you simply to buy a piece of broad silver ribbon, pass it twice round the waist and knot it at the side, with a little bunch of berries and leaves caught into the knot."—*Ladies' Paper.*

REVOLT OF THE SUPER-GEORCIANS.**WILD SCENES AT A MEETING OF PROTEST.**

AS Indignation Meeting, to protest against the outrageous attacks levelled against Georgian writers and critics by Professor NOYES in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution and by Mr. A. D. GODLEY in an article in the current *Nineteenth Century*, was held last Saturday evening at the Klaxon Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. EDWARD MARSH, C.M.G., who was supported on the platform by a compact bevy of Georgian bards; but at an early stage of the meeting it became apparent that a majority of those present in the body of the hall were extremists of violent type, and eventually, as will be seen, the proceedings ended in something approximating to a free fight.

Mr. MARSH began by a frank confession. He had taken a First Class in the Cambridge Classical Tripos. But the days in which he had been steeped to the lips in Latin and Greek were long past, never to return. For many years he had not composed hexameters, elegiacs or iambics. He had thrown in his lot with insurgent youth, not as a competitor or rival, but as an advocate, an admirer and an adviser. Indeed, if he might venture to say so, he sometimes acted as a brake on the wheels of the triumphal Chariot of Free Verse. He was not an adherent of the fantastic movement known as "Dada." He had no desire to abolish the family, morality, logic, memory, archæology, the law and the prophets. A little madness was a splendid thing, but it must be methodic. Still, for the rest he was a Georgian, heart and soul, and it pained him when men who ought to know better raised the standard of reaction and sought to discredit the achievements of his *protégés*. These attacks could not be passed over in silence, and the meeting had been convened to consider how they should be met, whether by a reasoned protest or by retaliation.

Miss Messalina Stoot, who punctuated her remarks with the elashing of a pair of cymbals, observed that as a thorough-going Dadaist she had no sympathy with the half-hearted attitude of the Chairman. It was a battle between Dada and Gaga, and emphatically Dada must win.

Mr. Mimram Stoot, who accompanied himself on the sarrusophone, endorsed the iconoclastic views of his sister. The only poetry that counted was that which caused spinal chills and issued from husky haughty lips. The moanings of mediæval molluscs were of no avail, though they might excite the

crustacean fossils of Oxford, the home of lost causes.

Mr. Séumas O'Gambhaoil wished to protest against Mr. NOYES' statement that there were ten thousand Bolshevik poets in our midst. This was a shameless underestimate of the total, which was at least twice that figure. Mr. GODLEY's offence, however, was much worse, as he was an Irishman, though of the self-expatriated type to which GOLDSMITH and MOORE belonged. The rest of Mr. O'Gambhaoil's speech was delivered in Irish, but he was understood to advocate a repatriation of all Irish renegades to be tried and dealt with by the Sinn Féin Republic.

Mr. Caradoc Cramp applauded the sentiments of the last speaker, but considered that he avoided the real issue. The Chairman had declared himself a Georgian, but that was not enough. The worst enemies of Free Verse were to be found in that camp. In technique and even in thought there was little to choose between many so-called Georgians and the most effete and reactionary Victorians. He alluded to the War poets, or rather the "Duration" poets, most of whom were already back-numbers. Between these and the Post-war poets, the true super-Georgians or paulo-post-Georgians, it was necessary to make a clean cut. To protest against Messrs. GODLEY and NOYES was a mere waste of time and energy. They might just as well protest against the existence of an extinct volcano or the skeleton of the brontosaurus. The real danger to be faced was the intrinsic subjectivity of the early and mid-Georgian poets, of whom the Chairman had been so powerful and consistent a supporter. He accordingly called for volunteers to storm the platform, and, a large number having responded to his appeal, Mr. MARSH was dislodged from the Chair after a gallant fight. A resolution of adherence to the principles of "Dada" having been passed by a large majority, the meeting broke up to the strains of the famous song—

a e o u o youyouyou i e o u o
youyouyou
drrrrdrrrrdrrrrgrrrrgrrrrgrrrrrrrrrr
beng bong beng bang
boubboubm boubboubm boubboubm.

"Gentleman, Interested in Tattooing and largely covered, would like to hear from other enthusiasts to compare notes."—*Times*.

We trust the "bare-back" mode is not going to spread to the more modest sex.

From a "stores" circular:—

"THIS WEEK'S ECONOMY OFFERS.

Honey in Sections, each 3/9, three for 14/0." The economy consists, of course, in buying them one at a time.

WATER-BABIES.

IN a limbo of desolate waters,
In the void of a flood-stricken plain,
You will find them—the sons and the daughters

Of tropical rain.

For when rivers are one with the ocean,
When the ricefields and roads are no more,

There's a feeling of magic, a notion
Of fairyland lore;

And the babies of Burma can revel
In a nursery of whirlpool and slime,
Where it thunders and rains like the devil

For weeks at a time.

They paddle their rafts through the jungle;

They swim through a network of leaves;

They clamber with never a bungle
To divo from the caves.

'Tis an orgy of goblins, an image
Of nudity floating the flood,
Of shorn-headed brownies who serim-mage

And splash in the mud.

As we row neath a tamarind, one'll
Roll off with a gesture of fright,
Bobbing up like a cork at our gunwale
And gurgling delight.

But never a stanza shall measure
The joy of that desperate crew
Of four-year-olds scouring for treasure
Astride a bamboo.

Their fathers smoke, huddled in sorrow,
Their mothers chew betel and fret,
And the pariahs howl for a morrow
Which shall not be wet;

The plovers wheel o'er them complaining,

And it's only the babies who pray
That the skies may be raining and raining

For ever and aye. J. M. S.

Another Mesopotamian Scandal.

"The commodious and fast ss. 40 will leave Basrah for Baghdad and all intermediate ports on Saturday morning at 9 A.M. Passengers will embark at 10 A.M."—*Basrah Times*.

"END OF COTTON SUIT.

DRAMATIC COLLAPSE."

Daily Paper.

We are more than ever convinced of the superior wearing qualities of woollen.

"The Government of the Commonwealth of Australia agrees to the admission on passport of Indian merchants, students, tourists, with there irrespective wives."—*Indian Paper*.

But ought any Government to encourage this sort of thing?



Dancing Man (at Galleries of New Primitive Art Society).. "ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT, WITH SUCH A GOOD FLOOR, THEY MIGHT HAVE PUT UP SOME BETTER PICTURES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOLLOWING the iconoclastic spirit of the age, Mr. BARRY PAIN has essayed in *The Death of Maurice* (SKEFFINGTON) the revolutionary experiment of a murder mystery tale that does not contain (a) a love interest, (b) a wrongly suspected hero, (c) a baffled inspector, (d) an amateur, but inspired, detective. It would be a grateful task to add that the result proves the superfluity of these time-worn accessories. But the cold fact is that, to me at least, the proof went the other way. From the first I was painfully aware of a lack of snap about the whole business, and I am more than suspicious that the author himself may have shared my unwilling indifference. *Maurice* was an artistic bachelor, a landowner, a manufacturer of jam, a twin (with a hogie gift of knowing at any moment the relative position of his other half, which might have been worked for far more effect than is actually obtained from it), and a reputation of making enemies. He had also an unusual neighbour, in the person of a young woman whose unconventionality led her to perambulate the common at midnight, playing the first bars of *Solveig's Song* upon the flute. One night, at the close of the first chapter, a gun was heard. But you are wrong to suppose (however naturally) that the flute-player was the victim. It was *Maurice*. And of course the problem was, who did it. I have told you my own experience of the working out; nothing written by Mr. BARRY PAIN can ever be really dull,

just as no story starting with a mysterious murder can lack a certain intrigue; but the fact remains that my wish, heroically resisted, to look on to the last chapter was prompted more often by impatience than by any compelling curiosity. Others may be happier.

The author of *A Journal of Small Things* has done much to make us understand the sufferings of stricken France and the more intimate sorrows of war. *Chill Hours* (MELROSE) deals with that dark period before the end, when, to some, it seemed all but certain that the will to victory must fail. Of the three parts of this gracious little book the first consists of six sketches of life behind the lines, life both gentle and simple, as affected by war. "Odette in Pink Taffeta," an episode of bereavement, is in particular exquisitely visualised. "Their Places" and "The Second Hay" treat, with a quiet intensity of conviction, of the absolutely deadening absorption, by overwork and anxiety, of peasant wives and children left to carry on in the absence of their men. The third part is a series of hospital vignettes. They do not attempt to be too cheery, but they have the stamp of realised truth. "Nostalgia," the second part, is in another mood—recalled memories of the beauties of a loved land and of dear common things affectionately seen. To those who dare look at war with open eyes and who take pleasure in sincere and beautifully-phrased writing I commend Mrs. HELEN MACKAY's book without reserve.

Somewhere in Christendom (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is some-

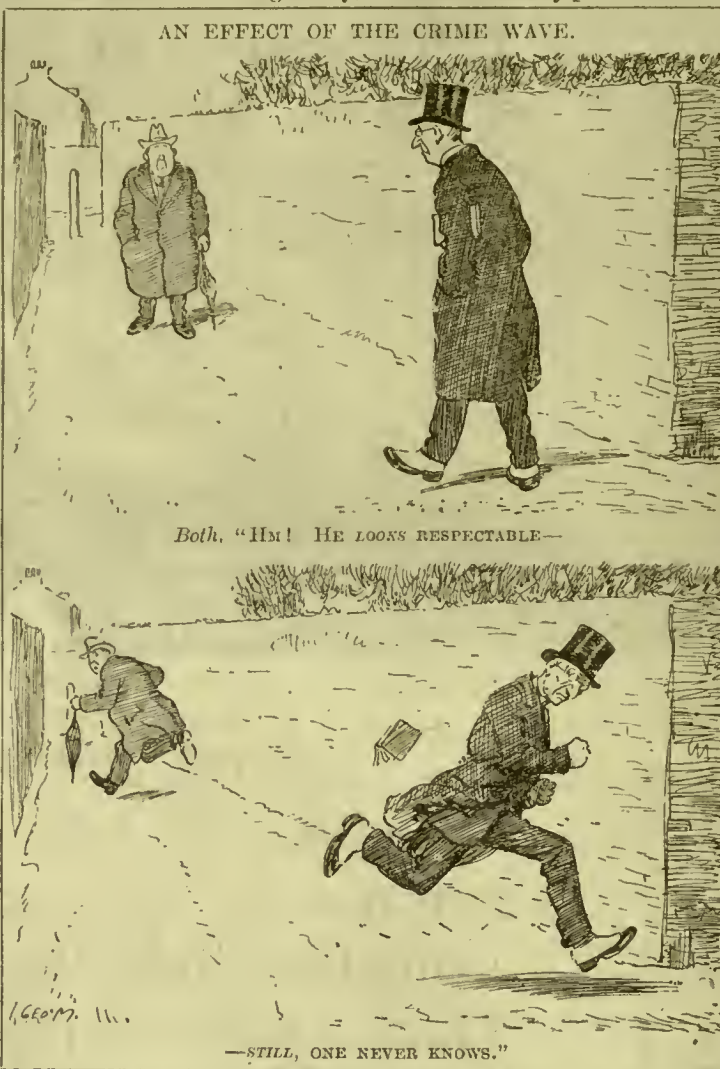
what embarrassing to a reviewer, for it has the theme of a great book with the manner of a trivial one. It is the history of a very much smaller nation, Ethuria, left despoiled and starving at the end of a nine-years' war, in which its great neighbours have used it as a battle-ground. Revolution begins, but a woman prophet steps in and switches it off in an unusual direction. The Ethurians perfect among themselves that fellowship which is the nice ideal behind many nasty manifestations in the real world, and, when next they are invaded by neighbouring nations anxious to use them as an excuse for belligerency, they resolutely stick to their guns (only the metaphor is most unsuitable), refuse to find any cause of quarrel with their "foreign brothers," and finally persuade them to abandon the ideals of war, so that peace on earth becomes a reality at last. Here is the book's theme; its working out allows for a boxing match between the President of Hygeia and the Foreign Secretary of Tritonia as the minimum of hostilities; a wicked newspaper lord, who pulls strings in both countries, and a faithful butler to the Royal Family, who becomes assistant state nursemaid and cleans silver as a hobby. Though I quite agree with Miss EVELYN SHARP and the Ethurians that it is love that makes the world go round, I am not so sure that either hers or theirs is the best way of advocating their common cause.

You may remember an original and striking book of papers about the theatre under the title of *Buzz-Buzz*. Its author, JAMES E. AGATE, has now followed it with another, called, rather grimly, *Responsibility* (RICHARDS). You will be absolutely correct in guessing that this is not a treatise on revue, being indeed an autobiographical novel of (I feel bound to add) precisely the same calibre as, in the sister realm of drama, made the name of Manchester at one period a word of awe. Why do these young Mancunians recollect to such stupendous purpose? Here is Mr. AGATE, with an introduction of forty-four pages, all about time and infinity, before he can get his protagonist so much as started anywhere at all. It is a little like one of those demon-scenes out of the pantomimes he describes so lovingly—"Do so! May safety and success attend on *Crusoe*." But of course the subsequent action is more responsible. I imagine Mr. AGATE's picture of young-man life in the Manchester of the nineties to be very much like the real thing. Relaxation was not wholly remote from it. Cotton and commandments were broken with equal facility. Also you may be impressed by the

number of Germans in it. Finally, after telling us, sometimes engagingly, sometimes verbosely, all he can remember about Lancashire, Mr. AGATE brings his hero to Town, levers him along, year after year, and gets (almost on his last page) to his big situation. I won't spoil it. *Responsibility*, which might better have been called "Garrulity," is a novel containing boredom and charm in about equal proportions; not to mention promise for the days when its author has learned to discipline his too-ready pen.

From the early part of 1915 until the end of 1917 Admiral

Sir REGINALD BACON commanded at Dover, and from the preface to *The Dover Patrol* (HUTCHINSON) we can gather that he is smarting under a considerable sense of injustice and injury. Of the merits of his case—he frankly describes his dismissal as brutal—I do not pretend to judge, but can safely assume that the other side have something to say for themselves, if they care to. However, you are not to suppose that this is a bitter book. Most generous are the praises which the Admiral bestows upon his subordinates; his venom he reserves for just the chosen few who, no doubt, can bear it. Apart from personal recriminations, of which some of us must be more than tired, these two portly volumes are of real historical value. You will find in them not only a record of actual achievements, often carried out under desperately difficult conditions, but also of projects which for one reason or another were never fulfilled. "Why don't we try to land on the Belgian coast?" was a question our amateur strategists were never



Both, "Hm! HE LOOKS RESPECTABLE—"

—STILL, ONE NEVER KNOWS."

weary of asking. Well, here is their answer. Here, too, are countless photographs, charts, plans and diagrams—a really wonderful collection. Even if you are not in the least interested in Sir REGINALD's grievances you will find him a writer who has a lot of useful things to say and knows how to say them.

"The normal average amount of clothing required in a temperate climate such as ours is: One pound weight of clothing to every one stone weight of the body. . . . Thus the clothes of a child weighing 3 stones should be 8lb., and for a man or woman weighing 10 stones the clothes should weigh 10lb. This is a definite statement; at any rate, disprove it who can."

Sir JAMES CANTLIE in "The Daily Mail."

We gave instructions to our Mathematical specialist to work out the figures, and his report is that he finds them substantially correct.



THE CRIME WAVE.

ALI BABI REPEATING ITSELF. FORTY THIEVES DISCOVERED AT A LONDON RAILWAY STATION.

CHARIVARIA.

WRITING in the *Echo de Paris* "PERTINAX" asks Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to make some quite clear statement regarding his advice to electors. There is more innocence in Paris than you might suppose.

Professor WALLER has demonstrated by experiment that emotion can be measured. At the same time he discouraged the man who asked for a couple of yards of Mr. CHURCHILL'S feelings when reading *The Morning Post*.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON'S challenge for the America Cup has been accepted by the New York Yacht Club. It appears that neither Mr. Secretary DANIELS nor "President" DE VALERA was consulted.

Widespread alarm has been caused in London by the report that a certain famous artist has threatened to paint a Futurist picture of a typical O.B.E.

A Dutch paper reminds us that the ex-CROWN-PRINCE has taken a Berlin University degree. We can only suppose that nobody saw him take it.

In the case of a will recently admitted to probate it was stated that the testator had disposed of over seven

hundred thousand pounds in less than a hundred words. It is not expected that the Ministry of Munitions will take this lying down.

It is said that unless the new Unemployment Insurance is an improvement on the present rates quite a number of deserving people will be thrown into work.

Much sympathy is felt for the burglars who broke into a house at Herne Hill last week. Unfortunately for them the grocer's bill had been paid the previous day.

We gather that, if DEMPSEY still refuses to come to London to fight CARPENTIER, Mr. COCHRAN will arrange to take London out to him.

The Lobby Correspondent of *The Daily Express* states that it has been suggested that the PREMIER should take a long voyage round the world. It would be interesting to know whether the proposal comes from England or the world.

"The honest man in Germany," says Herr HAASE, "will not agree to hand over the German officers to the British." We think it would be only fair if Germany would send us the name and address of this honest man.

Leather is being used in the new Spring suits, says a daily newspaper. Smith Minor informs us that he always derives greater protection from the use of a piece of stout tin.

The collecting of moleskins has been forbidden by the Belgian Government except in gardens. Lure the beast into the strawberry bed by imitating the bark of the wild slug and the rest is mere spade-work.

We understand that there is some talk of Lord FISHER giving up work and retiring into politics.

Matrimonial Economy.

"Travelling in a becoming suit of Copenhagen blue with hat to match the newly weds left on the Duluth train."—*Canadian Paper*.

"She looked as Eurydice when her captor King carried her away from earth and gave her instead the queenship of Hell."

"Daily Mail" Fenilleton.

Presumably Persephone had secured a decree nisi.

"These cowardly murders and attempted assassinations are abhorrent to the national mind, whatever its political views may be, and it will not seek to exterminate in any way the position of those who have any share in them."—*Provincial Paper*.

We still think extermination is the best thing for them.

A SELFLESS PARTY.

["They (the electorate) know that we (the Labour Party) are not, and never will be, merely concerned in the interests of one particular class."—*Mr. THOMAS in "The Sunday Times."*]

"Nationalization was proposed not to gain increased wages for workers, but in the national interest. . . . They were prepared to produce to the last ounce of their capacity to give to the nation and to humanity all the coal they required. If he thought that this scheme was intended to or would give the miners an advantage at the expense of the State he would oppose it."—*Mr. BRACE, in the House of Commons.*]

THOUGH Comrade SMILLIE keeps a private passion
That yearns to see Sinn Fein upon its own,
Clearly we cannot put our Unions' cash on
Men with a motto like "OURSELVES ALONE;"
To us all folk are brothers
And on our hunting runs the rede, "FOR OTHERS."

Our hearts are ever with the poor consumer;
We long to give his sky a touch of blue;
To doubt this fact is to commit a bloomer,
To falsify our record, misconstrue
The ends we struggle for,
As illustrated in the recent War.

We struck from time to time, but not at Cæsar,
Not to secure the highest pay we could;
Our loyalty kept gushing like a geyser;
We had for single aim the common good;
Who treads the path of duty
May well ignore the cry of "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Humanity's the cause for which we labour;
The hope that spurs us on to do our best
Is "O that I may truly serve my neighbour,
And prove the love that burns within my breast,
And save his precious soul
By a reduction in the cost of coal!"

Nationalize the mines, and there will follow
More zeal (if possible) in him that delves;
Our eager altruists will simply wallow
In work pursued for others (not themselves),
Thrilled with the noble thought—
"My Country's all to me and Class is naught!"
O. S.

A STORY WITH A POINT.

(With Mr. Punch's apologies for not having sent it on to "*The Spectator.*")

Geoffrey has an Irish terrier that he swears by. I don't mean by this that he invokes it when he becomes portentous, but he is always annoying me with tales, usually untruthful, of the wonderful things this dog has done.

Now I have a pointer, Leopold, who really is a marvellous animal, and I work off tales of his doings on Geoffrey when he is more than usually unbearable.

Until a day or two ago we were about level.

Although Geoffrey knows far more dog stories than I do, and has what must be a unique memory, I have a very fair power of invention, and by working this gift to its utmost capacity I have usually been able to keep pace with him.

As I said, the score up to a few days ago was about even; yesterday, however, was a red-letter day and I scored an overwhelming victory. Bear with me while I tell you the whole story.

I was struggling through the porridge of a late breakfast when Geoffrey strolled in. I gave him a cigarette and went on eating. He wandered round the room in a restless sort

of way and I could see he was thinking out an ending for his latest lie. I was well away with the toast and marmalade when he started.

"You know that dog of mine, Rupert? Well, yesterday—"

I let him talk; I could afford to be generous this morning. He had hashed up an old story of how this regrettable hound of his had saved the household from being burnt to death in their beds the night before.

I did not listen very attentively, but I gathered it had smelt smoke, and, going into the dining-room, had found the place on fire and had promptly gone round to the police-station.

When he had finished I got up and lit a pipe.

"Not one of your best, Geoffrey, I'm afraid—not so good, for instance, as that one about the coastguard and the sea-gulls; still, I could see you were trying. Now I'll tell you about Leopold's extraordinary acuteness yesterday afternoon.

"We—he and I—were out on the parade, taking a little gentle after-luncheon exercise, when I saw him suddenly stop and start to point at a man sitting on one of the benches a hundred yards in front of us; but not in his usual rigid fashion; he seemed to be puzzled and uncertain whether, after all, he wasn't making a mistake."

Here Geoffrey was unable to contain himself, as I knew he would be.

"Lord! That chestnut! You went and asked the man his name and he told you that it was Partridge."

"No," I said, "you are wrong, Geoffrey; his name, on inquiry, proved to be Quail. But that was only half the problem solved. Why, I thought, should Leopold have been so puzzled? And then an idea struck me. I went back to the man on the bench and, with renewed apologies, asked him if he would mind telling me how he spelt his name. He put his hand into his pocket and produced a card. On it was engraved, 'J. M. QUAYLE.' Then I understood. It was the spelling that puzzled Leopold."

THE NEW APPEAL.

We observe with interest the latest development in the London Press—the appearance of the new Labour journal, *The Daily Nail*.

In the past, attempts to found a daily newspaper for the propagation of Labour views have not always met with success. Possibly the fault has been that they made their appeal too exclusively to the Labour public. We understand that every care will be taken that our contemporary shall under no circumstances be a financial failure.

The Daily Nail is a bright little sheet, giving well-selected news, popular "magazine" and "home" features, and, on the back page, a number of pictures. It has a strong financial section, a well-informed Society column, and a catholic and plentiful display of advertisements, including announcements of many of those costly luxuries which Labour to-day is able to afford.

While in its editorial comments it suggests emphatically that the Government of the day is not and never can be satisfactory, it refrains from embarrassing our statesmen with too many concrete proposals for alternative methods.

We learn that the new Labour daily is substantially backed by a nobleman of pronounced democratic ideals. From his Lordship down to the humblest employee there exists among the staff a beautiful spirit of fellowship unmarked by social distinction.

"Good morning, comrade," is the daily greeting of his Lordship to the lift-boy, who replies with the same greeting, untarnished by servility.



THE NEW COALITION.

MR. ASQUITH (to Viscount CHAPLIN and Lord ROBERT CECIL). "THANKS, MY FRIENDS—THANKS FOR YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT. DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR DO I SEE BIG BEN?"



Son of House (entertaining famous explorer and distinguished professor). "IT WOULD ASTONISH YOU FELLOWS IF I TOLD YOU SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE SEEN AND HEARD—THOUGH I'M, COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING, A YOUNG MAN—TWENTY-TWO, TO BE EXACT."

THE INSOMNIAC.

Miss Brown announced her intention of retiring to roost. Not that she was likely to sleep a blink, she said; but she thought all early-Victorian old ladies should act accordingly.

She asked Aunt Angela what she took for her insomnia. Aunt Angela said she fed it exclusively on bromides. Edward said he gave his veronal and SCHOPENHAUER, five grains of the former or a chapter of the latter.

They prattled of the dietary and idiosyncrasies of their several insomnias as though they had been so many exacting pet animals. Miss Brown then asked me what I did for mine.

Edward spluttered merrily. "He rises with the nightingale, comes bounding downstairs sometime after tea and wants to know why breakfast isn't ready. Only last week I heard him exhorting Harriet to call him early next day as he was going to a dance."

They all looked reproachfully at me because I didn't keep a pet insomnia too. I spoke up for myself. I admitted I hadn't got one, and what was more was proud of it. All healthy massive

thinkers are heavy sleepers, I insisted. They must sleep heavily to recuperate the enormous amount of vitality expended by them in their waking hours. Sleep, I informed my audience, is Nature's reward to the blameless and energetic liver. If they could not sleep now they were but paying for past years of idleness and excess, and they had only themselves to blame. I was going on to tell them that an easy conscience is the best anodyne, etc., but they snatched up their candles and went to bed. I went thither myself shortly afterwards.

I was awakened in the dead of night by a rapping at my door.

"Who's there?" I growled.

"I—Jane Brown," said a hollow voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Hush, there are men in the house."

"If they're burglars tell 'em the silver's in the sideboard."

"It's the police."

I sat up in bed. "The police!—why?—what?"

"Shishh! come quickly and don't make a noise," breathed Miss Brown.

I hurried into a shooting-jacket and

slippers and joined the lady on the landing. She carried a candle and was adequately if somewhat grotesquely clad in a dressing-gown and an eider-down quilt secured about her waist by a knotted bath-towel. On her head she wore a large black hat. She put her finger to her lips and led the way downstairs. The hall was empty.

"That's curious," said Miss Brown. "There were eighteen mounted policemen in here just now. I was talking to the Inspector—such a nice young man, an intimate friend of the late Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, who, he informs me privately, did *not* kill Cock Robin."

She paused, winked and then suddenly dealt me three hearty snacks—one on the shoulder, one on the arm and one in the small of the back. I removed myself hastily out of range.

"Tarantulas, or Peruvian ant-bears, crawling all over you," Miss Brown explained. "Fortunate I saw them in time, as their suck is fatal in ninety-nine cases out of a million, or so GARBALDI says in the *Origin of Species*." She sniffed. "Tell me, do you smell blood?"

I told her that I did not.

"I do," she said, "quite close at hand too. Yum-yum, I like warm blood." She looked at me through half-closed eyelids. "I should think you'd bleed very prettily, very prettily."

I removed myself still further out of range, assuring her that in spite of my complexion I was in reality anæmic.

She pointed a finger at me. "I know where those policemen are. They're in the garden digging for the body."

"What body?" I gasped.

"Why, EINSTEIN's, of course," said Miss Brown. "Edward murdered him last night for his theory. Didn't you suspect?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Oh, yes," she said; "smothered him with a pen-wiper. I saw him do it, but I said nothing for Angela's sake, she's so refined."

She darted from me into the drawing-room. I followed and found her standing before the fireplace waving the candle wildly in one hand, a poker in the other and sniffing loudly.

"We must save Edward," she said; "we must find the body and hide it before they can bring in a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. It is here. I can smell blood. Look under the sofa."

She made a flourish at me with her weapon and I at once dived under the sofa. I am a brave man, but I know better than to withstand people in Miss Brown's state of mind.

"Is it there?" she inquired.

"No."

"Then search under the carpet—quickly!"

She swung the poker round her head and I searched quickly under the carpet. During the next hour, at the dictates of her and her poker, I burrowed under a score of carpets, swarmed numerous book-cases, explored a host of cupboards, dived under a multitude of furniture and even climbed into the open chimney-place of the study, because Miss Brown's nose imagined it smelt roasting flesh up there. These people must be humoured. When I came down (accompanied by a heavy fall of soot) the lady had vanished. I rushed into the hall. She was mounting the stairs.

"Where are you going now?" I demanded.

She leaned over the balustrade and nodded to me, yawning broadly: "To Edward's room. He must have taken the corpse to bed with him."

"Stop! Hold on! Come back," I implored, panic-stricken. Miss Brown held imperiously on. I sped after her, but mercifully she had got the rooms mixed in her decomposed brain and, instead of turning into Edward's, walked straight into her own and shut



Urchin (who has been "moved on" by emaciated policeman). "AIN'T YER GOT A COOK ON YOUR BEAT?"

the door behind her. I wedged a chair against the handle, to prevent any further excursions for the night and crept softly away.

As I went I heard a soft chuckle from within, the senseless laughter, as I diagnosed it, of a raving maniac.

* * * * *

I got down to breakfast early next morning, determined to tell the whole sad story and have Miss Brown put under restraint without further ado.

Before I could get a word out, however, the lunatic herself appeared, looking, I thought, absolutely full of beans. She and Aunt Angela exchanged salutations.

"I hope you slept better last night, Jane."

"Splendidly, thank you, Angela, ex-

cept for an hour or so; but I got up and walked it off."

"Walked it off! Where?"

"All over the house. Most exciting."

"Do you mean to say you were walking about the house last night all by yourself?" Aunt Angela exclaimed in horror.

Miss Brown shook her grey head. "Oh, no, not by myself. Our sympathetic young friend had a touch of insomnia himself for once and was good enough to keep me company." She smiled sweetly in my direction. "He was most entertaining. I've been chuckling ever since." PATLANDER.

Our Spartan Editors.

"WANTED: THE CAT. By Horatio Bottomley."
John Bull.

MARDI GRAS.

(With the British Army in France.)

"HAVE you reflected, *mon chou*," said M'sieur Bonneton, complacently regarding the green carnations on his carpet-slippers, "that to-morrow is Mardi Gras?"

"I have," replied Madame shortly.

"One may expect then, *ma petite*, that there will be *crêpes* for dinner?"

"With eggs at twelve francs the dozen?" said Madame decidedly. "One may not."

On any other matter M'sieur would probably have taken his wife's decision as final, but he had a consuming passion for *crêpes*, and was moreover a diplomat.

"*La vie chère!*" he said sadly; "it cuts at the very vitals of hospitality. With what pleasure I could have presented myself to our amiable neighbours, the Sergeant-Major Coghlan and his estimable wife, and said, 'It is the custom in France for all the world to eat *crêpes* on Mardi Gras. Accept these, then, made by Madame Bonneton herself, who in the making of this national delicacy is an incomparable artist.' But when eggs are twelve francs the dozen"—he shook his head gloomily—"generous sentiments must perish."

Madame perceptibly softened.

"Perhaps, after all, I might persuade that miser Dobelle to sell me a few at ten francs the dozen," she murmured; and M'sieur knew that diplomacy had won another notable victory.

Curiously enough, at this precise moment the tenants of the *premier étage* of 10 *bis*, rue de la République, were also engaged in a gastronomic discussion.

"If almanacs in France count as they do in Aldershot," said Mrs. Coghlan, "to-morrow will be Shrove Tuesday."

"An' what av it?" demanded Sergeant-Major Coghlan of the British Army.

"What of it? As though ye'd not been dreaming of pancakes this fortnight an' more past—fearful to mention thim an' fearful lest I should forget. Well, well, if ye'll bring a good flour ration in the mornin' I'll do me best."

"I've been thinking, Peggy lass," said the gratified Sergeant-Major, "it wud be the polite thing to make a few for thim dacent people on the ground-flure. I'll wager they've niver seen th' taste av' a pancake in this country."

Thus it was that when Hippolyte Larivière, the cornet-player of the Palais de Cinéma, ascended the stairs to his eerie on the top-floor of 10 *bis* the following evening the appetising odour of frying batter enveloped him as a garment. He sniffed appreciatively.

"*Le gros Bonneton* can eat *crêpes*

freely without considering the effect on his temperament," he said. "One sometimes regrets the demands of Art."

Outside the Coghlan's door another idea struck him. "The essence of a present lies not in its value but its appropriateness. A few *crêpes* on Mardi Gras would be a novel acknowledgment to the Sergeant-Major of his liberality in the way of cigarettes. At present my case is empty."

Retracing his steps he went to the *Calé aux Gourmets* and persuaded the *propriétaire* to prepare half-a-dozen *crêpes* with all possible speed and send them piping-hot to his room in exchange for a promise of his influence in getting her on the free list of the Cinema. Then, in a glow of virtue, he returned to prepare his toilette for the evening performance.

It was while Hippolyte was dabbing his cheeks with a damp towel that M'sieur Bonneton and Sergeant-Major Coghlan, having comfortably satisfied their respective appetites with *crêpes* and pancakes, proceeded to call upon each other, bearing gifts. The dignity of the presentations was impaired by the fact that they almost collided on the stairs.

"Mrs. Coghlan wud like your opinion on these pancakes," said the Sergeant-Major, dexterously fielding one that was sliding from the plate.

"And permit me to beg your acceptance of these *crêpes*, a dish peculiar to France and eaten as a matter of custom on Mardi Gras," said M'sieur in his most correct English, producing his plate with a flourish worthy of a head-waiter.

"'Tis with all the pleasure in life we'll be tasting thim—" commenced Coghlan. Then his eye fell on the dish and his voice dropped. M'sieur was also showing signs of embarrassment.

"It seems *crêpes* is but another name for pancakes," said the Sergeant-Major heavily, after a pause.

"But yes—and I am already filled to repletion."

"We've aiten our fill too, Peggy an' me, an' they're spoilt whin they're cowl'd. It's severely disappointed Peggy will be to find thim wasted."

"And Madame will be desolated to despair."

They stared blankly at each other for a few minutes. Then M'sieur took a heroic resolve.

"We must not hurt the feelings of those excellent women," he said firmly. "There is but one course open to us."

Coghlan nodded assent. Solemnly and without enthusiasm they sat on the stairs and consumed the pancakes to the last crumb. Then, leaden-eyed

and breathing hard, they took their empty plates and entered their respective flats.

A few minutes later they again encountered on the stairs. Once more they were laden with comestibles.

"For Monsieur Larivière," explained M'sieur. "Madame insisted. She has a heart of gold, that woman."

"Peggy's sending these up too," said the Sergeant-Major. "I towld her thim pancakes was the greatest surprise you iver tasted."

M'sieur nodded. In response to Hippolyte's invitation they entered the room, and M'sieur took command of the conversation. The Sergeant-Major stood stiffly to attention, feeling that the occasion demanded it.

"Two little gifts," said M'sieur, "of epicurean distinction. The *crêpes* of Madame Bonneton are an achievement, but the pancakes of Madame Coghlan are irresistible."

"I thank you from the recesses of my heart," said Hippolyte with emotion; "but—you understand me—as the slave of Art I am compelled to forgo such pleasures."

"My friend," said M'sieur sternly, "to refuse them would be an affront to the cooking of these excellent ladies. A true housewife esteems her cooking only next to her virtue. You must eat them—while they are hot."

"But my *tremolo*—my *sostenuto* will be ruined," said Hippolyte wildly.

"What is your *tremolo* to a woman's tears?" said M'sieur, with an elegance born of a fear that he might be compelled to eat the pancakes himself. "The laws of hospitality—chivalry—*l'entente cordiale* itself—demand that you finish them."

When Hippolyte finally yielded, his rapid and efficient despatch of the dainties excited the admiration of his hosts. They had collected their plates and were taking their departure, with expressions of regard, when a knock announced the arrival of a *garçon* from the *Café aux Gourmets*, bearing a dish of crisp hot *crêpes*.

"One moment, Messieurs," said Hippolyte dramatically to his departing visitors. "It must not be said that Hippolyte Larivière lacks in neighbourly feeling. Behold my seasonable gift!"

M'sieur groaned. The Sergeant-Major, being a soldier, concealed his apprehensions. Wild thoughts of surreptitiously disposing of them in a coal-bin whirled through their minds, but Hippolyte apparently divined their thoughts.

"I regret that I must forgo the pleasure I promised myself of asking the ladies to take *crêpes* with me," he



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE NEW POOR MAKE GOOD.

said. "To offer these would be a poor compliment to their superlative efforts. But there is no reason why *you* should not eat them here."

"I have an excellent reason," said M'sieur, stroking his waistcoat. "And the gallant Sergeant-Major, I imagine, has another."

"Bah! what is a little digestive inconvenience to a breach of courtesy?" cried Hippolyte maliciously. "You must eat them. *The law of hospitality demands it.*"

to have a future of its own, that of a sort of suburban Whitehall."

Have you considered what this new departure means for those who, like myself, are the writers of political romance? To all intents we have lost the Ball-platz; we have lost the Wilhelmstrasse, and now here is Whitehall going out into the suburbs . . . No doubt our leading Ministers, attracted by the more salubrious air, will establish themselves in the environs of the Metropolis, leaving behind them only the lower class of civil

the hub of the universe. . . ." Doesn't that make even *your* heart beat faster? But who will thrill at this: "He waited for a moment before the bijou semi-detached villa (bath h. and c.), known as Bella Vista, in Rule Britannia Road, Willesden Junction; then with a swift glance up and down he stealthily approached. When the neat maid opened the door, 'Is the Prime Minister in?' he asked?" (He did not hiss. Who could hiss in that atmosphere?)

Or take this from my last book (shall



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

HE SWORE TO BECOME A CINEMA-ACTOR.

AND HE DID.

When M'sieur and the Sergeant-Major stumbled unsteadily downstairs ten minutes later their eyes bulged with the expression of those whose cup of suffering is filled to overflowing.

"But after all," as M'sieur remarked, placing his hand on his heart, whence it insensibly wandered to a point lower down, "it is some satisfaction to know that the feelings of our excellent wives remain unlacerated."

SHATTERED ROMANCES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in a weekly paper that "plans are well in hand for putting up other Government Department buildings at Acton, which looks

servant. Have you considered the devastating effect of this change?

Think what we used to give our readers: "A heavy mist lay over Whitehall. High above the seething traffic the busy wires hummed with the fate of Empires." How, I ask you, will it look when they read: "The busy wires above Lewisham High Street hummed with the fate of Empires"?

Or think of the thrill that was conveyed by this (it comes in three of my most recent books): "He looked, with a little catch in the throat, and read the number, 'Ten'—No. 10, Downing Street, where the finger of fate writes its decrees while a trembling continent waits, where empires are made and unmade—

I ever write its like again?); "Men, bent with the weight of secrets which, if known, would send a shiver through the Chancelleries of Europe, could be seen hurrying across the Mall in the pale light and going towards the great building in which England's foreign policy is shaped and formulated." But the Foreign Office at Swiss Cottage, or Wandsworth—I could not write of it. And there will be the India Office at Tooting, or Ponder's End, or at— But how can your "dusky Sphinx-like faces, wrapt in the mystery of the East, be seen passing the purlieu of"—the Ilford Cinema?

But enough, Sir. Let me subscribe myself
A RUINED MAN.



Teacher. "WHAT ARE ELEPHANTS' TUSKS MADE OF?"

Smart Boy. "PLEASE, TEACHER, IT USED TO BE IVORY; BUT NOW IT'S GENERALLY BONZOLINE."

A STORM IN A TEA-SHOP.

A NEW TALE OF A GRANDFATHER.

You ask me, Tommy, to tell you the really bravest deed
That was ever yet accomplished by one of the bull-dog
breed,

And, although the hero was never so much as an O.B.E.,
I think I can safely pronounce it the bravest known to me.

It was not done in the trenches, nor yet in a submarine,
Mine-sweeper or battle-cruiser; it was not filmed on the
screen;

For, though the man who performed it had three gold
stripes on his sleeve,

It happened in Nineteen-Twenty, when he was in town
on leave.

He was strolling along the pavement, a pavement packed
to the kerb,

When he felt a sudden craving for China's fragrant herb,
So he turned into a tea-shop—as he said, "like a silly fool"—
Which was patronised by the leaders of the ultra-Georgian
school.

He ordered his tea and muffin, and, as he munched and
sipped,

Strange seraps of conversation his errant fancy gripped,
Strange talk of form and metre, of "Wheels" and of
SHERARD VINES,

And scorn of TENNYSON, BROWNING and SWINBURNE (of The
Pines).

He listened awhile in silence, but at last the fire grew hot,
When he heard "The Lotus-Eaters" described as "luscious
rot";

And he shouted out in the madness that is one of Truth's allies,
"Old TENNYSON's little finger is thicker than all your thighs."

A hush fell on the tea-shop, and then the storm arose
As a chunk of old dry seed-cake took him plumb upon the nose,
And a cup, a generous jorum, of boiling cocoa nibs,
Hurled by a brawny Georgian, struck squarely on his ribs.

For several hectic minutes the air was thick with huns,
It was almost as bad, so he told me, as the shelling of the
Huns,

But our gallant Tennysonian held on until a clout
In the eye from a metal teapot knocked him ultimately out.

A sympathetic waitress fled off to fetch the police,
Whose opportuno arrival caused hostilities to cease,
And they carefully conveyed him to a hospital hard by
Where a skilful surgeon managed to preserve his wounded eye.

It was from the self-same surgeon that I subsequently
learned

The first remark of the victim when his consciousness
returned:—

"The Georgians may shine at shying the crumpet and the
scone,

But as poets they're just No Earthly compared with
TENNYSON."

He never got a medal for his exploit, or a star,
And his only decoration was an ugly frontal scar;
But still I hold him highest among heroic men,
This lone Victorian champion in the Georgian lions' den.



"BED, SIR? HERE IS A GENUINE JACOBEOAN, FOR WHICH WE ARE ASKING ONLY TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS."

"WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I WASN'T WANTING TO BUY ONE. BUT I CAN'T GET A BED ANYWHERE IN LONDON, AND I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD LET ME SLEEP IN IT TO-NIGHT."

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

I WILL admit that it was I who gave Mrs. Brackett the idea. But to blame me for the very unfortunate *dénouement* is ridiculous.

I met Mrs. Brackett in Sloane Street.

"I'm on my way to a registry-office," she said. "No, not that kind of registry-office; I'm not about to commit bigamy. I mean the kind where domestic assistants are sought, but mostly in vain. I suppose you don't know of a cook, a kitchenmaid, a housemaid, a parlourmaid and a twenny?"

I confessed that I did not. But I told her the story of some friends of mine who had been in a similar position and had succeeded in reorganising their establishment by an ingenious strategy.

"The wife went away to stay with friends in the country," I said, "and the husband went to the registry-office, representing himself to be a bachelor, a rather easy-going bachelor. It seems that such establishments are popular with the few domestic servants still at large. After a short time he let it be known that he was really married, but separated from his wife; and after a

further interval he called his household together and with tears in his voice informed them that he and his wife had composed their differences and that she was returning to him on the morrow. I understand that it was a complete success."

Mrs. Brackett was very much impressed by this story.

"If I don't find anyone to-day I shall try it," she said as we parted.

She did not find anyone, and she did try it. She left home the following day, as I learnt from Brackett when I met him a week later.

"Your tip's come off absolutely A 1," he said, "and I'm most awfully obliged. The worry was getting on my wife's nerves. As it is I filled up my establishment a couple of days ago and, as everything is going well, I've wired my wife to come home to-morrow."

"Have you broken it to the maids?" I asked doubtfully.

"Oh, no; but I shall just tell 'em in the morning," said Brackett. "That'll be all right."

I felt at the time that he was being far too precipitate, but he seemed so confident that I didn't interfere. The sequel was disastrous.

In the first place Brackett, in his casual way, omitted to say anything about his being married until Mrs. Brackett was actually in the house. Even then he seems to have been rather ambiguous in his explanations. Anyway the new maids were, or affected to be, profoundly shocked. They intimated that they would never have entered so irregular an establishment had they known, and departed *en masse* after spreading a scandal among the tradespeople which will take the Bracketts twenty years to live down.

The Arresting Power of Beauty.

"You dreamed of someone with whiskers who made your heart stop beating in your tiny waist every time he looked at you."

Home Notes.

"General, good plain cook; £45; flat, Maida Vale; constant hot water."—Times.

But why tell the poor woman beforehand?

"It recalls the distressing aphorism:

'Life is real, life is earnest,
And things are not what they seem.'

Liverpool Post and Mercury.

For example, this may seem like a quotation from the "Psalm of Life," but it isn't.



A TEST OF SAGACITY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WITH THE LETTERS I HAVE PLACED BEFORE HIM OUR LEARNED FRIEND WILL NOW SPELL OUT SOMETHING THAT SIGNIFIES THE GREATEST HAPPINESS FOR IRELAND."

THE FIG. "I CAN'T MAKE THE BEASTLY THING SPELL 'REPUBLIC.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 10th.—As His MAJESTY read his gracious speech to the assembled Lords and Commons did his thoughts flow back for a moment to the last time he opened Parliament in person? It was on another February 10th, in 1914, and so little was the coming storm foreseen that the customary announcement, "My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly," was followed by a special reference to the satisfactory progress of "my negotiations with the German Government and the Ottoman Government" regarding—Mesopotamia, of all places.

Since then everything has changed—save one. Ireland remains the skeleton at the feast. The condition of that unhappy country still causes His MAJESTY "grave concern," to be removed, let us piously hope, by the promised Home Rule Bill. It is true that, as Lord DUFFERIN said when moving the Address in the Lords, no one in Ireland appears to want the Bill; but then, as Colonel SIDNEY PEEL, the Mover in the Commons, remarked with equal truth, the ordinary rules of thought do not apply to the Irish Question.

The PRIME MINISTER has lately been advised by a candid friend to take a six months' holiday "to recover his resilience." Mr. ADAMSON and Sir DONALD

MACLEAN found him nowise lacking in that quality when he came to reply to their criticisms of the King's Speech. The Labour leader, convinced by a fortnight in Ireland that the present Administration was all wrong, and that the Government's Bill would do nothing to improve it, was bluntly asked,



"I AM AFRAID I AM GETTING CONTROVERSIAL."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

"Are we to withdraw the troops and leave the assassins in charge?" while the "Wee Free" champion, who had interpreted the recent by-elections as a sign that the time for the Coalition was past, was unkindly reminded that, at any rate, the results of these contests had furnished no encouragement to the party that he adorns. "But I am afraid I am getting controversial," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, to the amusement of the House, which had enjoyed his sword-play for half-an-hour; and with that he turned to the task of defending the new policy in Russia. Having failed to subdue the Bolsheviks by force, we are now going to try the effect of commerce—a modern reading of "Trade Follows the Flag." The Labour Party cheered the new departure vociferously, but the rest of the House seemed a little chilly, and Mr. CHURCHILL, at the PRIME MINISTER'S elbow, looked about as happy as NAPOLEON on the return from Moscow.

Lord HUGH CECIL raised the standard of economy, and complained that the legislative programme was extravagantly long. "A large number of Bills generally meant a large amount of expenditure." I have myself observed this phenomenon.

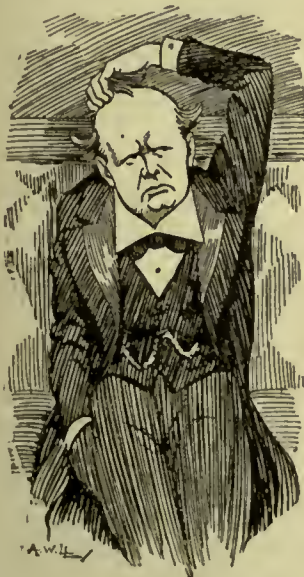
Wednesday, February 11th.—The Lords, having disposed of the Address with their usual celerity, welcomed

Baron RIDDELL of Walton Heath (and, perhaps I may add, Bouverie Street) to their ranks, and then adjourned for a week.

If all Labour Members possessed the sweet reasonableness of Mr. BRACE we should view the advent of a Labour Government without any of Mr. CHUR-

CHILL'S misgivings. The Member for Abertillery argued the case for the nationalisation of mines so gently and genially that before he sat down I am sure that a good half of his hearers began to think that, after all, there was "something in it." Visions of a carboniferous millennium, when there would be no more strikes and hardly any accidents, and altruistic colliers would hew their hardest to get cheap and abundant coal for the community, floated before the mind's eye as Mr. BRACE purred persuasively along.

Unfortunately for the Nationalisers Mr. LUNN thought it necessary later to make a blood-and-thunder oration, threatening all sorts of dreadful things (including a boycott of the newspapers) if the Miners' demands were refused. Moreover, he made it clear that coal was only a beginning and that the Labour Party's ultimate objective was nationalisation



HILARITY OF MR. CHURCHILL ON HEARING HIS CHIEF'S VIEWS ABOUT RUSSIA.



THE PIED PIPER OF ABERTILLERY (MR. W. BRACE).

"FOR HE LED US, HE SAID, TO A JOYOUS LAND WHERE WATERS GUSHED AND FRUIT-TREES GREW, AND FLOWERS PUT FORTH A FAIRER HUE, AND EVERYTHING WAS STRANGE AND NEW."

all round, and wound up by reminding the House that "we are many and ye are few."

The PRIME MINISTER is not the man either to miss a chance or refuse a challenge. The tone of his reply was set by Mr. LUNN, not by Mr. BRACE; and though he had plenty of solid arguments to advance against the motion the most telling passage in his speech was a quotation from "Comrade Trotsky," showing what Nationalisation had spelt in Soviet Russia—labour conscription in its most drastic shape. The nation, he declared, that had fought for liberty throughout the world would stand to the death against this new bondage.

Result: Amendment defeated by 329 to 64.

Thursday, February 12th.—This was the first Question-day of the new Session, and the House was flattered to see Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in his place, despite the counter-claims of the Peace Conference at St. James's Palace. Evidently he means this year to "stick to the shop" more closely, in view, perhaps, of the possible return from Paisley of the old proprietor.

To a Labour Member's complaint that several ex-Generals had been appointed as divisional Food officers, Mr. McCURDY replied that no preference was given to military candidates. But why not? Where will you find more competent judges of alimentary questions than in the higher ranks of His Majesty's Forces?

In attacking the provisions of the Peace Treaty with Germany as "impracticable," Sir DONALD MACLEAN revealed himself as a diligent student of a recent notorious book. Most of his observations—excepting, perhaps, the statement that he had "no sentimental tenderness for the Germans"—were marked with the brand of KEYNES, and his assertion that the utmost Germany could pay was two thousand millions came bodily from that eminent statistician. To the same inspiration was possibly due the unhappy suggestion that our chief Ally was pursuing a policy of revenge.

For this he was promptly pulled up by Lord ROBERT CECIL, who warned him not to judge the policy of France by the utterances of certain French newspapers. Lord ROBERT had, however, his own quarrel with the Government, who, according to his account, had done nothing to set Central Europe on its legs again, except to send it a certain amount of food—not, one would have thought, an altogether bad preliminary.

It was a pity that Mr. BALFOUR had not a stronger indictment to answer,

for he was dialectically at his best. After complimenting the Opposition leader on his "charming tones and anodyne temper" he proceeded to take up his challenge—"if I may call it a challenge." If Germany was in doubt as to the amount she might be called upon to pay, she had her remedy, for the Peace Treaty especially provided that she might offer a "lump sum." The list of war-criminals was long, no doubt, but we had limited our own demands to those who were guilty of gratuitous brutality. As for the condition of Central Europe, that was not the fault of the Peace Treaty, it was the fault of the War, and this country had done all it reasonably could to remedy it.

The Opposition insisted on taking a division, and were beaten by 254 to 60. So far the "doomed Coalition" seems to be doing rather well.

A SINGLE HOUND.

WHEN the opal lights in the West had died

And night was wrapping the red ferns round,

As I came home by the woodland side
I heard the cry of a single hound.

The huntsman had gathered his pack
and gone;

The last late hoof had echoed away;
The horn was twanging a long way on
For the only hound that was still
astray.

While, heedless of all but the work in hand,

Up through the brake where the
brambles twine,

Crying his joy to the drowsy land
Javelin drove on a burning line.

The air was sharp with a touch of frost;
The moon came up like a wheel of
gold;

The wall at the end of the woods he
crossed

And flung away on the open wold.

And long as I listened beside the stile
The larches echoed that eerie sound,
Steady and tireless, mile on mile,
The hunting cry of a single hound.

W. H. O.

"Families Supplied."

"Village General Stores Wanted for dis-
soldier: also widow and daughter; price no
object if genuine."—*Daily Paper.*

"H. B. Playford is 6 feet 5 inches, or there-
abouts, in height, has a fabulous reach, and
weighs 13½ stone. He rowed No. 8 in the
Jesus four, beaten by Leander at Henley."

Times.

A fabulous reach indeed! So fabulous
that it made the four look as long as
an eight.

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF PASSENGERS.

"I've hit on something at last,"
cried Charles exultantly, throwing him-
self down on my second-best armchair.

"I wish you wouldn't hit on it
so hard," I complained; "the springs
are half-broken already. What's the
trouble?"

"Have you ever heard," he inquired,
"of the black-coated salariat?"

"The egg of the greater green-backed
woodpecker—"

"It isn't a bird," he said; "it's a
class of people that works with its
brains. And the hand of Labour, ac-
cording to my evening paper, is being
held out to it."

"But suppose one wears a pepper-
and-salt suit," I said, "and writes
'Society Gossip.' What about that?"

"That's just my point. All these ac-
cepted lines of distinction are absolutely
wrong. It isn't what people work at
that divides them, it's the way they
travel to their work. Sir THOMAS MA-
LORY knew that. When *Lancelot* was
going to rescue *Guinevere* he had his
white horse badly punctured by a bush-
ment of archers and had to finish the
journey in a woodcutter's cart. And
that was a great disgrace to him and
made the *Queen's* ladies laugh. It
would be just the same with the typists
of a rich employer if his motor-car
broke down and he had to arrive in a
bus. How do you get to town in the
morning yourself?"

"I am a Tuber," I said sadly. "Every
bright morning I say I will go by bus,
but when I reach the Tube station the
draught sucks me in through the door,
the man grabs me by the collar, throws
me into the sink, lifts up the plug and
down we go into the drain-pipe to-
gether. I think I have the brand of
Tubal Cain on my brow. It is a kind of
perpetual crease—"

"I too Tube," said Charles; "but I
know many eminently respectable bus
people as well. Especially bus-women.
They ride about, they tell me, on the
most fantastically labelled vehicles and
are always seeing new suburbs swim
into their ken, and gazing—"

'Out over London with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a seat of No. 10,'

or whatever the bally thing may be.
But I never join their rash adventures.
I belong to a different *milieu*. I move
in a sort of social underworld. Not
that I can deny, of course, that there is
a certain amount of overlapping."

"I overlapped twice to-day myself,"
I said, "and as the second one was
knitting a jumper—"

"And then there are the Tram-ites,"
he went on. "I don't understand their



Constable. "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' UP HERE?"

Burglar. "WOTCHER S'POSE I'M DOIN'? FEEDIN' THE PUSSY-CATS?"

world either. The tram, I am told, suddenly plunges with a loud roar like a walrus under the streets of Holborn and emerges on the Embankment. The hansom cabs were called the gondolas of London. The trams, I suppose, are the submarines. But they are not of my life. I do not mingle with them."

"I mingled with a tram once," I said. "I clasped it warmly by the rail as it was going by, but I missed the step with my foot. It spurned me rather badly. But kindly explain what you're driving at."

"All these classes," said Charles, "have their own friendships, their own jolts and jars, their own way of being bullied by conductors and thrown into the mud and squeezed into cages and arranged upon straps. But they have one great thing in common, distinct though they may be. They are all passengers, all takers of tickets. There is going to be a Bus Union, a Tube Union, and a Train Union, and when necessary they will combine."

"Against what?"

"Against the motorists, first and foremost," said Charles. "The opulent people who ride a-wallop to their offices in cars. Suppose that Ethelinda Bellairs, who is a trifle absent-minded,

has got the sack for typing a letter like this: 'I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 25th ult., and ask you to note that a sudden sense of indefinable yearning seized Hephzibah. She closed her eyes and slowly swayed towards him. Awaiting the favour of an early reply, etc.'—what happens? There is an immediate strike of the Bus Union until she is reinstated. If necessary the two other branches of the Amalgamated Society of Passengers are called out. No case of hardship will be too insignificant for the A.S.P. We shall all carry a symbol in the shape of a secret season ticket. When the strike occurs nobody will go to work in the morning. All the stations and starting-places will be picketed; business will be paralysed."

"Except for the stout fellows who walk," I suggested.

"They will find it very lonely at their offices," said Charles. "Nobody wants to work if there's any excuse to avoid it, and the beauty of the thing is that we can strike not only against ordinary employers, but against the raising of fares, and against the N.U.R. or the Vehicle and Transport Workers Union itself. That will be the quickest

strike that has ever been struck. You can't go on banging lifts and gates and rushing about in empty buses without anybody to shove into the dirt or any thumbs to snip bits out of. It takes all the enjoyment out of life."

"And where exactly do you come in?" I asked.

"I intend to be the Organising Secretary of the A.S.P.," he said. "It will be hard work, but very meritorious."

"Rather a nuisance won't it be on strike days," I inquired, "going round and visiting a few thousand pickets on foot in your black coat, with the brain waves working on top?"

"The O.S. of the A.S.P.," answered Charles magnificently, "will not move about on foot. He will be provided with a handsome motor-car." EVOE.

"A van containing £3,000 worth of woollen goods has been stolen from Broad-street, Bloomsbury. It was left unattended by the driver, who went into a restaurant for dinner and later was found empty at Holloway."

Provincial Paper.

We know that kind of restaurant.

"ACCOUNTING FOR WOMEN."

American Paper.

We had always been told there was no accounting for them.

AT THE PLAY.

"CARNIVAL."

THOSE who imagined that they were to be given a dramatic version of Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S romance must have been shocked to find that the entertainment provided at the New Theatre was just a variation, from an Italian source, of the general idea of *Pagliacci*. But it was the only palpable shock they sustained, for never did a play run a more obvious course from start to finish. When you have for your leading character an actor-manager, who plays the part of *Othello*, with his wife as *Desdemona* (how well we know to our cost this conjugal form of nepotism), and discusses in private life the character of the Moor—whether a man would be likely to indulge his jealousy on grounds so inadequate—speaking with the detached air of one who is absolutely confident of his own wife's fidelity, you don't need much intelligence to foresee what the envy of the gods is preparing for him. The remainder is only a matter of detail—what particular excuse, for instance, the lady will find for a diversion, and to what lengths she will go.

In the present case her only excuse was the old one, that she was "treated like a child." Certainly she deserved to be, for her behaviour was of the most wilful and wayward; but she was the mother of a strapping boy, and a woman who is thought old enough to play, in the premier Italian company, the part of *Desdemona* (with the accent, too, on the second syllable) could hardly justify her complaint that she was regarded as a juvenile.

The choice of the Alfieri Theatre for the scene of the culmination of the domestic drama seemed to touch the extreme of improbability. The actors were not a poor travelling company of mummers, as in *Pagliacci*, with no decent private accommodation for this kind of thing. The protagonist of *Carnival* was lodged in a perfectly good Venetian palace, where there was every convenience for having the matter out with his wife and her lover. For the rest the plot was commonplace to the verge of banality.

As *Silvio Steno*, in his home life, Mr. MATHESON LANG was excellently natural, but as *Othello* his make-up spoilt his nice face and tended to alienate me. As *Simonetta* (I got very sick of the name) Miss HILDA BAYLEY had a difficult part, and failed, from no great fault of her own, to attach our sympathies, till in the end she explained her rather inscrutable conduct in a defence which gave us for the first time a sense of sincerity in her char-

acter. There was too much play with her Carnival dress of a Baccante, which, perhaps, was less intriguing than we were given to understand. Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY has a certain distinction, but he did not make a very perfect military paramour. His intonation seemed to lack control, and he has a curious habit of baring his upper teeth when he is getting ready to make a forcible remark.

As for the scenes, they were alleged to be Venice (where the Doges wedded the sea), but there was no visible sign of water. You called for a gondola, which always sounds better than a taxi, but it never appeared. Perhaps,



Simonetta (Miss HILDA BAYLEY). "ARE YOU PLEASED WITH MY FANCY DRESS? IT WAS TO BE A GREAT SURPRISE."

Count Andrea (Mr. NEILSON-TERRY). "NOTHING SURPRISES ME IN THIS PLAY."

however, for one has not always been very happy in one's experiences of stage navigation, this was just as well. O. S.

"PETER IBBETSON."

That incorrigible romanticist, GEORGE DU MAURIER of happy memory, was so transparently sincere as to be disarming. No use telling him "life's not like that." "That's just it," he'd say, and get on with his pleasant illusions. *Peter Ibbetson* is certainly not tuned to the moods of this decade, but it would be a pity if we all became too sophisticated to enjoy such occasional excursions into the land of almost-grown-up make-believe.

If life doesn't give you what you want, then "cross your legs, put your hands behind your head," go to sleep and live a dream-life of your own devising—that is the theme. The bare essentials of the story are that the be-

loved *Mimsy* of *Peter's* happy childhood becomes the wife of a distinctly unfaithful duke; while *Peter* finds himself in prison for killing his quite gratuitously wicked uncle, and for forty years reprieved convict and deceived duchess meet in dreams till her death divides and his again unites them.

It is a considerable tribute to both author and adapter (the late JOHN RAPHAEL) that their work should, at the height of the barking season, hold an audience silent and apparently enthralled, in spite of the handicap that, in order to make the story in any degree intelligible, much time had to be given to more or less tedious explanations.

I will not pretend that the motives of the characters were clear or that (for me) the phantasy quite passed the test of being translated from the medium of the written word into that of canvas, gauze and costumed players, with those scufflings of dim figures in the semi-darkness and that furtive and by no means noiseless zeal of scene-shifters; or, again, that I was much attracted by a picture of the life after death, in which opera-going (please cf. Mr. VALE OWEN) figured so prominently. Indeed I think that the play would be better if it ended with the death of the dreamers and did not attempt that hazardous last passage.

But certainly there were quite admirable tableaux and some very intelligent individual playing—in contrast with the team-work of (particularly) the First Act, which was ragged and amateurish.

Mr. BASIL RATHBONE'S *Peter* was an effective study, avoiding Seylla of the commonplace and Charybdis of the mawkish—no mean feat. A young man with a future, I dare hazard; with a gift of clear utterance, and sensibility and a useful figure.

It is a good deal to say that Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER so contrived her *Duchess of Towers* as to make us understand *Peter's* worship.

Miss JESSIE BATEMAN'S *Mrs. Deane* seemed to me an exceedingly competent piece of work, and Mr. GILBERT HARE thoroughly enjoyed every mouthful of *Colonel Ibbetson's* wickedness, and made us share his appreciation. And you couldn't accuse him of over-playing, though he certainly looked too bad to be true.

Mr. WILLIAM BURCHILL'S little sketch of an old French officer was almost too poignant.

Why the landlord of the *Tête Noir* was got up to resemble Mr. WILL EVANS so closely is a deep matter I could not fathom, and, if ever I kill my uncle, may Fate send me a less rhetorical chaplain than Mr. CYRIL SWORDER!



THE INTRUDER.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W. S. (who has taken a Spring fishing). "AND THIS IS WHAT I'VE PAID THREE 'UNDRED QUID FOR!"

THE ORDER OF THE B.S.O.

ONE of the oldest of Mr. Punch's young men thought he would like to hear some orchestral music on Monday week last, so he dropped in at the Queen's Hall to assist at a concert of the new British Symphony Orchestra. The name of the founder and conductor, Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, was already familiar, for Mr. Punch's young man was old enough to remember Mr. Roze's mother, MARIE ROZE, in her brilliant prime as *prima donna* of the Carl Rosa Company; and he is glad to know that she is still living in her beloved Paris, where she was decorated by M. THIERS for her gallant conduct during the siege of 1870. So it is pleasant to find her son so actively associated in the good work of finding permanent musical engagements for demobilised soldiers in the British Symphony Orchestra.

The B.S.O. men are not home-keeping soldiers. Every one of them has served over-seas, and it was a pity that their names and the record of their services were not printed in the programme, for it is a fine and inspiring list, and a strik-

ing disproof of the old tradition that musicians must needs be long-haired, sallow and unathletic. Alert and young and vigorous they appealed to the eye as well as to the ear, and they played, as they fought, gloriously, these minstrel boys who had all gone to the War. Strings and woodwind, brass and percussion, all are up to the best professional level.

There is no movement which has a stronger claim on all men and women of goodwill than that for providing employment for demobilized soldiers, and the British Symphony Orchestra is a first-rate contribution to that desirable end. The personnel of the orchestra is all that can be desired. It was bad luck that Mr. RAYMOND ROZE was prevented by illness from conducting last week, but the band was fortunate in securing an admirable substitute in Mr. FRANK BRIDGE. Mr. Punch gives the scheme his blessing without reserve, but with a word of advice. To win for the B.S.O. the success it deserves will need good judgment as well as energy and efficiency. The art of programme-framing has to be studied with especial care in view of

the powerful but, we believe, perfectly friendly competition of other established organizations. Last week's programme had its *beaux moments*, but it had also at least two *mauvais quarts d'heure*. The men, however, were splendid.

The New Colour: Asquithian Rose.

"To-day everything Asquithian has a rosy hue. To begin with, there arrived a horseshoe of white chrysanthemums with the words 'Good luck' worked in green."—*Daily Paper*.

"Shakespeare's 'Otehllo' has fallen upon evil days."—*Evening Paper*.

It certainly seems to be having a bad spell.

"The vexed question, 'What is a new-laid egg?' is at present confronting a committee of poultry experts."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Committee should invite a hen to sit on it.

An "under-cut":—

"Earl Beatty is setting an example in hustle at the Admiralty. Photographed yesterday hurrying to lunch."—*Daily Paper*.

His Lordship's example is superfluous. The Admiralty has nothing to learn about hurrying to lunch.



Mistress. "CAN YOU EXPLAIN HOW IT IS, JANE, THAT WHENEVER I COME INTO THE KITCHEN I ALWAYS FIND YOU READING?"
 Jane. "I THINK IT MUST BE THEN RUBBER 'HEELS YOU WEARS, MA'AM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER, who had already to his credit a play, a novel and various successful revues, has now produced, in *A Place in the World* (CASSELL), what is, I understand, to some extent a fictional version of his play. How far this may be so I am uncertain (not having seen the play), but I am by no means uncertain that it makes here a wholly admirable story, one moreover that shows a notable advance in Mr. TURNER's art as novelist, being firmer in touch and generally more matured than anything he has yet written. The plot concerns the adventures, spiritual and other, of *Madame Iris Iranovna*, pampered cosmopolitan beauty, when fate or her own egotistical whim had dumped her as a temporary dweller in the semi-detached villas of suburbia. The theme, you observe, is one that might excuse the wildest farce, since the effect of *Iris* upon her unfamiliar surroundings was naturally devastating. Mr. TURNER however has chosen the more ambitious path of high comedy. In *Iris* herself, and even more in the kindly old vicar who so unexpectedly confronts her with her own weapons of wit and worldly wisdom, he has drawn two characters of genuine and moving humanity. I shall not tell you how the conflict (essential to real comedy) works itself out, nor after what fashion the empty brilliance of *Iris* is humiliated and transformed. If I have a criticism of Mr. TURNER's method, it is that, as with *Bunthorne*, a "tendency to soliloquy" is growing upon him which will need watching. But he clothes his reflections pleasantly

enough. Already known as what the old lady called "an agreeable rattlesnake," he has now proved himself a storyteller of conspicuous promise.

VON FALKENHAYN's *General Headquarters 1914-1916 and its Critical Decisions* (HUTCHINSON) seems an honest book than LUDENDORFF's; less political, less querulous, less egoistic. VON FALKENHAYN, who was War Minister when the War began and retained his office after he had superseded VON MOLTKE as Chief of the General Staff, shows himself incurably Prussian, refusing even to consider the possibility that any State which could wage war effectively would hesitate to do so from any ethical or humanitarian scruple. "Don't bother about a just cause, but see that it appears just before men," he seems to say. "The surprise effect of gas (at Ypres) was very great," is all the comment that tragic episode draws from him. He was a submarine campaign whole-hogger. But he has his own soldierly virtues of modesty and loyalty, and refuses to air his personal grievances in the matter of his supersession by the HINDENBURG-LUDENDORFF syndicate. If, as seems likely, he speaks the truth, as he had opportunity to see it, we must revise our too flattering estimates of the German superiority in numbers and attribute a good deal of the stubbornness of their defence to their quicker appreciation of the character of siege war. The holding of front-line trenches with few men and consequent immense saving of life was, according to the General, practised by the German Command long before we discovered its value. He gives a reasoned criticism, which has to the layman a plausible air, to the effect that

the relative failure of JOFFRE's great combined Champagne-Flanders offensive of 1915 was due to the overcrowding of the attacking armies. General VON FALKENHAYN, though he has a prejudice for the German soldier, can bring himself to testify to the valour of his British and French opponent. A readable and conscientious account of a difficult stewardship.

I wish I could feel as enthusiastic about *The Booming of Bunkie* (JENKINS) as Mr. Peter McMunn, who, falling off a motor-cycle, landed in that quiet Scots village and proceeded to turn it, by a series of stunts, into a well-known watering-place. He undertook the job, I gather, partly for a joke and partly for the bright eyes of Evelyn Kirbet, whose father put up the money for the purposes of publicity and propaganda. The transformation of a hamlet into a seaside resort has been treated as a sort of psychological romance by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS in *Mushroom Town*, where the human beings are a background as it were for the bricks and mortar; Mr. A. S. NEILL, having chosen to make a farce of it, has provided a hero who believes in humorous advertisements, and has evidently persuaded the author to take him at his own valuation. This is hardly to be wondered at, since Mr. McMunn seems always keener on popping his puns than on selling his goods. Specimens are given of speeches, press articles, posters and cinema productions, but the fun rages with the most furious intensity round the golf links, where eighteen holes have been compressed into the usual space of one and the winner stands to lose drinks. There are also some parodies of ROBERT BURNS, some jokes about bathing-machines and some digs at the Kirk. One has been, of course, before to seaside places that were a bit too bracing, and I am afraid that the air of Bunkie leaves me cold.

I really think that *The World of Wonderful Reality* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) may come to be something of a test for your true follower of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON. You recall the ingredients that went towards the first, or *Beautiful Nonsense*, book? Sentiment in the slums, Venice with a very big V and poverty *passim* might be regarded as its composition. Well, here you have *John and Jill* home again; no more Venice, a palpably decreasing sentiment and only poverty to fill up with. I am bound to confess that I found *John's* protracted preparation for his nuptials rather less than enough as subject-matter for a whole book. Of course all this time there remained *Amber* (you recollect her; she "also ran" for the *John* stakes), and at the back of your mind a comfortable conviction that two strings are still better than one. Having censured the book for insufficient plot, I had better not proceed to give away what there is. I will content myself with a personal doubt as to whether *John and Jill* will quite reduplicate their former triumph—and that for various reasons, not least because (for purposes of sequel, I suppose) even *Jill* herself has been permitted so grave a lapse from the attitude of stand-anything-so-long-as-it's-slummy-

enough that so endeared her to her former public. Touch that and the bloom is indeed gone.

With the Chinks (LANE), a volume of the "Active Service Series," treats of the training of Chinese coolies for work with the Labour Corps in the B.E.F. The special interest of the racial type was, for me, exhausted by the charming photographs; the task remaining for Mr. DARYL KLEIN, Lieutenant in the Chinese Labour Corps, of so conveying the atmosphere as to absorb the reader's attention, was not achieved. On the two main aspects of the topic, the origin in China and the result in France, he makes no serious attempt. I got no clear impression of the coolie at home or of why he took to being an ally, and I was left with but the vaguest conception of the unit in France, since the narrative ended at the disembarkation. Lastly, I have with regret to complain of one sentence in particular, where he tells us: "It is high time I said something about the officers." He had, from the general reader's point of view, already said too much. It is a pity to have to speak thus moderately of a war-book obviously written with care

and treating of an enterprise which must have cost much labour in the achieving and, in the achievement, must have duly contributed to our victory. For those personally involved it will be a welcome memento. For the conscientious historian it will have a certain unique value. And in fairness it must be added that in the latter half there are touches of humour and humanity which make the reading easy and pleasant.

It has been my lot, and I am far from complaining about it, to read many war-books, but never has my luck been more completely in than when *With the Persian*



"Is he a sailor, Mum?"

"Yes, Darling."

"Then where's his parrot?"

Expedition (ARNOLD) fell into my hands. Major DOXONOR, while never losing sight of his main object, finds time to tell us a number of entertaining stories with a sedate humour which is most attractive. Seldom has an expedition set out on a wilder errand than this of the "Hush-hush" Brigade, or, as it was officially known, the "Dunsterville" or "Bagdad Party." It was commanded by General DUNSTERVILLE, and briefly its objects were to combat Bolshevism, train Persian levies, prevent the Huns and Turks from threatening India by way of the Caspian Sea, and a few other little things of the same nature. The men of this "party" were picked men, and it is enough to say that their courage was as high as their numbers were few. It is indeed a mystery why any of them escaped with their lives, for, as experience proved, it was one thing to train Persian levies and another to get them to fight when they were wanted to. And without the levies the "Hush-Hush" party was outnumbered again and again. I could have wished that the excellent map which is firmly embedded in the binding had been detachable, for the interest of the chronicle compelled me constantly to refer to it, and I suffered great distraction.

Sidelights of Song (LONG), by Mr. GILBERT COLLINS, contains a few sets of verse which have appeared in *Punch*.

CHARIVARIA.

"ANOTHER American," says a Washington despatch, "has been captured by Mexicans and is being held to ransom." We deplore these pin-prick tactics. If there is something about the United States that President CARRANZA wants changed he should say so.

A contemporary states that the old theory, that when your ears burn it means that people are talking about you, is accurate. Upon hearing this a dear old lady at once commenced to crochet a set of asbestos ear-guards for Mr. CHURCHILL.

The American gentleman who claims to have invented *revues* is shortly coming over to England for a holiday. Personally we should advise him to wait until the crime wave has died down a bit.

It is pleasing to note that in spite of the recent spring-like weather the POET LAUREATE is calmly keeping his head.

In their last Note to Holland on the subject of the ex-Kaiser's trial the Allied Governments drop a hint that it was they and not Holland who won the War. It is impossible to be too definite on this matter.

Cotton, it is announced, has gone up to tenpence a reel. The new American whisky stands at the same figure.

"Boys sing automatically, like parrots," declares the choirmaster of St. John's Church, Grimsby. His facts are wrong. The only thing automatic about a parrot is its bite.

So thirsty were the Americans on board, it is stated, that on her homeward trip the *Mauretania* was drunk dry two days out. To remedy this unsatisfactory state of affairs a syndicate of wealthy Americans is understood to be formulating an offer to tow Ireland over to the New Jersey coast if a liquor licence is granted to the tug.

There is no truth in the report that, as the result of a majority vote of the Dublin Corporation, the sword and mace have been replaced by a pistol and mitre.

We live in strenuous times. The MAD MULLAH has been reported in action and Willesden has won the London Draughts' Tournament.

By the way, those who remember the MAD MULLAH's earlier escapades are of the opinion that it is high time for him to be killed again.

The HOME SECRETARY hopes to introduce an Anti-Firearms Bill. Under this Act it is expected that it will be made illegal for criminals to shoot at people into whose homes they break.

A postcard posted in 1888 has just been delivered to *The Leeds Mercury*, and they ask if this is a record. Not a

better method than that of suing the birds in the County Court.

"Useful wedding-presents are now the vogue," says a weekly journal. Only last week we heard of a Scotsman who at a recent wedding gave the bride away.

"The Jolly Bachelors" is the title of a new club at Nottingham. No attempt has yet been made to start a Jolly Husbands' Club.

It is gratifying to learn that the workman who last week fell from some scaffolding in Oxford Street, but managed to grasp a rope and hang on to it till rescued fifteen minutes later, has now been elected an honorary member of the Underground Travellers' Association.

A reader living in Hertfordshire writes to say that spring-like weather is prevailing and that a pair of bricklayers who started building about three weeks ago can now be seen daily sitting on three bricks which they laid last week.

With such energy are the inhabitants of Leeds carrying out their campaign against rats that it is considered unsafe for any rodent under three years old to venture out alone after dark.

We are glad to learn that the Brixton lady who mislaid her husband last week at one of these West-End bargain sales has now received him back from the firm in fairly good condition.

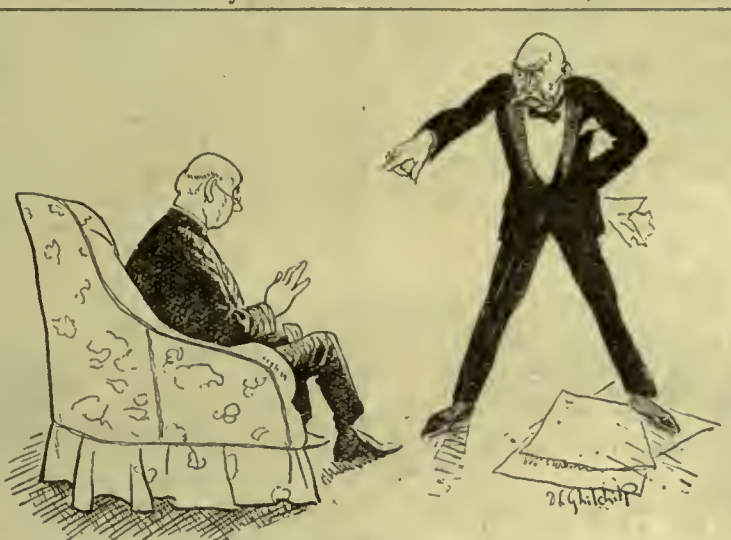
During the recent spell of warm weather several wooden houses threw out new shoots, some of which are already in bud.

We understand that the Government contemplate passing a Bill to forbid silver-weddings unless a larger percentage of alloy is used with them.

"How utterly unimpressive for ceremonial purposes is the ordinary episcopal habit . . . What dignity it ever possessed has been most successfully shorn off by the merciless scissors of ecclesiastical tailors. The history of the chimere and rochet has been truly tragic."

Church-Paper.

Fortunately, the hat and gaiters do something to relieve the gloom.



THE CRIME WAVE.

Crank (enlarging upon pet theory). "I TELL YOU, SIR, WE ARE ALL OF US BOLSHIEVISTS AT HEART. THE ONLY THING THAT'S KEEPING YOU AND ME FROM A LIFE OF CRIME IS THE THOUGHT OF THE POLICEMAN ROUND THE CORNER."

permanent one, if the Post Office can help it.

A young lady told the Stratford magistrates that she gave up her young man because he said he was a millionaire, and she had later learned that he was a waiter. But there is nothing contradictory in this.

The ex-CROWN-PRINCE has written in the *Tägliche Rundschau* on "How I Lost the War." He pays a fine tribute to the British soldier, who, it appears, helped him to lose it.

"How to Manage Twopenny Eggs" is the headline of a morning paper. A good plan is to grip them firmly round the neck and wring it.

An article in *Tit-Bits* tells readers how to make canaries pay. We have felt for some time that there must be a

CLOTHES AND THE POET.

["The public will welcome an announcement that the standard clothing scheme may be revived on a voluntary basis."—*The Times*.]

I do not ask for silk attiro,
For purple, no, nor puce;
The only wear that I require
Is something plain and loose,

A quiet set of reach-me-downs for serviceable use.

For these, which I must have because
The honour of the Press
Compels me, by unwritten laws,
To clothe my nakedness,

Four guineas is my limit—more or (preferably) less.

Let others go in Harris tweeds,
Men of the leisured sort;
Mine are the modest, homely needs
That with my state comport;

I am a simple labouring man whose work is all his sport.

I covet not the gear of those
Who neither toil nor spin;
I merely want some standard clo's
To drape my standard skin,

Wrought of material suitable for writing verses in.

Something that won't pick up the dust
When rhymes refuse to flow;
And roomy, lest the seams be bust
Should the afflatus blow—

Say five-and-forty round the ribs and rather more below.

For poets they should stock a brand
To serve each type's behest—
Pastoral, epic, lyric—and
An outer size of chest

For those whose puffy job it is to build the arduous jest.

O. S.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

(An imaginary conversation.)

[In his lecture at the Royal Institution, to which Mr. Punch recently referred, Mr. ALFRED NOYES said that "our art and literature were increasingly Bolshevik, and if they looked at the columns of any newspaper they would see the unusual spectacle of the political editor desperately fighting that which the art and literary portions of the paper upheld."]

SCENE.—A Club-room near Fleet Street. The Political Editor and the Literary Editor of "*The Daily Crisis*" are discovered seated in adjoining armchairs.

Political Editor. Excuse me, but haven't I seen you occasionally in *The Crisis* office?

Literary Editor. Possibly. I look after its literary pages, you know.

P. E. Really? I run the political columns. Did you read my showing-up this morning of the Bolshevik peril in the House of Lords?

L. E. I'm afraid I never read the political articles. Did you notice my two-column boom of young Applecart's latest book of poems?

P. E. No time to read the literary columns, and modern poetry's as good as Chinese to me. Who's Applecart?

L. E. My dear Sir, is it possible that you are unfamiliar with the author of *I Will Destroy*? He's the hope of the future as far as English poetry is concerned.

P. E. (cheerfully). Never heard of him. What's he done?

L. E. (impressively). He has overthrown all the rules, not only of art, but of morality. He has created a new Way of Life.

P. E. Can't see that that's anything to shout about. What's his platform, anyway?

L. E. Platform? To anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Applecart the very idea of a platform is fantastic. He doesn't stand; he soars.

P. E. Well, what are his views, then? Pretty tall, I suppose, if he's such a high flier.

L. E. You may well say so. In the first place he discards all the old artistic formulæ.

P. E. I know; you write a solid slab of purple prose, scissor it into a jig-saw puzzle, serve it with a dazzle dressing and call it the New Poetry.

L. E. Have your joke, if you will. But, more important still, Applecart is a rebel against humanity and all its fetishes, social, ethical and political.

P. E. (startled). A Bolshie, I suppose you mean?

L. E. The artist is proof against all these vulgar terms of abuse, culled from the hustings. Call him a Pussyfoot as well; you cannot shake him from his pinnacle.

P. E. Yes, but look here—he's just the sort of pernicious agitator we're out against in *The Crisis*—at least in my department. My special article this morning—three thickly-leaded columns—actually revealed the existence of a most insidious plot to undermine the restraining influence of the House of Lords by the spread of Bolshevik propaganda masquerading as literature. You see, there's a certain section of the Lords, mainly new creations who've only recently been released from various employments, who now for the first time in their lives have leisure for reading; then there's the spread of education among the sporting Peers. Well, these people are ready to succumb to all sorts of poisonous doctrines, if they're served up in what I presume to be the fashionable mode of the moment; and I expect your precious Applecart is one of the Bolsh agents who are laying the trap. You'll have to stop booming him, you know. He's not doing the paper any good.

L. E. My dear Sir, literature takes no account of the fads and fancies of party politics. And I gather from you that party politics have no use for literature except from a propagandist view. Let us be content to go our own ways in peace.

P. E. Yes, that's all very well for you and me, but what about the Chief? How does he reconcile these absolutely conflicting standpoints? And what does the public think of it all?

L. E. (confidentially). Between you and me, the Chief knows his public. And the public knows its papers. The last thing it wants from us is consistency, which is always boring. Besides (still more confidentially), the public doesn't take us quite so seriously as we like to pretend.

P. E. H'm, maybe you're right. As a matter of fact (lowering his voice) I sometimes think I'm a bit of a Socialist myself.

L. E. Really? As for me (conspiratorially), I adore TENNYSON, and EZRA POUND fills me with a secret wrath. Still, the public—

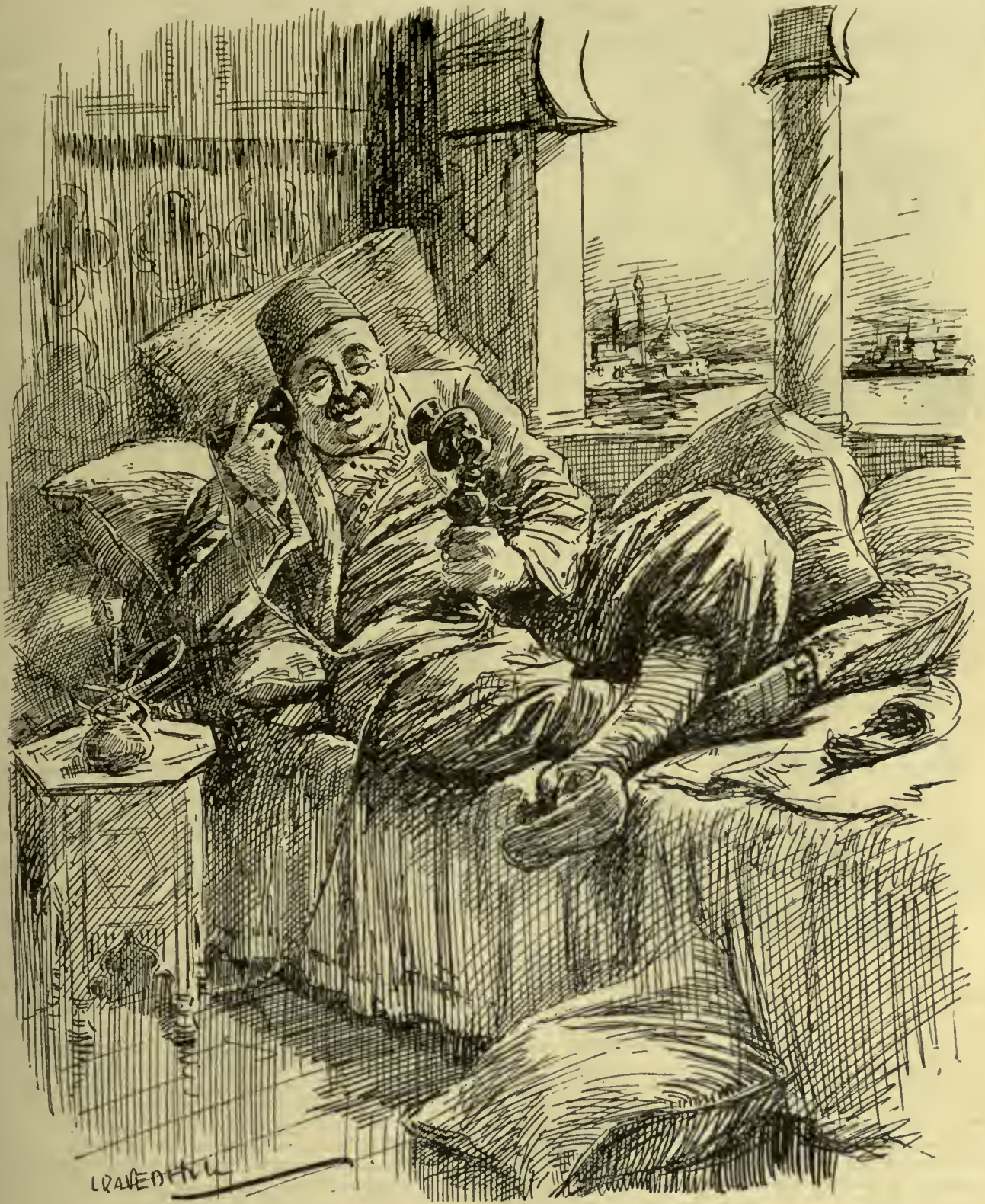
P. E. Ah, the public—! Have a drink?

[They pledge each other. NOYES without. They disperse hurriedly.]

In view of the serious shortage of female help, the United Boards of Trade of Western Ontario have been discussing proposals to encourage the immigration of young women from Great Britain."—*Morning Paper*. And have apparently feminized the Province in advance.

"If the Archdeacon of Coventry is correct in stating, as he did in Convocation, that the word 'tush' found in the Psalter means 'hosh,' it must in this sense be what the classical dons call a 'hapslegomenon.'"—*Evening Standard*.

Which, again, must be what the classical undergraduates call a "slipsus languæ."



THE IRREMOVABLES.

TURKEY (to his old patron in Holland). "SO WE'RE BOTH REMAINING, WHAT?"
VOICE FROM THE OTHER END. "YES, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BEHAVE."



Angry Father (of the Old School). "I SHALL CUT YOU OFF WITH A SHILLING!"
The Prodigal. "NOT ONE OF THE NEW NICKEL THINGS, I HOPE, FATHER?"

THE COWARD.

Cecilia was knitting by the fire.

"What on earth have you two been doing?" she asked as we came in. "John looks as if he'd been in a boiler explosion."

"Hardly that," I said. "We've been playing with Chris—haven't we, John?"

John gasped.

"No, we haven't," he said. "On the contrary, *they* have been playing with me, Cecilia."

"Well, it's all the same thing, isn't it?" said Cecilia. "Anyhow, I heard *you* making a most frightful row."

"Of course I was making a row. So would you make a row if people suddenly mistook you for a Teddy Bear or something and started bunging you about the room."

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Cecilia, "but I think you're being intensely vulgar."

"Vulgar! 'Vulgar,' she says." He laughed bitterly. "You'd be vulgar too if you'd had that great hulking

brute" (he pointed at me) "sitting on the small of your back, and a hooligan of a boy——"

Cecilia sat up and took notice.

"Hooligan!" she said, "Hooligan! Who's a Hooligan?"

"Sh! sister," I murmured. "You'll strain the epiglottis."

John turned on me savagely.

"You keep quiet. It isn't your epi—epi—what you said—and, anyway, can't I even have a quiet row with my own wife without——"

"John, calm yourself," said Cecilia crushingly. "Alan, tell me what you've been doing."

"Yes," muttered John, "tell her." He subsided into an armchair.

"Well," I said, "you see, Christopher and I were up in the nursery and getting on quite all right when John butted in——"

"I simply opened——"

"John, keep quiet," said his wife.

"Well, Alan?"

"Well, the fact is, Chris and I were in the middle of a great war with all his soldiers. I had just firmly estab-

lished fire superiority and was actually on the verge of launching a huge offensive—the one that was going to win the war, in fact—when, as I said, in butted this great clumsy elephant and knocked half of Christopher's army over."

"Purely an accident," said John.

"Will you keep quiet, or must I make you?" asked Cecilia.

"Well, of course," I went on, "finding ourselves suddenly attacked by a common foe, Chris and I naturally joined forces to defend ourselves."

"Defend!——" shrieked John, "No, I won't keep quiet another second. Defend! Why, they rushed at me like a couple of wild hyenas."

"My dear John," said Cecilia, "*you* attacked them first, and of course they defended themselves as best they could."

"Precisely," I said.

"After all, John," said Cecilia, "you ought to be glad your son is so ready to look after himself, instead of calling him a hooligan. You're always shouting about the noble art of self-defence."

"Noble art of self-defence *rot*," said

John. "There's nothing in the noble art about pushing lead soldiers down a man's neck."

"Down your neck?" said Cecilia.

"Yes," said John. "I keep trying to tell you and you won't let me. That brute sat on the small of my back while Christopher pushed 'em down. The little beasts all had their bayonets fixed, too."

Cecilia and I laughed.

"Yes, laugh," said John bitterly. "It is funny that our child should be growing up a Bolshevik; trying to flay his own father. He'll be setting fire to the cat in a week and then you'll have another laugh."

"John," shrieked Cecilia, "how dare you? If you say another word about the darling——"

The door opened and Christopher came into the room.

He seemed to have washed his face or something. Anyway, he looked quite a little angel and that's hardly—how-ever.

"I shall tell Chris what you've been saying," said Cecilia.

John jumped.

"No, no, Cecilia," he said in a strangled voice. "Don't betray me. I—I'm sorry; I withdraw everything. Cecilia, save me. Think of our courting days; remember——"

"Christopher," said Cecilia clearly, "you see your father? Go and pull his last remaining hairs out."

Christopher looked at her in amazement. Then he walked over to John, climbed on his knee and put an arm round his neck.

"I wouldn't hurt you, dear old Dad, would I?" he asked affectionately, looking at his mother in pained surprise.

John positively gasped with relief.

"Dear old Chris," he said.

"Oh, you hypocrite!" said Cecilia.

"Coward!" said I.

I was sitting on one of those dumpy hassock sort of things. John looked down at me vindictively for a moment and then a horrid smile started spreading about his nasty face.

"Christopher," he said very gently, "wouldn't it be a good thing if we pushed Uncle Alan over and knocked his slippers off, and then I'll sit on him while you tickle his feet?"

Now it sounds silly, but a cold pre-spiration came over me. Being tickled is so hopelessly undignified. And, any-how, I simply can't stand it on the feet.

"John," I said severely, "don't be absurd."

Christopher gurgled.

"He's afraid," he said. "Come on, Dad."

I saw that they really meant it, and



*Polite Straphanger (to lady who has been standing on his toes for a considerable time).
"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OFF HERE—THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO."*

I can only suppose that I was carried away by one of those panics that you read of as attacking the bravest at times. Anyhow, quite suddenly I found myself moving rapidly round the table, out of the door and up the stairs. Half-way up I stopped to listen. Cecilia and John were laughing loudly and coarsely and Christopher was chanting "Uncle's got the wind up" in a piercing treble. Not at all a nice phrase for a small boy to have on his tongue.

It was all very galling for one who has fought and, I may say, bled for his country. I almost decided to go back and fight if necessary. Then I heard a stage-whisper from Christopher:

"Let's creep upstairs after him and tickle him to death. Shall we, Dad?"

Sheer hooliganism. It was impossible to fight with honour against such opponents. I disdained to try. I went hastily up the remaining stairs and locked myself in my room.

THE INTERNATIONALIST.

"WHAT on earth," I said to the waiter, who was standing a few yards off, lost in a pensive dream of his native land—Switzerland, France, Italy?—well, anyhow, lost in a pensive dream—"what on earth is a Petrograd steak?"

The white napkin whisked like the scut of a rabbit, and he bounded to my side. "Eet is mince-up," he said melodramatically. "Ze Petrograd steak ver good. Two minute—mince-up."

"But isn't that a Vienna steak?" I asked.

A spasm of pain passed over his face. "Before ze War," he whispered, "yes, Vienna steak. Now we call it ze Petrograd. You vill have one? Yes? Two minute."

Memories came flooding back of that moment of crisis which had found so many of our trusted statesmen ill-prepared, but, terrible as it was, had not caught the managers of London restaurants napping. I remembered the immense stores of Dutch lager beer which they had so providentially and so patriotically held in anticipation of the hour of need. Dutch beer, both light and dark, so that inveterate drinkers of Munich and Pilsener were enabled to face Armageddon almost without a jerk. They had other things ready too—Danish *pâté de fois gras*, Swiss liver sausages, Belgian pastries and the rest. It was in that dark hour, I suppose, that the Vienna steak set its face towards the steppes. But this was in 1914, and a good deal had happened since then. It appeared to me that the restaurant was not exactly *au courant* with international complications and the gastro-nomic consequences of the Peace. I felt entitled to further illumination.

"I don't feel at all certain," I told the man, "that I ought to eat a Petrograd steak. Is it a white steak?"

"Ah, no, not vite, not vite at all," he assured me. "Eet is underdone—not much, but a little underdone. Ver good mince-up."

"I absolutely refuse to eat a Red Petrograd steak," I declared. "Have you by any chance anything Jugo-Slavian on the menu?"

"Zere is ze jugged hare——"

"I think you misunderstand me," I interrupted; "this is a point of principle with me. Supposing I consume this Czecho-Slovakian mince-up and then have a piece of Stilton; there has been no war with Stilton, I fancy——"

"Ver good, ze Stilton," interjected the chorus.

"And coffee——"

"Turkish coffee?" he said.

"There you go again," I grumbled.

"Whatever my attitude may be towards

Vienna and Petrograd (and, mind you, I am not feeling at all bitter towards Vienna), my relations with Turkey are most certainly strained."

"No, not strained, ze Turkish coffee," he cried eagerly; "eet has ze grounds."

"So have I," I told him; "we will call it the Macedonian coffee. It is you who insisted in obtruding these international relations on my simple lunch, and I mean to do the thing thoroughly. Better a dish of Croat Serbs where love is than a bifteck Petrograd——Never mind, go and get the thing."

When he returned with it I fell to, but my thoughts remained with the waiter. What a man! With his dispassionate judgment, his calm sane outlook on men and affairs, shaken a little perhaps in 1914, but since then undisturbed, was he not cut out above all others to settle the vexed frontier lines of Europe? I wondered whether Lord ROBERT CECIL might not possibly make use of him. I was tempted to try him still further.

"Have you ever heard of Mr. J. M. KEYNES?" I asked him when he brought me the Bessarabian coffee.

"Mr. KEYNES I not know. He not come here, I zink."

"Or the Treaty of London?"

"I vill ask ze manager."

"Or President WILSON?"

A brilliant smile of illumination lit up his features.

"American, is he not?" he said. "Ver reech, ze Americans."

This saddened me a little. He was not then absolutely complete. There was a faint tarnish on the lustre of his innocence. He was scarcely perhaps suited for the League of Nations after all. Lighting an Albanian cigarette I asked him for my bill.

THINKING ALOUD.

LORD HALDANE *loquitur*.

"TIRED of laborious days and nights
Spent on the intellectual heights,
I long to raise and educate
The masters of the future State.
Besides, the people in the plains
Are lamentably short of brains,
And I have even more than KEYNES.
Already in *The Herald's* page
Am I acclaimed as seer and sage;
Mine be it then to teach my neighbour
To quit the lowly rut of Labour,
And scale the heights of Pisgah, Nebo,
Or some equivalent gazebo,
For even Labour must afford
To keep one competent Law Lord."

"WAR CRIMINALS DEMAND TO BE
SUSPENDED."

Evening Paper.

Too good to be true.

COX AND BOX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Let us talk *Haute Finance*. In other words, let us indulge in that good old Anglo-Saxon pastime of blackguarding COX AND CO. It will remind us of the piping days of war. There is too much peace about, and the gentle and ever-forgiving COX AND CO. expect their customers to be men of force and character, showing temper from time to time. Everybody else may be demobilised; I remain a soldier, and as such I have my special bank. Ah, me! the battles in Charing Cross are not the easy things they used to be. No longer, as of old, I come fresh to the attack against a mere underling, worn down by the assaults of wave after wave of brother-officers attacking before me. I enter the Territorial Department alone and am taken on by a master-hand, supported and flanked by a number of unoccupied subordinates. About the Spring of 1925, when I expect to be the only "T" left, I anticipate the decisive moment when I shall cross swords or swop bombs with Sir Cox himself. Having bravely encountered "AND CO." these many years, I shall not be daunted by that gilded knight.

The war having once put me in possession of my COX AND CO., I had very frequent recourse to them when in need of such solace as only money can bring. The time arrived when I applied in vain; the money had disappeared. Though I had no reason to suspect COX AND CO. of being dishonest I noticed a tone of assuredness and self-complacency in their letters strangely similar to that in my own, and I *knew* that I was being dishonest, so I demanded to see my pass-book. It was a horrid sight, and it gave me seriously to think. How came it that the side of the book which showed my takings was so clear and easily to be understood, but the side which showed their takings wrapt in mystery and hieroglyphics such as not even the world's leading financiers and mathematicians could hope to unravel? My subaltern, being consulted, agreed with me; I would have had him carpeted by the C.O. at once if he hadn't.

I stepped round to COX AND CO. and had it out with them verbally. After a discussion lasting half-an-hour, it was shown that I had been credited with a week's pay to which I wasn't entitled and that a month's income-tax, to which a grasping Government *was* entitled, had not been deducted. I left the building ninety-three shillings worse off than I entered it.

I gave COX AND CO. six months to go wrong in, and then called for that pass-



MANNERS AND MODES.

A YOUNG GIRL HAS THE TEMERITY TO BRING A CHAPERON TO A DANCE.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"THIS IS WHERE HE SWIMS THE RAPIDS. HOW SHALL WE SEND HIM—UP OR DOWN?"

book again. My eye fell upon a paying and deducting and refunding and readjusting of an item itself so shameful that it dared only appear under its initials. Why this oscillation? I asked myself. So we engaged upon another correspondence, and another interview took place, at which I was supported by my subaltern (who could multiply and add), and the bank-man was supported by a young lady (who could divide and subtract). At the end of a passionate discussion, which lasted fifty-seven minutes (forty-five of them being after closing time) the conclusion was arrived at that the total was correct to a halfpenny. Even Cox and Co. themselves were a bit surprised at that.

Years passed, and there was no doubt about it; the money continued to disappear. Trusting that Cox and Co. were now lulled into a feeling of false security I tried a surprise reconnaissance. I dropped in on them without warning and asked to see that pass-book then and there. They searched high and low, but they couldn't find it. I, on the other hand, found it quite easily, when I searched amongst my papers at home. To me this proved that I was the better searcher. My subaltern, however, would have it that the circumstances gave me no right of action

against Cox and Co. His sympathies were clearly with them, so I requested him kindly to get on with his own work and not to interfere further in my private affairs. He went away in a huff, got demoralised and, I have little doubt, married the young lady who divided and subtracted and, with her, set up a bank of his own. I devoted my young life to the search for some person, firm or corporation, expert in pass-books, haughty of demeanour, capable of getting blood out of a stone and not likely to give even the devil his due; I wanted such an ally for the next assault.

I have always remained a civilian, and as such have retained my other banker. A man of unlimited possessions, I may state accurately that I have to-day no fewer than two banks of my own. Let us call this other one Box and Co. That is not the real name, but it is as far as I dare go to refer to them, even under an assumed name. Years of stern handling by them have taken all the spirit out of me. It is as much as I can do to screw up my courage so far as to ask the loan of a pound or two of my own money off them. And there have been times, in the pre-1914 past, when I have felt it would be better to go without money

than to have the stuff thrown at me, shovelled at me in that contemptuous offhand manner. I now repaired in person to the premises of Box and Co., with their handsome marble façade and their costly mahogany fittings, and had a word with Mr. Box himself. A little artful flattery, a few simple lies and just a touch of ginger in the matter of professional competition, and Box and Co. were brought into the war. I handed them Cox and Co.'s pass-book and told them that now was their time to go in and win.

I used to look in every other day to see how the struggle went. At first Box and Co. were confident, remarking on my wisdom in placing myself (and my pass-book) in such competent hands as theirs. But as the correspondence went on their enthusiasm wore off; Mr. Box gave vent to observations reflecting ill on the Army system of pay, on the Army itself, even on that part of it which was me. Had it not been that the pride of Box and Co. was involved, I believe they would have gone to London in a body, there to form a lifelong friendship with Cox and Co., out of pure fellow-feeling. But I have hinted that Box and Co. were a cold inhuman institution, whose business in life it was to do people down,

or go down itself. And so Cox and Co. had to be for it. Eventually, in the late winter of 1919, Box and Co. extracted from Cox and Co. the admission that a five had been mistaken for a three, and I had been done out of twopence, an affair all the more gross in that it had happened as long ago as the early spring of 1915, and never a word of remorse meanwhile! A conclusion by which neither Box nor Cox was really satisfied, but which, for me, was enough. We English may only win one battle in a war, but that battle is the last.

Possibly, my dear Charles, you have a soft spot in your heart for this Cox and Co., never failing in courtesy and attention and over heaped with abuse? So, to be frank, have I. Let us turn round and blackguard the other fellow. The sequel is incredible.

I next handed my Box and Co. pass-book to Cox and Co., giving them a brief and touching *résumé* of my sad story of wrong and oppression, and bidding them do their damndest in their turn. They wrote to Box and Co.: "Our customer, your customer, we may say THE customer, Second-Lieutenant, Brevet-Lieutenant, Temporary Captain, Acting Major, Local Colonel, Aspiring General (entered in your books as plain Mister) Henry Neplusultra, informs us that, though he has banked with you since the first sovereign he earned at his baptism, he has been so frowned at and scorned as to have been rendered morally unable to handle his current balance. He instructs us . . ."

But why relate the story in all its grim horror? Enough to say that so successfully did Cox and Co. pursue their instructions that they discovered a credit balance in my favour of 14s. 3d.; so politely and firmly did they conduct the correspondence that eventually Box and Co. burst into tears, admitted the claim and, upon my calling the other day personally to receive satisfaction, handed me the 14s. 3d. with a deferential bow. If you doubt the truth of this statement you have only to come round to my place, where you can see for yourself the threepence, which is still in my possession.

Yours ever, HENRY.

DAY BY DAY IN THE WORLD OF CRIME.

(By a well-known Professor of Larceny.)

-In these days when robbery with violence is an everyday occurrence, few people will trust themselves alone in railway carriages. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, not unmingled with pleasure, on seeing a somewhat pompous-looking individual, with the circumference and watch-chain of the successful merchant, sitting alone in a first-class



-AT SMITH-

Fusser. "I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW JUST HOW MUCH THIS TRAIN IS OVERDUE."
Cynic. "A WATCH AIN'T NO GOOD—WHAT YOU WANT IS A HALLMACK."

carriage on the suburban up-line from Wallingford. I always travel from Wallingford, as it is the one station on the line at which you are not required to show a ticket on entry. Accordingly I entered the old gentleman's carriage, took his ticket, and offered him a cigarette, which he accepted. I then opened the conversation.

"I wonder you wear your watch-chain so prominently," I remarked, "especially during the present vogue of crime—so tempting, you know."

"Ah!" he said, "so you may think; but, being a bit of a criminologist, I have arranged that as a little trap. It is my belief that the pickpocket, foiled in one particular, never attempts to rob his victim in any other way. Now this chain cost me precisely ninepence. It is weighted at each end with a piece of lead, which gives an appearance of genuineness to the watch-pocket. I am heavily armed, in case he should attempt violence."

It was here that I removed his pocket-book and slipped it into my great-coat. Not daring to examine it openly, I fingered it cautiously, and felt the stiff softness of bank-notes. I was so carried away with pleasure that

I was quite surprised to hear his voice returning from a distance.

"As for my ticket," he continued, "that is a single from Wallingford to the next station, Sadlington; it is two years old. My season I keep inside the lining of my hat."

It was here that I returned the ticket to his pocket. After all, I reflected, I could pay at the other end with a very small portion of the contents of the pocket-book, which I reckoned must contain at least half-a-dozen fivers.

"By the way," he added, "I have a passion for biscuits; will you join me in one?" and he proffered a small tin. "I eat so many of them," he said, "that I can write all my memoranda on the slips of paper from the tins, and these I keep in my pocket-book. My money I keep next my season."

It was here that I returned the pocket-book.

"THE OPTIMISTIC WAITERS.

'SOON WE SHALL GO BACK TO OUR WORK TRIUMPHANTLY.'

Evening Paper.

We hope that in the case of certain restaurants the bark will not be so bad as the bite.



Mabel (who has something in her eye). "IT'S STILL VERY SORE, MUMMY. SHALL I GARGLE IT?"

THE DEAD TREE.

(Being a terrible result of reading too much poetry in the modern manner.)

SLUSHY is the highway between the unspeakable hedges;

I pause

Irresolute under a telegraph-pole,
The fourteenth telegraph-pole on the way

From Shere to Havering,

The twenty-first

From Havering to Shere.

Crimson is the western sky; upright it stands,

The solitary pole,

Sombre and terrible,

Splitting the dying sun

Into two semi-circular halves.

I do not think I have seen, not even in Vorticist pictures,

Anything so solitary,

So absolutely nude;

Yet this was an item once in the uninteresting forest,

With branches sticking out of it, and crude green leaves

And resinous sap,

And underneath it a litter of pine spindles

And ants;

Birds fretted in the boughs and bees were busy in it,

Squirrels ran noisily up it;

Now it is naked and dead,

Delightfully naked

And beautifully dead.

Delightfully and beautifully, for across it melodiously,

Stirred by the evening wind,

The wires where electric messages are continually being despatched

Between various post-offices,

Messages of business and messages of love,

Rates of advertisements and all the winners,

Are vibrating and thrumming

Like a thousand lutes.

Is the old grey heart of the telegraph pole stirred by these messages?

I fancy not.

Yet it all seems very strange;

And even stranger still, now that I notice it,

Is the fact that the thing is after all not absolutely naked,

For a short way up it, half obliterated with age,

Discoloured and torn,

Fastened on by tinctacks,

There is a paper *affiche* relating to swine fever.

The sun sinks lower and I pass on,
On to the fifteenth pole from Shere to Havering,

And the twentieth

From Havering to Shere;

It is even more naked and desolate than the last.

I pause (as before) . . .

[*Author.* We can start all over again now if you like. *Editor.* I don't like.]

EVOL.

"HOPS.

CANTERBURY, Saturday.—Trade was quiet, with prices steady, as follows:—Kent mixed fleeces, 36d; lambs' wool, 22d to 24d; downs, 41d to 42d; and half-bred fleeces, 35d to 39d per lb.—*Financial Paper.*

This may help to explain the taste of "Government ale."

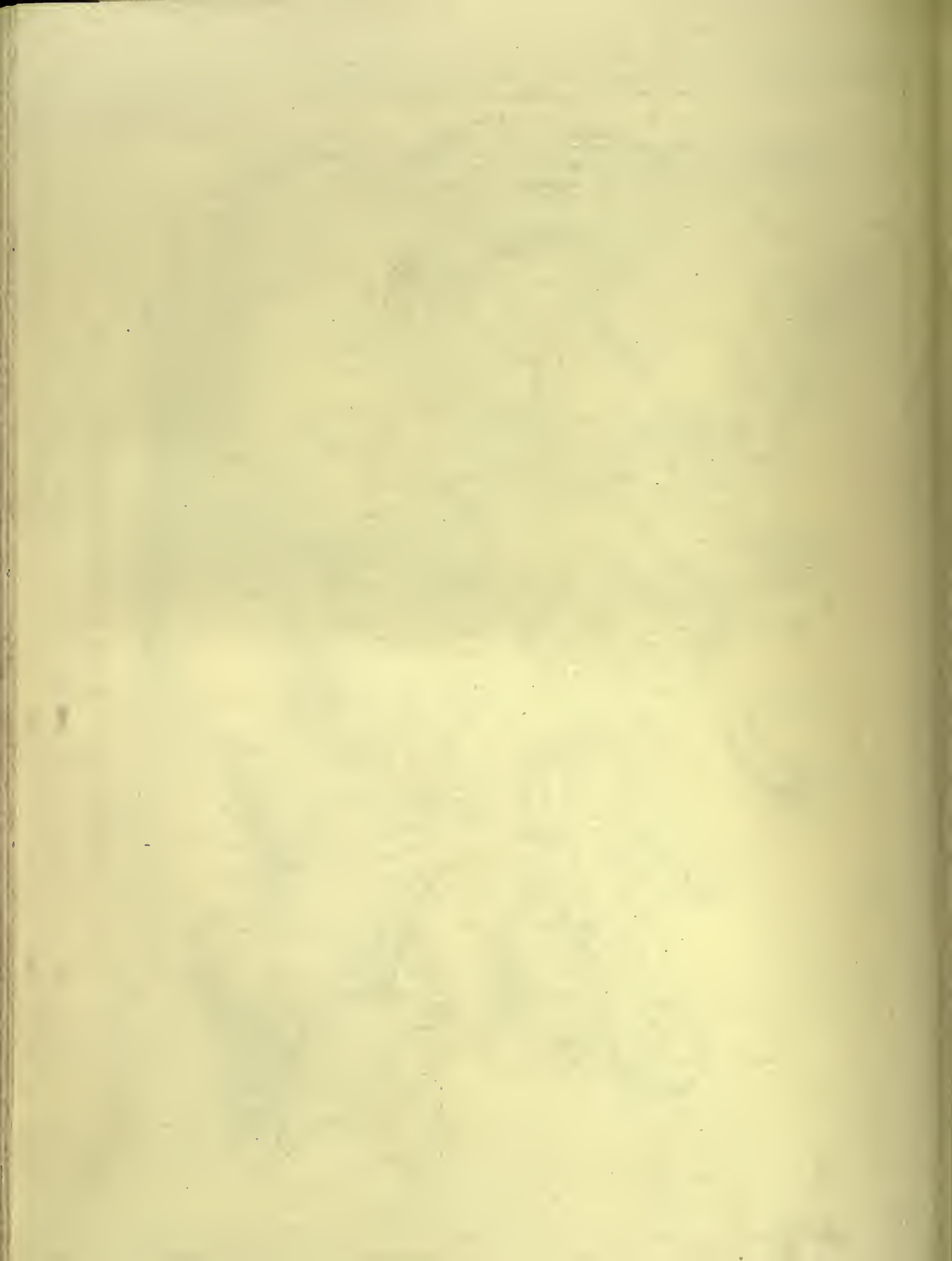
"By systematic and scientific training is it possible to produce that perfect type of manhood gifted with the best powers of what we are wont to call the 'lower orders of creation'—keen sighted and swift of motion as a bird, sharp-scented as a greyhound, faithful and acute as a dog, and full of sentient wisdom as an elephant."—*Daily Paper.*

We are doubtful about the rest, but the greyhound part should be quite easy.



INTERNATIONAL EURHYTHMICS.

AN ALLIED PAS DE TROIS AND AN "ASSOCIATED" PAS SEUL.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 16th.—The great AUCKLAND still reposes a touching faith in the Profiteering Act. In his opinion it "has had a stabilising effect on the price of clothing;" by which he means, I suppose, that West-End tailors long ago nailed their high prices to the mast-head.

In commending the Bill for the continuance of D.O.R.A., a remnant from last Session, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was almost apologetic. He laid much stress upon the "modest and attenuated form" which the measure now presented, and the short time it was to remain in force. Serious objection was taken by the Irish Members to the provision that in districts where a proclamation is in force the D.O.R.A. regulations, instead of coming to an end on August 31st, will continue for a year after the end of the War. This they naturally interpreted as a means of continuing the military government of Ireland, a country in which, according to Mr. DEVLIN, the Government had as much right as the Germans in Belgium. The House, however, seemed to agree with the Irish Attorney-General that in the present state of Ireland it would not be wise to dispense with the regulations, and gave the Bill a second reading by 219 votes to 61.

Then the House turned to the discussion of the levy on capital. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was still inexorably opposed to a general levy, but would like a toll on war-wealth alone, and proposed to set up a Committee to consider whether it was practicable. Mr. ADAMSON frankly declared that the Labour Party was in favour of a capital levy, but wanted to get at the war-profits first. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN objected to widening the scope of the inquiry on the ground that it would take too long, and also that uncertainty would promote extravagance and discourage saving. And, despite Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's naïve suggestion that we should restore credit by making a bonfire of paper-money—he did not say whose—the House agreed with the CHANCELLOR.

Tuesday, February 17th.—The Acting Colonial Secretary bubbled over with delight as he described the success of the operations against the Somaliland dervishes. The principal credit was due to the Royal Air

has lost all his forces, all his stock and all his belongings, it is hoped that it will be at any rate some time before he pops up again.

The Coal Mines Bill was wisely entrusted to Mr. BRIDGEMAN. Lord SPENCER once delighted the House of Commons by announcing that he was "not an agricultural labourer"; and Mr. BRIDGEMAN similarly put it in a good temper by admitting that he had never himself worked in a mine. But he showed quite a sufficient acquaintance with his subject, and succeeded in dispelling some of the fog that enshrouds the figures of coal-finance. The miners, of course, objected to the Bill on the ground that it was not nationalisation, but were left in a very small minority.

A Private Members' debate on the Housing Problem occupied the evening. There was much friendly criticism of the MINISTER OF HEALTH, for whom Major LLOYD GREAME suggested a motto from the Koran:—

"This life is but a bridge; Let no man build his house upon it."



COLONEL AMERY CRUSOE RETURNS FROM A SUCCESSFUL DAY WITH HIS MAN FRIDAY.

Foreo, but the native levies had also done their part effectively. The only fly in Colonel AMERY's ointment was the escape of that evasive gentleman, the MULLAH, to whom he was careful on this occasion not to apply the epithet "Mad." As, however, the MULLAH

But the lapse of time is gradually bringing performance nearer to promise, and Dr. ADDISON was able to announce that over one hundred thousand houses were now "in the tender stage." Let us hope no bitter blast will nip them in the bud.



TAKING THE OFFERTORY.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (as Sidesman). "THE THREEPENNY-BIT IS ECONOMICAL PERHAPS; BUT A DESIRABLE COIN, FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, IT IS NOT."

Wednesday, February 18th.—The Lords returned to work after their week's holiday in a rather gloomy mood. By some occult process of reasoning Lord PARMOOR has convinced himself that the distress in Central Europe is largely the fault of the Peace Conference. He was supported by Lord BRYCE, who declared that the "Big Four" approached the business of Treaty-making in a German rather than an English spirit (which sounds as if he thought they never meant to keep it), and by Lord HALDANE, who, *more suo*, accused the negotiators of having shown "no adequate provision." Lord CRAWFORD dealt pretty faithfully with the cavillers and pointed out that this country had already spent twelve millions on relieving European distress, and was prepared to spend nearly as

much again when the United States was ready to co-operate; but at present, he reminded them, that country was still in a state of war with Germany.

The one bright spot of the sitting was Lord HYLTON's statement that the National Debt, which was within a fraction of eight thousand millions on December 31st, had since been reduced by eighty-five millions. The pace is too good to last, but it is something to have made a start.

For nearly four years we have been anxiously waiting to know what really did happen at the battle of Jutland. The voluminous efforts of Admirals and journalists have failed to clear up the mystery, and even Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS has not satisfied everybody so completely as himself that his recent work reveals the truth. But now the official history is on the eve of publication and Mr. LONG no longer feels it necessary to keep the secret. Here it is in his own words: "The moral of the German fleet was very seriously shaken." What a relief!

It seems that the Turks were informed in advance of the intention of the Peace Conference to let them stay at Constantinople in the hope that they would forthwith abandon their sanguinary habits. Instead of which they appear to have said to themselves, "What a jolly day! Let us go out and kill something—Armenians for choice." So now a further message has been sent to them to the effect that the new title to the old tenement is not absolute but conditional, and that one of the covenants forbids its use as a slaughterhouse.

A modest little Bill empowering the Mint to manufacture coins worth something less than their weight in silver aroused the wrath of Professor OMAN. The last time, according to his account, that the coinage was thus debased was in the days of HENRY VIII., whose views both on money and matrimony were notoriously lax. Other Members were friendly to the project, and Mr. DENNIS HERBERT, in the avowed interest of churchwardens, urged the Government to seize the opportunity to abolish the threepenny-bit, the irreducible minimum of "respectable" almsgiving. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, however, stoutly championed the elusive little coin, for which he declared there was "an immense demand."

On Captain HAMBRO's motion deploring the action of certain trade-unions in refusing to admit ex-Service men to their ranks the Labour Party heard some very straight talking. The whips of Lady BONHAM-CARTER at Paisley were nothing to the scorpions of ex-Private HOPKINSON, who has actually been fined at the instance of

the trade-unions because he insisted upon employing some of his old comrades-in-arms.

Mr. SEXTON's rather maladroit attempt to shift the blame on to the employers only deepened the impression that trade-unionism is developing into a system of caste, in which certain occupations are reserved for certain people. Only an elect bricklayer, for example, may lay bricks—though anybody can heave them—and the mere fact that a man has shouldered a rifle in the service of his country in no way entitles him to carry a hod.

Thursday, February 19th.—The impending advent of a Home Rule Bill is greatly perturbing the little remnant of Irish Nationalist Members, threatened with the extinction of their pet grievance. Although but seven in number



Ko-ko (Sir GORDON HEWART). "PARDON ME, BUT THERE I AM ADAMANT."

they made almost noise enough for seventy. Question-time was punctuated with their plaints. The CHIEF SECRETARY did his best to soothe them, but his remark that "no man in Ireland need be in prison if he will obey the law" poured oil on the flames.

Despite the reduction of the Question-ration from eight to four per Member, the House collectively grows "curiouser and curiouser." This is partly due to the popularity of PREMIER-baiting, now to be enjoyed on Mondays and Thursdays. In future, Members are to be further restricted to three Questions *per diem*; but no substantial relief is to be hoped for until the House sets up its own censorship, with power to expunge all Questions that are trivial, personal or put for purposes of self-advertisement. Not many—a dozen or two daily, perhaps—would survive the scrutiny.

A NEW ISLE OF THE BLEST.
(The "Cubanisation" of Ireland, suggested by Mr. DE VALERA, is being seriously discussed in Sinn Féin circles.)

WHEN Ireland is treated like Cuba,
As great DE VALERA suggests,
And the pestilent loyalist Pooh-Bah
No longer our island infests,
The Pearl that adorns the Antilles
We'll speedily duplicate here,
From the Lough in the North, that is
Swilly's,
Right down to Cape Clear.

The militant minstrels of Tara
Will change their war-harps for
guitars,
And Clare, to be called Santa Clara,
Will grow the most splendid cigars;
On the banks of the Bann the banana
Will yield us its succulent fruit,
And the pig with the gentle iguana
Together will root.

Our poets, both major and minor,
Will work the new Manganese vein,
And turn out a product diviner
Than even the Cubans obtain;
Limerigo, Galvejo, Doblino—
How lovely and noble they sound!
And think of Don José Devlino
Cavorting around!

We'll borrow a leaf from Havana;
We'll cultivate yuccas and yains;
The Curragh shall be our savannah,
Swept clear of all soldiers and shams;
And then to the cry of "Majuba"
We'll shatter the enemy's yoke,
When Ireland is governed like Cuba
And grows her own smoke.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

TO-DAY the telephone has been installed. The members of our staff are going about their duties in a dazed fashion, and I, to whose single-handed tenacity the achievement is due, find myself unable in these first full moments of triumph to concentrate on my every-day affairs.

I can still remember that fresh summer morning when with springy step I set out to call upon the District Contract Agent for the first time. Innocently enough I expected to arrange for the installation of a telephone within the next two or three days. But I recollect that as I ascended the steps of his premises I became depressed by that House of Usher foreboding, and then, when I witnessed the way in which an imperturbable official discomfited a tempestuous gentleman who was giving tongue to a long list of his wrongs, my carefully rehearsed and resolute address shrivelled on my lips



SOUVENIR-HUNTERS OF THE PAST.

Scene.—RUNNYMEDE, 1215.

and I found myself asking tamely for a form.

This form, *plus* the information that telephones were more speedily installed where ex-Service men were employed, was the net result of my first encounter.

And now, as I turn in reminiscent mood to a dusty file, I pause before one of my early letters to the District Contract Agent: "... If you saw our staff, who are without exception ex-soldiers, you would say at once that they are a remarkably fine body of men and deserving of a telephone. They mark their possessions with their initials in indelible pencil. Between them they have seen service on every front, from Mesopotamia to Ireland. Some have been mentioned in despatches, many have figured in Cox's Book of Martyrs, and our cashier says that he once opened a tin of bully with the key provided for that purpose. One of our juniors, Major Bays Waller, O.B.E., who came to us from a Control Office and who advises us on our filing, says that it is like coming from a home to a home. You must come round and have a chat with him; you would have so much in common.

"Trusting that you will expedite the little matter of our telephone installation, and assuring you that the spirit of our staff continues to be excellent, etc. . . ."

Although this letter was signed "Henry Thomas, James & Sons," the District Contract Agent's vague reply on the file before me commences: "Sir (or Madam);" and I feel now, as I did then, that it is not in the best of taste for him to brag as he does about his telephone and his "Private Branch Exchange" on the very paper on which he writes to baffled applicants for installation.

From this time the correspondence is marked by an increasing bitterness on my side and a level colourlessness on his. Only once did he assume the offensive, which took the shape of a demand for four pounds for possible services to be rendered at some period in the future. At Yuletide I hoped that "during this season of goodwill he would see his way to give instructions for the installation of our telephone," and in the New Year I played once more the ex-Service employees' card:—"... Whatever views you may hold on the policy of the withdrawal of British troops from Russia, we are convinced that you will sympathise with our desire to extend a hearty welcome to a member of our staff on his return to this office from Murmansk; and we feel that, since he served with the R.E. Signals, it would be a graceful compliment to him if we had the telephone installed. We therefore cordially invite

your co-operation so that this may take place before his arrival . . . The idea of installing a telephone in this office is not in itself a novel one, as you may recollect that the suggestion has cropped up in the correspondence that has passed between us . . ."

* * * * *
And now, as I have said, the telephone is installed. The instrument is fashioned in a severe style (receiver and mouth-piece mounted on an ebonite column of the Roman Doric Order), and it stands for all to see as a symbol that in the seclusion of our offices we are in touch with the world at large. But as a symbol only it must remain, for the voices of the outer world that call us up as they search for other friends or obstruct us when we in turn are, as it were, groping after ours, have already frayed the temper of our staff. It was inevitable that under such constant irritation these ex-Service men of ours would one day burst into strong military idiom, so we have disconnected our telephone in order to avoid the calamity of losing our lady-typist.

"Man Wanted to lift 1,200 square yards of Turf at once."—*Provincial Paper*.
Before applying for the job our young friend Fuzzle would like to know whether he will be required to replace the divot.

AT THE PLAY.

"JUST LIKE JUDY."

If the author of *Just Like Judy* will look into that commodious classic, *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book*, he will find a formula for light pastry. And if he will proceed to the (for him) enlivening adventure of essaying a tartlet, he will find that most fatal among a host of fatal errors will be any failure to preserve the due proportion of ingredients. I do not suggest that there is as rigid a formula for light comedy. But certainly Mr. DENNY throw in too many unnecessary mystifications and crude explanations in proportion to the wit, wisdom and lively incident of his confection. In particular he was constantly making some of his characters tell the others what we of the audience either already knew or quite easily guessed. To exhaust my tedious-homely metaphor, if you put in a double measure of water the mixture will refuse to rise. And that I imagine is essentially what happened to *Just Like Judy*.

Irish *Judy*, a charmingly pretty busybody, outwardly just like Miss Iris HOEX, comes to *Peter Keppel's* studio and hears that this casual youth has got into a deplorable habit of putting off his marriage with her friend *Milly*. She (*Judy*) will see to that! She assumes the rôle of a notorious Chelsea model, whom proper *Peter* has never seen. *Peter* knocks his head on the mantelpiece, just where a shrapnel splinter had hit him, and is persuaded that she, *Judy McCarthy*, affecting to be *Trixie O'Farrel*, is his wife. It all seems very horrible to him, but, shell-shock or no shell-shock, he sets to work to paint her portrait in a business-like way, and at the end of four hours it doesn't seem at all horrible. And by the time it is explained that it was all a joke (some people do have such a nice sense of humour) he is all for rushing off to the registry-office, *Judy* agreeing.

Not that *Judy* is a minx. She did her level best to make two people who obviously didn't love one another fulfil their engagement, instead of, like a sensible woman, accepting the inevitable, which was, as it happens, so congenial to her. What puzzled me was *Peter's* indignation with poor *Milly* when he found that she really didn't love him (but, on the contrary, a bounder called *Cranford*), yet couldn't bear to cause him unhappiness, and was sacrificing herself for him. As that was his attitude precisely, I suppose he felt annoyed by this lack of originality. If we men are like that, it wasn't nice of Mr. DENNY to give us away.

At any rate I am sure Mr. DONALD CALTHROP didn't believe in *Peter* all

the time. When he did he was very good indeed. When he didn't he was horrid. Did Miss IRIS HOEX believe in *Judy*? I am not so sure. I suspect not. Did I believe in either? I did not.

I was a little surprised that Miss JOAN VIVIAN-REES should so overplay her *Trixie*. Her work is certainly in general not like that, and I conjecture the influence of some baleful autocrat of a producer. It seemed to me that Miss MILDRED EVELYN's *Milly* was, all things considered, a capable and consistent study of a desperately unsympathetic character, a more difficult and creditable feat than is commonly supposed. T.

"WILD GESE."

I SHOULD hesitate to accuse Mr. RONALD JEANS of originality in the design



Mr. JACK BUCHANAN (*Hon. Bill Malcolm*). "WHAT'S THE IDEA? ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE TRYING TO GIVE ME THE COLD SHOULDER?"

Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN (*Violet Braid*). "No. I JUST KEEP ON DOING THIS FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING."

of his musical trifle at the Comedy. The idea of a company of women that bans the society of men is at least as old as the Attic stage. But it is to his credit that though the theme invited suggestiveness he at least avoided the licence of *The Lysistrata*. Indeed there were moments when his restraint filled me with respectful wonder. Thus, though the Pacific Island to which the Junior Jumper Club retired—with no male attendant but the Club porter—clearly indicated a bathing scene, yet we had to be satisfied with an occasional glimpse of an exiguous mailot with nobody inside it.

In fact, the fun throughout had a note of reserve and was never boisterous. Mr. JACK BUCHANAN's quiet

methods in the part of the *Hon. Bill Malcolm*, universal philanderer, lent themselves to this quality of understatement. In a scene where he tried to extricate himself from a number of coincident entanglements with various members of the Club he was quite amusing without the aid of italics. Mr. GILBERT CHILDS, again, as *Weekes*—Club porter and *Admirable Crichton* of the island—though a little broader in his style, was too clever to force the fun.

The other sex, as was natural with women who affected a serious purpose, had fewer chances, and Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN spoilt hers by a bad trick of hunching her shoulders and waggling her arms as if she were out for a cake-walk on Montmartre.

There were touches of humour in Mr. CUVILLIER's tuneful music and in the limited movements of the best-looking chorus that I have seen for a long time.

As for the plot, it had at least the merit of continuity and conformed to the logic, seldom too severe, of this kind of entertainment, as distinct from the so-called *revue*. Nearly everything was well within my intelligence, the chief exception being the title; for never surely did a wild-geese chase offer such easy sport. The birds were just asking to be put into the bag. I should myself have preferred, out of compliment to the chorus, to call the play "*Wild Ducks*," only, of course, ISEN had been there before. Not that this would have greatly troubled an author who showed so little regard for the proprietary rights of ARISTOPHANES and Sir JAMES BARRIE.

O. S.

WITCHES.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy, " 'tis born in 'em maybe, The same as fits an' freckles an' follor-in' the sea, An' ginger hair in some folks—an' likin' beer in me.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy, "an' powerful strong ones too; They'll whistle a wind from nowhere an' a storm out o' the blue 'Ud sink this here old booker an' all her bloomin' crew.

"Finns, they're witches," said Murphy, rubbing his hairy chin, "An' some counts witchcraft bunkum, an' some a deadly sin, But—there ain't no harm as I see in standing well with a Finn."

C. F. S.

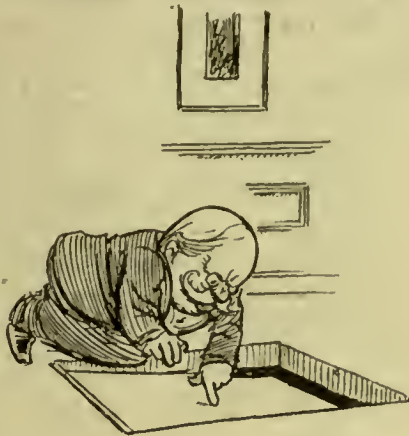
Our Cynical Press.

"Mr. —, M.P., is leaving home for a fortnight's rest."—*Scotch Paper*.

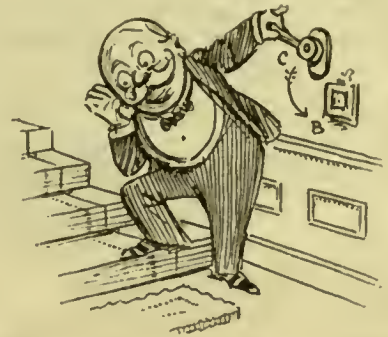
PROTECTION FROM BURGLARS.
FOR IDEAL AND OTHER HOMES.



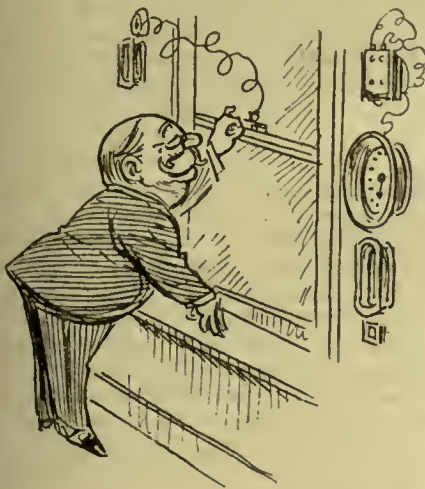
HAVING SEEN THAT THE FRONT-DOOR BURGLAR ALARM-GONG IS IN WORKING ORDER—



AND THE PASSAGE SPRING-TRAP ADJUSTED TO A NICETY—



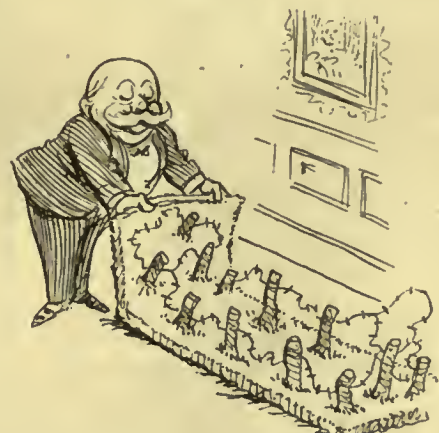
AND THE PATENT PROTECTIVE STAIR-CREAK RECORDER IS SET TO THE RIGHT KEY—



AND YOUR SYNCHRONISED WINDOW-CATCH WARNING SYSTEM GEARED PROPERLY—



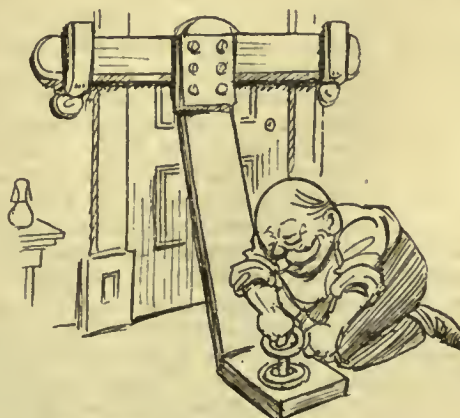
YOU CAN JUST GIVE A LOOK AT THE MECHANISM CONTROLLING THE BURGLAR CHLOROFORM SHOWER—



ARRANGE YOUR BARBED-WIRE-ENTANGLEMENT RUG—



RUN THROUGH YOUR JIU-JITSU EXERCISES ACCORDING TO CHART—



FIX YOUR INTERIOR BEDROOM-DOOR DEFENCES—



AND GO TO BED.

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

Ernest was a sprightly youth
With a passion for the truth,
Who, the other day, began
His career as midshipman.
'Twas not in the least degree
Vulgar curiosity
Urging him to ask the reason
Why, both in and out of season;
'Twas but keenness; all he lacked
Was a saving sense of tact.

Once the Lieut. of Ernie's watch,
Dour, meticulous and Scotch,
Thought he'd show the timid snotty
(Newly joined) exactly what he
Wanted when inspecting men.
Closely Ernest watched, and then
Said, saluting, "Sir, I note
Several creases in your coat,
And I see upon your trouser
Signs of paint-work; yet just now,
Sir,
Did you not think fit to blame
One poor man who had the same?"

Ere that outraged Lieut. replied
Suddenly our hero spied
Coming aft, his labours done,
Our benignant Number One
(Most abstemious is he,
And, in fact, a strict T.T.,
But—it shows how Fate can blunder—
No one could be rubicunder).
Ernest, after one swift glance,
Said, "Excuse my ignorance,
But, Sir, can you tell me why
You are always red, while I,
Even when I drink a lot,
Only flush if I am hot?"

Just as Number One grew pale
And collapsed against the rail,
Striving grimly not to choke,
Ernest heard the busy Bloke
Calling loudly, "Let her go!"
To a seaman down below;
"Fool! the cutter's bound to ram you,
Push the pinnace forward, damn you!"
Ernest shook his youthful head
And he very gently said
Into his Commander's ear,
"You forget yourself, I fear.
May I ask what you would do
If I used that word to you?
Is it worthy, Sir, of an
Officer and gentleman?"

Aft ran little Ernest, only
Pausing when he saw a lonely
Figure bright with golden lace
Who appeared to own the place.
"Ah!" thought Ernie, "I know you;
You're the luckless Captain who
(Though you hadn't then a beard)
Most unwillingly appeared
But a year ago or less
In the Illustrated Press."
"Tell me, Sir," the youngster cried,

Crossing to the Captain's side
Of the sacred quarterdeck—
"How did you contrive the wreck
Of the cruiser you commanded
When she bumped the beach and
stranded?"

You may say, "He is so brave he
Ought some day to rule the Navy."
Certainly he ought, but still
I'm afraid he never will;
For they talked to him so gruffly
And they handled him so roughly
That, when he was fit to drop,
And the kindly Bloke said, "Stop!
Or you'll make him even madder;
He is wiser now and sadder,"
Ernest simply answered, "Ay, Sir,
You have made me sad; but why,
Sir?"

ÆQUAM MEMENTO.

"I wonder," said Mary for the third
time, "if we shall catch the tram at the
other end."

"Calmness," I told her—this for the
second time—"is the essence of com-
fortable travel. Meeting trouble half-
way—"

"It isn't half-way," she said indig-
nantly. "We're nearly there."

We were on a bus whose "route"
terminated some five miles from home,
which we proposed to reach by a tram,
and, the hour being late, it was our
chances of catching a car that were
worrying Mary.

"Never get flurried," I went on. "If
people would only go ahead calmly
and steadily . . . What causes half
our traffic congestion? Flurry. What
makes it so difficult to move quickly in
the streets? Flurry. What is it clogs
the wheels of progress everywhere?"

"Don't tell me," she implored. "Let
me guess. Flurry."

"Exactly," I said, and at this point
we reached our terminus. Two trains
were waiting, one behind the other,
some thirty yards away, and, as we
descended the steps of the bus, the bell
of the first one rang warningly. Mary
would have started running, but I
detained her.

"Flurrying again," I said indul-
gently. "Here are two trams, but of
course you must have the first one,
however full it is," and I led her to-
wards the second. As I expected, it
was quite empty, and I was still using
it to point my moral when its conductor
began juggling with the pole. It was
then that I realised that, though on
the down lines, this car was going no
further. It was, in fact, turning round
for its journey back to London, while
in the distance the rear lights of our
last down tram seemed to wink a de-
risive farewell.

There was nothing for it but to go
ahead calmly and steadily, and we did
so. It was somewhere about the end
of the fourth mile that Mary asked
suddenly:—

"What was it you said clogged the
wheels of progress everywhere?"

"Flurry," I said feebly.

"Well, I think it's blisters," she
said.

FILM NOTES.

Those who are still inclined to ques-
tion whether the cinema is to be re-
garded as a serious force in the realm
of Art should not only read the frequent
contributions to *The Times* and other
newspapers on this department of the
drama, but should bear in mind that
quite recently it has been stated that
both the Rev. SILAS K. HOCKING and
Mr. JACK DEMPSEY have taken part in
photo-plays. It cannot be doubted that
the peculiar talent required for making
the heart of the people throb is being
revealed in the most unlikely places.

If proof were needed that the art of
the film is a dangerous rival to that of
the stage, we would point to the five-
reel drama, *The Call of the Thug*, of
which a private trade view was given
last week. Miss Flora Poudray, who
is here featured—her name is new to
us—proves to be a screen actress of
superb gifts. We have seen nothing
quite so subtly perfect as her gesture
of dissent when the villain proposes
that he and she together should strangle
the infant heir to the millionaire woollen
merchant on the raft during the thun-
der-storm. Patrons of the cinema will
do well to look out for this delicate yet
moving passage. The film will be re-
leased as early as November, 1921.

"MR. BALFOUR ON OUR WAR
CRIMINALS LIST."

Daily Paper.

We simply can't believe it.

"The amount of coal available for home
consumption last year was 4,385 tons per
head of the population."—*Evening Paper*.

Then somebody else must have collared
our share.

"LIVE STOCK AND PETS."

GENERAL, family 2; liberal wages and out-
ings."—*Liverpool Paper*.

The difficulty with "pets" of this kind
is that they are hard to get and almost
impossible to keep.

"An Englishman usually finds it about as
difficult to produce an R from his throat as to
produce a rabbit from a top-hat—both feats
require practice."—*Provincial Paper*.

In this case we fear it can't be done,
even with practice.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Mrs. P.-W.S. (to P.-W.S., who has been pulled off at a gate, consolingly). "NEVER MIND, HENRY; THE HUNTING SEASON IS NEARLY OVER, AND YOU HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING THAT YOU HAVE DONE YOUR DUTY IN THE STATION TO WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE publishers of *Peter Jackson: Cigar Merchant* (HUTCHINSON) seem in their announcements to be desperately afraid lest anyone should guess it to be a War book. It is, they suggest, the story of the flowering of perfect love between two married folk who had drifted apart. It is really an admirable epitome of the War as seen through one pair of eyes and one particular temperament. I don't recall another War novel that is so convincing. The almost incredible confusions of the early days of the making of K.'s army; the gradual shaping of the great instrument; the comradeship of fine spirits and the intrigues of meaner; leadership good and less good; action with its energy, glory and horror; reaction (with incidentally a most moving analysis of the agonies of shell-shock and protracted neurasthenia) after the long strain of campaigning—all this is brought before you in the most vivid manner. Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU writes with a fierce sincerity and with perhaps the defects of that sincerity—a bitterness against the non-combatant which was not usual in the fighting-man, at least when he was fighting; or perhaps it was only that they were too kind then to say so. Also as "one of us" he is a little overwhelmed by the sterling qualities of the rank-and-file—qualities which ought, he would be inclined to assume, to be the exclusive product of public-school playing-fields. I haven't said that *Peter Jackson* gave up cigars and cigarettes for the sword, and beat that into a plough-

share for a small-holding when the War was done. A jolly interesting book.

I found the arrangement of *The Clintons and Others* (COLLINS) at first a little confusing, because Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, instead of keeping his *Clinton* tales consecutive, has mixed them democratically with the *Others*. Our first sight of the family (and incidentally the most agreeable thing in the volume) is provided by "Kencote," a brightly-coloured and engaging anecdote of Regency times, and of the plucking of an honoured house from the ambiguous patronage of the First Gentleman in Europe. I found this delightful, spirited, picturesque and original. Thence we pass to the *Others*, to the theme (old, but given here with a pleasant freshness of circumstance) of maternal craft in averting a threatened mésalliance, to a study of architecture in its effect upon character, to a girls' school tale; finally to the portrait of a modern *Squire Clinton*, struggling to adjust his mind to the complexities of the War. This last, a character-study of very moving and sympathetic realism, suffers a little from a defect inherent in one of Mr. MARSHALL's best qualities, his gift for absolutely natural dialogue. The danger of this is that, as here in the bedroom chatter of the Squire's daughters, his folk are apt to repeat themselves, as talk does in nature, but should not (I suppose) in art. Still this is a small defect in a book that is sincere in quality and convincingly human in effect. *The Clintons and Others* is certainly miles away from the collections of reprinted pot-boilers that at one time brought

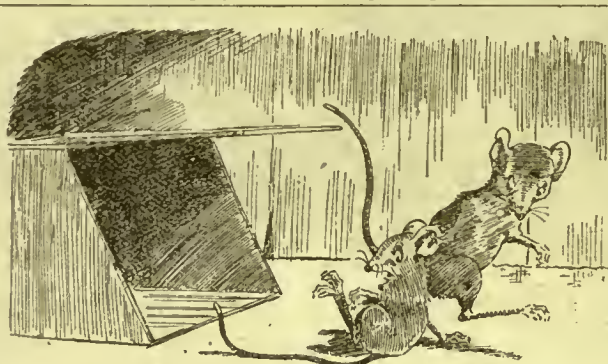
books of short stories into poor repute. Mr. MARSHALL and Others (a select band) will rapidly correct this by giving us in small compass work equal to their own best.

Shuttered Doors (LANE) is what you might call a third-and-fourth-generation story—one of those books, so rightly devastating to the skipper, in which the accidental turning of two pages together is quite liable to involve you with the great-grandchildren of the couple whose courtship you have been perusing. Observe that I was careful to say the "accidental" turning, though I can picture a type of reader who might soon be fluttering the pages of *Shuttered Doors* in impatient handfuls. The fact is that Mrs. WILLIAM HICKS BEACH has here written what is less a novel than a treatise, tasteful, informed and sympathetic, on county life and manners and houses. The last of these themes especially has an undisguised fascination for her. When *Aletta*, the chief heroine, was left pots of money by a Dutch uncle (who was so far from filling his proverbial rôle that he hardly talked at all) she spent it and her enthusiasm, indeed her existence, in restoring two variously dilapidated mansions—Graythorpes, her husband's home, and Doller Place, left her by an appreciative aunt. When not thus employed she would be reading a paper on Homes (given here *in extenso*), or comparing those of other persons with her own. I don't want you to get the impression that *Shuttered Doors* is precisely arid; it is too full of ideas and vitalities for that; but it does undoubtedly demand a special kind of reader. Incidentally, Mrs. HICKS BEACH should revise her chronology. For *Aletta*, who was married at twenty-eight and died at sixty-two, to have had at that time a grandson on the staff of the Viceroy of India, he must have received his appointment before the age of fifteen—which even in these experimental days sounds a little premature.

Do not allow yourself to be misled by the fact that the portrait on the paper cover of *Maureen* (JENKINS) does, I admit, remarkably suggest a lady whose mission in life is the advertisement of complexion soap. You probably know already that the methods of Mr. PATRICK MACGILL are made of sterner stuff. This "Story of Donegal," which I have no intention of giving in detail, is the history of the course of true love in an Irish village, full of types which, I dare say, are realistically observed; verbose in places to an almost infuriating degree (not till page 61 does the heroine so much as put her nose round the scenery), but working up to a climax of considerable power. *Maureen*, I need hardly say, was as fair as moonrise, but suffered from the drawback of an irregular origin, which took the poor girl a great deal of living down. Nor need I specify the fact that most of the male characters in the district are soon claimants for her hand. Really this is the plot. Having betrayed so much, however, nothing shall persuade me to expose the bogie scenes on the midnight moor, where the villain combines his illicit whiskey manufacture with his courtship, and where finally the three protagonists come by a startling finish. *Maureen* is not a story that I should recommend save for readers with abundant leisure; but those whose pluck and endurance carry them to the kill will certainly have their reward.

In *Memories of a Marine* (MURRAY) Major-General Sir GEORGE ASTON records for us, cosily and anecdotally, a life spent in service, not only of the active kind—in Egypt and South Africa—but also as a Staff College Professor, and, more intriguingly, as an expert in Secret Intelligence in the cloisters of Whitehall or up and down the Mediterranean. If his book is not so sensational in the matter of revelations as the current fashion requires, it has a restful interest all its own, varied here and there with some very attractive stories. To give just one example, the author, when setting out to co-ordinate the work of various authorities in a certain harbour, found a signal buoy, a torpedo station, a fixed mine and a boom, each under separate control, all included in the defences. But the torpedo could not be launched unless the buoy were first cleared away, and the mine, if fired, would blow up the boom. One would have welcomed more of this sort of thing, for the truth is that even restfulness may be overdone and discretion become almost too admirable. Occasionally too the writer enlarges a little on—well, he enlarges a little, as anyone would with half his provocation. Still, for all comrades of his service, at any rate, every word he has written will be of interest; and perhaps he does not really mind so much about the

general public, though he has had the good sense to crown his work with an apposite quotation from *Punch*.



"COME AWAY, ROBERT. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY PUT CHEESE IN THERE JUST FOR FUN AT TWO SHILLINGS A POUND?"

The Specials (HEINEMANN) is the story of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary, and it would have been a thousand pities if it had not been told. Colonel W. T. REAY's book will stand as a record of invaluable service performed by a devoted body of men, service for which the whole nation—and London in particular—has every reason to be grateful. If I understand

Colonel REAY rightly he doesn't wish bouquets to be thrown at the Specials, but he would not, I think, discourage me from saying that they performed dangerous and ticklish work with unflinching resource and tact. All of us know that they desire no other reward for their services than the satisfaction of having done their duty; but our gratitude demands to be heard; and I for one take this occasion to trumpet forth the "All clear" signal with feelings of affectionate pride.

If *By Way of Bohemia* (SKEFFINGTON) is a fair sample of Mr. MARK ALLERTON's work I have been missing a number of very readable stories. His hero, *Hugh Kelvin*, a journalist (they must be rare) who had no very good conceit of himself, married a barmaid, and she ran his house as if it were a third-class drinking saloon. She was one of those women who for want of a better word we call impossible; but she found *Hugh* as unsatisfactory as he found her. In the circumstances the union had to be dissolved, and, although I suspect Mr. ALLERTON's tongue of being very near his cheek when he contrived *Hugh's* escape from a life of sordid misery, I admit that his solution of the difficulty is cleverly told. And, after all, coincidences do happen in real life, and it would be unfair to Providence to suppose that they were not put there for a useful purpose.

"Gentleman wishes to be received as Paying Guest."—*Daily Paper*.
A very proper preliminary.

CHARIVARIA.

A LUNATIC who recently escaped from an asylum was eventually recaptured in a large dancing-hall in the West-End. The fact that he was waltzing divinely and keeping perfect time with the music aroused the other dancers' suspicions and led to his recapture.

The latest type of Tank, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL informed the House of Commons, weighs thirty tons and can pass over a brick without crushing it. It is said to be modelled on the Profit-eering Act.

The proposal of the HOME SECRETARY to add fifty per cent. to taxi-cab fares and abolish the initial charge of sixpence is said to find favour both with owners and drivers. The men in particular have always chafed at the necessity of messing about with small silver.

Much sympathy is felt locally for the man who in the excitement caused by the declaration of the poll at Paisley lost his corksew.

"The ex-Kaiser was responsible for the War," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Our Hush-hush Department seems to have grown very lax of late.

A welcome case of judicial sympathy is reported from West London. It appears that a Society lady charged with shop-lifting pleaded that she was the sole support of two kennel-ridden poodles, and was immediately discharged.

The Press reports the existence of miles and miles of war-material in huge dumps near Calais and Boulogne. War Office officials, we hear, are greatly relieved, as they have been trying for several months to remember where they had left the stuff.

A lady with small capital would like to meet another similarly situated, with a view to the joint purchase of a reel of thread.

At Jerusalem a tree has been uprooted whose fall is locally believed to presage the destruction of the Turkish Empire. It is only fair to the tree to point out that if it had known of this it would

probably, like the Government, have changed its mind at the last minute.

"One of the problems of civilized humanity," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "is the avoidance of pain-producing elements in ordinary diet." Nowadays it is impossible to eat even so simple a thing as a boiled egg in a restaurant without the risk of being stung.

The identity of the gentleman who, under the initials "A. G.," recently advertised in the Press for the thyroid gland of *Proteus diplomaticus* remains unrevealed.

It appears that the Government have undertaken not to engage in

are in the unhappy position of having nothing to attach them to.

In order to raise funds for the building of a new church-porch in a Birmingham parish a member of the committee suggested the sale of small flags in the street. Struck by the originality of this novel idea the chairman agreed to go into the matter in order to see if it was practicable.

A farmer writing from Bridgnorth, Salop, to a daily paper states that he has a tame fox which guards the house at night and shepherds the sheep by day. We understand that the Dogs' Trade Union takes a serious view of the whole matter, but is not without hope of being able to avert a strike.

The real value of co-operation was illustrated the other day on the Underground Railway when a lady complained that a straphanger was standing on her foot. Word was immediately passed down the carriage, with the result that by a combined swaying movement in one direction the offender was enabled to remove his foot.

It is estimated that three hundred and forty thousand persons made fortunes out of the War. Of these it is only fair to say that the number

any more war with the Bolsheviks, if they, for their part, will endeavour to quell the peace which is still raging.

"Englishmen will never forget America," says a Service paper. For ourselves we had hoped that the American bacon affair was closed.

A burglar broke into a barrister's chambers in the Temple last week. We understand that he got away without having any money taken off him.

A woman who said she had had six husbands asked a London magistrate to grant her a separation. It is supposed that she is breaking up her collection.

Owing to the thick fog experienced in London last week several daylight hold-ups were unavoidably postponed.

With the present fashion in ladies' wear many owners of beautiful brooches

who actually encouraged the War to happen are few. The vast majority simply allowed it to come along and do its worst.

The Corporation of London made £18 on the sale of waste paper in the year 1919-1920, as compared with over £9000 in the year 1918-1919. It looks as if in the last-named year the Corporation was in communication with a Government Department.

"Why will not Scotsmen eat eels?" asks *The Manchester Guardian*. We cannot say, but we have always understood that the attitude is reciprocal.

The Post-War Hero.

It was a stainless patriot, who could not bear to fight
For England the oppressor, or own that she was right;
But when the War was over, to show his martial breed,
He shot down three policemen and made a woman bleed.



"HAVE YOU ANY—ER—HATS?"

PAISLEY TO THE RESCUE OF THE COALITION.

(*The PRIME MINISTER to Mr. ASQUITH.*)

WELCOME, for Old Long Since's sake,
Home to your ancient seat!
It needed only this to make
My cup of joy complete;
The weary waiting time is past;
The yawning vacuum is mended;
And here we have you back at last—
Oh, HERBERT, this is splendid!

As one whose wisdom overflows
With human nature's lore,
You know they make the keenest foes
Who have been friends before;
We loved as only Liberals do
Until their rival sabres rattle
And Greek joins Greek (like me and
you)—
Then is the tug of battle.

As an old Parliamentary hand
Familiar with the ropes,
Those perils you will understand
With which a Premier copes
Whose big-battalions run to seed,
Having indulged a taste for slacking,
And let their muscles moult for need
Of foemen worth the whacking.

Such was my ease. By habit's use
They still obeyed the whip,
But loyal zeal grew limp and loose
And things were left to rip;
I had no hope to stay the rot
And fortify their old affections
(Save for the stimulus they got
From losing by-elections).

Daily I took, to keep me fit,
My tonic in *The Times*;
Daily recovered tone and grit
Reading about my crimes;
But one strong foe is what we lack
To put us on our best behaviour;
That's why in you I welcome back
The Coalition's saviour. O. S.

AUCTION IN THE SPACIOUS TIMES.

"It is Our Royal pleasure to will and declare one diamond," said the VIRGIN QUEEN, when the Keeper of the Privy Purse had arranged her hand for her. Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who sat on her left, was on his feet in a twinkling. "Like to like, 'twas ever thus," he murmured, bowing low to his Sovereign. "I crave leave to call two humble clubs, as becometh so mean a subject of Your Majesty." It is not known whether his allusion to the QUEEN's call was intended to refer to the diamond rings upon HER MAJESTY's fingers or to the scintillating glint in HER MAJESTY's eyes, but she inclined her head graciously in acknowledgment of his remarks before turning to her partner.

"What say you, my Lord of LEICESTER?" she asked.

"Wilt support a poor weak woman?" His Lordship, however, looked down his noble nose and said nothing for quite a long time. He found himself, to use a vulgar phrase, in the *consommé*. His hand contained the ace, king and six other spades, nothing to write home about in hearts or clubs, and one small diamond. To take from his partner the right to play the hand would be the act of a fool—the mere thought made him raise a hand to his neck as though to assure himself of its continuity. Even failure to support her call would be looked on as ungallant, if nothing worse.

"How now, sirrah? Art sleeping in Our presence?" prompted the QUEEN sharply.

The EARL swallowed noisily once or twice, just to show that he was awake, and then plunged.

"An it please you, Madam, two diamonds," he muttered, with but a sorry show of his habitual arrogance.

"Double!" said Sir FRANCIS DRAKE in crisp seamanlike tones, whereat the Earl of LEICESTER was seen to fumble for the hilt of his rapier.

"Stay, my Lord," his liege commanded; "'tis true the Knight hath left his manners in Devonshire, or on the Spanish main mayhap, but keep your brawl for an hour and place more fitting. We redouble."

A momentary silence followed the QUEEN's discourse, cut short by the uncouth ejaculation "Ods fish!" which escaped from Sir FRANCIS apparently without his consent. He embarked on an apology at once, based on the fact that he was but an honest sailor; but, meeting with no encouragement, he gave it up and fell to sucking his teeth.

Sir WALTER meanwhile made good use of the interval to perfect a flower of speech signifying, in a manner worthy a courtier of his reputation, that he was content. His effort drew from the QUEEN a glance as nearly approaching the "glad eye" as any that august spinster was ever known to dispense. The Laird of Kenilworth announced that he also was content; but historians should accept the statement with reserve. Sir FRANCIS either wasn't sure whether the rules of the game allowed him to double again, or else had just enough tact not to do so. The game then proceeded.

Sir WALTER led the ace of clubs. The appearance of the noble lord's solitary little diamond, as he laid down his hand, was greeted by a loud hic-cough from the old salt, and the QUEEN herself was only saved from swooning by the timely administrations of a page with a flask of sal-volatile.

When, fourth in hand, she trumped

the honest sailor's ace, her partner had the hardihood to make conventional inquiry as to whether she had any clubs. HER MAJESTY uttered in reply the one dreadful word, "Treasure," thus avoiding with true statesmanship any direct answer to the question, and indicating clearly her opinion of his two-diamond call. The Keeper of the Privy Purse shot out a lean hand and gathered in the trick.

With the help of the ace of spades in dummy, the ace of hearts in her own hand, and a discriminating use of her Royal prerogative in the matter of following suit, all went well until the odd trick had been won. After that, however, Sir FRANCIS, who had not doubled without good reason, proceeded to deal out six diamonds, led by the ace, king and queen. His partner unwisely allowed his feelings to get the better of him. "As WILL SHAKESPEARE hath it," he observed with unction, "'now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer——'" but stopped on a sudden, with ears and scalp twitching horribly.

"Ho without! Summon the guard!" roared the last of the Tudors, and immediately an N.C.O. and six private beef-eaters appeared on the scene. "Convey Our compliments to the Governor of the Tower," she continued, addressing the N.C.O., "and bid him confine the Earl of LEICESTER during Our pleasure. My Lord," she added, turning to her luckless partner, "'twere well, methinks, you should have leisure in which to reflect on the folly of trifling with a woman."

It is greatly to the EARL's credit that at this point he made strenuous endeavours to surrender his sword in accordance with the drill-book, but as it refused to come out of its scabbard he was obliged to unbutton the frog from his belt and hand over the weapon complete with leather gear. This formality achieved, he was led away to durance vile.

Sir FRANCIS, poor fellow, fared scarcely better than the Earl. "Begone to sea, Sir Knight," hissed the QUEEN; "mayhap the Dons will teach you more becoming manners. Begone, I say, and look to 't your ships return not empty, else shall you not receive payment of your winnings."

Sir FRANCIS went.

A glance at the pitiable condition of Sir WALTER caused HER MAJESTY's heart to soften somewhat. "Come, Sir," she cooed, "an arm, prithee, and We will seek a place where you may read to Us the mummings of this strange bard, WILL SHAKESPEARE."

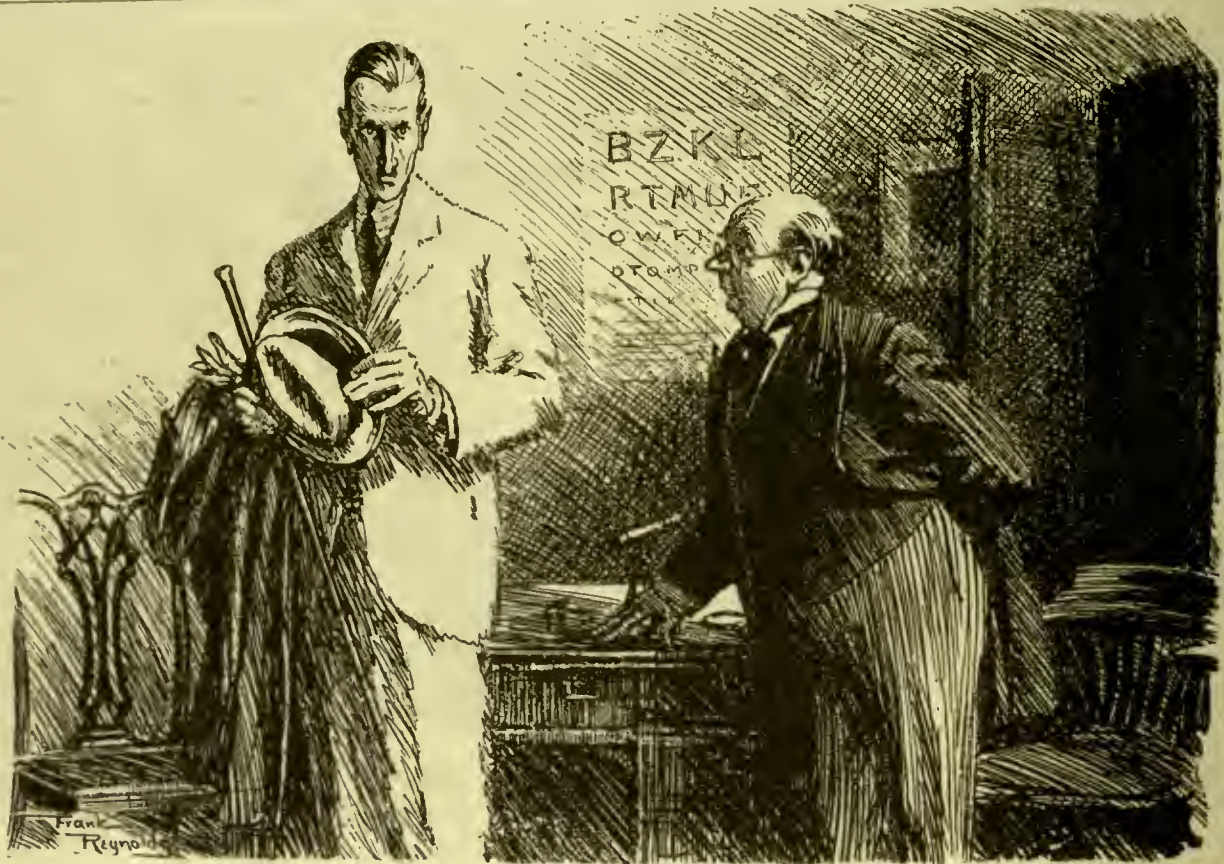
Sir WALTER at once regained control of his nerve-centres and escorted HER MAJESTY from the painful scene.



THE ELUSIVE PEST.

JOHN BULL. "GOT HIM!"

THE PROFITEER. "I DON'T THINK!"



Patient. "AND YOU REALLY THINK THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH MY EYESIGHT?"

Oculist. "NOTHING AT ALL. PERFECTLY NORMAL."

Patient. "AH, THEN IT MUST BE THE WAY I'VE BEEN HOLDING MY PUTTER."

GEORGE AND THE COW-DRAGON.

THE "rockerty - tockerty - tock" refrain of the carriage-wheels below me changed into a jarring whine as the train came to a full stop. I looked out on a dim-lit platform which seemed to be peopled only by a squad of milk-cans standing shoulder to shoulder like Noah's Ark soldiers.

As the engine shrieked and plunged into its collar again the door was jerked open and a man projected himself into the carriage and, opening the window so that the compartment was flooded with cold air, leaned out and resumed his conversation with a friend till the train bore him out of shouting range. He then pulled up the window, trod on my foot, sat on my lap and eventually came to rest on the seat opposite me.

It was a small man, red of head and bright of eye. He wore his cap at the back of his head, so as to exhibit to an admiring world a carefully-cultured curl of the "quiff" variety, which was plastered across his forehead with a great expenditure of grease. His tie was a ready-made bow of shot-colours,

red, green, blue and purple, and from his glittering watch-chain hung many fanciful medals, like soles upon a line.

"Brother-in-law to me," he remarked, jerking his thumb towards the back-rushing lights of Exeter.

"Who?" I inquired.

"That young feller I was talking to just now. Didn't you see me talking to a young feller?"

"Oh, yes, I believe I did hear you talking to somebody."

"Well, him. Married a sister to me, so he's my brother-in-law, ain't he?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you're wrong then. He's only a half-brother-in-law, because she is only a half-sister to me, her ma marrying my old man. Understand?"

I said I did and pulled up my rug as a signal that I was going to sleep and the conversation was at an end.

"Anyhow, whatever he is, he's good enough for her."

I remarked that that was most satisfactory and closed my eyes.

He drew out a yellow packet of cigarettes, selected one and held them in my direction. I declined and again closed my eyes.

"Very good, please yourself, it's one more for little Willie. All I can say is that you're foolish not taking a good fag when it don't cost you nothing. You don't catch me refusing a free fag even when I don't want to smoke. I takes it and puts it in my cap for when I do. Pounds I've saved that way, pounds and pounds."

He lit his limp tube of paper and mystery, stamped out the match and spat deliberately on the floor.

"See me do that?"

I nodded with as much disgust as I could contrive.

"Know what them notices say I can get for that? Fined or imprisoned."

He paused for me to marvel at his daring.

"Think I'm mad to take risks like that, don't cher? Well, I aren't neither. They couldn't catch me out, not they."

He brushed some ash off his lap on to mine and winked sagely.

"Suppose the guard was to come in here and start fining and imprisoning me for it, do you know what I'd do? I'd swear *you* did it."

"But I should deny it," I retorted hotly.

"Of course you would, old chum, and I shouldn't blame you noither, but you wouldn't stand no chance against me"—he leaned forward and tapped me on the knee as though to emphasize his words—"I could lie your life away."

He sank back in his seat, his face aglow with conscious superiority. The clamour of the wheels increased as if they were live things burning with the fever of some bloodthirsty hunt.

"Firing her up," said the red man; "always racing time, these passenger wagons. It's a dog's life and no blooming error." He prodded my foot with his. "I said 'it's a dog's life and no error.'"

"What is?" I growled.

"Engine-driving, of course. I'm on the road myself. Goods-pushing just now, but I've been on the expresses off and on, though it don't suit me—too much flaring hurry."

He rattled off into technicalities of his trade, embroidered with tales of hair-bristling adventures and escapes.

"Yes, old chum, there's more in our trade than what most fat-headed passengers thinks. As long as an accident don't occur they don't know what trouble we've been to avoiding of it. I've a good mind to give 'em a smash-up now and again just to teach 'em gratitude. F'instance, me and me mate was running a local down Ilfracombe way last week when what d'you think we runned into?"

"Ilfracombe?" I hazarded sleepily.

"An old cow! Now what d'you think of that?"

"It was so much the worse for the cow," I quoted.

"What say?"

"It was so much the worse for the cow."

"Worse for the cow?"

"So GEORGE STEPHENSON said, and he invented the locomotive and ought to know, you'll admit."

The little man stared at me, his mouth open; for once he seemed bereft of words. We had slowed to a momentary stop in a small station and pulled out again before he regained control of his tongue, then he broke loose.

"No, I don't admit it neither. I don't care if your friend George invented the moon, he talks like a fool, and you can tell him so from me."

"I can't, unfortunately; he's——"

"A chap that talks disrespectful and ignorant of cows like that didn't oughter be allowed to live. A cow is one of the worstest things you can run up against. I'd rather run into a row of brick houses than one of them nasty leathery old devils; and you can hand the information to your chum George."



Robinson. "IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CHAPS STARTED TO DO SOMETHING. HARD WORK NEVER KILLED ANYBODY."

Mendicant. "YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIR. I LOST THREE WIVES THROUGH IT."

"I tell you I can't; he's——"

"Ask any driver or fireman on the road, and if he don't slip you one with a shovel for your withering ignorance he'll tell you just what I'm telling you now. Yes, you and your funny friend."

"Look here, GEORGE STEPHENSON has been——"

"Let your funny friend try running into a cow just for 'speriment. Just let him try it once. They tangle up in your bogies, all slippery bones and hide, slither along with you a yard or two, and the next thing you know is you're over an embankment and your

widder is putting in for insurance. Tell your pal George from me."

The brakes ground on and the lights of a station flickered past the windows.

"My gosh!" exclaimed the red-headed man, springing to his feet, "this is Cullumpton, and I ought to have got out at the station before." He wrestled with the door-handle. "And it's all through sitting here listening to your everlasting damfool chatter about you and your friend George."

"Who died forty years before I was born," said I. "Good night."

PATLANDER.

WIZARDS: KLINGSOR AND ANOTHER.

"Another *Parsifal* ought to be written from the angle of Klingsor, who was an enlightened Arabian, physician, scientist and probably Aristotelian . . . The Knights, and Wagner with them, call him a wizard, which was a crude mediæval way of 'slanging' any man who preferred knowledge to superstition."

This remarkable utterance by the musical critic of *The Daily Mail* in the issue of February 25th has created a sensation in the political world fully equal to that caused by the announcement of Mr. ASQUITH's return for Paisley. Scientific and artistic circles have also been deeply moved.

SIR PHILIP SASSOON, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's new secretary, interviewed by our representative, said that the tribute to his chief was all the more welcome considering its source. His only criticism was that, instead of calling the charge of wizardry a "crude mediæval" mode of invective, he should prefer to style it an ultra-modern application of the art of obloquy.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, in a wireless message from New York, entirely approved of *The Daily Mail's* reading of KLINGSOR's character. He was clearly a scientist and a spiritualist of remarkable attainments. The defection of *Kundry* to the side of the Knights was a sad instance—but not without modern parallels—of the unrelenting pressure exerted on weak women by the zealots of orthodoxy.

MR. A. B. WALKLEY said that he had long suspected KLINGSOR of being a crypto-Aristotelian, but the arguments of the writer in *The Daily Mail* had converted his suspicion to a certainty. He proposed to deal with the matter more fully in an imaginary dialogue between KLINGSOR and SIR OSWALD STOLL (who was a devout follower of HERBERT SPENCER) which would shortly appear in *The Times*.

MR. DEVANT professed himself delighted with the vindication of KLINGSOR, who was undoubtedly, like ROGER BACON, a first-rate conjurer, far in advance of his time, and with limited resources was yet capable of producing illusions which would not have disgraced the stage of St. George's Hall.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY excused himself from pronouncing a definite opinion on the subject, but pointed out that it would doubtless come within the purview of the inquiry into Spiritualism undertaken by high clerical authority.

MR. JACOB EPSTEIN made the gratifying announcement that he was engaged on a colossal statue of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the character of the modern *Merlin*. His treatment might not commend itself to the leaders of Nonconformity in Wales, but his own artistic conscience was clear, and he felt he could count on the benevolent sympathy of the Northcliffe Press.

The Editor of *The Times* strongly demurred to the statement that KLINGSOR was an Arabian. The great authority on KLINGSOR was the anonymous thirteenth-century epic poem on *Lohengrin*, the father of *Parsifal*, and he had no doubt (1) that the author was either a Czecho-Slovak or a Yugo-Slav; (2) that KLINGSOR, as the etymology suggested, was of the latter race. In these circumstances the attempt to establish an affinity between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and KLINGSOR was nothing short of an outrage, which might have disastrous results on our relations with the new States of Central Europe.

MR. J. MAYNARD KEYNES observed that the characterisation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, implicit in the defence of KLINGSOR made by the musical critic of *The Daily Mail*, indirectly confirmed his own impressions. It was true that the PREMIER did not physically resemble an Arab sheikh, and his knowledge of medicine, science or philosophy, to

say nothing of geography, was decidedly jejune, but the sad case of President WILSON made it all too clear that he was capable of exerting a hypnotic influence on his colleagues. Mr. KEYNES did not think Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was an Aristotelian; he preferred to consider him an unconscious Pragmatist. This view he proposed to develop in his forthcoming volume on the Subliminal Conscience of Nonconformity.

TO JAMES (MULE) WHO HAS PLAYED ME FALSE.

[Many mules are appearing upon the streets of London and are showing an extraordinary and unexpected docility amidst the traffic.]

James, when I note your air supremely docile,
Your well-fed look of undisturbed content
(Doubtless you find this land an adipose isle
After lean times on active service spent),
I do not join with those who hymn your praises
For calmness mid the turmoil of the town;
I find myself consigning you to blazes—
James, you have let me down.

For I am one who, after having striven,
A hero (*vide* Press) though far from bold,
Has come back home and, naturally, given
Artistic touches to the tales he's told;
The Transport was my scene of martial labours;
That was the section where I saw it through;
And I have told astonished friends and neighbours
Some lurid yarns of you.

You are the theme I have been wont to brag on;
I've told how you, my now innocuous moke,
Would chew the tail-board off a G.S. wagon
By way of mere *plaisanterie* (or joke);
Dubbed you most diabolical of ragers,
A rampant hooligan, a fetid tough,
A thing without respect for sergeant-majors—
That is to say, hot stuff.

Full many a fair young thing I've seen displaying
A sympathetic pallor on her cheek
And wonder in her eye, when I've been saying
How almost every day in Salonique
You jazzed with me on brinks of precipices;
But when I talk to-day they cannot fail
To think of you in town and murmur, "This is
A likely sort of tale."

To take, without one thought of evil plotting,
Even without one last protesting kick,
Thus kindly to somnambulistie trotting—
Oh, James, old pal, it was a dirty trick;
To show the yarns I'd told of you and written
(In letters home) were not entirely swank
At very least, I think, you might have bitten
The policeman at the Bank.

Boat Race "Intelligence."

"The Oxford University crew arrived at Henley yesterday for a week's practice. The Cambridge president, Mr. E. A. Berrisford, accompanied the crew as spare man."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The Government, said Mr. Bonar Law, had not received any intimation from the Netherlands Government that Holland had decided to keep the ex-Kaiser in Curaçoa."—*Evening Standard*.

Good news for Mr. PUSSYFOOT.

"ESSEX AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be Let, well-built Mansion, surrounded by fine gardens, situate in one of the finest parts of this delightful country."—*Daily Paper*.

But it must be rather a nuisance to cross the Thames every time you want to go from the Essex to the Sussex wing.



MANNERS AND MODES.

TYPICAL COSTUME FOR AN EARNEST WORKER IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

SUZANNE'S BANKING ACCOUNT.

"THESE want paying," said Suzanne as she bounced into my nominally sacred den at a strictly prohibited hour. Therewith she thrust a *dossier* of tradesmen's bills into my feebly-resisting hands, and bang went an idea I had been tenderly nursing since breakfast.

"But I can't spend the rest of the morning writing cheques," I protested. "I'm engaged just now on a most important article."

"With your eyes shut," commented

synopsis is attached," said Suzanne. "They're mostly small items; for instance, Madame Pillby—she's the little dressmaker round the corner, you know; though why an all-British spinster should call herself 'Madame' I can't imagine—five-and-fourpence-ha'penny."

"Suzanne, I will *not* write a cheque for five-and-fourpence-ha'penny! Are they all like that?"

"The biggest is two guineas; that's what it cost to have my last dance-hat altered to your specifications, because you said it tickled your nose. There

morning settling your miserable little bills. What we'll do is this: you shall have your own banking-account, and in future you can write your own cheques—as long as the Bank will stick it."

"Oh, how perfectly splendid!" cried Suzanne. "I've always wanted to have a cheque-book of my own, but Father thought it unsexing. Do let's go and take out the licence at once."

The precious hour of fertilisation was already wasted, so there and then I escorted Suzanne to the Bank. At my demand we were ushered into the

**BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.**

THE RAGE EXHIBITED BY AN AUTHOR WHILE HAVING ONE OF HIS NOVELS FILMED IS UTILISED BY THE INTELLIGENT MANAGER OF THE FILM COMPANY FOR A NEW "THREE-REEL COMIC," ENTITLED "HOW AUTHORS WORK."

Suzanne, stooping to a grossly unfair insinuation. "I must tell Cook to make the breakfast coffee stronger in future; then you might manage to——"

"Look here, Suzanne, you've been married to me long enough to know my methods of work. I can't begin an article until I've got the whole thing shaped in my mind, and to do that I must shut out everything else."

"Especially your wife, I suppose. Well, I won't stay. You've got all the bills there; but don't start writing the cheques till you've got them well shaped in your mind."

"But what on earth does all this mass of accounting literature represent?" I asked.

"For the benefit of new readers a

are seventeen of them in all—bills, not hats; total, twelve pounds fifteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings, pa-pa."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said. "I'm going to advertise in the Personal Columns of the papers that I will not be responsible for payment of any debts incurred by my wife under the sum of one pound. That'll stop this half-crown cheque nuisance. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a packet of assorted postal-orders?"

"I did once; but I got in with a nice long list just before closing-time, and there was very nearly a riot on both sides of the counter."

"Well, anyhow, this sort of thing has got to stop; I can't waste all the

Manager's room, where we were received with a courtesy only too obviously tempered by the suspicion that I had come to suggest an overdraft. On my explaining our errand, however, the Manager's features relaxed their tenseness, and as I wrote the cheque that brought Suzanne's account into a sordid world he even attempted a vein of fatherly benediction.

"Now we shall require a specimen of the lady's signature," he said as he produced an amazingly obese ledger and indicated where Suzanne was to sign her name. "Remove the glove, please," he added hastily.

"Just like old times in the vestry," said Suzanne to me in a whisper. Then she wrote her name—"Suzanne Désirée



Brown. "WHAT DID THEY GIVE OLD SLOWCOMBE THE O.B.E. FOR?"

Jones. "THE 'OTHER BEGGARS' ENERGY,' I IMAGINE."

Beverley Trumpington-Jones"—all of it. By the time she had finished she had trespassed into several columns reserved for entirely different uses. The Manager surveyed the effect with consternation.

"Rather a long name, isn't it?" he asked diffidently. "I was only wondering if our cheque-forms would accommodate it all."

"Well, I'm not really responsible for it all," she replied. "The Trumpington-Jones part is the more or less permanent result of a serious accident when I was little more than a child. But I might shorten it a bit. I sometimes answer to the name of Soozles, but I suppose that would only do for really intimate cheques. How would 'S. Beverley T.-Jones' do? I shouldn't like to lose the 'Beverley' as it's a kind of family heirloom, and I always use it, even when I'm writing to the sweep."

I edged away to the window and left them to settle the signature question among themselves.

"And what kind of cheques would you like—'Order' or 'Bearer'?" I next heard the Manager asking.

"Show me some patterns, please," commanded Suzanne.

On the wall was a frame containing a number of different cheque varieties, to which her attention was directed.

"Haven't you any other colours?" she asked. "I thought a black-and-yellow cheque would be rather becoming; but don't bother about it if it's not in stock."

She ended by taking one book of blue and one of purple cheques, and with these and a paying-in-book (which she said would do so nicely for spills) we at last departed. From behind the closed door of the private office I distinctly heard a prolonged sigh of relief.

A few days later I came upon Suzanne sitting at her writing-table and examining a cheque with a mystified air.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"I don't quite know," she replied.

"I sent Angela this cheque the other day to pay for my ticket for the Law-Courts' Revel, and she says the Bank people have returned it to her. And it's marked 'R. D.' in red ink. Who is 'R. D.'?"

"He's the gentleman who censors cheques; and he has a way of disqualifying them when there's not enough cash to pay them. Suzanne, what have you done with all that money I paid into your account last Monday?"

"But I've only paid those footling little bills. There must be tons of money left, unless the Bank's been speculating with it."

"Let me have a look at that cheque," I said.

She handed it to me and I examined it carefully.

"I see it's signed 'Thine, Suzanne.'"

"But that's how I always sign myself to Angela," she said; "and the Manager distinctly told me to use my customary signature."

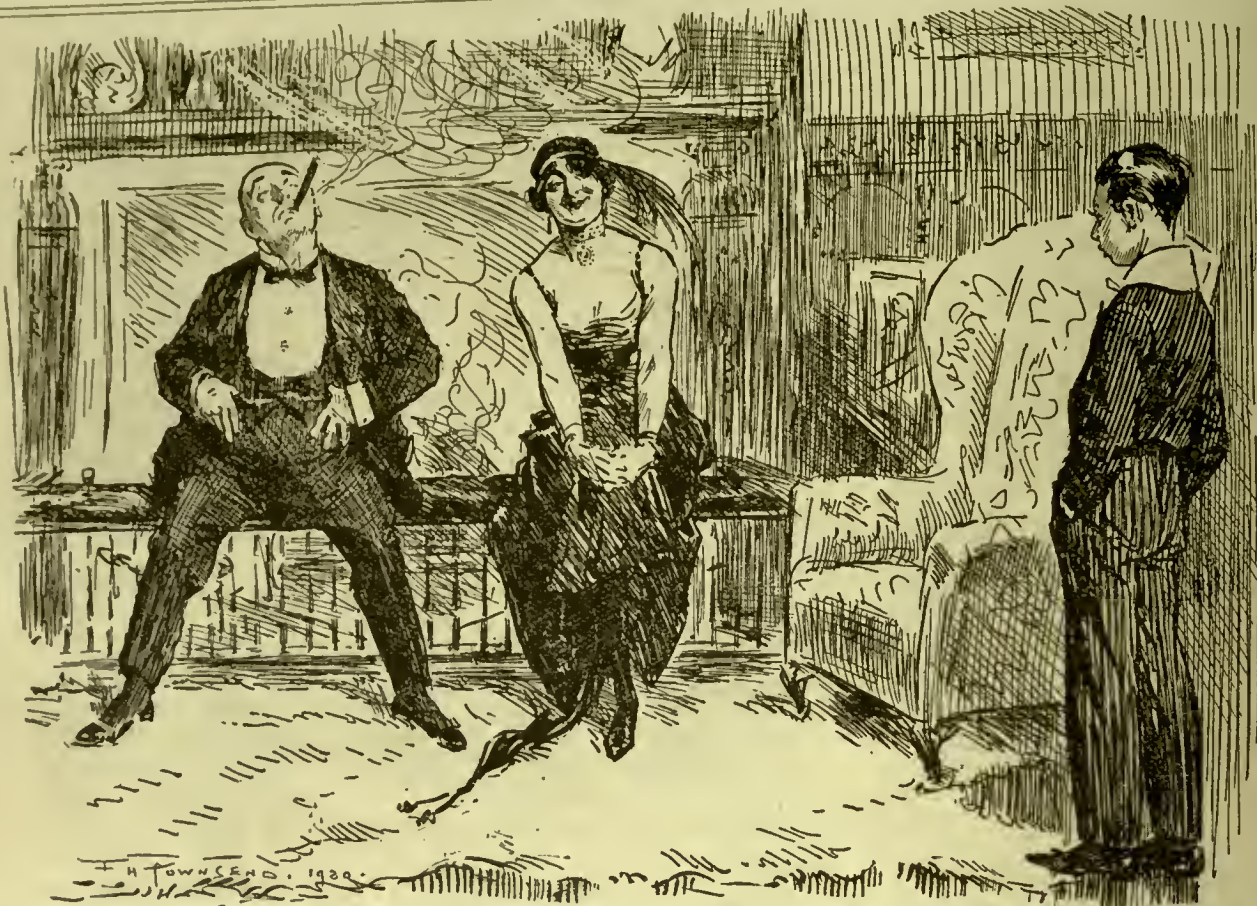
"Signature—not signatures," I explained gently. "They're rooted in convention at the Bank and can't bear the least approach to variety. And what's this scribbled on the back of it?"

"Oh, that's only a note I dashed off to Angela telling her what I was going to wear. It seemed such a pity to waste a sheet of notepaper when there was all that space to spare."

I gave her a quarter-of-an-hour's lesson in the art of drawing cheques. Then I took up the paying-in book which was lying on the table. I knew it ought to be in a virgin state as I had added nothing to the entrance-money. "And what might all these figures portend?" I asked.

"Those? Oh, that's baby's weight-chart. I'm always going to keep it there."

Well, well, if Suzanne looks after the weighing-in I can at least control the paying-in. And I left it at that.



Fond Parent (who has done pretty well in woollens). "WELL, SONNY, WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST EDUCATION THAT MONEY CAN BUY. AFTER ALL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT BE A GENTLEMAN."

IF THE ARMY ADVERTISED.

BATTALION ORDERS.

(1) *Duties, Officers.*—Orderly Officer for to-morrow: Second-Lieutenant W. Jenks.

W. Jenks is prepared to undertake duty for any brother subaltern. Terms—one day's pay, plus fifty per cent. for Saturdays or Sundays (handsome discount for cash in advance). Sleepless activity. Guards visited courteously but firmly. Any unusual occurrence handled with precision and despatch. Engage W. Jenks to do your duty, then sign your report with a clear conscience. Testimonials from all ranks.

(2) *Parades.*—0830 hours and 1130 hours, as per routine.

Hello! Hello!! Hello!!! Come in your hundreds. Amusing and health-giving. Bracing barrack-square; magnificent pedestrian exercise. Come and be experimented on by Sergt.-Major Whizbang, the great military spell-binder. See the Adjutant put Company Commanders through the hoop. Screams of laughter at every performance. Best places in the ranks for those who arrive early. Twice daily

(Sundays excepted) till further notice. Breakfast kept for those attending first house.

(3) *Dress, etc., Officers.*—Attention is again drawn to recent instructions on these matters.

Why invite trouble when the local A.P.M. is simply yearning to advise you on points of etiquette? A kindly benevolent man who never forgets that he himself was once a regimental officer. He will tell you whether or not you may arm your aged grandmother across a busy London street without risking your commission. If you favour whiskers, call and see his inimitable museum of permissible patterns. Always at your service.

(4) *Musketry.*—The next party to fire General Musketry Course will proceed on the 2nd prox.

The finest form of outdoor sport (for those who prefer it to any other) is shooting. We are making up a little party to proceed to camp next week. Will you join us? Sylvan scenery; country air; simple wholesome diet; young and cheery society. Cigars or cocoanuts every time you hit the bull's-eye. Practice at stray dogs about camp

is encouraged. Secure the skin of one of these beautifully-marked creatures for your own barrack-room bedside.

(5) *Hair, Length of.*—The practice of allowing the hair to grow beyond the regulation length must cease.

Why suffer the inconvenience of long hair when our own regimental tonsorial artist is waiting to hob it for you free of charge? Luxurious saloon; deft workmanship; no tips. His speciality—memento locks. Twelve such souvenirs guaranteed from one crop. Bald soldiers supplied to taste from surplus clippings. A delicate, lasting and inexpensive compliment to lady friends on leaving a station. Start collecting now.

Inns of Court Reserve Corps.

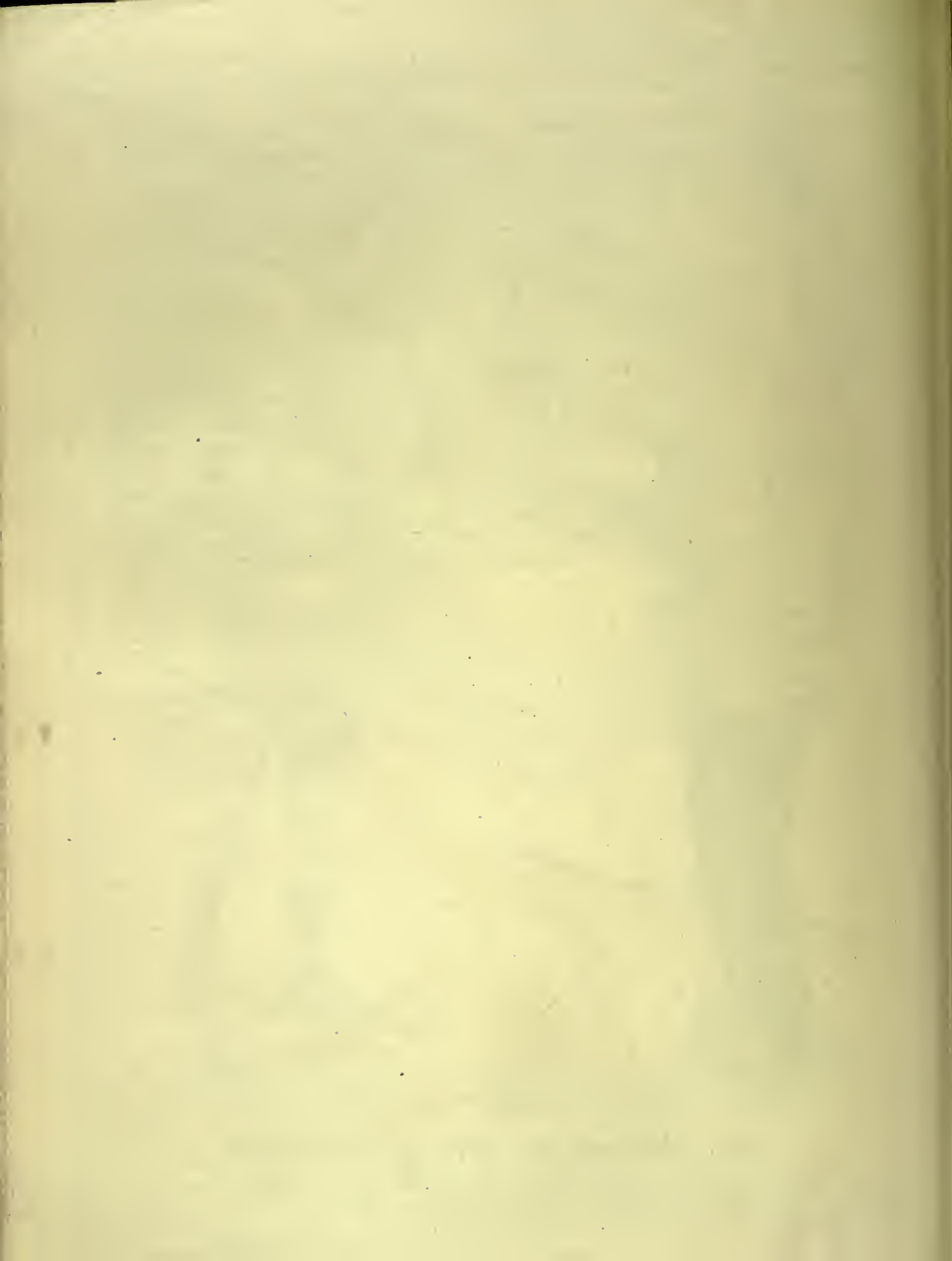
A psychical séance of the above disembodied Corps will be held on Friday the 26th March, in the Common Room of the Law Society in Chancery Lane (by kind permission of the Council), commencing 7.30 P.M.

Astral members desirous of attending should apply to their late Platoon Sergeants, or to Mr. H. L. BOLTON, 1, The Sanctuary, Westminster.



THE RETURN OF THE EX-CHAMPION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WELCOME BACK! I'VE BEEN WANTING A SPARRING PARTNER TO GET ME INTO CONDITION; AND YOU'RE THE VERY MAN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 23rd.—The High-Fling involves, I understand, some complicated figures, but it is nothing to the Lowland Reel (COATS' variety), on which subject Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES was rather badly heckled this afternoon. A suggestion that Messrs. COATS might use the profits of their foreign trade to reduce the price to the home consumer drove the harassed Minister into an unconscious *mot*. "Suppose," he said, "they cut the thread . . . where should we be then?"

Mr. CHARLES PALMER, the well-known *Globe*-trotter, has just completed a remarkable journey. Within the space of a few weeks he has traversed the distance from the Press Gallery to the Floor of the Chamber, going round by the Wrekin. During the last stage of the route the intrepid traveller was accompanied by Sir HENRY DALZIEL and Mr. BOTTOMLEY.

In introducing a Vote on Account of the Army for a trifle of seventy-four millions the War MINISTER proudly announced that Britain and Germany were the only countries in the world that had abolished conscription—and Germany's action was not exactly voluntary.

Mr. CHURCHILL's description of a new tank, so fast that it could outstrip a foxhound "over a country," so cool that even in the tropics its crew would preserve their *sangfroid* *traditionnel*, and so delicately sprung that it could run over a brick without hurting itself—or the brick—momentarily encouraged the belief that here was the weapon to make war impossible. But almost in the same breath Mr. CHURCHILL stated that simultaneously the War Office had invented a rifle grenade which would put the super-tank out of action. "As you were!"

Criticism was not entirely disarmed. Mr. DEVLIN of course talked of Ireland—"the only country with which the Empire is at war to-day;" and little Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN rebuked Mr. CHURCHILL for

his unfilial sneer at "pious America," and was himself advised "not to develop more indignation than he could contain."

the Bolshevik Government until it is ready to adopt civilised methods, but in the meantime will heartily encourage trade with Russia. It would seem that

the practical genius of our race has once more discovered a means of indulging sentiment without interfering with business.

Lord BIRKENHEAD (not BROKENHEAD, by the way, as the *Cork Constitution*, inadvertently or not, calls him) chaffed Lord HALDANE on his "How Happy could I be with Either" attitude between Liberalism and Labour, and advised him definitely to be off with the old love and on with the new, in order that when Labour came into its own the Woolsack might be adequately filled.

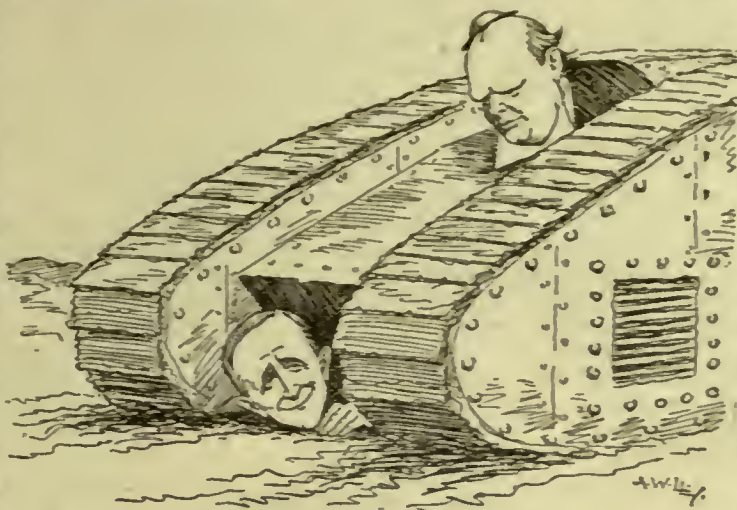
Sir ALFRED MOND did not allow himself to be perturbed by the description of certain pictures in the Imperial War Museum as "freaks" and "libels," for

he had observed "with some astonishment" that most of the art critics had pronounced them to be very fine works of art. But when Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH asked if some of these pictures were not portraits of Cabinet Ministers, "and if so how can they possibly be works of art?" the First Commissioner's artistic conscience was stirred, and compelled him to give the questioner a little instruction in first principles. "Whether a portrait is a work of art depends," he pointed out, "on the artist and not on the subject painted."

The evening was devoted to drink. Sir JOHN REES, who urged the abolition of all wartime restrictions, would have been more effective, perhaps, if he had not striven so hard to be lively. One of his sallies, evoked by the impending *début* of Lady ASTOR as a Parliamentary orator, was indeed, as she observed, "more than polite."

She herself had her moments of gaiety, but was best, I thought, when seriously arguing for the continuance of the restrictions on alcohol in the special interests of women.

I am afraid, however, that the unregenerate were more intrigued by Mr. CARR's claim that the Carlisle experiment



THE TANK AND THE LITTLE BRICK.

(MR. CHURCHILL AND CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.)

"The tank, weighing thirty tons, is able to pass over a brick lying on the road without crushing it. This is a very important point."—Mr. CHURCHILL.

Tuesday, February 24th.—In both Houses the new policy of the Allies in regard to Soviet Russia was unfolded. The gist of it is that they will not enter into diplomatic relations with



THE LABOUR LORD CHANCELLOR.

A forecast.

LORD HALDANE.

had been a great success—"it was the only city in the country in which a man could buy a bottle of whisky to take home."

Wednesday, February 25th.—Question-time in the Commons was dominated by the news that Mr. ASQUITH was in for Paisley, and Members were more concerned in discussing the effect of his return upon the Government and Opposition than in listening to Ministerial replies. Sir DONALD MACLEAN was "all smiles" over his approaching release from the responsibilities of leadership; but Mr. HOGGE, I thought, looked rather like Mrs. Gummidge when "thinking of the old 'un."

A nod from Mr. MACPHERSON and the Government of Ireland Bill was formally and silently introduced—strange contrast to the long debates and exciting scenes that attended the birth of the Bill's three predecessors in 1886, 1893 and 1912.

Sir ROBERT HORNE explained with his usual clarity and persuasiveness the new Unemployment Insurance Bill. The debate on it was interrupted to allow the discussion of a motion by Sir J. REMNANT advocating the increase of police pensions to meet the present cost of living. The police are, with good reason, very popular with the House. In vain the HOME SECRETARY pointed out that the Government even in this cause did not feel justified in "out-running the constable." Forgetting all their recent zeal for economy Members trooped into the Bobbies' Lobby and beat the Government by 123 to 57.

The idea that Irishmen, however much they may dislike British rule, never miss an opportunity of raiding the British Treasury, has received a rude shock. Captain REDMOND, inquiring about the allocation of a sum of a quarter-of-a-million for reconstruction in Ireland, was surprised to learn that ten thousand pounds had been allotted to his own constituency, but not claimed. Mr. DEVLIN supplied the key to the mystery: "The reason it was not asked for was because we did not know it was there."

I learn from *Who's Who?* that the recreations of Sir ALFRED MOND include "golf, motoring and all forms of sport." It must have been with keen regret, therefore, that he felt himself compelled to refuse facilities for cricket in Hyde Park, owing to the risk to the public. Viscount CURZON asked if cricket was more dangerous than inflammatory speeches. But the FIRST COMMISSIONER, speaking no doubt from personal experience, expressed the view that there was considerably more danger from a cricket-ball.

The Opposition had rather bad luck

on the Constantinople debate. If they had waited till Monday, as originally arranged, they could have trained their big gun from Paisley on to the Government entrenchments. Through insisting on the earliest possible date, they had to content themselves with the far lighter artillery of Sir DONALD MACLEAN. Much, however, was hoped from Lord ROBERT CECIL, who was believed to be heavily charged with high explosives. But before he could come into range up jumped Sir EDWARD CARSON, and in a few brief sentences pointed out that until the PRIME MINISTER had told them the grounds for the decision to leave the Turk his capital, and the conditions under which he was to stay there, the House was talking in the air. Members thereupon clamoured for the



"Whether a portrait is a work of art depends on the artist and not on the subject painted."
—Sir A. MOND on the Imperial War Museum Pictures.

PRIME MINISTER, who accordingly had to make his defence when he had heard only half the indictment, and to expend most of the ammunition he had prepared for Lord ROBERT, including some remarkable specimens of the "deadly parallel," before receiving his adversary's fire.

That in turn rather upset Lord ROBERT's plan of campaign, and he was not much more destructive than Sir DONALD MACLEAN had been. The House as a whole seemed satisfied that the Allies had done their best with a problem for which there is no perfect solution, and that there was at least a chance that the SULTAN would find the guns of an international fleet pointing at his palace windows a strong incentive to good behaviour.

Another Lady M.P.?

"Mr. Asquith was accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and the audience singing 'He's a jolly good Lady Bonham-Carter.'"

Scotch Paper.

A FANCY BIRD.

WHEN any friend of mine is in trouble I always make a point of writing and asking if there is anything I can do. As a rule there isn't, but it is a satisfaction to me to know I have made the offer. When I heard that Filmer was leaving his spacious house and grounds at Hampstead, selling half his furniture and moving into a third storey flat at Battersea, I wrote at once. I received in reply one of his usual barely decipherable scrawls: "Yes, old dear, you might find a home for my raven; it's ancient and a bit rusty, but lots of life in it yet. I'm parting with all my garden things."

I busied myself about the matter at once. When a man you have known and respected for years is driven by high prices and income-tax to vacate a beautiful home and asks such a simple thing of you as to find a shelter for his bird, you like to do your best. Personally I knew nothing of ravens, but I recognized the inadequacy of my garden for the accommodation of a bird of any kind, therefore I could not think of taking it. But I had a surface acquaintance with the owner of a carriage drive, and I approached him without delay. He was cold in his manner and said with so many calls upon him he could not see his way to contribute towards the expense of Filmer's move, although he had no doubt, from my representation, that it was a deserving case.

The misunderstanding arose from my leading up to the object of my visit gradually instead of coming to the point at once and asking him to give a comfortable home to a raven. When I explained further he unbent and said he would think it over.

Later he wrote:—

Re RAVEN.

"DEAR SIR,—I have consulted an authority on this bird and find that its bad character has brought about its practical extinction in this country save in the mountain fastnesses of Wales and the craggy moors of Yorkshire. I also learn that its extended wings measure thirty-six inches on an average. I must decline to provide an asylum for such an extensive mass of depravity."

I confess I was discouraged and also somewhat shocked. I felt Filmer should have enlightened me more on the characteristics of his protégé. The episode taught me to avoid preamble in my next quest for a domicile. Also I thought it only right to express myself with absolute frankness. The address of a lady with a reputation for



NO, THIS IS NOT A CELEBRATED COMEDIAN TELLING A FUNNY STORY; IT'S MERELY A PRIVATE CITIZEN THREATENING TO REPORT TO THE PROFITEERING COMMITTEE.

a love of animals was given to me, and I hastened to call upon her. She answered the door herself.

"Madam," I said, "may I ask you of your kind heart to give a home to an almost extinct bird of evil character about a yard across?"

She looked startled for a moment and then quietly closed the door.

I was still further discouraged. I felt bound in honour to comply, if possible, with Filmer's comparatively simple request. By chance I ran across Timberley, a man brimful of resource and suggestion. "You want a brewery," he said; "that's the *milieu* for a raven. To my mind no brewery is artistically complete without one. A raven hopping about the casks gives a *je ne sais quoi*, a *cachet*, to the premises. You should get an introduction to a manager."

With some difficulty I did, and I waited upon him in his private office. He seemed immersed in business and asked me to be seated in such a brusque

manner that I had no alternative but to remain standing.

"I must apologise for trespassing upon your valuable time, but it has been suggested to me that no brewery is complete without a raven—" I began, stammering slightly from nervousness.

"Well, we've got one. What about it?" he said.

In face of this unlooked-for development I could do nothing but bow and retire.

After this third failure to house the bird I threw convention to the winds and took to accosting utter strangers in the street with, "Will you have a raven?" I went rides in trams and tubes and canvassed the passengers. "Not to-day, thank you," was the response, save in a few instances. One man invited me to ask him again and he would do me in. A lady to whom I propounded the query as we were descending the moving staircase side by side precipitated herself forward with such haste that but for the inter-

vening travellers she must have fallen headlong to the bottom. The mother of a family to whom I appealed shook her head politely and said she was obliged to me for the offer, but it was hard enough to pay for butcher's meat; she couldn't afford poultry.

Then at last, all my efforts having failed, I reluctantly took my pen and wrote to Filmer. In reply I received another of his scrawls:—

"What's this about a raven? Don't let it grow on you. The Victory Croquet Club is taking my ROLLER, £7 carriage forward. I gave £3 10s. for it second-hand ten years ago.

"N.B.—I had great difficulty in reading your writing. Don't cultivate illegibility; it's tiresome for your friends."

"Referring to charges of drunkenness the Chairman said there were 13 men and five women fined for drunkenness and residing at Chiswick."—*Local Paper*.

To reside at Chiswick may be an eccentricity, but surely is not an offence.



Auctioneer. "COME, GENTS, HOW MUCH FOR THESE DOZEN BRACES?"

Tommy. "CAN'T TAKE MORE 'N ELEVEN, GUV'NOR. LOST MY SECOND-BEST EVENING TROUSERS ON THE SOMME."

AT THE PLAY.

"JOHN FERGUSON."

AFTER the unsatisfying theatre-diet which has fallen to me of late I was doubly glad to get my teeth into Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE's good meaty ration at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. His theme is as old and new as Job. *John Ferguson* is a saintly Ulster farmer, apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance (rare type in those parts, I understand) and eager justifier of the ways of God to men. *Ferguson's* beloved farm is mortgaged; foreclosure imminent. Help is confidently expected from brother *Andrew* in America, but does not come. Daughter *Hannah*, sent with a message to the brutal mortgagee, is outraged by him. Prospective son-in-law *James*, man of great words but little heart, rushes into the night to kill the ravisher. But it is silent son *Andrew* (destined for the ministry) who does the killing, because he knows *James* to be a craven.

John Ferguson urges confidently the will of God that *James*, whom he believes blood-guilty, should not avoid arrest, and refuses to hide him. But when young *Andrew* insists on giving himself up to save *James* and his own peace the old man's faith, weakened,

falters; he protests in his anguish, but rallies to accept this last blow from the hand of God—made none the easier to bear by the arrival, just a fatal fortnight late, of the money from his brother, a forgetful sort of man, who had mistaken the date of the mail. The tragic irony of the whole is skillfully heightened by the fact that it is half-witted "*Clutie*," with his penny whistle and his random words, who goads young *Andrew* to his vengeance.

A grim tale finely (perhaps just a little too diffusely) told and admirably presented. Mr. ERVINE's most effective stroke was, I think, the character of *James Caesar*, with his pathetic yet revolting self-condemnation, interpreted with a real mastery of art without artifice by Mr. J. M. KERRIGAN, of the old band of "Irish Players." Miss MOYNA MACGILL (a name new to me) played her *Hannah* with an exquisite sincerity and restraint. A particular moment when, from her hysterical laughter at the careful choice made by her father's God of the moment for the arrival of the money, she breaks into a passionate "It's not right! It's not just!" was very fine. The whole character was skillfully built up. The part by no means played itself.

Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL's *Andrew* was also an excellent performance. Was it quite right, however, that the morning after the murder he should appear so completely unruffled? (I admit I don't know my Ulster intimately). I rather think that Mr. MILES MALLESON's well-studied "*Clutie*" might have been a little less coherent, with more fawning in his manner. He seemed something too normal for his purpose in the piece. The way in which the other characters staved off his piping was beyond all praise. I should guess, from specimens submitted, that his repertory was not extensive.

Mr. REA, as the father, was of course competent, but surely a little over-placid throughout. He accepted the blow of his daughter's dishonour with scarcely a sign that submission caused him any serious pang—a seeming indifference shared by Miss MAIRE O'NEILL (*Hannah's* mother), who appeared quite untroubled a few minutes after the harrowing relation, and indeed seemed throughout to be playing too easily. Mr. RAYMOND VALENTINE had a "fat" part as the villain, and well and fatly he played it.

I realise more than ever the difficulties of an Irish Settlement. T.



OUR ANIMAL ARTIST, AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE ZOO, GOES HOME IN A NON-SMOKER AND FALLS ASLEEP.



HE SLEEPS SO SOUNDLY THAT THE ENTRY OF A BIG-GAME HUNTER'S FAMILY FAILS TO DISTURB HIM.



THE ROAR OF A PASSING TRAIN FITS IN WITH HIS DREAMS OF WILD ANIMALS, AND—HE WAKES!

FAME.

For a long time past I had felt that something ought to be done about it, and then one evening as I opened my paper in the Tube I came suddenly upon the following paragraph:—

"Lunching yesterday with Jack Poppington at the Bitz, where, by the way, M. Caramel treated us to a superbly priceless *mousse à la Canadienne*, he told me that his *Little Pests* is selling like wildfire and proving a real bonanza to the lucky publishers, Messrs. Painter and Lilley. Had a pleasant chat with him about old times in the Army Pay Corps, in which we served together for nearly sixteen months during one of the hottest periods of hostilities 'out yonder.' More famous amongst the general public for his black-ribboned tortoiseshell monocle and invariable presence at all truly semi-smart Bohemian functions, Poppington keeps a brindled bulldog, grows primulas and is, of course, known to a select circle as the energetic Organising Secretary of the North Battersea Entomological Society."

The letterpress which I have quoted above was headed "Popular Pap" and formed a kind of frame for a photograph of Mr. Poppington, which seemed to show that his luncheon at the Bitz had not really agreed with him after all, and at the bottom of the column I noted the familiar signature of "*Marchand du Beurre*."

As usual when I read paragraphs of this kind I first of all blushed guiltily and glanced round to see whether anyone had noticed how eagerly I was drinking it all in. Then I put on the faint superiorsmile of recognition which I felt that the situation obviously demanded. Good old Poppington! One of the best. What recollections it stirred! *Marchand* and he and I—

When I left the Tube I carefully crumpled the paper up and threw it away, and in the middle of dinner I took care to remark casually to Araminta, "By the way, I suppose you put *Little Pests* on the library list?"

"Awfully sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I hadn't heard of them."

"Poppington's latest," I said curtly.

"I'm afraid I haven't heard of Poppington either."

I gave a sigh of desperation and leant back in my chair.

"Well, really!" I protested. "Surely the man himself—everybody—I mean—his—his eye-glass—his bulldog—of course only a few of us fully appreciate the extent of his actual research work—but still—"

"All right, I'll get it," she replied.

That finished off Araminta easily

enough, but the situation none the less was serious. Paragraphs exactly like this had been meeting my eye in almost every popular paper for month after month, and, though I use two memory systems and have an electric scalp shampoo each week, I find them increasingly difficult to cope with. *Who's Which* already transgresses the established canons of literary art. It is almost as tall lying down as standing up, and fellows like Poppington are not even in *Who's Which*. He had not, you observed, even obtained an O.B.E. What would happen if I met him at some public gathering or dinner and by some awful mischance forgot those salient facts?

It appeared to me that a process for reproducing short biographies of this nature in a slightly larger type on the shirt-fronts of eminent personages was badly needed; it should be coupled, I felt, with an arrangement of periscopes to help one when sitting beside the great man or standing behind his back. Or he might perhaps wear upon his sleeve something like the divisional signs which were so useful in France. Old Poppington, for instance, might have a—might wear an—I mean there might be something or other on his coat in red or green or blue to indicate the nature and scope of his secretarial activities and give a fellow the right lead. And to think that every week dozens and dozens of new Poppingtons are springing up like crocuses about me! It was a bewildering thought. They were becoming perhaps the most numerous and influential class in the community. I had visions of mass meetings of "well-known" men—"well-known" men marching in procession with flags to Downing Street to demand State recognition, statues and pensions, and insisting that it should be made a penal offence not to recognise their well-known features in the street. I made a great resolve. Why should I be left out of it? I determined to join the crowd.

I had got rather out of touch with old *Marchand* for some time, and had indeed forgotten exactly what he looked like, but I persuaded a mutual friend to point him out to me, and, selecting the psychological moment, cannoned into him heavily in the street. His spectacles dropped off and his note-book fell out of his hand.

"Why, if it isn't *Du Beurre*!" I shouted, feigning an ecstatic surprise.

"I am sorry," he said rather stiffly, when he had recovered his breath, "but I am afraid I haven't the pleasure—"

"I am John Smith," I said.

"I am afraid I still—"

"Allow me to tell you all about myself," I said. And I did.

I was a little nervous as to how he would take it, but the event justified me. When I opened my paper next evening I found the following words:—

"Ran across John Smith of Ravenscourt Park yesterday afternoon. Chatting with him about one thing and another, he told me something of the methods he has employed to bring about his present celebrity in that salubrious suburb. He has never, it appears, written a book, collaborated in a review, appeared in a night-club, lunched at the Bitz, sat on a committee, or been summoned as a witness in a sensational divorce case. His record, I fancy, must be one of the most thoroughly unique in Greater London."

There was no photograph of John Smith, but, biting partly into this paragraph and partly into another on the opposite side of the column, was one of Mortimer Despenser, the new film star, featured in *Scented Sin*, which really did almost as well. Dear old *Du Beurre*!

EVOE.

MUSIC À LA MODE.

THERE was a young singer whose moans
Struck a chill to her auditors' bones;
So she had to explain
That she wasn't in pain,
But was trying to sing quarter-tones.

There once was a basso, a swain
Who came from the rolling Ukraine;
He could sing double D
From breakfast till tea
Without any symptom of strain.

There was a benevolent peer
Who wished to make Art less severe,
So he learned the Jazz drum
And bids fair to become
The black man's most terrible fear.

There once was a critic whose bane
Was his dread of a style that was plain,
So, resolved to refresh us,
He strove to be precious,
But sank to the nether inane.

"AMATEUR SNOOKER POOL CHAMPIONSHIP:
S. H. FRY DEFLATED,"
Provincial Paper.

It was noticed even during the Billiard competition that he never really got the wind up.

"The chief obstacle to the development of water-power is usually the question of finance, and if the scheme will not hold water from that point of view it is not likely to float."

Electrical Review.

And if it holds too much water it is certain to sink.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Irishman (discussing "roarer" recently purchased by P.-W.S.). "VERY WELL KNOWN, SHE WAS, WID THE WARD UNION STAG HOUNDS. THE BOYS USED TO CALL HER 'THE WIDDA,' FOR WHY THEY SAID YE COULD ALWAYS HEAR HER SOBBIN' AFETER THE DEER DEPARTED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNDENIABLY MR. CARADOC EVANS is the bold boy. No doubt you remember (since they are so difficult to forget) the two volumes in which he dealt faithfully (and a bit over) with the manners of his countrymen in the land of their fathers. I have heard, and can well believe, that some of Mr. EVANS' own people were moved by this tribute even to the extent of threatening its author with personal violence. And now he has turned from Welsh Wales to English London, and gives us in *My Neighbours* (MELROSE) a further collection of sketches pleasantly calculated to prove that the general detestability of his compatriots remains unchanged by their migration from a whitewashed cottage to a villa in Suburbia. Whatever you may think of Mr. EVANS' work, whether it attracts or violently repels, there can be no question of its devastating skill. His sketches, no more than a few pages in length, contain never an idle word, and the phrases bite like vitriol. Moreover he employs an idiom that is (I conjecture) a direct transcription from native speech, which adds enormously to the effect. Understand me, not for worlds would I commend these volumes haphazard to the fastidious; I only say they are clever, arresting and violently individual. Also that, if you have not so far met the work of Mr. EVANS, here is your opportunity in a volume that shows it at its best, or worst. Half-an-hour's reading will give you an excellent idea of it. At the end of that time you will probably send either to the

chemist for a restorative or to the bookseller for the two previous volumes. Meanwhile, if I were the writer, I should purchase a bulldog.

Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS has for some time past specialised in spinster-aunts, bachelor-uncles and charming nieces. In *Oranges and Lemons* (CONSTABLE) she introduces us pleasantly to some more. The plot, in fact, is chiefly concerned with the violent squabbles of an uncle and aunt, who belong to different sides of the family, for the good graces of *Diana* (who is nineteen, or thereabouts, and radiant), and *Shant*, (who says so—just like that—and is five). There are also several young men. To test his abilities in the *Admirable Crichton* line *Diana* maroons the most favoured of these, together with three other aspirants to her hand, and her bachelor uncle, on an island in a Scottish loch, hamperless, on a soft day. As the affections of all the lovers remain undimmed, you can guess what kind of a girl *Diana* must have been. *Shant's* even more responsible job is to tumble off a pony and allay the temporary tartness which existed between her two elderly admirers, so that nothing but oranges and orange-blossoms remain. Really, of course, none of the story much matters. But if you want the sensation of having stayed with delightful people in delightful places, where rising prices are not even mentioned or thought of, Mrs. WEMYSS can give it you all the time.

Night and Day (Duckworth) is the title of VIRGINIA WOOLF's last book; but there is no night for the author's

clarity of vision, or her cleverness in describing every detail she has seen, or her delicate precision of style; there is only daylight, temperate, pervading, but at times, I am afraid, almost irritatingly calm. "Give me one indiscretion of sympathy or emotion on behalf of your characters," the reader is tempted to implore her; "let me feel that you are a little bit excited about them and I shall feel excited too." The story, after all, is the simple one (to put it in the shudderingly crude language of former days) of a girl's change of heart from an unreal love to one of whose sincerity she eventually convinces herself. *Katharine Hilbery*, the granddaughter of a great poet, brought up by a father whose only interest is in literature, and a charming mother who wanders in fields of Victorian romance, breaks off her engagement with a civil servant who has more taste than talent for letters, and chooses instead a man slightly below her in social position, but with firmness and decision of character and genuine skill in—what? Ironmongery? No, literature. All through the book I found myself wondering whether a mind so finely tempered as *Katharine's*, a perception so acute, was really fitted for anything so commonplace as, after all, love is. And I longed for the authoress, who explained every mood so amazingly well, to explain this too.

Mrs. NORRIS is evidently a specialist in unconventional situations. In her last novel her theme was the intrigue between a man and his step-mother. In *Sisters* (MURRAY) it is the passion of a man for his living wife's married sister, and in neither case does the author seem to be conscious of anything out of the ordinary. Not that there is any air of naughtiness about the business. *Peter*, a rich cripple, loved *Cherry*, the youngest and prettiest of the three *Strickland* girls. But *Martin*, a casual impecunious stranger, stepped in and took her in one bite before *Peter* could quite realise she was no longer a child. So in default he married *Alix*, who was, incidentally, worth six of her. Meeting his *Cherry*, disillusioned about an unsatisfactory and unsuccessful *Martin*, he reaches out his hand for this forbidden fruit. Whereupon *Alix*, the selfless, drives herself and *Martin* over a cliff by way of making things smooth for *Peter* and *Cherry*, which was inconsiderate, if resourceful; for, while *Alix* is happily killed, poor *Martin* only breaks his back, so that all may end with the balance on the credit side of the Recording Angel's ledger with *Cherry* nursing her hopeless invalid. An unlikely story, pleasantly and competently told.

My appreciation of *The Ancient Allan* (CASSELL) may be measured by my keen disappointment on finding that the concluding pages of the book were absent in the copy vouchsafed to me, and that (apparently) in their place a double dose of pages 279—294 was offered. Nevertheless I can safely assert that you will find this a yarn worth

reading, for here Sir RIDER HAGGARD is in as good form as ever he was, when both he and *Allan Quatermain* were younger. *Lady Ragnall*, who is an old friend to readers of *The Ivory Child*, reappears here, having in her possession a mysterious and potent herb, which she persuades *Allan* to inhale. Then the fun takes on a great liveliness. *Allan* is wafted back to the days when Egypt was under the domination of the Persians, and he in his ancient existence performed some of the very doughtiest of deeds. No one living can tell such a tale with a greater dexterity and zest than Sir RIDER. And at that I will leave it, with one more regret that I was not allowed to be present when *Allan* recovered from the effects of Taduki (the herb that did it).

I find that when the medicine of thought is wrapped up in the jam of fiction I generally take both more willingly than either alone. But if my author, holding out the

spoonful, protests that the jam isn't jam at all but part of the dose, then my mouth does not open with quite its usual happy confidence. Miss W. M. LETTS has said something of the sort about her great little book, *Corporal's Corner* (WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON), and I wish she hadn't. It is cast in the form of letters written by a soldier in hospital to a nurse who has been good to him and whose lover has been killed at the Front. Miss LETTS introduces it with a foreword which conveys the impression that a real *Corporal Jack* wrote these letters to a real nurse; but the letters themselves convince—or very nearly convince—me that the foreword itself is a mere device of authorship, and one which defeats its own intention of adding weight to the wise and tender and often humorous things the writer has to say. From his

own death-bed *Corporal Jack*, together with his own love-story and that of his chum *Mac*, writes what he can of comfort to his friend, and whether his hand or Miss LETTS's held the pen the book is the work of someone who knows all about sorrow, and only the initiated—who must be many for a decade to come—will know quite how well it is done.

Of the late Mr. NOEL ROSS, who, to the infinite loss of British journalism, died at the early age of twenty-seven, Mr. Punch cannot trust himself to speak with the cold detachment of the critic. He saw life with the clear eye of happy youth and set it down with the easy pen of a ready writer. Coming from New Zealand, through the War, to England, his natural talents were at once recognised, and he won a position for himself on the staff of *The Times*. In the leisure moments spared from the service of the Old Lady of Printing House Square, he would crack a jest, now and then, with the Old Sage of Bouverie Street. Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD now publishes a collection of his writings under the title, *Noel Ross and His Work*, and Mr. Punch confines himself to commending the volume to his readers.



SOUVENIR-HUNTERS OF THE PAST.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S APPLE.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are one hundred thousand more people living in London than in New York. But they are only just living.

"The Home Rule Bill," says *The Irish Unionist Alliance*, "would, if put into operation, cause friction in Ireland." We are sorry to hear this, for friction is the last thing we want to see in Ireland.

M. GRABSKI, who has just asked for the loan of three thousand million francs, is the Polish Minister of Finance. Yet people say there is nothing in a name.

A Welsh Prohibition Bill is suggested. We think it should be pointed out that the Welsh language is natural and not due to over-indulgence.

DEMPSEY, the American Boxer, is to be charged with "draft-dodging." The other charge of COCHRAN-dodging will not be proceeded with.

Gold in the mouth, says the American Academy of Dental Science, is out of date. Much the same applies to gold in the pocket.

We understand that an American syndicate has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the sole rights in a suit of clothes by a London tailor.

American whisky is said to create in consumers a desire to climb trees. British whisky, on the other hand, seems to create in the Americans a desire to cross the Atlantic.

With reference to the road-mender who fell down last week and injured himself an explanation has now been given. It appears that the colleague next to him must have moved.

No fewer than twenty-seven poems on Spring have been received by one weekly paper editor. Yet there are people who still maintain that the crime wave is on the wane.

"The Irish swear by two staple beverages," says *The Daily Mail*. We feel, however, that an Irishman who was really trying could swear by more than this.

We understand that the Foreign Office takes a serious view of the large number of public-houses which have been burgled during the last few weeks. It is feared that it may be the work of a foreign spy who is endeavouring to secure the recipe of British Government ale.

"A large number of army tanks have been sent to Africa," announces an article in a daily paper. However, as the brontosaurus is supposed to devour four of these delicacies at every meal,

class of worker, the argument, so popular with the advocates of nationalisation, that a miner's occupation is a most unhealthy one, has been given a rest.

"I doubt if even the youngest child to-day will live to see the real fruits of the War," said the Bishop of Lincoln last week. Another unmerited slight on the O.B.E.

"Visitors to the Zoo," says *The Daily Mail*, "should not miss the rare spectacle of the highest five animals under one roof—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, the gibbon and man." Naturally everybody is asking, "Who is the lucky man?"

A merciless campaign against rats is to be waged by the inhabitants of a large Yorkshire town. This is supposed to be the outcome of the continued indifference with which these rodents have treated the many propaganda campaigns which the town has organised.

Liverpool City Council is to consider the appointment of women park-keepers. In support it is urged that when it comes to persuading a paper bag to go along quietly the superior tact of a woman is bound to tell.

Arrangements for the continuation of the Food Ministry, it is stated, are still incomplete. It would be a thousand pities if a mere abundance of food should lead to the disappearance of this valuable department.

"Will the gentlemen on the Allied Surrender List," says the *Berlin Official Gazette*, "inform the German authorities of their

address?" This is a typical piece of Teutonic duplicity. There are, of course, no gentlemen on the List.

The chifffaff has been heard in Hampshire and a couple of road-peckers were observed last week hovering in the neighbourhood of Wellington Street.

Another Impending Apology.

"Principal — said there was a historical connection between the Royal Asylum for the Insane and the University of Edinburgh."

Scots Paper.

"The British rule in India is as savage as that of the Turk in Armenia."

Washington Times.

Not the "George Washington Times," you'll note.



Holiday-maker (in difficulties). "Oh, DASH IT! THERE GOES THAT LETTER MY WIFE GAVE ME TO POST A WEEK AGO."

it is feared that unless a great many more are sent out immediately this dainty animal may be faced with extermination.

A morning paper announces that all airships of "R 34" type are now obsolete. We have decided to stick a pin in each of ours.

From Ireland comes the pleasing news that the wife of a well-known Sinn Feiner has just presented her husband with a little bomberette.

Since the publication of Professor KEITH's statistics of efficiency, showing the superiority of the physical condition of miners over that of almost every other

MEN AND THINGS OF THE MOMENT.

[Mr. Punch cannot hold himself responsible for the views expressed in the following correspondence.]

THE MALLABY-DEELEY EMPORIUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want you to use your influence with that great philanthropist, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. I know that he is too modest to claim to be a benefactor of the race, but I am at least right in calling him "Mr.," for that is how he describes himself on his shop-window, and he would never have done that if he had not desired to avoid confusion with the common tradesman. Well, I want you to enlist his powerful sympathy in the cause of the struggling middle classes, to which body I belong. I refer particularly to our crying need for dinner-jackets at reasonable prices. I am one of those who spend their holidays at seaside hotels, where people make a point of dressing for dinner in the hope of giving their fellow-guests the impression that this is their daily habit in the home circle. In view of the early advent of Spring I approached my tailor, the other day, with inquiries as to the cost of an abbreviated dinner-suit. His prices were as follows:—jacket £10 10s. 0d.; waistcoat £3 3s. 0d.; trousers £4 10s. 0d.; total £18 3s. 0d. I am old enough to recall the time when the most *élite* tailors of Savile Row charged no more than £10 10s. 0d. for a complete evening costume, uncurtailed.

I am all for the cheap supply of "gentlemen's lounge-suits" for the so-called working-classes to lounge in. I know of no surer antidote to the spirit of Bolshevism. But let us not forget the claims of the middle classes, who are the backbone of the Empire. If Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY cannot help us in the direction I have indicated, then let Mr. KENNEDY JONES, on behalf of the Middle Class Union, put a hyphen to his name and open a shop for the sale of evening wear at demi-popular prices.

Yours faithfully, SURBITONIAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It would be a thousand pities if Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY's beneficent scheme should fail for lack of advertisement. Could you not persuade your colleagues of the Press to publish from day to day the route of his car's progress from his private residence (or the terminus from which he debouches) to his place of business, as in the case of the new Member for Paisley? My only fear is that the Coalition Government might be suspected of adopting the Wee Free methods of publicity for political ends; but this would surely be an unworthy suspicion in the

case of a movement designed for the benefit not of a party, but of mankind. Yours faithfully, STAGE MANAGER.

THE DECLINE OF LEARNING.

DEAR SIR,—I look for your sympathy when I say that I regard the abolition of compulsory Greek at Oxford as tantamount to the collapse of the last bulwark of British Culture. It is idle for the advocates of this act of vandalism to protest that the spirit of Ancient Hellas can be adequately conveyed in the form of translations, and to illustrate this futile argument by reference to the authorised version of the Hebrew Scriptures. Admirable as that version may be, is it for a moment to be supposed that it can take the place of the original as a source of spiritual education? or that our appreciation of Holy Writ would not be a hundred-fold increased if it were fortified by a knowledge of the first principles of Hebraic syntax and by an elementary acquaintance with Hebraic composition. It is impossible to estimate the influence of such knowledge in tending to endear the Bible to our youth. To me indeed it has always been incomprehensible that our Prelates, who presumably have the welfare of the Church at heart, have never insisted on making Hebrew a compulsory subject for Responsions.

And now Greek has gone and Oxford is the home of one more lost cause. The gods (of the gallery) may be with the winners, but it is the losing side that still appeals to

Yours incorruptibly, CATO.

"THE TIMES' FLIGHT."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—His many friends (among whom I take leave to count myself) will heartily sympathise with Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL on the engine troubles he has passed through, culminating in the enforced curtailment of his scientific expedition. It is gratifying to think that the pure and lofty spirit of research which animated the great newspaper-proprietor who sent him forth on this mission has been vindicated by the Doctor's discovery of an unmapped volcano. Regrettably the conditions under which he observed it precluded him from making an expert survey of it, and even from securing specimens of its geological structure. The possibility of such an unfortunate contingency, which may have escaped the consideration of the promoter of the expedition, was recognised by other scientists. But it was confidently expected by his Zoological *confrères* that his voyage of exploration would add largely to our knowledge of the habits and customs of the fauna of Africa, and

notably of the giraffe, as coming, by the exceptional development of its neck, within closest range of his vision as he flew through the vast inane.

Even better opportunities for the observation of animal life would, it was thought, occur during the occasional intervals spent on *terra firma* for purposes of repose or repair. And indeed one is greatly intrigued by the following terse and airmanlike entry in the log for February 20th: "Much disturbed by lions." Nothing is said of the actual capture of one of these interesting denizens of the jungle, but reference to such a feat might well have been omitted out of regard for brevity. Is it too much to hope that the enterprise of *The Times* may yet be rewarded by the addition of a live lion to the Zoological Gardens?

In any case, by the exceptional opportunities he enjoyed for a careful study of leaking cylinder jackets insulating tape, red-loaded joints and missing engines the intrepid Doctor must have added largely to his knowledge of mechanical science, to say nothing of the botanical discoveries he made when his machine came within a few inches of contact with a banana-tree.

I, for one, look forward eagerly to his return, when he will be able to narrate his experience with a fulness and freedom of language impossible in cabled despatches.

Yours faithfully,

STANLEY LIVINGSTONE JONES.

A "Malade Imaginaire"?

"Bath-chair wanted, small lady good condition."—*Ladies' Paper*.

A Choice of Sinecures.

"LADY-NURSE-HELP; three girls (12, 10, eight); two maids kept; month's holiday (fortnightly); salary £40."—*Daily Paper*.

"WANTED, a Housemaid, wages 27s. 6d., no duties."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"Lady would like to Join jolly Family for Dinner every night."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

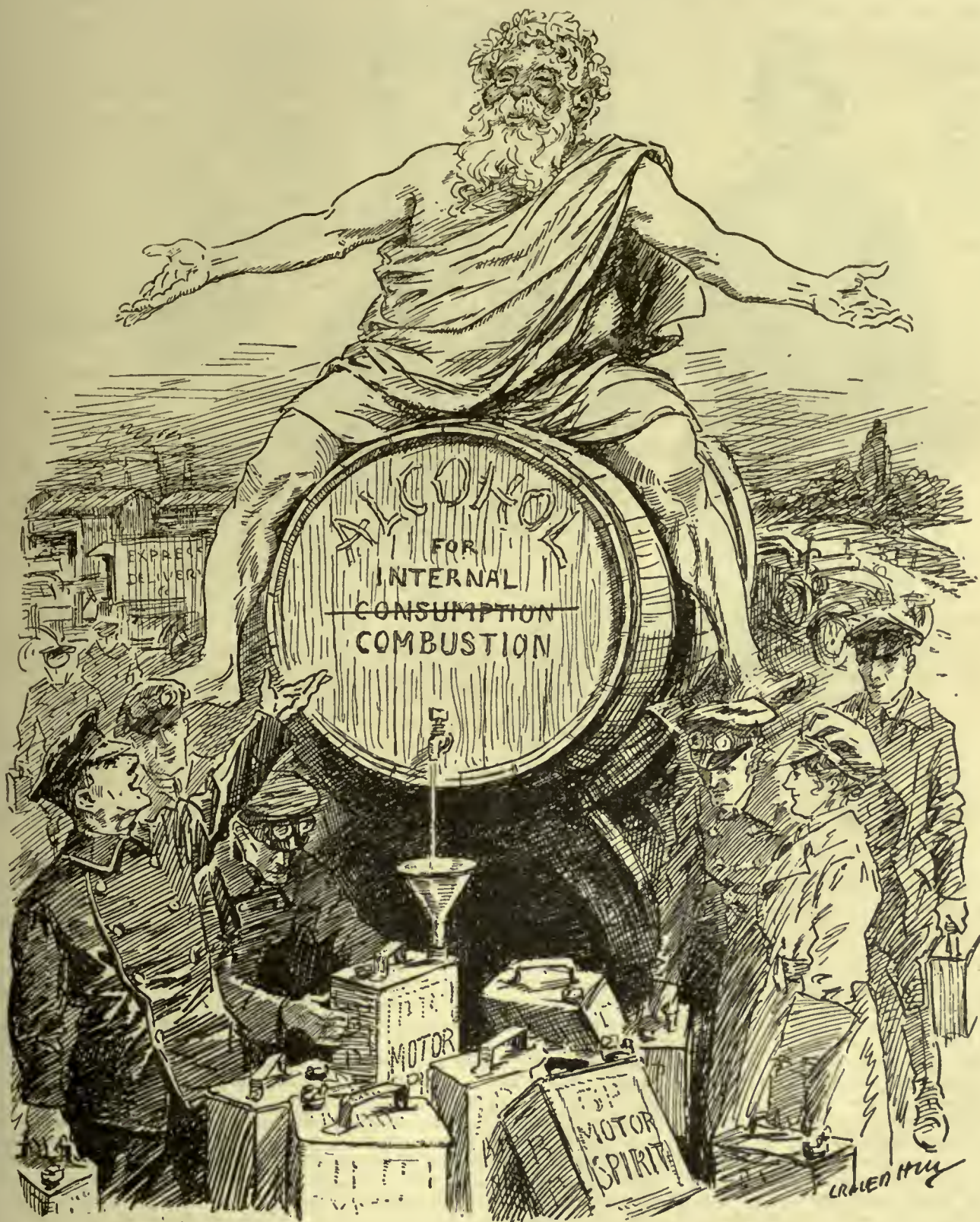
Yes, but how long would they remain jolly?

"Windsor Castle Niggers, from His Majesty's Chapel Royal, gave an excellent programme."—*Local Paper*.

The programme merely announced them as "Windsor Castle Singers," but this no doubt was to give the audience a greater surprise.

"The revival of the Hunt Ball, and the intelligence that the Race Ball is also to be re-introduced next month, has restored the — dance season to its pre-war brilliance. The Hunt event passed off with *éclat*."—*Local Paper*.

Supper seems to have been all right, anyhow.



A CONVERTED SPIRIT.

GENIUS OF ALCOHOL. "AND TO THINK THAT I WAS ONCE REGARDED AS AN IMPEDIMENT TO LOCOMOTION!"



Mayfair Copper. "NOW THEN, GET A MOVE ON, TARZAN. THIS AIN'T A MONKEY NEIGHBOURHOOD."

WON ON THE POSTS.

(With the British Army in France.)

THE decisive victory of the Racing Club de Petiteville—late the *deuxième équipage* of the Sportif Club de Petiteville—over the *troisième équipage* of the Société Athlétique de Pont Neuf would not appear to have any bearing on the washing of Percival's collars and pyjamas; but, according to Elfred Fry, there was a poignant connection between the two.

When the Sportif Club received the challenge they doubted whether to accept it, as the Société Athlétique was rumoured to include several veterans approaching fifteen years of age and of tremendous physique. On being conceded the choice of ground, however, they took up the gage and trained and practised with such vigour that two days before the date of the match Georges Darré, right back, punted his toe through a previously suspected weak spot in the ball and irreparably ruined it. The Société Athlétique was informed of the disaster and asked to supply a ball, but they answered that no known authority or precedent existed

for visiting teams providing the accessories. There was also an insinuation that the story of the burst ball was a fabrication, designed to give the Sportif Club a loophole of escape from a contest that spelt certain defeat.

Stung to the quick, the *deuxième équipage* made an urgent appeal to the *premier équipage* of the Sportif Club, who replied that this was the first intimation they had had of the existence of a *deuxième équipage*, and recommended a tourney at marbles or a combat of peg-tops as being more suitable to their tender years.

Naturally this insult could not be brooked, and it was decided to break away from the parent body and reorganise under the title of the Racing Club de Petiteville; but this did not help them to solve the question of a new ball. Then it was that Théo Navet, left half, and son of the *blanchisseuse* in the rue Napoléon, had an inspiration, and Percival's pyjamas became linked up with the destinies of the club.

"It wouldn't surprise me, Sir," said Elfred on the evening when Petiteville was ringing with the news of the

Racing Club's victory by 4 *buts* to 2, "if you are the only officer in Mess to-night with a reelly clean collar."

"And why am I singled out for so much honour?" asked Percival, taking the slacks which Elfred produced from between the mattresses. "Has the Washer-women's Union handed in notices and made a complimentary exception in my case?"

"Well, Sir, you *ave* been favoured, but it weren't a strike," explained Elfred. "You know, Sir, there's been an alarming short ration of coal an' fuel down in the village for a long time, an' two days ago Madame Navet, who does the officers' washing, came up an' said she was bokoo fashay but the washing was napood for the week, becoss she couldn't buy, beg, borry nor steal enough fuel to keep her copper biling . . . Do we wear the yaller boots to-night, Sir, or the *very* yaller ones?"

"The light pair," said Percival, "to give tone to the clean collar. But go on."

"Well, I put it to Madame as my officer was a very partickler gent, an' she'd gotter do our washing even if she 'ad to light 'er fire with the family dresser. She said she was desolated;

she 'adn't sufficient coal to take the chill off a mouchoir. I thought of trying to borrow a sack for 'er from the quarter bloke, but our relations 'ave never been the same since the time I took my weekly ration of 'Pink Princesses' back an' asked 'im to change 'em for cigarettes with a bit o' tobacco in.

"After she 'd gone I took a kit inventory 'an found we was down to our last clean collar, an' we looked like hein' a bit grubby in the matter of pyjamas. I went a walk to the canteen to think it over, an' on my way Madame's lad came up an' said 'is team 'ad an important match' for two days later an' could I possibly oblige 'em with a football. Being a sportsman—I take a franc chance in the camp football sweep every week—I said I'd try what I could do, knowin' of a ball which me an' the other batmen punt about in our rare intervals of leisure. But then the thought of that washing that wasn't washed came into my mind.

"See 'ere, Meredith,' I says. 'Je voo donneray a ball si votre mère does our washing toot sweet.'"

"'E looked blue at this an' said they couldn't get fuel nohow.

"Compreo scrounge?" says I.

"It seems 'e did. It seems scrounging for fuel 'ad reached such a pitch in the village that people took their back-yard fences in at night, 'an they 'ad posted a policeman on the station to prevent 'em sawing away the waiting-room. But our washing 'ad to be done, 'an I thought if I got the whole of this football team scrounging they might find something as everyone else 'ad overlooked. So I pretended to be indifferink.

"Very well,' says I. 'San fairy ann. Napoo washing—napoo ball.'

"That set 'em to work. Next day little boys were scraping the village over like fowls in a farmyard, getting a chip 'ere an' a shaving there, an' making themselves such a nuisance that there was talk of calling the gendarmerie out. They would 'ave done, too, only he'd laid down for a nap an' left strict orders 'e wasn't to be disturbed. Then they slipped into the Camp, trying to lay nefarious 'ands on empty ration boxes, but the Camp police spotted 'em an' chivied them off. I never seen our police so exhausted as they were at the end of that day.

"I can't think what's taken the little varmint,' said the Provost-Sergeant. 'It ain't the Fifth of November.'

"On the whole it wasn't a good day's 'unting, but this morning I was waited on by a deputation wearing striped jerseys, which they appeared to 'ave put on at early dawn. They said the fire was lit under the copper, 'an could they 'ave the ball?



"I SAY, EXCUSE ME, DEAR OLD TOP, BUT YOU MUSTN'T WEAR THAT GUNNER TIE NOW YOU'RE DEMOBBED. IT SIMPLY ISN'T DONE!"

"Douce mong!" says I. 'Allay along, an' let's see the fire first.'

"Yes, it were lit, but only just. The water was lukewarm an' the fuel 'ad nearly all burned away, an' Madame was standing looking at it hopelessly.

"Pas bong,' says I to the lads. 'Pas assay chaud. Voo scroungerez oncore.'

"They was frantic, becoss it was nearly match time. I felt inclined to give 'em the ball, but the thought of you, Sir, in a dirty collar——"

"You may keep the pair of old riding-breeches you borrowed without permission," interrupted Percy.

"Thank you, Sir. Then all at once the lads 'ad a confab an' went away, an' in a few minutes they was back with some lovely straight planed props

of timber, an' they chopped 'em up in a jiffy 'an got the fire roaring 'ot, an' I gave 'em the ball, an' your collars is done an' the rest of your things is out drying an' will be finished to-morrow."

"Of course I'm grateful," said Percival. "You might tell your young friends I'm willing to be a vice-president of their club—on the usual terms. What's the name of it?"

"They tell me it's called 'The Racing Club,'" said Elfred. "But I think, Sir, you'd better give your subscription to the other club in the village—'The Sportif Club.' You see, Sir, they 'ad a match on to-day as well, an' when they arrived on the ground they found someone 'ad been and scrounged their goal-posts!"

THE ANNIVERSARY.

HAVING unexpectedly retained possession of my seat in the Tube the other evening I over-read myself and ran past my station, so it was rather late when I reached home.

"Hullo!" I called out cheerily.

"Hullo!" echoed Margaret in a flat sort of voice; "you back?"

I refrained from facetiousness and told her that I was.

"Oh!" she said.

"Well, well, Margaret," I said in a bright and bustling manner, "we haven't got on very well so far, have we? Can't you think of some subject on which we can conduct a conversation in words of more than one syllable? The skilful hostess should so frame her questions that not even the shyest visitor can fall back on a simple Yes or No. Now," I continued, spreading myself luxuriously over the chesterfield, "you know how shy I am. Try to draw me out, dear. I'm waiting."

I lit a cigarette. Margaret looked reproachfully at me.

"What was yesterday?" she said.

"Tuesday, my dear. We will now have a little chat about Tuesday. Coming as it does so soon after Monday, it not unnaturally exhibits——"

"Tuesday the 25th of February," said Margaret solemnly.

"Possibly, my dear, possibly. But I cannot say that I find your remarks very interesting. They may be true, or they may not, but they certainly seem to me to lack that agreeable whimsicality usually so characteristic of you."

"Our wedding-day," said Margaret impressively.

"Was it really?" I said in a whisper. "And you let it pass without reminding me. Oh, how could you?"

Margaret smiled.

"I didn't think of it till this morning—after you had gone," she said.

We both smiled. Then we laughed.

"You know, we really are a dreadful couple," I said. "Your fault is greater than mine, though. I'll tell you why. Everyone knows that a man—especially a manly man—I tugged my moustache and let my biceps out for a run—'never remembers anniversaries, whereas a woman—a womanly woman—does.' Here I plucked a daffodil from a bowl near by and tucked it coyly behind her ear.

"It really is rather awful of us," Margaret restored the daffodil to its young companions. "We've only been married three years, too, and yet already——" She threw out her arms in a hopeless gesture.

"Still," I said presently, with my hand full of her hand—"still I daresay we shall get used to it in time—forgetting the day, I mean. After about the fourth lapse there will be hardly any sting in our little piece of annual forgetfulness."

"We mustn't forget to remember we've forgotten it, though, Gerald, so that we can test the waning powers of the sting."

"I can see this habit growing on us," I said dreamily; "a few more years and we shall forget we are married even. I shall come home one day—provided I remember where we live—and be horrified to find you established in my house and using my sealing-wax. Or maybe I shall arrive with some little offering of early rhubarb or forced artichokes only to be sternly ordered away by a wife who does not recognise me. 'Please take your greens round to the tradesmen's entrance,' you will say coldly."

"I think," said Margaret, "that we ought to be extra nice to each other now, seeing how short our married life may be. Let's begin at once. You let me tidy your desk every day for you and——"

"Won't twice a week satisfy you?" I asked desperately.

"Perhaps; and anyway"—she put a little packet into

my hand—"here's my present to you, even though you did forget yesterday."

"You are a dear, Margaret. And now I'll tell you something. It was——"

Just then James came in and announced dinner. James is all our staff; but her other name is Keziah, so we had no choice.

As we sat down I took a small box out of my pocket.

"Give this to your mistress, please," I said to James.

"O-o-o. How ripping of you, Gerald! So you did remember, after all."

"As soon as I got to the station this morning," I said, "I remembered that our wedding-day was to-day."

Margaret lifted her eyebrows at me. "To-day?"

"Yes. You are a little behind—or in front of—the times, I'm afraid. The twenty-fifth was a Tuesday last year, but it's trying Wednesday for a change now. Many Happy Returns of the Day, dear."

We both laughed.

"Now let's look at our presents," said Margaret happily.

DORA AT THE PLAY.

["You cannot buy a cigarette, or an ice, or a box of chocolates in a theatre after eight o'clock—by order of D.O.R.A."—*Advt. passim.*]

ATTENTIVE SWAIN, whose lady has commanded you to be at her

Disposal as an escort on a visit to the theatre,

I give you precious doctrine that is certainly worth sticking to,

At least as long as Dora is alive on earth and kicking too.

If you would keep your fair companion satisfied and cheery, some

Provision must be made to fill the intervals so wearisome, For many a gallant fellow has discovered with a shock o' late

That after 8 P.M. it's still a crime to sell a chocolate.

Though you may haunt the bar till ten and confidently mutter "Scotch,"

She may not even clamour for a humble slab of butter-scotch,

And should the heat suggest an ice—may I be rolled out flat if I

Distort the truth—it's courting gaol that harmless wish to gratify.

As for yourself, if you should yearn for blest tobacco's medium

In those long waits between the Acts to while away the tedium,

And find you're out of cigarettes, remember that to sell any A minute past the fatal hour is counted as a felony.

Unless the pair of you affect the life ascetic, you'll Be well advised to carry in a hamper or a reticule A goodly store of provender, both smokeable and eatable, For Dora's in the saddle yet and seemingly unseatable.

Broody.

"Will the Imperial Government then proceed to a new conquest of Southern Ireland?"—*Daily Paper.*

No, we expect it will be left sitting.

"HIDDEN MUMMIES."

The Museum authorities are receiving numerous inquiries when the mummies will be on view, particularly for school children.

Daily Paper.

We hope that the N.S.P.C.C. will see to it that all mummies are allowed to return to their families without further delay.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

[From an Early-Victorian pocket "Etiquette for Gentlemen":—"If you so far forget what is elegant as to smoke in the street or park, at least never omit to fling away your cigar if you speak to a lady."]

GOLF NOTES.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. A. C. M. Croome.)

APPROACHING.

TAYLOR—OR WAS IT JAMES BRAID?—begins one of his classic and illuminating chapters with the quotation "*Ex pede Herculem*," nor can even we of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society venture to differ from so eminent an authority or grudge him so apt a phrase. *Verb. sap.* and, let me add, *sat.* To those, few perhaps in actual reckoning (though I, wearing of right the wine-dark vesture—were there half-

those who have also enjoyed a University education will pick up—even as partner failed to do—what I, who write, am driving at.

Remembering how dear old W.G.—in those halcyon days when Gloucester was worthy of the cheese whereof she is now so chary a producer—used to score with that heavy cut between point and cover, I too, greatly daring, cut it and laid it (the ball, not the cheese) dead. *De mortuis . . .* For assuredly it was good.

The one adornment of this episode should have been a quotation from ARISTOPHANES. It is not, however,

the weight and the corollary is length increased.

Then arose a certain justly eminent author, whose list of tales is equalled only by the tale of his handicap, and demonstrably discounted weight without pace.

It was then agreed that a test *ad hominem* should be applied, and that the result of such test should determine the individuality of him who should settle with our Ganymede. Partner and I pushed—*gemitu et fremitu*—a bulky sideboard against a paper ball. The inertia of the object was barely overcome.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

IT IS A TERRIBLE MOMENT FOR THE FILM ACTOR WHEN HE REALISES THAT HE IS GETTING TOO FAT TO PLAY HERO, AND NOT FAT ENOUGH TO BE FUNNY.

Blues in HOMER's time?—cannot compete with JOHN LOW *et hoc genus omne*, Cantabs confessed, in the prestidigitation of numerals and weird signs of values)—to those, then, few, but of many parts appreciative, who followed a certain foursome at Addington last week, my premiss should be intrinsically incontrovertible. Partner, whom I had "made" with a drive well and truly apportioned—*ex carne ictum*—partner, after much self-searching and mental recursion to the maxims of TOM MORRIS and LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, took his ball on the—*O horribile dictu* (or shall I say *horresco referens*?)—well, to be meticulously exact, partner shanked it. And it is just here that

given to all men always to remember. *Non cuivis*, in fact.

OF IMPACT.

It was at the ensuing consumption of Bohea, or of its substitute as provided by a paternal Government, that one of the party, with the rashness of a *d'Artagnan*, reverted to the question of weight of clubs. ABE MITCHELL's driver, of course, gave him a handle; but himself he, unaided, gave away. For it is not to be boasted by every man that he has been blessed with an *Alma Mater*, and that consequently logic is to him even as hair and teeth—save only that these twain be not false. For, said this unhappy wight, increase

Then the man of letters flicked it across the room with finger and thumb. And the original theorist became the poorer by the commercial estimate of four teas and jam.

PUTTING.

It has been said elsewhere, yet may not therefore be wholly lacking in elemental veracity, that putting is the devil. Systems more numerous than dactyls and spondees in Classic verse, patent putters outnumbered only by howlers in Oxford responsions, bear witness to this graceless statement. Quite lately in these columns have I confessed—*pulvere cineribusque*—that our side had twice failed at the incon-



Eminent London Architect (submitting his designs to our Village Victory Memorial Committee and warming to his work). " . . . AND, SURMOUNTING THE WHOLE, A GRACEFUL FIGURE OF VICTORY, WITH WREATH—SO."

siderable distance of two yards, even after discarding the small thirty-two. But that further confession will be forthcoming is now wildly and preposterously problematical. For I have discovered the true exorcism for demoniac influence in putting. It is this: First catch your putter. Put the whole length of the shaft up your sleeve. Then—but I must retain something for next Saturday's notes, and, besides, I fancy the secretary of the Club where I am inditing these words has his frugal eye on the consumption of the note-paper. But what I have written I have written. *Litera scripta manet.*

THE COALITION OF 1950.

"AREN'T you being rather badly hit by the price of tobacco?" I asked Charles, whose pipe is a kind of extra limb to him.

"I have just been composing the plot of a novel," he replied with apparent irrelevance. "It begins something like this:—

"Slowly and softly the violet dusk set in. The beautiful young Première stood at the window of her yellow-and-black boudoir, gazing a little wistfully at the almost deserted pavements of Downing Street. A white pigeon perched—"

"They aren't white," I said; "they're a sort of purply pinky grey."

"All right," said Charles, unmoved, "only it rather spoils the sentence. 'A sort of purply pinky grey pigeon perched pompously—'"

"Never mind the pigeon," I said, "tell me what was the trouble with the B.Y.P."

"A change in the leadership of the Opposition. The old leaderess had just retired and her place had been taken by a new one, a man this time, young and handsome as Apollo, who had thrown up the Chair of Cinematography at the London University to plunge on to a political platform."

"What was the programme," I inquired, "of this—er—furniture-remover?"

"He was a reactionary," said Charles. "The Première's party had won a not too sweeping victory at the polls on prohibition (not of alcohol, of course—that had been done long ago—but of tobacco)."

"How on earth did she do it?"

"National economy, mostly," answered Charles. "She had the wives' vote solid, and they carried the more docile of the husbands with them. She had to throw out bribes to the unmarried electorate of both sexes, of course, bribes which she had since

been attempting to pay. Powder and chocolates had been made cheaper. There was the Endowment of Cinemas Act of 1948, and the Subsidized Football Bill of '49. But all these extravagances had largely ruined the effect of the abolition of tobacco. At the beginning of that year she had been obliged to cancel the State holiday on Mondays—"

"Why Mondays?" I inquired.

"Everyone feels beastly on Monday."

"But I don't see why they should feel any better on Tuesday."

"It was twenty-four hours nearer Saturday," he replied, "and Saturday was also a State holiday. Labour, of course, was infuriated, and unrest was every day becoming more apparent. The by-elections were going against the Première. And now this new handsome young hero had arisen not only to crystallise the support of his own sex, but capture the hearts of all the female electorate under twenty."

"Twenty!" I gasped.

"Everyone over fifteen had the franchise," said Charles calmly. "Now mark you, the programme of the Opposition was very cunning. They only proposed to reintroduce cigar and cigarette smoking. Edward Oburn, the young leader, being a film actor, naturally smoked nothing but exquisite Havanas. In



Knowledgeable Female (interpreting costumes to the crowd). "AND 'IM—'E'S A ESQUIMOKE."

this he had the support of the wealthier employers, but the enormous army of cigarette-suckers, male and female, was with him.

"But I don't see how he proposed to cut down expenses," I objected.

"He was going to tax the printing of all words over two syllables in length," replied Charles. "The Press of those days was not affected by the proposal, but a considerable revenue was expected from scientific books, high-brow novels and Socialistic publications. Well, the *Première*, as I say, was a prey to sad reflections, when suddenly the church of a taxi—"

"Aren't you thinking of night-jars?" I said.

"Possibly I am," he admitted; "it may have been a chug-chug. Anyway, it threw a wide arc of light into the gloom and stopped at the door of No. 10. A few moments later the door of the boudoir was flung open and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was announced."

"What did she want?"

"She was a he this time, and had come to announce the inevitable—the very thing that the *Première* was think-

ing about and fearing. 'We must have the Bachelor Tax,' " he said.

"Now, the Bachelor Tax had been tried some twenty years before, but had failed, partly owing to the number of passive resisters who had had to be forcibly fed, and partly owing to the number of men who had shown substantial proof of recurrent rejections. How were they to bring in a reasonable and satisfactory Bill? After a long consultation, lasting several hours beyond midnight—"

"Did the taxi go on chugging?" I asked.

"Shut up. They decided eventually that if a bachelor made a written proposal and was rejected he was entitled to have his case tried before a jury of women, who should decide whether it was a reasonable offer and one that should normally have been accepted. If they found that it was, he was to be exempt from further efforts. The Bill was accordingly drafted, and carried easily, and the sequel no doubt you have guessed. On the day after it became law the beautiful young *Première* received a neatly-typed offer of marriage

from Edward Oburn. They met; there was a scene of the utmost beauty and pathos; they became engaged, and the Coalition Government of the middle of 1950 began."

"How long did it go on?" I inquired.

"Until the day of revolution," said Charles pleasantly, refilling his foul old briar—"the great day when Fleet Street ran with blood and the pipe-smokers put up barricades in the Strand, and Piccadilly became a reeking shambles. Have you got a match?" *EVOR.*

"The chauffeur, who sprang into the vehicle as it started off, was injured when it collided with a lamppost. Both were removed to hospital."—*Daily Paper.*

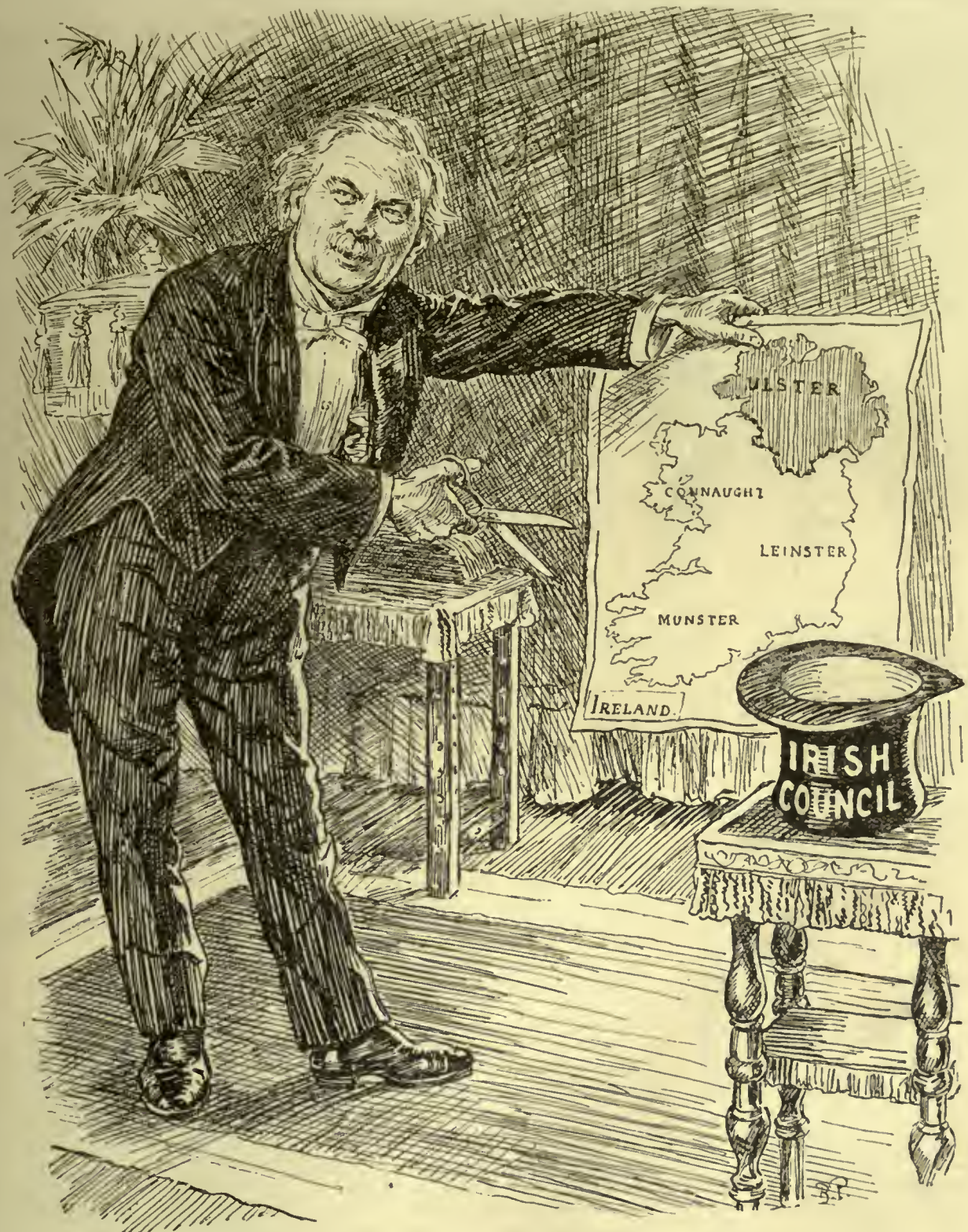
It is hoped that when the lamp-post has recovered it may throw some light on the accident.

"In a few more fleeting years"

The — will still be Earning Money for its owner when other cars have caused their owners to become but a memory."

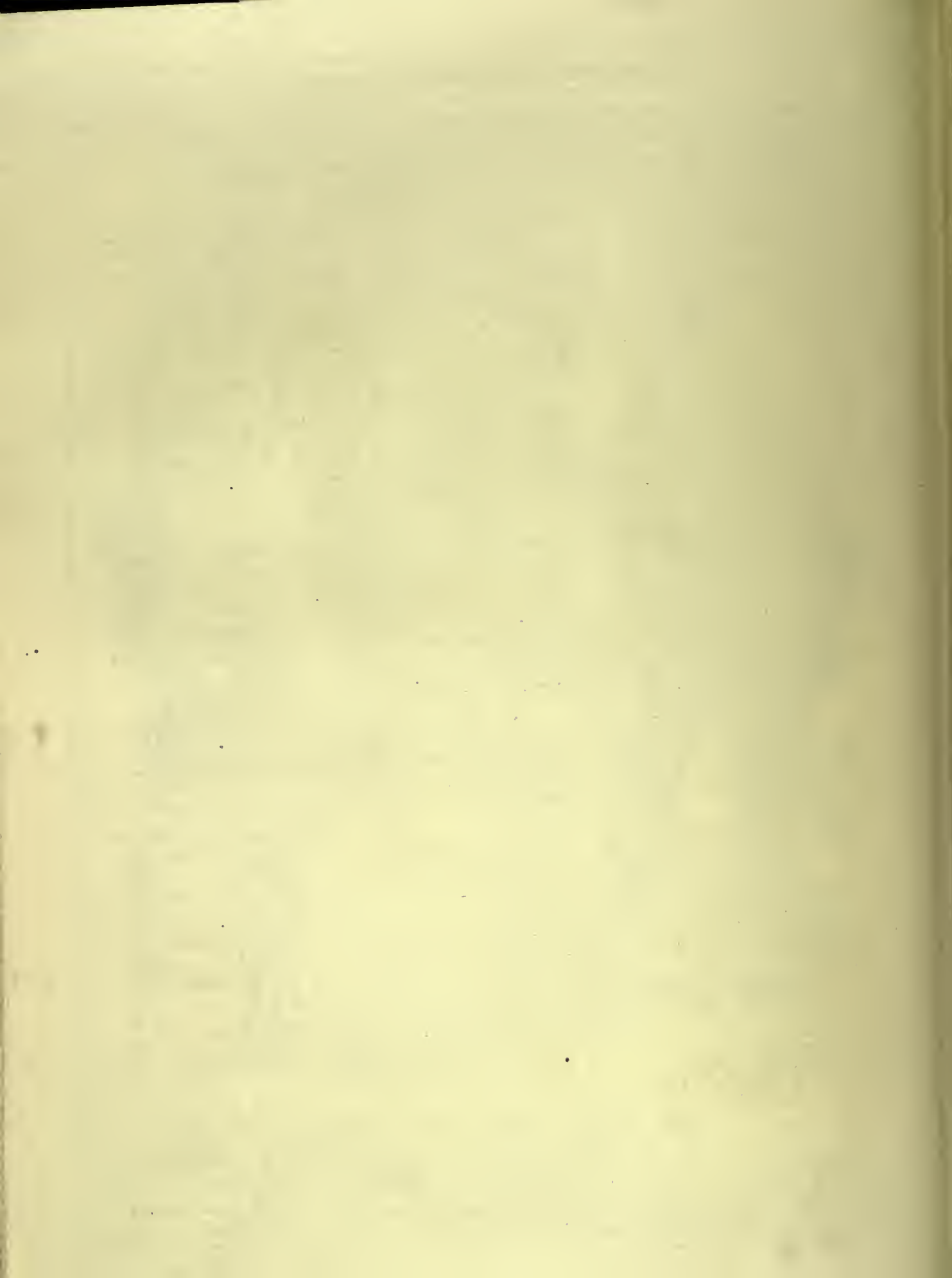
Provincial Paper.

The advertiser ought not, we think, to have suppressed the names of these murderous machines.



THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL.

WELSH WIZARD. "I NOW PROCEED TO CUT THIS MAP INTO TWO PARTS AND PLACE THEM IN THE HAT. AFTER A SUITABLE INTERVAL THEY WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE COME TOGETHER OF THEIR OWN ACCORD—(ASIDE)—AT LEAST LET'S HOPE SO; I'VE NEVER DONE THIS TRICK BEFORE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 1st.—Calendar note (extracted from *The Wee Free Almanack*): "Asquith comes in like a lion."

Everybody wanted to see the victor of Paisley make his *réentrée*. The Peers' Gallery was so crowded with his former colleagues that Lord ROTTERHAM had scarcely room for the big stick which typifies his present attitude towards the Government. Poor Lord BEAVERBROOK was quite in the background; but I am told that on historic occasions he always professes, with characteristic modesty, to be behind the scenes.

As the hero of the hour walked up the floor, escorted by Sir DONALD MACLEAN and Mr. THORNE, his supporters did their best to give him a rousing welcome. But they were too few to produce much effect, and a moment or two later, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE left the Treasury Bench to greet his old chief behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, they were compelled to hear the young bloods of the Coalition "give a louder roar."

Finding the traditional seat of the Leader of the Opposition still in the occupation of Mr. ADAMSON, Mr. ASQUITH bestowed himself between the Labour Leader and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, with whom he entered into conversation. If he was endeavouring to ex-

pound for his benefit the moral of Paisley I am afraid he had but a poor success, for in the ensuing debate on food-control the Member for Govan shocked his Liberal hearers by declaring that "the Manchester School is dead and there is

as a pacifist who conducts a persistent offensive. He accused the WAR MINISTER of having made a false statement about Conscription in America, and later on made an allusion to General DENIKIN which Mr. CHURCHILL, to the satisfaction of the House, which does not exactly love the Central Hallaballoonist, described as "a singularly ill-conditioned sneer."

Lord WINTERTON, once the "baby" of the House, is still one of its most popular figures. Members were quite interested as he proceeded to explain, with an engaging blush, that a "hard case" which he had brought to the notice of the WAR MINISTER was his own, and sorry when the SPEAKER brought the narrative to a sudden stop by observing, "This is not the moment for autobiography."

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was roundly abused for having spent £3,250 on tapestry for Hampton Court Palace. But when it turned out that the panel in question was the long-missing number of a set belonging to Cardinal WOLSEY, and that its recovery was largely due to the enterprise and munificence of the right hon. gentleman himself, the House agreed that

his completion of "Seven Deadly Sins" was a venial offence.

Other Estimates evoked more healthy



SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS ON THE CLOTHING DIFFICULTY.

MR. G. R. THORNE TO ASK MR. MALLABY-DEELEY (CONTROLLER OF SUITINGS) WHAT IS THE PRICE OF HIS LATEST CUT.

LT.-COL. WILL THORNE TO ASK WHETHER ANY REDUCTION IS MADE IN PROPORTION TO QUANTITY OF CLOTH PURCHASED.

no going back to it." In opposing the continuance of D.O.R.A. Captain ELLIOT was again in good form. His best *mot*, "With the Cabinet a thing is always either *sub judice* or *chose jugée*," will take a good deal of beating as a summary of the Ministerial method of answering Questions.

I understand that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY disclaims being the customer to whom the Disposals Board sold 577,000 suits of Government clothing. He makes a point of never being overdressed.

A suggestion that in view of the difficulty of filling diplomatic vacancies the Government should appoint suitable women to some of these posts was declined by the PRIME MINISTER on the ground that it was not practicable at present. I doubt if he would have had the hardihood to make this avowal but that Lady ASTOR had been ousted from her usual seat by Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING.

Tuesday, March 2nd.—Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY might be described



MR. ASQUITH SITS UP AND TAKES NOTICE.

"THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF POLITICS IS DEAD AND THERE IS NO GOING BACK TO IT."—Mr. NEIL MACLEAN.



THE HULLABALLOONIST.
LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.



Hawker (to lady who is in bitter need of fuel). "EAGER AS I AM, MADAM, TO EXPLAIN THE MERITS OF THESE LOGS AT FOURTEEN SHILLINGS A HUNDRED, I CANNOT IGNORE THE NOTICE ENBLAZONED ON YOUR GATE, AND THEREFORE WISH YOU A VERY GOOD DAY."

criticism. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY was eloquent upon what he called a "hotel for gardeners" at Kew. Mr. HOGUE was for rooting up the Royal Botanical Gardens, since they were hardly ever visited by Scotsmen, and Captain STANLEY WILSON inveighed against the extravagance with which the British delegates were housed in Paris. Sir ALFRED MOND admitted that they "did themselves very well," but pleaded that they could hardly be expected to go to Montmartre—at least not collectively—and pointed out that some of the criticisms should be addressed to other Departments. He was not responsible, for example, for "clothes of typists."

Wednesday, March 3rd.—Among the things that they do better in France, according to Lord SUDELEY, is the popularisation of picture-galleries and museums. He instanced the pictures on French match-boxes. But were they always confined to reproductions of Louvre masterpieces? My recollection is that at one time they took a wider range and were distinctly more striking than the matches.

One was reminded of PRAED's lines—
"Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of thirteen-pence"—

when the Government very nearly came to grief to-night over a question of five pounds for the Inland Revenue offices in Manchester. In vain Mr. BALDWIN pointed out the desirability

of giving proper accommodation to the gentlemen who pick our pockets in the interest of the State. The House was still obstinate, until Mr. BONAR LAW declared that the Government would resign if they did not get their "fiver." As he undertook, however, not to spend it without further leave, the vote at last went through.

Thursday, March 4th.—Lord BUCKMASTER's scheme for preventing the bankruptcy of the State is to make everybody invest a portion of his capital in Government securities and to withhold the interest until such time as the State should find it convenient to pay. This, he explained to his own satisfaction, was quite different from that dangerous expedient, a levy on capital. Lord PEEL took a more cheerful view of the situation, and indicated that it was quite unnecessary for noble lords to get the wind up, since the Government would have no difficulty in raising it.

Even the most rigid economists will not cavil at the latest addition to our financial burdens. The PENSIONS MINISTER announced an addition of close on two millions a year to the annual charge. The increase is chiefly for a much-needed improvement in the allowances made to disabled officers, who have hitherto been but scurvily treated.

Mr. HIGHAM objected to receiving an answer about the telephones from Mr. PIKE PEASE. He demanded a reply

from the PRIME MINISTER, not from a representative of the department impugned. The SPEAKER, however, pointed out that there were limits to the PREMIER's responsibilities: "He does not run the whole show." After this descent into the vernacular I half-expected that Mr. LOWTHER would dam the stream of Supplementaries that followed with, "Oh, ring off!" but he contented himself with calling the next Question.

The debate on the Third Reading of the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill was chiefly devoted to Ireland. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, after spending a whole week in that country, is convinced that all the trouble is due to the Government's reliance upon D.O.R.A., and declared that the only people who were not in gaol were the murderers. That would mean that there are some four million assassins in Ireland; which I feel sure is an exaggeration. The two hundred thousand mentioned by the CHIEF SECRETARY would seem to be ample for any country save Russia.

Scarcely was this gloomy episode over than the House was called upon to pass a Supplementary Estimate of £860 for "Peace Celebrations in Ireland." As £500 of this sum was for flags and decorations, which, in Mr. BALDWIN's phrase, "remain for future use," the Irish outlook may, after all, be not quite so black as it is painted.

A BUY ELECTION.

[The excellent precedent set by Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY in supplying needed goods at cheap rates may prove a little awkward if adopted by Parliamentary Candidates, as shown in the following anticipatory report.]

QUIET confidence reigned in the ranks of the Muddleboro Labour Party. The action of their Candidate, Mr. Dulham, in arranging for a co-operative milk supply at sixpence per quart, was supposed to have won the hearts of all householders. They had no fear of Mr. Coddem, the representative of the great BOTTOMLEY party. It was true that Mr. Coddem had taken over a local brewery and was supplying beer at threepence per pint. But the Labour stalwarts argued that, in the first place, this would lose him the women's and temperance vote, and, in the second place, the electors would drink the brewery dry in double-quick time. All those who failed to get cheap beer would revenge themselves on the Candidate who had failed to keep his promise.

The Wee Free cause was nearly hopeless. Their candidate, Mr. Guff, had made a desperate bid for popularity by offering, in conjunction with *The Daily News*, cocoa at reduced rates. But the Labour Candidate had put the pointed question, "Who made cocoa dear in the first place?" and Mr. Guff had evaded the question.

When Mr. Stilts, the National Party Candidate, promised the public cheaper honours—urging that, if he were returned, it would be unnecessary to subscribe to party funds to get a title—the voters were quite unmoved. Perhaps they knew that they could get the O.B.E. for nothing, anyhow, and had no higher ambitions.

The Coalition Candidate, Mr. Jenkins, alone said nothing. *The Star*, that famous organ of the Anti-Gambling Party, proclaimed triumphantly that the odds offered in the constituency were ten to one against Jenkins. But Mr. Jenkins lay low and said nothing. Or rather he achieved the not impossible feat in a Parliamentary contest of saying nothing and saying a good deal.

But the day before the poll Mr. Jenkins's polling cards were delivered. They were headed, "Vote for Jenkins and Kill Profiteering. Give up this card at your polling-station for free samples of silks in my great blouse offer. I sell for 9s. 11½d. a blouse usually priced at two guineas. Not more than six sold to any one voter. OUT SIZES NO EXTRA CHARGE."

A quarter-mile queue of lady-voters was standing outside the polling booths at eight o'clock. Hundreds of them had their husbands in custody with them. In vain were representations of the



DÉMODÉ.

She. "SOMEWHAT ARCHAIC—WHAT?"

He. "YE—ES. ALL RIGHT SIX WEEKS AGO. QUITE ACADEMICAL NOW."

Full Milk Jug and the Flowing Pint Pot paraded before them. The Wee Free procession, headed by a Brimming Cocoa Cup, was received with jeers.

When the poll was declared the figures ran—

Jenkins (Coalition)	20,428
Coddem (Bottomley)	9,344
Dulham (Labour)	9,028
Guff (Wee Free)	2,008
Stilts (National Party)	49

And *The Daily News*' headline the next day was—

"CORRUPT MINORITY CANDIDATE CARRIES MUDDLEBORO."

Commercial Candour.

From a poultry-breeder's advertisement:—

"My strains of Rhodes are only too well known."

"Miss Winnie —, the charming and talented actress, writes:—'I am quite positive I owe my present health and spirits to —.'"
Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

"Poor Miss Winnie — has had to retire suddenly from the revue—doctor's orders."
Same paper, same day.

We should have liked to hear the Advertisement Manager's view of the *News Editor*.



"Oo, Lumme! Wot price REGINALD in 'IS MALLABY-DEELEYS?'"

FREUD AND JUNG.

[A reviewer in a recent issue of *The Times Literary Supplement* asks, "Why should the characters in the psychological novel be invariably horrid?" and is inclined to explain this state of affairs by the indiscriminating study of "the theories of two very estimable gentlemen, the sound of whose names one is beginning to dislike—Messrs. Freud and Jung."]

IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S placid reign, the novelists of note
In one respect, at any rate, were all in the same boat;
Alike in *Richard Feverel* and in *Aurora Floyd*
You'll seek in vain for any trace of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

They did not fail in colour, for they had their PEACOCK'S
tales;

Their heroines, I must admit, ran seldom off the rails;
They had their apes and angels, but they never once
employed

The psycho-analytic rules devised by JUNG and FREUD.

They ran a tilt at fraud and guilt, at snobbery and shams;
They had no lack of Meredithyrambic epigrams;
The types that most appealed to them were not neurasthenoid;

They lived, you see, before the day of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

(I've searched the last edition of the famous *Ency. Brit.*
And neither of this noble pair is even named in it;
Only the men since Nineteen-Ten have properly enjoyed
The privilege of studying the works of JUNG and FREUD.)

Their characters, I grieve to say, were never more unclean
Than those of ordinary life, in morals or in mien;

They had not slummed or fully plumbed with rapture
unalloyed
The unconscious mind as now defined by Messrs. JUNG
and FREUD.

The spiritual shell-shock which these scientists impart
Had not enlarged or cleared the dim horizons of their art;
They had not learned that mutual love by wedlock is
destroyed,
As proved by the disciples of the school of JUNG and FREUD.

The hierophants of pure romance, ev'n in its recent mood,
From STEVENSON to CONRAD, such excesses have eschewed;
But the psycho-pathologic route was neither mapped nor
buoyed

Until the new discoveries of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

That fiction should be tonic all may readily agree;
That its function is emetic I, for one, could never see;
And so I'm glad to find *The Times Lit. Supp.* has grown
annoyed

At the indiscriminating cult of Messrs. JUNG and FREUD.

Let earnest "educationists" assiduously preach
The value of psychology in training those who teach;
Let publicists who speak of Mr. GEORGE, without the
LLOYD,

Confound him with quotations from the works of JUNG and
FREUD—

But I, were I a despot, quite benevolent, of course,
Armed with the last developments of high-explosive force,
I'd build a bigger "Bertha," and discharge it in the void
Cranned with the novelists who brood on Messrs. JUNG
and FREUD.



"I s'POSE I MUSTN'T GO IN THE GARDEN WHILE YOU'RE RESTING, MUMMY?"

"NO, DEAR—IT'S TOO DAMP."

"IF I DID GO IN THE GARDEN WHILE YOU'RE RESTING, MUMMY, WOULD YOU PUNISH ME, OR REASON WITH ME?"

OPERATICS.

It has been suggested before now that Opera might be improved if the singing were done behind the scenes and the performance on the stage were carried out in dumb show by competent actors who looked their parts. But the idea that the movements on the stage would correspond with the utterances off it is not encouraged by the present lack of collusion between singers and orchestra—I refer to cases where a performer is required to simulate music on a dummy instrument.

This reflection was forced upon me at a recent performance of *Tannhäuser*. It is true that Miss LILLIAN STANFORD as the *Shepherd* fingered her pipe in precise accord with the gentleman who played the music for her. But Mr. MULLINGS, as *Tannhäuser*, took the greatest liberties with his harp. He just slapped it whenever he liked, without any regard to the motions of his collaborator. As for Mr. MICHAEL, who played *Wolfram*, he was content to fill in the vocal pauses with a little suitable strumming; but when he sang he was so distracted by his own voice that he left his harp to play the accompaniment without visible assistance from his hand.

For the fine performance which Mr. ALBERT COATES conducted I have no word but of praise, except that I could have wished that Miss ELSA STRALIA had borne a closer resemblance to what is expected of *Elisabeth*. She seemed to want to look as much as possible like *Venus*, whose very opposite she should have been in type as in nature. Her colouring upset the whole scheme of contrast, and one never began to believe in the sincerity of her spiritual ideals or that her death from a broken heart was anything but an affectation.

O. S.

A LEONINE REVIVAL.

AMONGST the dead lions of the past, some of us have prematurely reckoned those of Peterborough Court. MATT. ARNOLD was supposed to have administered, if not the *coup de grâce*, at any rate a serious blow to their gambollings in *Friendship's Garland*.

It is therefore a matter for unfeigned rejoicing to find that they are not only alive but rampant, with all their old splendid command of polysyllabic periphrasis. One need only turn to the notice of "The John Exhibition" in last Thursday's *Daily Telegraph*, from which we select the following page:—

"It [the exhibition] is a display of

purposeful portraiture that helps one to realise the effect which Theotokopoulos produced upon his watchful contemporaries, and to understand why the Cretan continued to walk alone on his way. If some insist on finding modern El Greco versions of Inspectors and Inquisitors-general in this John gathering, compounded of comparatively innocuous personalities, the privilege is, of course, permissible, and incidentally brightens conversation in irresponsible circles."

But a higher level of full-throated bravura is attained later on:—

"If reiteration may also be the mark of the best portraiture, *pace* Lord Fisher, commendation should be given to Mr. John for continuing to visualize the great seaman as Jupiter Tonans flashing in gold lace."

How delightful it is, after the arid methods of the modern critics, bred up on BENEDETTO CROCE, to hear the old authentic leonine ecstasy of SALA, "monarch of the florid quill!" Mr. Punch, once hailed by the *D.T.* as "the Democritus of Fleet Street," on the strength of his "memorable monosyllabic monition," in turn salutes the immortal protagonist of the purple polysyllable.

WITCHCRAFT.

(A Mediæval Tragedy.)

"I WANT," said the maiden, glancing round her with tremulous distaste at the stuffed crocodile, the black cat and the cauldron simmering on the hearth, "to see some of your complexion specialities."

"You want nothing of the kind," retorted the witch. "Why prevaricate? A maid with your colour hath small need even of my triple extract of toads' livers. What you have really come for is either a love-potion—" she paused and glanced keenly at her visitor—"or the means to avenge love unrequited."

The maiden had flushed crimson. "I wish he were dead!" she whispered.

"Now you are talking. That wish is, of course, the simplest thing in the world to gratify, if only you are prepared to pay for it. I presume Moddam would not desire anything too easy?"

"He had promised," broke out the maiden uncontrollably, "to take me to the charity bear-baiting matinée in aid of unemployed ex-Crusaders. The whole thing was arranged. And then at the last moment—"

"Precisely as I had supposed. A case for one of our superior wax images, made to model, with pins complete. Melted before a slow fire ensures the gradual wasting of the original with pangs corresponding to the insertion of each pin."

The customer's fine eyes gleamed. "Give me one."

"I will sell you one," corrected the witch. "But I should warn you. They are not cheap."

"No matter."

"Good. I was about to observe that since our sovereign liege KING RICHARD granted peace to the Saracen the cost both of material and labour hath so parously risen that I am unable to supply a really reliable article under fifty golden angels."

"I have them here."

"With special pins, of course, extra."

"Take what you will." The maiden flung down a leathern wallet that chinked pleasingly. The witch, having transferred the contents of this to her own pocket, proceeded to fashion the required charin, watched by her client with half-repelled eagerness.

"Hawk's eye, falcon's nose, raven's lock, peacock's clothes," chanted the crone, following the words with her cunning fingers.

"How—how know you him?" Panic was in the voice.

The other laughed unpleasantly. "Doth not the whole district know the Lord Ceil-de-Veau by reputation?" She held out the image. "Handle him

carefully and use a fresh pin for each record."

The maid snatched it from her hands and was turning towards the door of the hut when a low tap on its outer surface caused her to shrink back alarmed. The witch had again been watching her with an ambiguous smile. "Should Moddam wish to avoid observation," she suggested, "the side exit behind yonder curtain—" In an instant she was alone. Flinging the empty wallet into the darkest corner the witch (not without sundry chuckles) slowly unbarred the entrance.

On the threshold stood a slim female figure enveloped in a cloak. "The love potion I had here last week," began a timid voice, "seems hardly satisfactory. If you stock a stronger quality, no matter how expensive—"

"Step inside," said the witch.

* * * * *

Some couple of months later the ladies of the house-party assembled at Sangazure Castle for the Victory jousts were gathered in the great hall, exchanging gossip and serf-stories in the firelight while awaiting the return of their menkind.

"Hath any heard," lisped one fair young thing, "how fareth the Lord Ceil-de-Veau? They tell me that some mysterious ailment hath him in thrall."

At the words the Lady Yolande Sangazure (whom we have met before) was aware of a crimson flood mounting swiftly to her exquisite temples. Strange to add, the same phenomenon might have been observed in a score of damosels belonging to the best families in the district. The hall seemed suffused in a ruddy glow that was certainly not reflected from the exiguous pile of post-Crusading fuel smouldering on the great hearth.

"Tush!" broke in the cracked voice of a withered old dame, "your news is old. Not only hath the so-called fever vanished but my lord himself hath followed it."

"Gone!" The cry was echoed by twenty voices; twenty embroidery-frames fell from forty arrested hands, while nine-and-thirty dismayed eyes fixed themselves upon the maliciously-amused countenance of the speaker. Only one, belonging to the Lady Beauregarde, who squinted slightly, remained as though unmoved by the general commotion.

"Moreover," continued the old dame, "report saith that with him went his leman, who, having some art in necromancy, transformed her beauty to the semblance of a witch and provided her own dowry by the sale, to certain addled wenches, of charms for which her lover himself prepared the market."

"But—his fever?" an impetuous voice broke in.

"Cozening, no doubt. Of course the tale may be but idle babble; still, if true, one would admit that such credulous fools got no more than they deserved."

She ceased, well satisfied. "I fancy," observed the Lady Yolande coldly, "that I hear our lords returning." And in the eloquent silence a score of fair young minds slowly assimilated the profound truth (as fresh to-day as eight hundred years ago) that Satan finds some mischief still for the impetuous demobilised.

TO JESSIE

("one of the Zoo's most popular elephants," now deceased).

Jessie of the melting eye,

Wreathed trunk and horny tegum-

Ent, whom I have joyed to ply

With the fugitive mince-pie

And the seasonable legume,

Youth has left me; fortune too

Flouts my efforts to annex it;

Still, I occupy the view,

Bored but loath to leave, while you

Make the inevitable exit.

Ne'er again for blissful rides

Shall our shouting offspring clam-

ber

Up your broad and beetling sides;

Ne'er again, when eventide's

Coming turns the skies to amber

And the fluting blackbirds call,

Poised above a bale of fodder

In your well-appointed stall

Will you muse upon it all,

Patient introspective plodder.

Once, an anxious mother's care,

Day by day you roamed the jungle,

Felt the sunshine, sniffed the air;

Life, methinks, was passing fair;

But of that no mortal tongue'll

Tell. Perhaps you never thought

If it bored you or enraptured

Till the wily hunter caught,

You and all your friends and brought

Home to England, bound and cap-

tured,

Jessie, fairest of your race,

Now you're gone and few will miss

you;

There will come to take your place

Creatures less replete with grace;

Elephants of grosser tissue

Will intrigue the public sight;

That, old girl, 's the common atti-

tude.

Still, these few poor lines I write

May preserve your memory bright,

Since the pen is dipped in gratitude.

ALGOL.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W.S. (having struggled over many ploughed fields). "NOW THEN, MY LAD, FETCH 'IM OVER 'ERE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A TANNER,"
Bucolic Profiteer. "NOA, YE DOAN'T! GIVE OI TEN BOB OR OI LETS HE GO AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE are apt to think of Lord NORTHCLIFFE as the "onlie beggetter" of the New Journalism. But here comes Mr. KENNEDY JONES, M.P., to remind us, in *Fleet Street and Downing Street* (HUTCHINSON), that he too had a very large share in its parentage. And up to a point he is a proud father. Circulations reckoned in millions instead of thousands, journalistic salaries raised from hundreds to thousands, advertisement-revenues multiplied many-fold—these are some of the outward signs of the success of a policy which the author summarised when he told Lord MORLEY, "You left journalism as a profession; we have made it a branch of commerce." But there is another side to the medal. *Frankenstein's* monster was perfect in everything save that it lacked a soul. In all material things the New Journalism is a long way ahead of the Old; and yet, after chronicling its many triumphs—culminating in the capture of *The Times*—its part-creator is fain to admit that "public distrust of news is the most notable feature in journalism of recent years," and that the influence of the daily Press on the public mind has hardly ever been at a lower ebb. This frankness is characteristic of a book which on nearly every page contains something to startle or amuse. The author's experiences on his first day in London, including an encounter with a sausage-seller (more friendly than CLEON's rival); his negotiations for the purchase of

The Times, and his offer of the editorship to Lord CURZON, who unfortunately refused it; the provenance of "The Pekin Massacre," which originated, it appears, not with a "stunt" journalist, but with a Chinese statesman wishing to pull the Occidental leg—these and many other incidents are admirably described by a writer who, though he long ago doffed his journalistic harness, has not forgotten how to write up a "good story." Be your opinion of the New Journalism what it may I guarantee that you will find its champion an agreeable companion.

There are parts of Mr. W. J. LOCKE's latest novel, *The House of Baltazar* (LANE), which will, I fear, make almost prohibitive demands upon the faith (considered as belief in the incredible) of his vast following. To begin with, he introduces us to that problematical personage, whose possibility used to be so much debated, the Man Who Didn't Know There Was A War On. *John Baltazar* had preserved this unique ignorance, first by bolting from a Cambridge professorship through amorous complications, next by living many years in the Far East, and finally by settling upon a remote moorland farm (locality unspecified) with a taciturn Chinaman and an Airedale for his only companions. This and other contributory circumstances, for which I lack space, just enabled me to admit the situation as possible. Naturally, therefore, when a befogged Zeppelin laid a couple of bombs plonk into the homestead, the ex-professor experienced a mental as well as a bodily

shake-up. I had no complaint either with the transformation that developed *John Baltazar* from the only outsider to apparently the big boss of the War; while the scenes between him and the son of whose existence he had been unaware (a situation not precisely new to fiction) are presented with a sincere and moving simplicity. So far so good, even if hardly equal to the author's best. But the catastrophe and the melodramatics about War-Office secrets, preposterously put on paper, and still more preposterously preserved, simply knocked the wind of reality out of the whole affair. A pity, since Mr. Locke (though I prefer him in more fantastic vein) has clearly spent much care upon a tale that, till its final plunge, is at least lively and entertaining.

The amateur of lace, whether as expert or owner, will be pleasantly stirred by learning that another book has been added to the already large bibliography of a fascinating subject in *The Romance of the Lace Pillow* (H. H. ARMSTRONG), published at Olney from the pen of Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT. Olney, of course, has two claims on our regard—COWER and Lace, and it is now evident that Mr. WRIGHT has kept as attentive an eye on the one as on the other. His book makes no pretence to be more than a brief and frankly popular survey of the art of lace-making chiefly in Northamptonshire and Bucks, and to it he has brought a wealth of various information (which the average reader must take on trust) and an enthusiasm that can be judged by his opening statement that "lace... is the expression of the most rapturous moments of whole dynasties of men of genius." So now you know. Even those of us who regard it with a calmer pulse can take

pleasure in the many excellent photographs of lace-work of different periods and schools that adorn Mr. WRIGHT's volume. As for the letter-press, though I will not call the writer's style wholly equal to his zeal, his chapters are full of interesting gossip, ranging from the late KATHERINE OF ARAGON (the originator, according to one theory, of English lace-making), to some jolly stuff on the literature of Bobbins and the old Tells, or working-songs, sung by "the spinners and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their threads with bones." I have a fancy that the whole volume has been more or less a labour of love (never certainly did I meet an author with such a list of helpers to thank), so I am glad to think that its reward in one sense is already assured.

In *The Fairy Man* (DENT), a most engrossing phantasy, Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD takes for raw material a family of

Maida Vale, victims of all those petty, sordid, but deadly troubles known only to the middle class. Without warrant, explanation or excuse he introduces into their routine a sudden touch of magic; the tired City man, the acid foster-mother, the children (mercifully devoid of any priggishness), and the pre-eminently human housemaid and cook are transplanted for a moment into the ago of the knights-errant. Thither also are transplanted their special friends and enemies, all retaining their modern identities and their current troubles, and all getting unpleasantly involved in the troubles of the ancients, to boot. Eventually the interlude is found to have provided the solution of the difficulties, pecuniary and other, of the homo in Maida Vale; and

I will say no more than that a very telling story ends well and naturally. No reader should imagine he has read all this before; the admixture of fairy imagination with the intensely practical things of life is something new, and there is a definite purpose in it all. The book may be labelled intellectual, but the characters always remain very human; thus *George*, finding himself back in the times of a thousand years ago, says critically, "It looks old, but it feels just the same;" and his father, seeing him engaged in an assault on the castle, shouts, "George! put that sword down instantly." Mr. CORNFORD makes his points with such discretion and understanding that even the most solid materialist must, after reading, feel a little less sure of himself.

I rather think that if I had the opportunity of discussing with ELINOR MORDAUNT her *Old Wine in New Bottles* (HUTCHINSON) and had the courage to say what was in my mind: "Don't you think perhaps that your vigorous and unexpected characters are out of story-land rather than out of life?" and if she riposted, "But is it necessary they should be like life if they are life-like?" I should be left with no more effective retort than "Quite," or something just as futile. For there's no doubt that these queer villains, Chinese dealers, bold sailormen, travellers, rapt lovers, do get over the footlights in an effective way. They do the things that are only done in magazines, but they do them with a gusto which engages the attention. Perhaps indeed that's what the author meant by her ingenious title; though I suppose her device of setting before each story a longer or shorter, more or less relevant, passage from the Old Testament gives a clearer clue to the precise way in which she interprets "nothing new under the sun." I cheerfully prescribe of this old wine one or two bottles at bedtime. Better not, I think, the whole case at a sitting.



Tramp. "YES, MUM, I'M AN OLD SOLDIER; FOUGHT IN THE——"

Mrs. Tommy Atkins. "D'YOU STILL REMEMBER THE ARMY TRAINING?"

Tramp. "THAT I DO, MUM. HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A SINGLE WORD O' COMMAND."

Mrs. T. A. "THEN, ABOUT—TURN! QUICK—MARCH!"

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE ALBERT JOACHIM, it appears, did not take part in the attack on a French officer at the Hotel Adlon, but only gave the signal. Always the little Hohenzollern! *

It seems that at the last moment Mr. C. B. COCHRAN broke off negotiations for the exclusive right to organise the CARPENTIER wedding. *

"Will Scotland go dry?" asks *The Daily Express*. Not on purpose, we imagine. *

A new method of stopping an omnibus by a foot-lever has been patented. This is much better than the old plan of shaking one's umbrella at them. *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, we read, makes a study of handwriting. The only objection that *The Times* has to this habit is that he positively refuses to notice the writing on the wall. *

It is rumoured that the Government will construct an experimental tunnel between England and the United States in order (1) to cement Anglo-American friendship, and (2) to ascertain if the Channel Tunnel is practicable. *

DR. C. W. COLBY, head of the Department of History, has taken Sir AUCLAND GEDDES' place as Principal of McGill University. The report that Sir AUCLAND will reciprocate by taking a place in history awaits confirmation. *

"It is quite usual nowadays," a well-known auctioneer states, "for mill hands to keep a few orchids. We understand that by way of a counter-stroke a number of noblemen are threatening to go in for runner ducks. *

A Rotherham couple who have just celebrated their diamond wedding have never tasted medicine. We ourselves have always maintained that the taste is an acquired one. *

A Greenland falcon has been shot in the Orkneys. The view is widely taken that the wretched bird, which must have known it wasn't in Greenland, brought the trouble on itself. *

An alleged anarchist arrested in Munich was identified as a poet and found Not Guilty—not guilty, that is to say, of being an anarchist. *

With reference to the pending retirement of Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE from the Presidency of the Miners' Federation, it appears that there is talk of arranging a farewell strike. *

The *Berlin Vorwaerts* states that ex-Emperor CARL has been discovered in Hungary under an assumed name. The Hungarian authorities say that unless he is claimed within three days he will be sold to defray expenses. *

We understand that Mr. Justice DARLING's weekly denial of the reports of his retirement will in future be issued *

ference cost two million pounds. The latest suggestion is that, before the next war starts, tenders for a Peace Conference shall be asked for and the lowest estimate accepted. *

A Walsall carter has summoned a fellow-worker because during a quarrel he stepped on his face. It was not so much that he had stepped on his face, we understand, as the fact that he had loitered about on it. *

A painful mistake is reported from North London. It appears that a young lady who went to a fancy-dress ball as "The Silent Wife" was awarded the first prize for her clever impersonation of a telephone girl. *

We are glad to learn that the thoughtless tradesman who, in spite of the notice, "Please ring the bell," deliberately knocked at the front-door of a wooden house, has now had to pay the full cost of rebuilding. *

After reading in her morning paper that bumping races were held recently at Cambridge, a dear old lady expressed sorrow that the disgraceful scenes witnessed in many dance-rooms in London had spread to one of our older universities. *

Tyrolese hats have reappeared in London after an interval of nearly five years. We understand that the yodel waistcoat will also be heard this spring. *

A Welshman was fined fifteen pounds last week for fishing for salmon with a lamp. Defendant's plea, that he was merely investigating the scientific question of whether salmon yawn in their sleep, was not accepted. *

More Boat-Race "Intelligence."

"The Oxford crew had a hard training for an hour and a-half under the direction of Mr. Harcourt Gold, who is to catch them at Putney."—*Evening Paper*. But will they catch Cambridge at Barnes?

"The Cambridge people have elected to use a scull with a tubular shank or 'loom.' "Oxford are using these sculls, too."

Evening Paper.

We have a silly old-fashioned preference for the use of oars in this competition.

"On St. David's Day, Welshmen wear a leak in their hats."—*Provincial Paper*.

Lest they should suffer from swelled head?



"WELL, ANYHOW, NO ONE COULD TELL THAT THIS WAS ONCE A BRITISH WARM."

on Tuesdays, instead of Wednesdays, as hitherto. *

When hit by a bullet a tiger roars until dead, says a weekly paper, but a tigress dies quietly. Nervous people who suffer from headaches should therefore only shoot tigresses. *

Two out of ten houses being built at Guildford are now complete. Builders in other parts of the country are asking who gave the word "Go." *

"Marvellous to relate," says a Sunday paper, "a horse has just died at Ingatstone at the age of thirty-six." Surely it is more marvellous that it did not die before. *

It is said that the Paris Peace Con-

THE "NEW" WORLD.

["Direct Action," which was regarded as a novelty suitable for an age of reconstruction, has now, by the good sense of the Trades Union Congress, been relegated to its proper place in the old and discredited order of things.]

In these, the young Millennium's years,
Whereof they loudly boomed the birth,

Promising by the lips of seers
New Heavens and a brand-new Earth,
We find the advertised attraction
In point of novelty is small,
And argument by force of action
Would seem the oldest wheeze of all.

When Prehistoric Man desired
Communion with his maid elect,
And arts of suasion left him tired,
He took to action more direct;
Searing her with a savage whoop or
Putting his club across her head,
He bore her in a state of stupor
Home to his stony bridal bed.

In ages rather more refined,
Gentlemen of the King's highway,
Whose democratic tastes inclined
To easy hours and ample pay,
Would hardly ever hold their victim
Engaged in academic strife,
But raised their blunderbuss and ticked him
Off with "Your money or your life."

So when your miners, swift to scout
The use of reason's slow appeal,
Threaten to starve our children out
And bring the country in to heel,
There's nothing, as I understand it,
So very new in this to show;
The cave-man and the cross-roads
bandit
Were there before them long ago.
O. S.

FAIR WEAR AND TEAR.

In a short time now we shall have to return this flat to its proper tenants and arrive at some assessment of the damage done to their effects. With regard to the other rooms, even the room which Richard and Priscilla condescend to use as a nursery, I shall accept the owners' estimate cheerfully enough, I think; but the case of the drawing-room furniture is different. About the nursery I have only heard vague rumours, but in the drawing-room I have been an eye-witness of the facts.

The proper tenant is a bachelor who lived here with his sister; he will scarcely realise, therefore, what happens at 5 P.M. every day, when there comes, as the satiric poet, LONGFELLOW, has so finely sung—

"A pause in the day's occupations,
Which is known as the children's hour."
Drawing-room furniture indeed! When

one considers the buildings and munition dumps, the live and rolling stock, the jungles and forests in that half-charted territory; when one considers that even the mere wastepaper basket by the writing-desk (and it does look a bit battered, that wastepaper basket) is sometimes the tin helmet under which Richard defies the frightfulness of LARS PORSENA, and sometimes a necessary stage property for Priscilla's two favourite dramatic recitations

"He plunged with a delighted scream
Into a bowl of clotted cream,"

and

"This is Mr. Piggy Wee,
With tail so pink and curly,
And when I say, 'Good mornin', pig,'
He answers *rewoy* surly,
 'Oomph! Oomph!'"

and sometimes the hutch that harbours a cotton-wool creation supposed to be a white rabbit, and stated by the owner to be "munsin' and munsin' and munsin' a carrot"—when, I say, I consider all these things I anticipate that the proceedings of the Reparation Commission will be something like this:—

He (looking a little ruefully at the round music-stool). I suppose your wife plays the piano a good deal?

I (brightly). If you mean the detachable steering-wheel, it is only fair to remember that a part interchangeable between the motor-omnibus and the steam-roller—

He. I don't understand.

I. Permit me to reassemble the mechanism.

He. You mean that when you put that armchair at the end of the sofa and the music-stool in front of it—

I. I mean that the motor-omnibus driver, sitting as he does in front of his vehicle and manipulating his steering-wheel like this, can do little or no harm to the apparatus. On the other hand, the steam-roller mechanic, standing inside the body of the vehicle, and having the steering-wheel in this position—

He. On the sofa?

I. Naturally. Well, supposing he happens to have a slight difference of opinion with his mate as to which of them ought to do the driving, the wheel is quite likely to be pushed off on to the macadam, where it gets a trifle frayed round the edges.

He. I see. How awfully stupid of me! And this pouffe, or whatever they call it?

I. Week in and week out, boy and girl, I have seen that dromedary ridden over more miles of desert than I can tell you, and never once have I known it under-fed or under-watered, or struck with anything harder than the human fist. Of course the hump does get a

little floppy with frequent use, but considering how barren your Sahara—

He. Quite, quite. I was just looking at that armchair. Aren't there a lot of scratches on the legs?

I. Have you ever kept panthers? Do you realise how impatiently they chase at times against the bars of their cage? Of course, if you haven't . . .

Finally, I imagine he will see how reasonable my attitude is and how little he has to complain of. He will recognise that one cannot deal with complicated properties of this sort without a certain amount of inevitable dilapidation and loss.

As a matter of fact I have an even stronger line of argument if I choose to take it. I can put in a counter-claim. One of the principal attractions of old furniture, after all, is historic association. There is the armchair, you know, that Dr. JOHNSON sat in, and the inkpot, or whatever it was, that MARY, Queen of Scots, throw at JOHN BUNYAN or somebody, and I have also seen garden-seats carved out of famous battleships. And then again, if you go to Euston, or it may be Darlington, you will find on the platform the original tea-kettle out of which GEORGE WASHINGTON constructed the first steam-engine. The drawing-room furniture that we are relinquishing combines the interest of all these things. If I like I can put a placard on the sofa, before I take its owner to see it, worded something like this:—

"Puffing Billy, the original steam-roller out of which this elegant piece was carved, held the 1920 record for fourteen trips to Brighton and back within half-an-hour." And after he has seen that I can lead him gently on to Roaring Rupert, the arm-chair. Really, therefore, when one comes to consider it, the man owes me a considerable sum of money for the enhanced sentimental value that has been given to his commonplace property.

Mind you, I have no wish to be too hard on him. I shall be content with a quite moderate claim, or even with no claim at all. Possibly, now I come to think of it, I shall simply say,

"You know what it is to have a couple of bally kids about the place. What shall I give you to call it square?"

And he will name a sum and offer me a cigarette, and we shall talk a little about putting or politics.

But it doesn't much matter. Whatever he asks he can only put it down in the receipts' column of his account-book under the heading of 'Depreciation of Furniture,' whereas in my expenses it will stand as "Richard and Priscilla: for Adventures, Travel and Romance."

EVER.



A ST. PATRICK'S DAY DREAM

(MARCH 17).

THE IDYLLIST OF DOWNING STREET (with four-leaved shamrock). "SHE LOVES ME! SHE— BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER NOT GO ANY FURTHER."



Visitor. "AND HOW IS YOUR NEWLY-MARRIED DAUGHTER?"

Mrs. Brown. "OH, SHE'S NICELY, THANK YOU. SHE FINDS HER HUSBAND A BIT DULL; BUT THEN, AS I TELLS HER, THE GOOD 'UNS ARE DULL."

WINTER SPORT IN THE LOWER ALPS.

ABOUT two months ago, after a course of travel literature and some back numbers of *The Badminton Magazine*, I became infected with a desire to spend a winter in the Alps, skating, sliding, curling and yodelling in the intervals of ski-ing, skijoring, skilacking and ski-handlung. The very names of the pastimes conjured up a picture of swift and healthy activity. As the pamphlets assured me, I should return a new man; and, though I am greatly attached to the old one, I recognised that improvement was possible.

I don't remember how it came about that I finally chose Freidegg among the multiplicity of winter-sport stations whose descriptions approximated to those of Heaven. I expect Frederick forced the choice upon me; Frederick had been to Switzerland every winter from 1906 to 1913 and knew the ropes. I somehow gathered that the ropes were of unusual complexity.

The entire journey was passed among winter-sporters of a certain type. From their conversation I was able to learn that Badeloden was formerly overrun

by Germans; that Franzheim was excellent if you stayed at the Grand, but at the Kurhaus the guests were unsociable, while at the Oberalp you were not done well and the central-heating was inefficient.

I ventured a few questions about the sport available, but was gently rebuked by the silence which followed before conversation was resumed in a further discussion of comforts and social amenities.

On arrival at the hotel I took out my skates, but, on Frederick's advice, hid them again. "Don't let people see that you are a newcomer; there won't be any skating for some weeks yet," said he.

"But why not?" I objected. "The ice must be at least six inches thick."

"Well, it isn't done," he replied. "One's first week is spent in settling down; you can't go straight on the ice without preparation."

On the third day a Sports' Meeting was held, as the result of which a programme of the season was published. It was announced that there would be, weekly, three dances and one bridge tournament; a theatrical performance would be given once a fortnight, and

the blank evenings filled with either a concert or an entertainment. I began to wonder how I could squeeze in time for sleep.

In order that boredom might not overtake the guests before evening came, a magnificent tea was served from four to six. During the afternoon one could visit the other hotels of the place and usually found some function in progress. We were not expected to breakfast before ten, and the short time that remained before lunch was spent in a walk to the rink, where we would solemnly take a few steps on the ice, murmur, "Not in condition yet," and return to the hotel.

After about a fortnight of this I announced to Frederick that I was going to skate, no matter how far from perfection the ice proved to be.

Frederick was indignant.

"You'll make yourself both conspicuous and unpopular. The two Marriotts are giving an exhibition to-morrow; if you spoil the ice for them their show will be ruined."

"Very well, then," said I, "I will borrow some ski and mess about on the snow."

"You can't do that," he replied, horrified; "the professionals are coming next week for the open competition, and if they don't find clean snow——"

"All right; I'll get one of those grid-irons and course down the ice-run. I suppose that's what the ice-run is for," said I bitterly.

"And spoil the Alpine Derby, which you know is fixed for the tenth?" Frederick addressed me with some severity. "Look here—you must choose your sport and stick to it. I am a ski-er; you don't find me skating or bobbing or curling."

"Or ski-ing," I added.

"Before ski-ing," he informed me, "one must have one's ski in perfect condition. Mine are improving daily."

Frederick in fact spent his short mornings in giving instructions as to how his ski were to be oiled and rubbed. All the most complicated operations of unction and massage were performed upon them, and all the time Frederick watched over them as over a sick child.

Next I was told that the height of the season had arrived. The round of indoor entertainments went on and almost daily the guests walked to some near point to witness performances by professionals who seemed to tour the country for that purpose.

Just when there appeared to be a slight prospect of some general outdoor activity (and Frederick's ski were pronounced perfect) a thaw occurred. I am bound to say that the event was received philosophically. Not a single member of the company made any complaint; they faced adversity like true Britons and boldly sat in the warm hotel to save themselves for the evening. Nor did their distress put them off their feed; they punished the tea unmercifully, showing scarcely a sign of the aching sorrow which devoured them.

Soon it froze again. The daily visit to the ice was made and Frederick's ski were once more put into training.

As for me I began to believe that there was something shameful or disgraceful in my desire to skate. So I left secretly for Sicily. Here I can enjoy passive entertainment without being unpleasantly chilled.

Well, a few days ago I received from Frederick a letter, from which the following is a quotation: "The final thaw has now occurred and the season is ended. It has been one of the most successful on record. The full programme was carried out to the letter; I wish you had been here for the last Fancy Dress. My ski were really fit and I was looking forward to some great days on the snow. I think I made a bit of a hit too, playing *Lord Twinkles in The Gay Life*."



"ANOTHER BLOW FOR THE COALITION."

Sombre Reveller. "IS THIS PADDINGTON?"

Porter. "PADDINGTON? No! It's MERSTHAM. WHY, YOU AIN'T EVEN ON THE RIGHT RAILWAY. THIS IS SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM."

Reveller. "THERE Y'ARE, Y' SEE. THAT'S WHAT COMES OF GOV'MENT CONTROL OF RAILWAYS."

The ski will no doubt miss Frederick's affectionate attention; he was very fond of them.

Yesterday, by the purest accident I came across Claudia, like myself enjoying the warmth and sunshine.

"Oh, you've been to Freidegg; how lovely! I went to Kestaag this year and was very glad to leave. Nothing to

do in the evening but sit round a fire. All day the hotel was like a wilderness and outside nothing but a lot of men falling about in the snow. They were too tired to do anything during the evening. It was horrid. Next time I shall be more careful and choose a nice bright place like Freidegg."

Next time I too shall be more careful.

HOUND-FOXES.

It was really Isabel's idea. But it must be admitted that the Foxes took it up with remarkable promptitude. How it reached them is uncertain, but maybe the little bird that nests outside her nursery window knows more than we do.

The idea owed its inception to my attempt at explaining the pink-coated horsemen depicted on an old Christmas card. I did my best, right up to and including the "worry," in which Isabel joined with enthusiasm. Then she went to bed.

But not to sleep. As I passed by the open door I heard a small excited voice expounding to a lymphatic dolly the whole mystery of fox-hunting:—

"And there was a wood, and there was a smell. And all the peoploos on 'normous huge high horses. And nen all the hound-foxes runned after the smell and eated it all up."

A fortnight later, taking a short cut through the Squire's coverts, I sat down to enjoy the glory of woodland springtime. "There was a wood and there was a smell." There certainly was; in fact I was all but sitting upon an earth.

All this is credible enough. Now I hope you will believe the rest of the story.

A dirty sheet of paper lay near Reynard's front doorstep. Idly curious, I picked it up. Strange paper, a form of print that I had never seen before; marked too with dirty pads.

It was a newspaper of sorts. Prominent notices adjured the reader to "Write to John Fox about it." The leading article was headed

"AN APPEAL."

"Foxes of Britain!" it began; "opposed though we have always been to revolutionary politics, a clear line is indicated to us out of the throes of the Re-birth. The old feudal relations between Foxes and Men have had their day. The England that has been the paradise of the wealthy, of the pink-coated, of the doubly second-horsed, must become that of the oppressed, the hunted, the hand-to-mouth liver. In a word, we have had enough of Fox-Hounds; henceforth we will have Hound-Foxes."

Then the policy was outlined. Foxes could not hunt hounds—no; but they could lead them a dog's life. They had been in the past too sporting; thought too little of their own safety, too much of the pleasure of the Hunt and of the reputation of its country.

Henceforth the League of Hound-Foxes would dispense justice to the oppressors. No more forty-minute

bursts over the best line in the country; no more grass and easy fences; no more favourable crossing points at the Whis-sending Brook; no more rhapsodies in *The Field* over "a game and gallant fox."

A Hound-Fox would be game, but not gallant. He would carry with him a large-scale specially-marked map, showing where bullfinches were unstormable; where the only gaps harboured on the far side a slimy ditch; where woods were rideless; where wire was unmarked; where railways lured to destruction—over and through each and every point would the Hound-Fox entice the cursing Hunt.

As for the Hounds, they feared no obstacles, but they hated mockery. They should be led on to the premises of sausage factories; through villages, to be greeted as brothers-in-the-chase by forty yelping curs; into infant-schools (that old joke), where the delighted babes would throw arms around their necks and call them "Doggie," until both men and hounds would begin to question whether the game were worth the candle.

Therefore let every eligible vulpine enroll himself to-day as a Hound-Fox. They must be dog-foxes, rising three or over, of good stamina, with plenty of scent, intelligent and preferably unmarried. The League Secretary was—(here followed the name, earth and covert of a well-known veteran).

There was other matter, of course. A "Grand Prize Competition—A Turkey a Week for Life!" was announced. A humorous article on Earth-Stoppers and, on the "Vixens' Page," a discussion as to the edibility of Pekinese.

Absent-mindedly I crumpled up the astounding rag and thrust it down the hole.

* * * * *

I arose stiff, bemused. The hot March sunshine and the song of birds had left me drowsy. A glance at my watch showed me, to my astonishment, that it was tea-time. So I made my way home.

The reception of my story was as cold as the tea. They weren't such fools, they said, as to believe it. So, knowing your larger charity, dear Mr. Punch, I send it to you.

And I shall await that retrospective article in some Maytime *Field*, entitled "A Season of Disasters."

A Critical Problem.

"The Admirable Crichton is still one of the most captivating of modern plays, rich in humour, scenically 'telling' and close-packed with Barrieisms."—*Times*.

"'Crichton' is one of the most agreeable Barrie plays, because it is so free from Barrieisms."—*Manchester Guardian*.

SURMISES AND SURPRISES.

THE appearance of the Dean of St. Paul's at a recent social gathering not in the character of a wet blanket, but as a teller of jocund tales and a retailer of humorous anecdotes, must not be taken as an isolated and transient transformation, but as foreshadowing a general conversion of writers and publicists hitherto associated with utterances of a mordant, bitter, sardonic and pessimistic tone.

It is rumoured at Cambridge that Mr. MAYNARD KEYNES, mollified by the reception of his momentous work, has plunged into an orgy of optimism, the first-fruits of which will be a treatise on *The Gastronomic Consequences of the Peace*. Those who have been fortunate enough to see the MS. declare that the personal sketches of Mr. CLYNES, Mr. G. H. ROBERTS, Mr. HOOVER and M. ESCOFFIER are marked by a coruscating wit unparalleled in the annals of Dietetics. The account of a dinner at the "White Horse" is perhaps the *clou* of an exceptionally exhilarating entertainment.

This agreeable swing of the pendulum is further illustrated by the report that Mr. PHILIP GIBBS, by way of counteracting the depression caused by his last book, is contemplating a palliative under the title of *Humours of the Home Front*. It is hoped that the book will come out serially in the pages of *The Hibbert Journal*.

Very welcome too is the report, not yet officially confirmed, that Sir E. RAY LANKESTER is engaged on a genial biography of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, with special reference to his achievements in the domain of psychical research.

Other similar rumours are flying about in Fleet Street, but we give them with necessary reserve. One of them credits Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY with the resolve to indite a panegyric of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Another ascribes to Lord FISHER the preparation of a treatise on *The Evils of Egotism*.

The Week's Great Thought.

"We are at a crisis, and a critical one at that."—Sir ARCHIBALD SALVIDGE in *"The Sunday Chronicle."*

In a Good Cause.

A special matinée is to be given by Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER at the Palladium, on Friday, March 19th, for the National Children's Adoption Association. Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE, who makes a strong appeal for this good work, will receive applications for tickets at 10, Downing Street, S.W., and cheques should be made payable to her.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE ELECT ARE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE FINISHED STATUE OF HERCULES BY A CELEBRATED SCULPTOR.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

IV.—THE BARRISTER HUSBAND.

*How doth the Barrister delight,
According to his sort,
To mix in any form of fight
In any kind of Court.*

When Nurse's temper runs amok,
And Cook is by the ears,
And all the home is terror-struck
By notices and tears,
And Madame begs me estimate
What argument or bounce 'll
Restore and keep the peace, I state
Opinion of Counsel:—

"With language dignified and terse
And with a haughty look
I should annihilate the Nurse
And coldly crush the Cook;
And, if they started in to weep,
A word would make them stow
it:—

"That 's not effective, merely cheap;
And, what is more, you know it."

"You 'd bring the Cook," says she, "to
book
By just a look?" "I should."

"By something terse you 'd make the
Nurse
Feel even worse?" "I would."

"You 'd say to weep was merely cheap
And, what was more, they knew it?"
"I should," say I; and her reply
Is: "Come along and do it."

*How doth the Barrister delight
In any low resort,
And hurry from the losing fight
To seek another Court.*

"Mme. Tetrizzini had not been heard in
London for five years and some little oooooo
aaaaaaaay shd ef ewyyy might have been
busy on her voice. Well, it has scarcely."
South African Piper.

Her many admirers will be glad to
know this.

THE BOAT-RACE AGAIN.

IN June, 1914, I took a house on the Thames, in order to make sure of a good view of the Boat-Race; then a man threw a bomb at Serajevo and ruined my plans. But now it is going to happen again. And instead of fighting with a vast crowd at Hammersmith Bridge I shall simply walk up into the bathroom and look out of the window. It is wonderful.

Yet meanwhile I have lost some of my illusions about this race. I have a boat myself; I myself have rowed all

the crowd would get a good look at them, instead of seeing them for ten seconds. The race ought to be rowed *against* the tide. Then it really would be a feat of strength; then it really would take ten years off their lives—perhaps more. Then perhaps small boys would drop things on them from the bridges, as they do on me. I wonder they don't try to do that now. There is a certain quiet satisfaction in dropping things on people, especially if they are labouring under Hammersmith Bridge against the tide, and I should imagine that the temptation to

rudder moving at high speed through a horse's legs. If the race were rowed against the tide we should all get our money's worth; and the oarsmen could then put more realism into their "After-the-Finish" attitudes. As it is, they roll about in the boat with a praiseworthy suggestion of fatigue, but nobody really believes they are tired—nobody at least who has rowed on the Thames with the tide.

No, I am afraid the actual race is a sad hypocrisy. But the training must be terrible. Think of it. They started practising in the second week in Jan-



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"HAND OVER YOUR MONEY!"

"CERTAINLY, MY GOOD MAN. NOW I DON'T WANT TO BE PERSONAL, BUT YOU'VE GOT THE VERY FACE I WANT FOR MY NEW FILM, 'THE BAD MAN OF CRIMSON CREEK.' I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY POUNDS A WEEK FOR AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT. CAN I TEMPT YOU?"

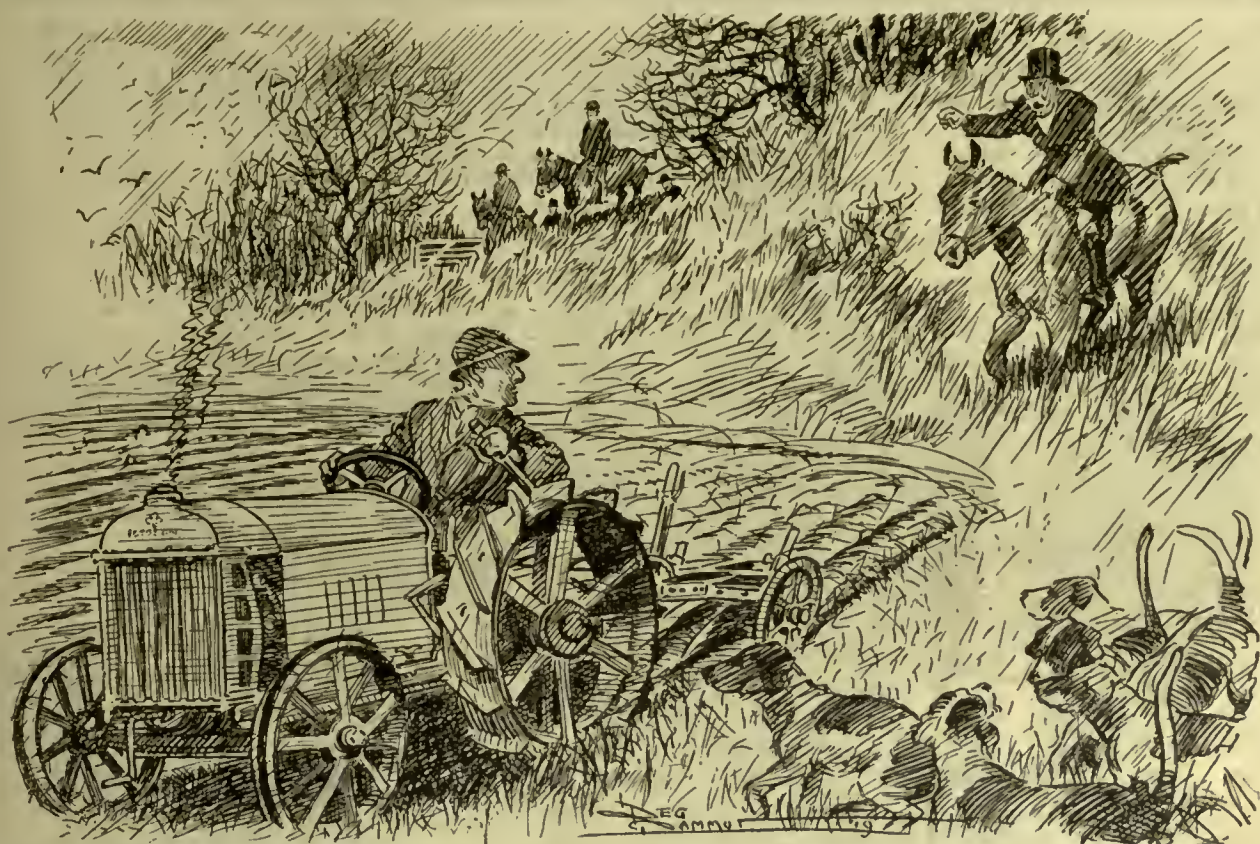
over the course in my boat. It is only ten feet long, but it is very, very heavy. Still, I have rowed in it all over the course—with ease. Yet people talk as if it was a marvellous thing for eight men to row a light boat over the same water. Why is that? It is because the ignorant land-lubber regards the river Thames as a pond; or else he regards it as a river flowing always to the sea. He forgets about the tide. The Boat-Race is rowed *with the tide*; they deliberately choose a moment when the tide is coming in, and hope nobody will notice; and nobody does notice. The tide runs about three miles an hour, sometimes more; if they just sat still in the boat they would reach Mortlake eventually, and

drop things on a University crew would be almost irresistible. It is not everyone who can look back and say, "In 1890 I hit the Oxford stroke in the stomach with a stone." As it is, though, I suppose they go too fast for that kind of thing.

But apart from the small boys on the bridges, the present system is most unsatisfactory for people who know "a man in the boat." Even in a football match it is possible for an aunt occasionally to distinguish her nephew and say, "Look, there is Edward." But if she says, "Look, there is Edward," meaning No. 5 in the Cambridge boat, you know she is imagining. All she sees is a vague splashing between two howler-hats, or possibly the Oxford

nary: they row the race in the fourth week in March. For ten weeks and more they have been "getting those hands away" and driving with those legs and not washing-out. For ten weeks horrible men with huge calves have shouted at them and cursed them and told them theirsins, like a monk telling his beads—"Bow, you're late; Two, you're early; Three, you're bucketing; Four, you're not bucketing enough." I listen painfully, hoping against hope that at least one of the crew may be left out of the catalogue, that Stroke at least may be rowing properly. But no, Stroke is not forgotten, and even Cox doesn't always give complete satisfaction.

Sometimes I feel that I ought to



Shortsighted and quick-tempered Master of Hounds. "Hi! WHAT D'YE MEAN BY HEADING MY HOUNDS WITH THAT INFERNAL CAR? HOW THE DEUCE CAN YOU HUNT IN A THING LIKE THAT, SIR?"

row out in my little boat and offer to tow the incompetents back to Putney. Yet they seem somehow to travel very easily and well. But, however harmoniously they swing past "The Doves" or quicken to thirty-five at Chiswick Eytot, I know that in their hearts they are hating each other. Goodness, how they must hate each other! For ten weeks they have been rowing together in the same boring boat, behind the same boring back. I read with grim interest about the periodical shiftings of the crew, how Stroke has moved to the Bow thwart, and Bow has replaced Number Three, and Number Three has shifted to the Stroke position. They may pretend that all this is a scientific matter of adjustment, of balance and weight and so forth. I know better. I know that Stroke is fed up with the face of Cox, and that the mole on Number Two's neck has got thoroughly on Bow's nerves, and that if Number Three has to sit any longer behind Number Four's expanse of back he will go mad. That is the secret of it all. But I suppose they each of them hate the coach, and that keeps them together.

Of all these sufferers perhaps Cox is most to be pitied. They all have to eat what they're told, no doubt, yards and yards of beefsteak, and so on. In

the old days rowing men had to drink beer at breakfast; I can't think of anything worse, except, perhaps, stout. But Cox doesn't eat anything at all. He has to get thinner and thinner. And if there is one thing worse than eating beefsteak at breakfast it must be watching eight rowing men eating beefsteak at breakfast and not eating anything yourself.

Yes, beyond question Cox is the real hero. I watch him dwindling, day by day, from nine stone to eight stone, from eight stone to seven stone twelve, and my heart goes out to the little fellow. And what a job it is! If anything goes wrong, Cox did it. He kept too far out or he kept too far in, or too much in the middle. But who ever heard of Cox doing a brilliant piece of steering, or saving the situation, or even rising to the occasion? His highest ambition is for *The Times* to say that he did his work "adequately"—like the *Second Murderer* in SHAKESPEARE.

And at the finish he can't even pretend that he's tired, like the other men; even if there was any spectacular way of showing that he was half-frozen he couldn't do it, because he alone is responsible if one of the steamers runs over them and they are all drowned. We ought to take off our hats to Cox;

though, of course, if we did, Stroke would think it was intended for him.

But indeed I take off my hat to all of them; not because of the race, which, as I say, is a piece of hypocrisy, being rowed with the tide, but because of the terrible preparation for the race. I wonder if it is worth it. It is true that they have lady adorers on the towing-path at Putney, and it is even rumoured that they receive anonymous presents of chocolates. But presumably they are not allowed to eat them, so that these can do little to alleviate their sufferings. It is true also that for ever after (if their wives allow it) they can hang an enormous oar on the wall and contemplate it after dinner. But, after all, I can do that too, if I like; for I too have rowed over the course.

And I shall have a free view of the race. But none of them will see it at all. They will all be looking at the back of the man in front, except Stroke, whose eye will be riveted on the second button of Cox's blazer. What a life!

A. P. H.

"To Let, permanent, Furnished Sitting-Boots (size 6); 20s."—*Local Paper*.

No, thanks; we already have a pair that are no good for walking.



Enthusiastic Lady (at Musical At Home). "DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THIS TUNE IS OUT OF, DOCTOR? USED TO BE ALL THE PAGE WHEN WE WERE IN OUR 'TEENS. TUM—TUM—TUM—TUM—TUM—TUM—TUM—TUM?"

Eminent Dyspepsia Specialist. "THE WORDS ARE FAMILIAR."

THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

(The advancing price of rice has occupied much space in the papers of late.)

Maud, when you turned me down (a year to-morrow),
Bidding me rise from off my suppliant knee,
And, while regretful if you caused me sorrow,
Murmured, "Sebastian, it can never be,"
I did not lay aside my fond ambition;
I told myself, in spite of what occurred,
"This is her lunch or three o'clock edition,
And not her final word."

I merely marvelled at your eccentricity,
Feeling convinced amid my blank amaze
That, though you might "absent you from felicity
Awhile," 'twas but a temporary phase;
Convinced the mood impelling you to stifle
The aspirations that I'd dared outline
Was simply due to some extraneous trifle,
Not any flaw of mine.

A chill or toothache might have vexed you greatly;
Perhaps you had a corn inclined to shoot,
Or possibly the sugar shortage lately
Had proved itself abnormally acute;
In short, I felt that, though unkindly treated,
A happier time to me would surely come,
When my request (impassioned) would be greeted
With no down-pointing thumb.

Maud, it occurs to me you shunned a marriage
Because that function, otherwise "quite nice,"
Involved the facing of a friendly "barrage"
Mainly composed of valedictory rice,
Stinging the cheek and nestling in the clothing;
If that was so, I share the feeling, sweet;
For rice in puddings I've no special loathing,
But I detest it neat.

If such your reason was, there's no material
Objection to our union to-day;
No risk remains of that offensive cereal
Being employed in such a reckless way;
You can say "Yes" without one apprehensive
Thought that your brother is a deadly shot;
Rice as a missile now is too expensive.
Anything doing—what?

"According to a Paris report, an Anglo-British force of 50,000 are on their way to occupy Constantinople."—*Daily Paper.*

It is, no doubt, the peculiar composition of this force that has aroused the apprehensions of French chauvinists.

"Denikin's troops are fleeing partly in steamers, partly along the coast, leaving a large booby."—*Planters and Commercial Gazette* (Mauritius).

"A Bolshevik wireless says the Reds captured Taganrog, Denikin's former headquarters, taking a huge booby."—*Same Paper.*

The booby prize has apparently been awarded to the Reds, but we feel that our contemporary might have put in a claim.

**HIGH PRICES ARE THE
INVARIABLE RESULT OF
WAR.**

**WE CAN ONLY MAKE GOOD BY
HARD WORK
AND
THRIFT.**

(Allied Supreme Council.)



THE FORGOTTEN CAUSE.

MAN IN THE STREET. "WELL, IF THE OTHER ALLIES SAY SO TOO, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN IT. BUT I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THE GOVERNMENT WAS TO BLAME FOR EVERYTHING."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 8th.—I should hesitate to call Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD the *Pooh-Bah* of the Ministry, though he has something of that worthy's sublime self-confidence and his capacity for taking any number of posts. The House, which knows him both as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department of the Board of Trade, was surprised to hear him answering questions relating to the nascent oil-wells in the United Kingdom, and to learn that he had become "Minister for Petroleum Affairs." But there the likeness ceases to be exact. *Pooh Bah's* interest was in palm-oil.

A few days ago the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER facetiously compared the critics of the Government to the poet of *Rejected Addresses* who declared that it was BUONAPARTE "who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise." Out of the Government's own mouth the critics are now, at any rate, partially justified, for the PRIME MINISTER announced that the bread subsidy was to be halved, and that on and after April 12th the quartern loaf would rise — he did not quite know where.

In view of the occasional rumours of friction between Government departments it is pleasant to record that the Ministry of Transport and the War Office are on the friendliest terms. Invited to abolish, in the interests of the taxpayer, the cheap railway tickets now issued to soldiers, Mr. NEAL said it was primarily a question for the War Office, as in this matter Sir ERIC GEDDES would wish to move in harmony with Mr. CHURCHILL. As the WAR SECRETARY promptly announced his intention of doing his best to maintain the soldiers' privilege it is conjectured that he will return from the ride with Sir ERIC inside.

The new Member for Paisley delivered his maiden speech to-night, and acquitted himself so well that in the opinion of Members many months his senior he is likely

to go far. The Government had proposed to "guillotine" the remaining Supplementary Estimates in order to get them through before March 31st.

Mr. BONAR LAW promptly perceived the advantage of transferring from the Government to the House a disagreeable responsibility. Forgetting that he was cast for the executioner, not the hero, he murmured, "It is a far, far better thing," and graciously accepted the proposed alternative. Mr. ASQUITH, not unwilling to help in establishing a precedent which some day he himself may find useful, backed him up, and the House, as a whole, congratulating itself on its escape from the public executioner, cheerfully proceeded to commit *harakiri*.

Tuesday, March 9th.—Mr. SMITH relieved our apprehensions by stating that the few spurious "Bradburys" in circulation are of home manufacture, and that, while a few specimens emanating from Russia had been sent here for identification, they were so poorly executed that they would scarcely pass muster in this country. It is comforting to think that there

is one British industry which has nothing to fear from foreign dumping, but is cheerfully forging ahead.

The HOME SECRETARY also denied that there had been any remarkable increase in pocket-picking or that schools existed for the training of young criminals. As Sir MAURICE DOCKRELL pointed out, there is indeed no need for them so long as the cinemas provide their present facilities. *Fagin* has been quite knocked out by the film.

The Parliamentary vocabulary extends apace. Mr. RENDALL, whose motion on divorce had been postponed under the new arrangements for business until after Easter, complained that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY had "done him down."

Part of the evening was devoted to the bread-subsidy. The debate incidentally illustrated the intellectual independence of Ministers. A few days ago Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in advocating the resumption of trade with Russia, declared that "the corn-bins of Russia were bulging with grain." To-night Mr. McCURDY told the House that, according to his information, the resumption of trade



CARRYING ON.

MR. NEAL CADDIES FOR SIR ERIC GEDDES.

Some ardent economists, mainly drawn from the Coalition, while ready to concede the end, protested against the means, and proposed that the House should make its own arrangements.



RARA AVIS IN TERRIS.

"Never since the days of Icarus had there been an aviator quite like the right hon. gentleman [Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL]. He had displayed much sympathy with the Air Force and had almost been one of its martyrs."—Lord HUGH CECIL.



Actor (who has brought friend in for supper—to lodging-house keeper). "TUT, TUT, MA! CEASE YOUR APOLOGIES. WHAT IF THERE IS BUT TWOPENNYWORTH OF FISH AND CHIPS? BRING IT FORTH. THIS IS BOHEMIA!"
 Ma (politely bowing to stranger). "How D'YE DO, SIR?"

with Russia was not likely to open up any large store of wheat or grain in the near future. Possibly there is no real incongruity. The grain may be there, but the Russians, greedy creatures, may be going to eat it themselves.

Wednesday, March 10th. — Even in the gloomy atmosphere of the Upper Chamber the subject of divorce lends itself to humour. Lord BUCKMASTER, who introduced a Bill founded on the recommendations of the Royal Commission, performed his task with due solemnity, but some of the noble Lords who opposed it were positively skittish. Lord BRAYE, for example, thought that, if the Bill passed, *Who's Who* would require a supplement entitled *Who's Who's Wife*; and Lord PHILLIMORE illustrated the effects of easy divorce by a story of a Swiss marriage in which the bride-elect was attended by four of the happy man's previous spouses. He also told another of an American judge who, having explained that in this department of his duties he was "very strict," added, "Of course I make no difficulty

the first time, but if they come again within twelve months I want a good reason."

Mr. HOGGE led a vigorous attack on the Ministry of Transport, which he seemed to think had done very little for its money except to divert the omnibuses at Westminster and so make it more difficult for Members of Parliament to get to the House. Mr. KENNEDY JONES, who was responsible for the innovation, rather hinted that in the case of some Members this might not be altogether an objection. The brunt of the defence fell upon Mr. NEAL, owing to the regretted absence of his chief, who had been ordered away by his doctor for a much-needed holiday and was reported to be recruiting himself on the golf-links. If exercise is what he needs he could have got plenty of it in the House to-night. Thanks to a persistent minority, Members were kept tramping through the Lobbies for the best part of five hours, and did not complete the full round of eighteen divisions until 2.15 A.M.

Thursday, March 11th. — Possibly the news of "direct action's" heavy

cropper at the Trade Union Conference had reached the Front Bench before the PRIME MINISTER; in reply to a question regarding the shortage of labour in the building trades, bluntly attributed it to the stringency of the Trade Union regulations." When Mr. ADAMSON attempted to shift the blame on to a Government Department Mr. LLOYD GEORGE retorted that he would be perfectly ready to deal with any peccant official if the Labour Leader for his part would deal with the Trade Unions.

General SEELY repeated his familiar arguments in favour of an independent Air Ministry, and Mr. CHURCHILL once more defended his position, urging that it was better for the Air Service to have half a Minister in the Cabinet than none at all. To a suggestion that the lives of the Armenians might have been saved if we had sent more aeroplanes to Asia Minor, Mr. CHURCHILL replied that unfortunately the Armenian and Turkish populations were so intermingled that our bombs would be dropping indiscriminately, like the rain, "upon the just and unjust feller."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

(By a Grateful Student of the New English Dictionary).

I CAN conjugate the modern verb "to wangle,"

And, if required, translate it into Greek;

I can even tell a wurzel from a mangel;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I still can march eight furlongs at the double,
Although I shall be seventy next week;

I can separate a hubble from a bubble;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I know a catfish differs from a seamew;
I don't expect Bellaggio at Belleek;
I know a cassowary from an emu;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I'm acquainted with the works of HENRY PURZELL,
(My mastery of spelling is unique);
I repeat, I know a mangel from a wurzel;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I'm proficient both in jotting and in titling;
I know a certain cure for boots that creak;
I can see through Mr. KEYNES and Mr. Britling;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I can always tell a *hari* from a *kari*
("Harakiri" is a silly pedant's freak);
I can tell the style of CAINE from that of MARIE;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I never take a DEELEY for a DOOLEY;
I never take a putter for a cleek;
I never talk of HEALY, meaning HOOLEY;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

I understand the sense of "oils are spotty";
I know the height of Siniolehum's peak;
I know that some may think my ditty dotty;
But I cannot tell a bubble from a squeak.

P.S.

I know the market price of eggs in Surrey,
The acreage of maize in Mozambique—
And now at last, thanks to immortal "MURRAY,"

I've learned to tell a bubble from a squeak.



"OH, GEORGE, WE MUST HAVE STEPPED OFF WITH THE WRONG FOOT!"

THE CONSERVATISM OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you take no sides in party politics, but I still think you would like to hear why it is that I have gone over to the Independent Liberals. No, it has nothing to do with Mr. ASQUITH's triumphal procession and still less with the NORTH-CLIFFE Press. The fact is that till quite recently I belonged to the true blue Tory school—was indeed probably the last survivor of the Old Guard—and I found myself out of touch with the progressive tendencies of modern Toryism, its deplorable way of moving with the times, its hopeless habit of discarding what it would call the old shibboleths when it wrongly imagined them to be outworn. My decision to leave a party that has long ceased to

deserve its honoured name was immediately due to a Liberal Paper which editorially ridiculed the Liberty League, formed for the defeat of Bolshevik propaganda, and pooh-poohed the idea of the existence of dangerous Bolshevik elements in the country. This attitude attracted me enormously; for I recalled the standpoint of the same paper in the days before the War—how it ridiculed the alleged German menace and pooh-poohed the idea of the existence of hostile German elements in our midst. Here, I said, is the party for me; here is your authentic Bourbon spirit—the type that learns nothing and forgets nothing; that in the midst of a changing world remains immovable as a rock. Yes, Sir, for a Tory of the old school there is no place to-day except in the ranks of Liberalism.

Yours faithfully, SEMPER EADEM.



MODERN DRAMA BELOW STAIRS.

THE "MAID'S" HOSPITALITY TO "ROBERT."

RATES OF EXCHANGE.

Jones was reading his morning paper in the opposite corner seat with unusual attention, and he disregarded my greeting.

"Why this absorption?" I inquired. "Usually you come to the station with a piece of toast behind one ear, fastening your boots as you run, and wake us all up with your first fine morning rapture."

"I was just taking a look at the exchanges," he replied. "The mark's about the same price as fly-paper, and, judging by the news from New York, your chowing-gum is going to cost you more shortly. Do you know anything about the money market?"

"I occasionally see it stated that 'money is plentiful' in it," I returned. "I should think it must be an ideal place."

"The most gorgeous thing in the world is to make a bit on exchange," he said. "There's such a splendid feeling of not having earned it, you know."

"I understand exactly," I replied. "Cox once credited me with an extra month's pay by mistake. But I didn't realise that you ever had to think about money matters after having run our Mess in France."

He appeared to take no offence. His capacity for being insulted in that direction had probably been exhausted during the period in point.

"I know quite a lot about exchange," he remarked with a reminiscent smile. "You remember that when I got pipped in France in '15, they sent me out next time to Salonica. I hadn't been there very long before the question of exchange cropped up. In the early days most of us had English money only, and the villagers used to rook us frightfully changing it. I remember sending my batman, MacGusgogh, to a place for eggs, and he came back with the change for my Bradbury in nickel. I had a good look at it, and on each coin was the mystic inscription, 'ДИНАР,' which is pronounced 'dinar.'"

"MacGusgogh," I said, "you pretend

to be a Scotsman and yet you've been diddled. This is Serbian money, and not worth a bean."

"Oh the deceitfu' deevils," said he, "there's neither truth nor honesty in the lecin' buddies, Sir. But here's your Bradbury, an', at onny rate, we hae the eggs, Sir, for I paid for them wi' a label off yin o' they Japaneesy beer bottles. It seemed an awfu' waste to spend guid siller on folk that dinna ken when they see it."

I began to see the possibilities of the money market.

"I was round about there till the Armistice," Jones went on, "then I drifted by stages to South Russia. All the Eastern countries live by exehange. Practically the only trade they have is playing tennis with each others' currency, and the headquarters of the industry in 1918 was South Russia. I thought I'd seen the limit of low finance when I'd experienced the franc, lira, drachma, dinar, lev and piastre; but they were all child's play to the rouble in 1918."

"I thought Russian money was all dud before that," I remarked.

"Not a bit of it," said Jones. "You see, it's not as if there were one breed, so to speak, of rouble. There were KERENSKY roubles, and Duma roubles, and NICHOLAS roubles, and every little town had a rouble-works which was turning out local notes as hard as they could go. I missed a fortune there by inches."

"Tell me," I said, in response to his anecdotal eye.

"I had a job there which consisted of going backwards and forwards on the railway between Otviski and Triadropoldir in the Caucasus, a six days' trip. The possibilities of the situation never struck me till one day I asked a shopman in Triadropoldir to give me my change in Otviski roubles—both towns had their own currency, of course. He gave me five Otviski roubles for one of his own town. I thought a bit about that, and when I got back to Otviski I tried the same thing, and found I could get three Triadropoldir roubles there for one Otviski."

"I see," I remarked, as the beauty of this arrangement dawned upon me.

"All I had to do therefore was to change my money in Otviski for three times as much Triadropoldir currency, and then go up the line to the other place and change it back again, making fifteen hundred per cent. on the round trip. Of course you couldn't always change the full amount, but in a couple of months I had sixty thousand roubles—my valise was crammed with them—and I was only waiting to get down to the Field Cashier to change out and make my fortune."

"And did you?" I asked.

"No, I didn't. One morning the Reds arrived in Triadropoldir, and my servant and I only just got away with the valise on one of those inspection cars which you propel by pulling a handle backwards and forwards. A section of Red Cavalry came after us, and we took it in turns to work the handle."

"Your servant won't ever be short of a job," I commented. "He ought to take to film-acting after that like a duck to water."

"We soon finished my servant's ammunition and they were closing in on us fast. My hair had appreciably lifted my tin hat when I had a brain-wave and threw out a double handful of rouble notes. It worked like a charm; they all stopped to collect the money, and we had gone quite a distance before they caught us up again. I threw out more notes at intervals, and the last thousand roubles went just as we came in sight of DENIKIN'S



Ordinary Man (to well-fed friend). "HULLO! HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU? MAKING LOTS OF MONEY, I SUPPOSE?"

Yorkshireman. "No. WE DON'T MAKE MONEY AT BRADFORD—WE JUST PICK IT OOP."

outposts fifteen miles down the line. We were saved, but I had lost my fortune, for there was no chance of repeating the operation."

I sighed. Then, without any regard for the conclusions of my fellow-passengers, I silently raised both my hands above my head.

"She had her hair cut short, and claimed to be a member of a tilted family."

Provincial Paper.

One with a bend sinister, we presume.

A leader of fashion at Ely
Whose clothes were a bit down-at-heely

Was quite overcome

When he found he'd the sum

That would buy him a Mallaby-Deeley.

"BLACK CATS' STRIKE THREAT."

Heading in a Sunday Paper of a report of a demand made by Viennese clerks for doubled salaries.

For "CATS," read "COATS." O the diff! (as WORDSWORTH said).

"Retriever Wanted; steady good worker: retrieve feather or fur, land or water."

Provincial Paper.

The exile of Amerongen could do with one of this breed.

"The act of the donor suggests the lines:

'How far doth that little candle throw its beams

On like a good deed in a naughty world.'"

Daily Graphic.

The author's name is not given, but we do not think he has improved much on SHAKESPEARE.

THE YEOMAN TRANSFORMED.

[In accordance with the new Territorial organisation some famous Yeomanry Regiments are to become Motor Machine-Gun Units.]

CAN a horseman turn from his heart's desire at the stroke of a statesman's pen?

Can we learn to fight from a motor-car—we who were mounted men?

In a petrol-tank and a sparking-plug shall we strive to put our trust,

And hang our spurs as a souvenir to gather reproachful rust?

Shall we never again ride knee to knee in the pomp of squadron line,

With head-ropes white as a mountain drift and curb chains all a-shine?

Will they dawn no more, those glorious days when the world seemed all our own,

Who rode as scouts on an errant quest, alive, alert, alone?

Can a man be made by a motor-car as a man is made by a horse,

With strength in his back and legs and arms, and a brain of swift resource?

We cared for our mounts before ourselves, their thirst before our thirst;

Shall we come to learn, with the same content, to think of an engine first?

Grousing enough. Though times have changed a man may be needed yet.

Shall we stand aloof in an idle dream to nourish a vain regret?

Whatever England may ask of us our service must be hers;
And a horseman's quality 's in his heart and not in a pair of spurs.

W. K. H.

THE GREAT MUTTON CAMPAIGN.

THE recent disclosures concerning the enormous stocks of frozen mutton held by the Ministry of Food—some of it killed two years ago—have put the Government on their mettle, and a vigorous campaign is now in preparation with the object of inducing the public to assist in the disposal of these overgrown supplies. Mr. Punch, being in touch with sources of information not accessible to the general Press, has been able to secure an advance copy of a popular appeal which is about to be issued broadcast by the Government. It runs as follows:—

"Men, Women and Children of the United Kingdom!

"The time has now arrived when each one of you is privileged to illumine those drab days of peace with a show of patriotism no less brilliant than that which lit up the dark years of war. The task that is demanded is a simple one, and no heavy price is exacted; all that is required is a single-minded concentration upon the one essential need of the moment.

"Your Government, solicitous as always for your welfare, has during the past two years accumulated a vast store of nutritious mutton to safeguard you against the peril of starvation. That danger being happily averted, it is now up to you to eat the stuff. This is not a problem that can be tackled by half-measures. If you desire to preserve the financial stability of the Empire, and if you do not wish to go on eating antiquated corpses of Australasian sheep for the rest of your lives, you must set your teeth in grim earnest, eating against time and chewing over time. You must consume mutton for breakfast, mutton for luncheon, mutton for tea and mutton for dinner. In fact, each one of

you must in the interests of the State become a mutton glutton.

"Do you shrink from the task? Do you shirk the chop now that you know what is at stake? An army marches on its stomach; the nation's well-being hangs on yours. Henceforth, until the 'Cease Fire' sounds, you must fall upon the domestic enemy as our gallant soldiers fell upon the alien foe. No quarter must be given, no quarter, fore or hind, be permitted to escape. Beef must be banned and veal avoided as the plague; no Briton worthy of the name will claim a fowl.

"What are you going to do about it? Do you intend (to borrow a Trans-atlantic phrase) to give the frozen mitt to the frozen mutt? Or are you going to take it to your bosom and give it there, or thereabouts, the home for which it has so long been vainly seeking?

"Do it now and do it always. Let your daily motto be—'*Revenons à nos moutons.*'"

In addition to the foregoing, every British housewife is to be supplied with a valuable booklet containing a number of official recipes for dealing with mutton. Among the tasty dishes thus described may be mentioned Whitehall Hash, Ministerial Mince, Reconstruction Rissoles, Control Cutlets and Separation Stew.

Mr. Punch also learns that in honour of the campaign the Yeomen of the Guard are henceforth to be popularly known as the "Muttoneaters."

WHAT OF THE DUMPS?

[“We repeat our question, therefore, and expect a ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ answer: *Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?*”

Daily Mail.]

WHILE wealth untold lies heaped in idleness

We will not see the nation go to pot;

We ask you (kindly answer “No” or “Yes”):

Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

By many a shell-torn desolate chateau

Stand monumental piles of martial store

Reared up long since to stem a savage foe

By labours of the Army Service Corps;

And day by day, in spite of our advice,

They linger wastefully to rust and rot;

We ask (and let your answer be concise):

Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

No more may KELLAWAY in bland retort

Disguise the truth with verbal circumstance;

Our special correspondents still report:

“Entrenching tools obscure the face of France.”

The ease is plain; the issue is distinct;

You either answer now or out you trot

(And kindly make that answer quite succinct):

Have all the dumps been sold, or have they not?

“WEDDING ROMANCE.”

The acquaintanceship soon developed into a house where Miss — was living.”—*Daily Paper.*

The chief obstacle to matrimony being thus removed, there could, of course, be only one end to the story.

“The Committee has decided to call the contest the ‘Golden Apple Challenge,’ having in mind the legend of Paris giving a golden apple to Helen of Troy as the fairest of the three beautiful women who came to ask his judgment.”—*Daily Mail.*

Personally we never attach much importance to these Paris legends.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

Master. "Hi! you! 'WARE BEANS. DON'T YOU KNOW BEANS WHEN YOU SEE 'EM?"

P.-W.S. "THEY'RE THE LITTLE THINGS THEY PUTS IN TINS WITH PORK, AIN'T THEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DURING the past few years the plays and stories, especially the stories, of ANTON TCHEHOV have so triumphantly captured English-speaking readers that there must be many who will welcome with eagerness the volume of his *Letters* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). This happy chance we owe, of course, directly to Mrs. CONSTANCE GARNETT, who here proves once again that in her hands translation ranks as a fine art. Both the *Letters* and the Biographical Sketch that precedes them are of extraordinary charm and interest. Because TCHEHOV's stories are so conspicuously uncoloured by the personality of their writer (his method being, as it were, to lead the reader to a window of absolute transparency and bid him look for himself), it comes almost as a shock to find how vivid and many-hued that personality in fact was. Nor is it less astonishing to observe a nature so alive with sympathy expressing itself in an art so detached. More than once his letters to literary friends are concerned with a defence of this method: "Let the jury judge them; it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are." They are filled also with a thousand instances of the author's delight in nature, in country sights and scents, and of his love and understanding for animals (from which of the *Tales* is it that one recalls the dog being lifted into the cart "wearing a strained smile"?). Throughout too, if you have already read the eight little volumes that contain the stories—which I certainly advise as a preliminary—you will be continually experiencing the pleasure of recognising the inspiration for this or that remembered scene. In short, one of the most fascinating books that has come my way for a long time.

I needn't pretend that *Red and Black* (METHUEN), by GRACE S. RICHMOND, is what is known to the superior as a serious work of art or that the men (particularly) of her creating are what would be called likely. But there's a sincerity about the writing which one has to respect. Of her two heroes, *Red* is *Redfield Pepper Burns*, the rude and rugged doctor, and *Black* is the *Rev. Robert McPherson Black*, the perfect paragon of a padre in an American provincial town. The author's main thesis is that padres are made of the right stuff. *Black*, who was all for getting into the War from the beginning, rushes off to Europe as chaplain with the first American drafts, gets wounded, decorated and married. The conversion of *Red Pepper*, the doctor, and of *Jane Ray*, who became *Mrs. Black*, is a little too easily contrived to be very convincing. But this is a simple work for simple souls who like a wholesome tale with a distinct list to the side of the angels. Such untoward conduct as hero appears is not put in for its own interesting sake, but merely to bring out the white-souled nobility of the principals.

If I had to select an author likely to win the long-distance dialogue race of the British Isles I should, after reading *Uncle Lionel* (GRANT RICHARDS), unhesitatingly vote for Mr. S. P. B. MAIS. It is not however so much the verbosity as the gloom of Mr. Mais's characters that leaves me fretful. Nowadays, when a novel begins with a married hero and heroine, we should be sadly archaic if we expected the course of their conjugal love to run smoothly; but I protest that *Michael* and *Patricia* overdid their quarrels, or, at any rate, that we are told too many details about them. And when these people were nasty to each other they could be very horrid. All which would not trouble me half

so much if I were not sure that Mr. MAIS, in his desire to be forceful and modern, is inflicting a quite unnecessary handicap upon himself. At present he is in peril of wrecking his craft upon some dangerous rocks which (though I know it's not the right name for rocks) I will call "The Doldrums." My advice to him is to cheer up. And the sooner the better, for all of us.

There be novelists so fertile in literary resource or so catholic in their choice of subject that the reader is never sure, when he picks up their latest masterpiece, whether he is to have a comedy of manners, a proletarian tragedy, a tale of Court intrigue or a satire on the follies of the age. To the steady-going devotee of fiction—the reader on the Clapham omnibus—this versatility is a source of annoyance rather than of attraction, and I accordingly take pleasure in stating that by those who like a light narrative, in which mystery and romance are pleasingly blended, the author of *The Pointing Man* can be relied upon to fill the bill every time. Conformity to type is a strong point with this author as far as the mystery and romance are concerned, but within those limits he (or she) provides an admirable range of scene, character and plot. In *The Further Side of the Door* (HUTCHINSON), the once handsome and popular hero emerges from a war-hospital badly disfigured and is promptly jilted by his fiancée and avoided, or so he thinks, by his acquaintances. Disgusted he buries himself in an old haunted house in the wilds of Ireland and abandons himself to the practice of magic. The result is highly successful, for he raises, not a spirit indeed, but something much more desirable to a lonely young man who has been contemplating suicide. So much for the romance. The mystery is provided by a villain, an enterprising young married woman, and the sinister denizens of a creepy boarding-house. I heartily recommend *Punch* readers who like a mystery to buy the book and find out what happens.

The publishers of *Sir Limpidus* (COLLINS) call it, in large print, a "now and amusing novel," but I am not confident about your subscription to the latter part of that statement; for Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL's irony is either so subtle or so heavy (I cannot be positive which) that one may well imagine a not too dull-witted reader going from end to end without discovering the hidden intent. The subject of the tale, which has no special plot, is a numbskull landowner, *Sir Limpidus*, son of *Sir Rusticus*, lord of Clearfont Abbey, and type (according to Mr. PICKTHALL) of the landowning class that he evidently considers ripe for abolition. As propaganda to that end he conducts his hero through the usual career of the pre-war aristocrat, sending him to public school and Varsity (those sufficiently broad targets), giving him a marriage, strictly *de convenance*,

with the daughter of a peer, and finishing him off as a member of the Government, alarmed at Socialist hecklers and welcoming the War as likely to give a new direction to forces that threaten to become too strong for his well-meaning incompetence. "It would rouse the ancient spirit of the people and dispel their madness . . . Even defeat as a united nation would be better than ignoble peace with the anarchic mob supreme." Of course this may be highly amusing, but—The fact is that, with a disappointment the greater from having genial memories of a former book of his, I have to confess myself one of the dullards for whom Mr. PICKTHALL's satirical darts fall apparently pointlessly. I am sorry.

I am feeling a little peevish about *Ladies in Waiting*

(HODDER AND STOUGHTON), because Miss KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN has often charmed me by her writing in the past, and now she has disappointed me. Her latest book contains five stories, all nicely written and set in charming scenes; but their innocent sweetness is very nearly insipid, and the fact that Miss WIGGIN's only concern has been to find suitable husbands for her six heroines (there are two in one story) makes them curiously unexciting. Of course we all know that in American fiction the hero and heroine will in the end marry, to their mutual satisfaction; but unless the author can contrive *en route* a few obstacles which will intrigue the reader a marriage announcement in the newspapers would be more economical and quite as interesting. It is difficult to be "nice" and "funny," I know, and it was very noble of Miss WIGGIN if one quality had to be left out to cling to the niceness; but I hope that in her next book she will manage to be both.

While reading *With the Mad 17th to Italy* (ALLEN AND UNWIN)

I could not help feeling sorry that the public's appetite for war-literature is reported to have become a little jaded for anything that is not a book of revelations; and this because Major E. H. HODY, who was in command of the 17th Divisional Supply Column, describes his trek from Flanders to Italy with uncommon zest. It is an admirable account of an achievement well worth recording, and the author in his advice to C.O.'s, which seems to me full of wisdom and sound common-sense, explains how it was that "the mad 17th" were from first to last "a happy family." There is cause for deep sorrow in the thought that Major HODY died suddenly at Cologne only a few weeks after his preface was finished. He has left behind him a book which will be valued not less for what it contains than for the sake of the man who wrote it.

In *Songs of the Links* (Duckworth) Mr. Punch commends to his readers the work of two of his contributors, Mr. R. K. Risk and Mr. H. M. Bateman.



GENTLEMAN (LATE OF PARACHUTE SECTION, R.A.F.) AFTER A BAD WEEK'S RACING LEAVES HIS HOTEL WITHOUT UNNECESSARY OSTENTATION.

CHARIVARIA.

"Nobody knows," says a Berlin message, "how near the KAPP counter-revolution came to being a success." A kind word from Commander KENWORTHY, it is believed, would have made all the difference.

It is reported that Miss ISOBEL ELSOM, the cinema star, tried to get knocked down by a taxi-cab for the purposes of a film, but failed. We can only suppose that the driver must have been new to his job.

A vicar has written to the Press complaining indignantly of a London firm's offer to supply sermons at five shillings each. We are not surprised. Five shillings is a lot of money to give for a sermon.

The Llangollen Golf Club has decided to allow Sunday golf. In extenuation it is pointed out that the Welsh for "stymied" does not constitute a breach of the Sabbath, as is the case with the Scots equivalent.

At Caterham a robin has built its nest in a bully beef tin. These are the little things that give the Disposables Board a bad name.

A North of Ireland man who has just died at the age of 107 boasted that he had never had a bath. This should silence the faddists who pretend that they can hardly wait till Saturday night.

The ruins of Whitby Abbey, it is announced, are to be presented by their owner to the nation. On the other hand, the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE intends to present the ruins of the Liberal Party to Manchester City is not confirmed.

The latest information is that the recent German revolution had to be abandoned owing to the weather.

From a weekly paper article we gather that the trousers-crease will be in its accustomed frontal position this year. It is unfortunate that this announcement should have clashed with the attempted restoration of the Monarchy in Berlin.

Hot Cross Buns will probably cost threepence this year. An economical plan is for the householder to make his own hot cross and then get the local confectioner to fit a bun to it.

"There will be no whisky in Scotland in the year 1925," says a Prohibitionist speaker. He did not say whether there will be any Scotsmen.

No arrangement has yet been made for the carrying on of the Food Ministry, though it is said that one food profiteer has offered to buy the place as a memento.

"All the great men are dead," states a London newspaper. This sly dig at

So much difficulty is being experienced in deciding whose incendiary bullet was the most effective, that it is thought possible that the Government may arrange for the Zeppelin raids to be revived.

A society paper reports that a large number of millionaires are now staying on the Riviera. It is not known where the other shareholders of COATS's are staying.

In order to influence the exchange a contemporary suggests that we should sell our treasures to America. We understand that a cable to New York asking what they are prepared to pay for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD remains unanswered.

An egg weighing nine and a half ounces has been laid at Bayonne, France. It looks like a walk-over unless *The Spectator* has something up its sleeve.

"One hears the crying of the new-born lambs on all sides," writes a Nature correspondent. On the other hand the unmistakable bubbling note of the mint-sauce will not be heard for another month or so.

Will the A.S.C. private who in 1917 was ordered to take a

mule to Sutton Coldfield please note that the animal has been sighted in California still chewing an army tunic, but the badgers are missing?

"So many letters are being lost in the post nowadays," states a daily paper, "that drastic action should be taken in the matter." We understand that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has expressed his willingness to be searched.

A Vulnerable Spot.

"Lady, a word—but oh, beware! And prithee do not slight it—If you will have your back so bare, Someone is sure to bite it."

"An official of the Coal Controller's Department said that everything possible would be done to relieve the situation.

'No stone will be left unturned,' he said, 'to ease the position.'—*Daily Paper*.

This accounts, no doubt, for the stuff in our last half-hundredweight.



Hygienist. "FEELING THE COLD, EH? AHA—LOOK AT ME. I DON'T KNOW WHAT COLD IS."

Normal Individual. "THEN N-NATURALLY YOU D-DON'T F-FEEL IT."

Mr. CHURCHILL'S robust health is surely in bad taste.

We are glad to hear that the strap-hanger who was summoned by a fellow-passenger on the Underground Railway for refusing to remove his foot from off the plaintiff's toes has now been acquitted by the jury. It appears that he was able to prove that he was not in a position to do so as his was not the top foot of the heap.

According to a trade journal the latest fashion in umbrellas is a pigeon's head carved on the handle. This, we understand, is the first step towards a really reliable homing umbrella.

The appearance of a hen blackbird without any trace of feathers on its neck or back is reported by a Worcester ornithologist. The attempt on the part of this bird to follow our present fashions is most interesting.

A JUNKER INTERLUDE.

Once more the Militant Mode recurs
With clank of sabre and clink of spurs;
Once more the long grey cloaks adorn
The bellicose backs of the high-well-born;
Once more to the click of martial boots
Junkers exchange their grave salutes,
Taking the pavement, large with side,
Shoulders padded and elbows wide;
And if a civilian dares to mutter
They boost him off and he bites the gutter.

Down by the Brandenburger Thor
Kitchens are worked by cooks of war;
Loyal moustaches cease to sag,
Leaping for joy of the old war-flag;
Drums are beating and bugles blare
And passionate bandsmen rip the air;
Prussia's original ardour rallies
At the sound of *Deutschland über alles*,
And warriors slap their fighting pants
To the tune *Heil dir im Siegeskranz*.

Life, in a word, recalls the phase
Of the glorious Hohenzollern days.
What if a War's meanwhile occurred
And talk of a humbling Peace been heard?
Treaties are meant to be torn in two
And wars are made to be fought anew.
Hoch! for the *Tag*, by land and main,
When the Monarchy comes to its own again.

Surely the wind of it, faint but sweet,
The Old Man sniffed in his Dutch retreat;
Surely it gave his pulse a jog
As he went for his thirteen thousandth log,
Possibly causing the axe to jam
When he thought of his derelict Potsdam,
Of his orb mislaid and his head's deflation,
And visions arose of a Restoration.
(If not for himself, it might be done
For LITTLE WILLIE or WILLIE's son).

Alas for the chances of child or sire!
The *coup* went phut, for the KAPP missed fire.
O. S.

A FLAT TO LET.

It was twelve o'clock (noon) and I was sitting over the fire in our squalid lodgings reading the attractive advertisements of country mansions in a weekly journal. I had just decided on a delightful Tudor manor-house with every modern convenience, a nice little park and excellent fishing and shooting, when Betty burst upon me like a whirlwind.

Her face was flushed and a fierce light shone in her usually mild blue eyes. She looked like a Menad or the incarnation of Victory at a bargain sale.

"Come on," she gasped, seizing me by the arm. "Hurry."

"Good heavens! Is the house on fire? My child! Let me save my child."

"Oh, do come on," cried Betty; "there's not a moment to be lost."

"But how can I come on in slippers?" I demanded. "If I may not save the young Henry Augustus, at any rate let me put on my boots."

Betty's only reply was to drag me from the room, hustle me through the hall, where I dexterously caught my hat from the stand in passing, and thrust me into the street.

"I've got a flat," she panted. "That is, I've got it if we're quick enough. Hi, taxi!"

"But, my dear," I remonstrated as the taxi-driver, cowed by the look in her eye, drew up to the kerb, "if we take a taxi we shan't have anything left to pay for the flat."

"Victory Mansions, Trebarwith Road. Drive fast!" shouted Betty as she pushed me into the cab.

"Now you've done it," I said bitterly. "Do you know I've only five pounds ten on me at the moment? We shall lose the flat while we're quarrelling with the driver."

"Oh, dear," cried Betty, "can't you see that this is serious? It was a wonderful piece of luck. I was passing the mansions and I happened to look up just as someone was sticking up a notice, 'Flat to Let,' in one of the windows. There was a beast of a man on the other side of the street and he simply leapt across the road. I slipped, or I should have beaten him. As it was he got to the door a yard ahead of me. We looked over the flat together, but of course he was first, and he said he was sure it would suit him, only he must ask his wife. It was awful! I felt as if I must kill him."

"So you followed him out and pushed him down the lift-shaft? My dear brave girl!"

"No, but I heard him say he could be back in half-an-hour. I knew I could do it in twenty-five minutes. Look!" Betty crushed my hand as in a vice. "There he is."

As we took a corner on two wheels I looked out and saw a man running. "Taxi!" he shouted in the hoarse voice of despair. Our driver sat like a graven image and we swept on in triumph.

"Oh!" cried Betty suddenly, "suppose that, after all, somebody else——" She choked on a sob.

"Courage, dear heart," I said. "All is not yet lost."

A moment later we had reached Victory Mansions and made a dash for the flat.

"Are we in time?" asked Betty as the door was opened.

"I think so, Ma'am," said the smiling maid and ushered us into the presence of the out-going tenant. A tour of the rooms at express speed showed the flat to be a desirable one enough. There were three years to run and the rent was not extortionate—for the times.

"I'll sign the agreement now," said I.

"Half-a-minute," said the out-going tenant as he produced the documents; "I'll get a pen and ink."

The whirr of an electric bell resounded through the flat.

"Quick!" panted Betty. "Your fountain pen." I produced it and wrote my name with a hand trembling with eagerness.

"A gentleman about the flat, Sir," said the maid, and, haggard, pale and exhausted, our defeated rival staggered into the room.

He looked at us with a dumb agony in his eyes, and neither of us two men had the courage to deal the fatal blow. It was Betty who spoke.

"I'm sorry, but we've just taken this flat," she said sweetly, and added with true feminine cruelty, "I saw it first, you know."

The stranger lost control and crashed badly on the hearth-rug.

"Poor man," said Betty to the late tenant. "Be kind to him for our sakes." Then she led the way to our cab.

"Hotel Splendid!" I said magnificently to the driver.

"Wot," he growled, "not in them slippers?"

"True," I said, with what dignity I could muster, and gave him the address of our lodgings.

"None the less," I said to Betty, "you shall lunch among the profiteers. This is a great day, and it is yours."

The Inter-University Sports.

Great interest is being taken in the plucky attempt of Cambridge to beat America, Africa and Europe (with Oxford).



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MATE. "WHILE WE ARE DOIN' HER UP, WHAT ABOUT GIVIN' HER A NEW NAME? HOW WOULD 'FUSION' DO?"

CAPTAIN. "'FUSION' OR 'CONFUSION'—IT'S ALL ONE TO ME SO LONG AS I'M SKIPPER."



First Juvenile Spectator (as the Oxford crew go out to practice). "THERE Y 'ARE, 'ERB—WOT DID I TELL YER? THEY 'AVE GOT ONLY ONE OAR EACH!"

Second ditto. "YOU WAIT TILL THE DAY OF THE RACE!"

THE LAST OF THE WATCH DOGS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—In all the stirring history of the War I don't know which has been the most moving sight: the War Office trying to get me to be a soldier, or the War Office trying to get me to stop being a soldier.

Before the late Summer of 1914, England had evinced no burning interest in its Henry. It had, in fact, left me to make my own way, contenting itself with cautioning me if I didn't stick to the right side of the road, or to fining me if I exceeded the speed limit. In August of that memorable year it got, you will remember, mixed up in rather a nasty bother. Searching for friends to get it out, it bethought itself of Henry, along with 499,999 others whose names for the moment I do not recall. Between us (with subsequent assistance) we set things to rights, and nothing remained for Old England save to rid itself gracefully of what remained of its few millions of new-found friends. There was, however, no shaking off its bosom pal, Henry. I am one of those loyal characters whose affection, once gained, nothing can undo. No use saying to me: "Well, old man, it's getting late now; you must come and see us again some other day." I am one of the sort who answer: "Don't you worry your-

self about that. I'm going to stay and go on seeing you now."

In the early days of demobilisation there was, I think, a certain novelty and attraction about my attitude to the problem. In contrast to the impatient hordes crowding the entrance of the War Office, ringing the front-door bell violently, tapping on the window-panes and generally disturbing that serene atmosphere of peace which was the great feature of the War in Whitehall, it was refreshing to think of Henry, plugging quietly away elsewhere at his military duties, undeterred by armistices, peaces and things of that kind. I fancy I was well thought of in those days at the War House.

"Say what you like about him," I can hear A.G.4 remarking to M.S.19 (decimal 9 recurring) as they met in the corridor on their way to lunch, "but I find him a patient, well-behaved young fellow."

"Yes," would be the thoughtful answer, "it seems almost a pity we are going to lose him."

Speaking strictly between ourselves, I have never thought much of the Military Secretary branch. What made them think they were going to lose me as easily as all that?

What I said to myself was: "Henry, my lad, thirteen shillings and eleven-

pence a day is thirteen shillings and elevenpence a day; now isn't it? And war isn't war when there is a peace coming on. Why then throw up a fat income just for the sake of getting into long trousers? You stay where you are till they come and fetch you."

So I just stayed where I was, and I conducted the operation with such ability and tact that Whitehall came to forget all about me. My name went on appearing, with ever-increasing dignity and beauty, in the Army List; but that made no difference. You see, though lots of people write the Army List, no one ever reads it; only from time to time a man will surreptitiously turn up his own name, just to renew his feeling of self-importance, or in an emergency he will look up the name of a friend in order to get the right initials after it and not risk giving that personal offence which may prevent the loan. . . .

But when I say that I stayed where I was I don't mean to suggest that I didn't go on leave in the usual way. Indeed I often came home, in full regimentals, too, partly to impress you and partly to travel first-class at your expense. Fellow-passengers never thought of turning on me and rearing me, as being the cause of six-shillings-in-the-pound. They would be extremely polite

and make friendly conversation with me, leading up to the point that they had been soldiers themselves once, but had given it up, owing to having been told that the War was finished.

I would be just as polite to them, telling them they might count on me to return to the discomforts and risks of civil life as soon as I could be spared from the front. They had never the intelligence or daring to ask, "The front of what?"

Now the climax has arrived; I am asked if they must throw me out or will I go quietly? I fancy I have been caught by one of those card-indexes. I suspect some Departmental General of showing off to a friend. "This is my in basket," I can hear him explaining as he shows his audience his office; "every letter which comes in goes into the in. That is my out basket, and every letter which goes out goes out of the out."

"And then, Sir, we have the Card Index. A complete record of every officer in the Army, permanent or temporary."

"Are there still temporary officers in the Army?" asks the audience, not being able to think of anything better to ask, and clearly being called upon to ask something.

"Sergeant-Major, turn up 'Officers, army, temporary, the, in,' for this gentleman."

And thus the shameful truth comes out. One card only—mine.

Exit audience wondering what manner of intrepid man this Henry might be.

Originally the W.O. had had a great idea; they caused my regiment softly and silently to vanish away, thinking that I would vanish with it. But I had been too sharp for them. Learning that they were bent on "disembodying" me, and not liking the sound of the word, I had very quietly removed myself from my regiment to the Staff. Thus for a few happy months we see the W.O. rendered inert.

My final defeat was due to a chance remark of my own, made to one of the fifty-nine officers under whose direct command I served. Upon my first arriving on his Staff he had said to me, "Oh, by the way, P.S.C., of course?" Quite affable, frank and to the point; "P.S.C., of course?"

Not knowing the language, I could not make an equally affable answer. I asked him to repeat the question, but to change the code.

"You have Passed Staff College, of course?" he said a little less affably.

I then had the misfortune to answer: "Why, of course, if you mean that tall building on the right as I came up here from the station?"

He then made up his mind that I was



Old Lady. "WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ME DOWN AT THE SAME PLACE AS YOU DID LAST FRIDAY WEEK?"

not only wanting in essential parts, but was also the sort of person who jested on religious subjects. He never forgot the matter; indeed, when applied to (under "Secret and Confidential" cover) to suggest a means of getting rid of me, he very clearly remembered it. At once every department in the War House got busy; the interest of the Secretary of State was enlisted, and the War Cabinet decided that for permanent purposes my post must necessarily be held by a P.S.C. man. Done in by what was little better, when you come to think of it, than a mere postscript.

Please understand that there was no talk of discharging me; no talk of demobilising me; no talk even of disembodying me. Without any reflection on my conduct and merely upon the grounds that, not being P.S.C., I could not be regarded as quite right in the head, they intimated their intention of vacating my appointment by the simple process of an advertisement in the fashionable columns of *The London Gazette*.

"What happens next?" I asked.

"You will return to regimental duty," they said.

"But there isn't any regiment," I pointed out triumphantly, "therefore there won't be any duty."

They didn't seem to mind that, and for some time I wondered why. Then a thought occurred to me.

"But here, I say, what about my pay?"

"Ah!" said they unhelpfully. . . .

And that, my dear Charles, is why, if you keep your eye on the journals of (say) the Summer of 1925, you will read in the Stop-press Column an urgent telegram from the W.O.: "On April 1st, 1920, the following relinquishes his appointment

(Remaining, however,

Yours always), HENRY."

Another Impending Apology.

"MOTHERS' UNION.—. . . A helpful discussion followed on 'How to Deal with Unworthy Members.' There were about 50 present." *Parish Magazine*.

THE PRACTICE OF THE CREWS.

(Ballad after C.S.C.)

THE reporter aired his aquatic lore
(*Popply water in Corney Reach*),
A thing he had yearly essayed before;
And a rowing jargon obscured his
speech.

The coach he coached with a megaphone
(*Crabtree, Craven and Chiswick Eyot*)
Till the crew were prone to emit a groan,
And the Cox said nothing but "Bow,
you're late."

The Stroke he quickened to thirty-four
(*In the first half-minute struck seven-
teen*);

Some clocks returned it a trifle more,
Which wasn't so good as it might
have been.

The towpath critic he shook his head
(*Thornycroft's, where they began to
row*);

"Hung over the stretcher" was what
he said,
And "missed the beginning," and
"hands too slow."

The towpath critic, whoe'er he be
(*A tug and some barges blocked the
way*),

For thirty odd years, it seems to me,
Has never found anything else to say.

The towpath critic's remarks are trite
(*Off Ayling's Yard in a stiffish breeze*),
Yet I study religiously morn and night
Whole columns consisting of words
like these.

THE GENIUS OF MR. BRADSHAW.

(By our Literary Expert.)

No one will be surprised to hear that the Christian name of Mr. BRADSHAW was George. Indeed, it is difficult to think what other name a man of his calibre could have had. But many people will be surprised to hear that Mr. BRADSHAW is no longer alive. Whatever one thinks of his work one is inclined to think of him as a living personality, working laboriously at some terminus—probably at the Charing Cross Hotel. But it is not so. He died, in fact, in 1853. His first book—or rather the first edition of his book*—was published in 1839; yet, unlike the author, it still lives. He is, in fact, the supreme example of the posthumous serial writer. I have no information about Mr. DEBRET and Mr. BURKE, but the style and substance of their work are relatively so flimsy that one is justified, I think, in neglecting them. In any case their public is a limited one. So, of course, is Mr.

BRADSHAW'S; but it is better than theirs. Mr. DEBRET's book we read idly in an idle hour; when we read Mr. BRADSHAW'S it is because we feel that we surely must; and that perhaps is the surest test of genius.

It is no wonder that in some circles Mr. BRADSHAW holds a position comparable only to the position of HOMER. I once knew an elderly clergyman who knew the whole of Mr. BRADSHAW'S book by heart. He could tell you without hesitation the time of any train from anywhere to anywhere else. He looked forward each month to the new number, as other people look forward to the new numbers of magazines. When it came he skimmed eagerly through its pages and noted with a fierce excitement that they had taken off the 5.30 from Larne Harbour, or that the 7.30 from Galashiels was stopping that month at Shankend. He knew all the connections; he knew all the restaurant trains; and, if you mentioned the 6.15 to Little Buxton, he could tell you off-hand whether it was a Saturdays Only or a Saturdays Excepted.

This is the exact truth, and I gathered that he was not unique. It seems that there is a Bradshaw cult; there may even be a Bradshaw club, where they meet at intervals for Bradshaw dinners, after which a paper is read on "Changes I have made, with some Observations on Salisbury.". I suppose some of them have first editions, and talk about them very proudly; and they have hot academic discussions on the best way to get from Barnham Junction to Cardiff without going through Bristol. Then they drink the toast of "The Master" and go home in omnibuses. My friend was a schoolmaster and took a small class of boys in Bradshaw; he said they knew as much about it as he did. I call that corrupting the young.

But apart from this little band of admirers I am afraid that the book does suffer from neglect. Who is there, for example, who has read the "Directions" on page 1, where we are actually shown the method of reading tentatively suggested by the author himself? The ordinary reader, coming across a certain kind of thin line, lightly dismisses it as a misprint or a restaurant car on Fridays. If he had read the Preface he would know that it meant a SHUNT. He would know that a SHUNT means that passengers are enabled to continue their journey by changing into the next train. Whether he would know what that means I do not know. The best authorities suppose it to be a poetical way of saying that you have to change—what is called an euphemism.

No, you must not neglect the Preface; and you must not neglect the Appendix on Hotels. As sometimes happens in works of a philanthropic character, Mr. BRADSHAW'S Appendix has a human charm that is lacking in his treatment of his principal theme, the arrival and departure of trains. To the careful student it reveals also a high degree of organisation among his collaborators, the hotel-managers. It is obvious, for example, that at Bournemouth there must be at least one hotel which has the finest situation on the South coast. Indeed one would expect to find that there was more than one. But no; Bournemouth, exceptionally fortunate in having at once the most select hotel on the South coast, the largest and best-appointed hotel on the South coast and the largest and most up-to-date hotel on the South coast, has positively only one which has the finest position on the South coast. Indeed, there is only one of these in the whole of England, though there are two which have the finest position on the East coast.

How is it, we wonder, that with so much variation on a single theme such artistic restraint is achieved? It is clear, I think, that before they send in their manuscripts the hotel-managers must meet somewhere and agree together the exact terms of their contributions to the book. "The George" agrees that for the coming year "The Crown" shall have the "finest cuisine in England," provided "The George" may have "the most charming situation imaginable," and so on. I should like to be at one of those meetings.

This is the only theory which accounts for the curious phrases we find so frequently in the text:—"Acknowledged to be the finest"; "Admittedly in the best position." Who is it that acknowledges or admits these things? It must be the other managers at these annual meetings. Yes, the restraint of the collaborators is wonderful, and in one point only has it broken down. There are no fewer than seventeen hotels with an Unrivalled Situation, and two of these are at Harrogate. For a small place like the British Isles it seems to me that this is too many.

For the rest, what imagery, what exaltation we find in this Appendix! Dazed with imagined beauty we pass from one splendid haunt to another. One of them has three golf-courses of its own; several are replete with every comfort (and is not "replete" the perfect epithet?). Here is a seductive one "on the sea-edge," and another whose principal glory is its sanitary certificate. Another stands on the spot where TENNYSON received his inspiration for the *Idylls of the King*, and leaves it at

* "Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for Great Britain and Ireland."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE COMPANY-PROMOTER'S PROBLEM—HOW TO UTILISE THE BOOM IN SPRING.

that. In such a spot even "cuisine" is negligible.

On the whole, from a literary point of view, the hydros come out better than the mere hotels. But of course they have unequalled advantages. With such material as Dowsing Radiant Heat, D'Arsonval High Frequency and Fango Mud Treatment almost any writer could be sensational. What is High Frequency, I wonder? It is clear, at any rate, that it would be madness to have a hydro without it.

Well, I have selected my hotel—on purely literary grounds. Or rather I

AN INTER-SERVICE MATCH.

(With the British Army in France.)

Frederick entered the Mess with a decided sea-roll, hitched his slacks and berthed himself on the starboard settee.

"Cheerio, my hearties," said he breezily. "Everybody on the old lugger still luffing along all serene?"

"Why so oppressively nautical?" inquired Percival. "You haven't been on the leave-boat lately."

"'Tis true, old messmate. I'm under the influence of my new batman, one 'Enery 'Enson. After a lifetime in the

busy wallowing in my hot water that you never heard my protests on the door. You really must curb his buccanering instincts, old Tirps."

"I accept no responsibility for his methods," said Frederick haughtily; "I merely profit by them. In any case I didn't take your hot water; I simply used it. You should live near the bath-house and get up promptly when you are called, as I do."

"Well, I don't mind the British Navy ruling the waves," grumbled Binnie, "but I object to its extending its sphere of influence over my bath-water."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"THAT'S FINE. BUT, AS I HAVEN'T GOT ANY FILMS LEFT, I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO USE STAYING HERE."

have selected two. One is the place where they have the Famous Whirlpool Baths. I shall go there at once.

The manager of the other is a great artist; alone among the collaborators he understands simplicity. His contribution occupies a whole page; but there is practically nothing in it, nothing about cuisine or sanitation, or elegance or comfort. Only, in the middle, he writes quite simply

THE MOST PERFECT HOTEL IN THE WORLD.

A. P. H.

A Zoological Curiosity.

"The complaint made was that men came to the district and asked inflated prices for shares, far above the market value, and it was argued that the new exchange would tend to obviate this system of sharks feathering their nests."—*Lancashire Paper*.

Marineshe's now spending his declining days in the Army, and he's terribly infectious. I found myself saying, 'Ay, ay, Sir,' when the C.O. spoke to me."

"I think I've noticed your 'Enery," said Percival. "Isn't he about ten feet high by six broad, tattooed all over like a circulating art gallery, and addicted to chewing quids and swabbing out your hut in his baro feet?"

"My cabin, you moan. And says he's going ashore when he takes a trip down the village. That's 'Enery."

"Incidentally he's a confirmed bath-lifter," interjected Binnie. "Yesterday morning my batman prepared me a tub, and while he was fetching me along your hulking pirate boosted out my sponge and towels and installed your lily-white self in it. You were so

"It jolly well doesn't extend over mine," said Percival with pride. "Frederick's 'Enery doesn't get the better of my Elfred. This morning a queue, consisting of two perfectly good Loots, a really excellent Skipper and a priceless Major were waiting for vacant baths. But was Elfred Fry dismayed? To forestall an answer that might possibly be wrong I may say that he wasn't. He promptly appropriated a cubicle that happened to be unoccupied—"

"Really, my frowsty old Camembert, don't ask us to believe that they had all overlooked it," expostulated Frederick.

"Not for worlds would I endeavour to impose on your gentle trusting natures. So far from their overlooking it the bath had been the subject of earnest scrutiny, and they had all re-



Profiteer (to M.F.H.). "LOOK 'ERE!—THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN OUT WITH YOUR CROWD, AN' X' 'AVEN'T CAUGHT A FOX. BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO GIMME BACK ME 'SUB' AN' SELL YER BLOOMIN' DOGS!"

gretfully come to the conclusion that it lacked one important attribute of a bath—it wouldn't hold water. The plug was missing."

"And by a singular chance the plug happened to be in the possession of your Elfred?"

"That is my case, me luds," said Percival simply. "If the silent Navy wants to beat my Elfred it's got to rise very early in the morning."

"We shall see," said Frederick darkly. "I'm going to tell this tale to the Marines."

That evening the troops had organised a stupendous boxing tournament in the Recreation Hut. Binnie by invitation combined the offices of referee, M.C. and timekeeper, and Frederick and Percival at the ring-side unanimously disagreed with his verdicts.

"Most appalling decision," said Percival in a loud whisper. "The referee has obviously been got at."

"Sh!" replied Frederick. "He hasn't been told it's a boxing contest. He thinks it's a clog-dancing competition and is giving the points for foot-work."

Unfortunately the M.C. did not hear. He was speaking himself.

"The next bout should conclude our programme," he said, "but I am asked to announce that Private Henson challenges Private Fry to box six two-minute rounds, backing himself for five

frances against a small article of no intrinsic value."

Enthusiastic applause greeted the announcement. A disturbance in the rear of the hut indicated that Elfred was heading for cover.

"E's twice my size," he wailed as strong hands hauled him back.

"The challenger admits that he holds a slight advantage in weight," continued the M.C., "but considers that is counterbalanced by his advanced years."

"This is *your* fiendish work," hissed Percival to Frederick.

"Not a bit of it, old sportsman," replied Frederick cheerfully. "The patent rights are held by 'Enery. I merely mentioned to him that Elfred possessed a desirable bath-plug that it might be useful to acquire."

Percival left his seat to confer with the shrinking Elfred.

"E can 'ave the old bath-plug an' welcome, Sir, as far as I'm concerned," said the latter.

"Tut, tut!" said Percival. "You must make a fight for it. The honour of the Army is at stake."

"I ain't all that set on the honour of the Army," said Elfred. "But 'im being the challenger, shouldn't I be justified in putting the plug in one of my gloves?"

"The rules don't provide for such a contingency. Hurry up now and get stripped, and I'll give you twenty francs if you win."

Both combatants were warmly received. 'Enery's decorative tattooing was much admired, and Elfred was urgently requested not to spoil the pictures. By desire of the referee the stakes were handed to him—Frederick producing the five francs for 'Enery—and the battle commenced.

It was early evident that the Navy intended shock tactics, while the Army favoured a system of elastic defence. A salvo of short-arm jabs by 'Enery was answered by long-range sniping on the part of Elfred, no direct hits being recorded. Towards the end of the round 'Enery attempted to approach under cover of a smoke screen, but action was broken off at the sound of the gong.

The second round opened sensationally. Elfred, on the advice of his seconds, was "making use of the ring" when he accidentally collided with his opponent coming in the reverse direction and gave him a violent thump without return. There seemed every prospect of trouble, but clever footwork prevented the incident developing into a fracas. Round two concluded with Elfred leading handsomely by one point to nothing.

"Two to one on Elfred," said Percival excitedly.

"Take you—in bath plugs," answered Frederick, carefully entering the bet.

'Enery equalised in the third round, Elfred having incautiously wandered



Blusterous Person (who has forced a cigar on unwilling Club acquaintance). "THERE, MY BOY—YOU DON'T OFTEN SMOKE A THING LIKE THAT! THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A CIGAR, EH?"

The Victim. "YES—SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?"

into the track of a stray upper-cut and bounced off. More footwork followed, Elfred winning by about two yards. Both were breathing heavily when time was called, and 'Enery was complaining about his bronchitis.

Skirmishing tactics in the fourth round resulted in Elfred having a narrow escape from being torpedoed beneath the belt, and during several subsequent clinches he was requested to stop studying the pictures and get on with the business.

The fifth and sixth rounds were marked by the departure of most of the spectators, and in the end a draw was the only possible verdict.

"But what about the plug, old scout?" asked Percival, as they wandered back to their quarters.

"As referee," answered Binnie, "I gave a draw; as Battalion Boxing Board of Control I order the match to be re-fought in six months' time, to give the men a chance to get into condition; and meanwhile as stakeholder I continue to hold the five francs and the bath-plug."

THE TRUE SONG-STUFF.

[A writer in an evening paper describes a certain song as being sung, "sometimes with a lump in the throat and a tear in the eye," all over England.]

If you wish to succeed as a writer
Of songs that undoubtedly count,
By making the atmosphere brighter,
The moral barometer mount,
Then be it your aim and endeavour to try
For the lump in the throat and the tear
in the eye.

SCRIABINE and STRAVINSKY may flatter
The ears of the brainy elite,
But the musical numbers that matter
Express what is simple and sweet;
You may easily miss, by aspiring too high,
Both the lump in the throat and the
tear in the eye.

Though cynics conspire to repress it,
To sentiment, "heavenly link"
(As the Bard of Savoy would address it),

With joy "I eternally drink;"

For it gives us the key, which no science can buy,
To the lump in the throat and the tear in the eye.

But, if you are anti-Victorian
And, scorning the coo of the dove,
Hold the roar of the primitive Saurian
The final expression of love,
You may have, if you choose, an alternative shy
At a tear in the throat and a lump in the eye.

"For 70 years Regent Street has basked in sunshine, and now it is to be cast into shadow again. It will be like a gloomy canon between dour stone walls."—*Daily Chronicle*.

We have heard of a gloomy Dean, whose habitat answers to the description given. Can this be his understudy?

"The 'brasses' worn by the modern cart-horse are a direct survival of the amulets which bedecked the horses of the time of Julius Caesar. They are worn on the farthingale as charms against the Evil Eye."

Daily Paper.

You should see our Clydesdale in her crinoline.



AN UNPOPULAR REVIVAL.

FRITZ. "THIS IS NO GOOD TO ME NOW. YOU WANT A SWELLED HEAD FOR THIS SORT OF THING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 15th.—The great Food-prices debate hardly justified its preliminary advertisement. Mr. McCURDY took sure ground when he argued that high prices were mainly due to world-shortage; and, though he entered more disputable territory when he declared that the Profiteering Act was not primarily intended to punish profiteers, Mr. ASQUITH did not seriously attempt to dislodge him. Indeed, the EX-PREMIER's speech was mainly composed of truisms, his only excursion into the speculative being an assertion—with which not all economists will agree—that inflation of currency is a consequence and not a cause of high prices.

An ex-Food Controller, Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS, defended the Government against charges of extravagance, and ventured to remind Labour—as THOMAS DRUMMOND reminded Irish landlords—that it had duties as well as rights.

Early in the evening the PRIME MINISTER, who had sat through many speeches in readiness for the threatened attack, folded his notes and silently stole away.

On the adjournment General PAGE CROFT accused the Ministry of Munitions of unfair treatment to one of its employees. The peroration to Mr. KELLAWAY's spirited defence deserves quotation: "The decision taken by the Ministry is a decision that will stand." That's the stuff to give 'em.

Tuesday, March 16th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR was so unusually apologetic in his exposition of the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill that none of the Peers had the heart seriously to oppose him. Lord SALISBURY took note of the Government's admission that they were anxious to say Good-bye to D.O.R.A. and only complained that the farewell ceremony was so long-drawn-out. Lord BUCKMASTER failed to understand why D.O.R.A. should have a longer life in Ireland than in England, and was so carried away by his own eloquence as to declare that all the crimes attributed to the Sinn Feiners had been due "to misguided attempts to enforce special legislation against a misunderstood and a gallant people." Lord BIRKENHEAD replied that there was at least a plausible case for the contention that the boot was on the other leg.

It is unusual to find Members of the

House of Commons objecting to their speeches being reported, but apparently some of them do—when the reporters are police constables. The HOME SECRETARY thought it quite possible that if Members attended certain meetings the

must not count too confidently on having a further road to fame opened to them.

Mr. BONAR LAW read a telegram from Lord KILMARNOCK regarding the situation in Berlin. As it was already a day old, was admittedly based on a *communiqué* from Wolff's Bureau, "censored" by Mr. TREITSCH LIENHOLZ (late Liberal Member for Darlington), and had in the meantime been officially contradicted by the old Government, it did not add much to our knowledge.

Time was when it was usual to move to reduce a Vote by a hundred pounds if you wanted to defeat the Government. But such paltry figures are no good in these spacious days. Sir DONALD MACLEAN's proposed reduction in the Vote on Account for the Civil Services was the much more mouth-filling morsel of one hundred million pounds. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN considered it very handsome of the Opposition, on the eve, he understood, of coming into office, thus to cut off its own supplies. Nevertheless he declined to accept the generous offer. Our finances would be all right if the House would back the Government by practising economy as well as preaching it. As it was, he

thought the worst was over, for—strange and agreeable phenomenon—the floating debt was sinking.

After this it was, perhaps, not very complimentary of Mr. J. W. WILSON to urge the Government to put forth their best speakers. The PRIME MINISTER was still coy, but Sir ROBERT HORNE, in virtue of his new office as President of the Board of Trade, stepped nimbly into the breach, and made a speech so cheerful both in substance and delivery as to justify the hope that in him the Government have found the HORNE of Plenty.

Wednesday, March 17th.—Seventeen years ago Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, as a hard-shell Free Trader, sacrificed office sooner than bow the knee to the new gods of Birmingham. This afternoon he brought in a Bill (to safeguard "key industries" and counteract "dumping") which would have gladdened the heart of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Some of the other Free Trade Peers were still unrepentant. Lord BEAUCHAMP, for example, declaring that shipping was our real "quay-industry" and needed no protection, announced his intention of moving the rejection of the Bill; and Lord CREWE,



"CONTROLLERS" CONTROLLED.

MR. CAYNES. MR. MCCURDY. MR. G. ROBERTS.

official stenographers might think it worth while to take down their utterances; but I gathered that he was not prepared to give any guarantee on the subject, and that Colonel WEDGWOOD and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY



THE CORNUCOPIA,
OR HORNE OF PLENTY.
SIR ROBERT HORNE.



Peter Fraser

Captain. "ERE, LET'S PACK UP NOW; IT'S GETTIN' LATE. BESIDES, THE KID WANTS 'IS SHIRT BACK."

although one of the authors of the Paris resolutions, on which the measure was ostensibly based, thought that it went far beyond present necessities. The only dumps with which Germany was likely to be associated for some time to come were doleful, not aggressive.

The Report of the Supplementary Estimates furnished the Commons with abundant points for criticism. In protesting against an increase in the remuneration of the Law Officers, Mr. HOGGE revealed a hitherto unsuspected admiration for the PRIME MINISTER, whose services, he considered, were most inadequately rewarded with five thousand pounds a year and no pension. If anyone deserved an increase of salary it was he.

Mr. TYSON-WILSON had the temerity to complain that the Government were not finding work for all the disabled ex-Service men whom they trained in the technical schools, and laid himself open to a damaging "*tu quoque*" from Sir ROBERT HORNE, who pointed out that this lack of employment was largely due to the trade unions, which refused to admit these men as "improvers."

In introducing the Naval Estimates for eighty odd millions Mr. LONG was almost apologetic for not having made

them larger. The personnel has been drastically reduced, and parents are actually being offered a premium of three hundred pounds to remove their sons from Osborne. On the other hand promotion from the lower deck was to be encouraged, and in future every youngster entering the Navy would metaphorically carry a broad-pennant in his ditty-box.

Thursday, March 18th.—A proposal to erect a military monument on a hill near Jerusalem was adversely criticised by Lord TREOWEN. Lord SOUTHBOROUGH, as a recent visitor to the Holy City, thought that the Government would be better advised to demolish some of the recent buildings, including the ex-Kaiser's ridiculous clock-tower, which had not even the negative merit of telling the time.

In consequence of his rather exhausting séance with the Liberal Party the PRIME MINISTER was looking a little jaded. But he perked up wonderfully when Mr. WILL THORNE, *à propos* of a story that the Russian Soviet Government had introduced martial law into the workshops, asked whether he did not think that all able-bodied people ought to be compelled to work. There was the old twinkle in his eyes as he replied that it would be very interesting

to know if that was the view of the trade unions. From recent information I gather that the bricklayers, at any rate, would not subscribe to it.

Upon the further consideration of the Navy Estimates General SEELY urged the re-establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Mr. LONG said the Admiralty were most anxious for it. Mr. ASQUITH also approved, but from his ten years' experience as its President entered a caveat against expecting the Committee to take upon itself executive functions. "Had it done so," he observed, "there would have been collisions, cross-purposes, waste of application, and in many cases something approaching to administrative confusion." Which things of course never occurred under his régime of—shall I say?—expectant watchfulness.

The rest of the debate was chiefly remarkable for Lady ASTOR's bold declaration, "The sea belongs to England, and it could not be in better hands." Coming from a country-woman of Mr. DANIELS it was doubly exhilarating.

"Direct Action" at Putney.

"When the Light Blues went out a second time R. C. Barrett, of the winning trial eight crew, was at strike."—*Daily Paper*.

NEMESIS.

KINDLY the dentist was, for he
Had obviously sought
To keep his waiting victims free
From apprehensive thought,
Providing for those souls in fear
The Comic Press of yesteryear.

I read those jests of days ago,
Those jibes at folly flown,
And wondered should I light upon
Some trifle of my own,
A par well pointed in its time
Or fragment of reputed rhyme.

Could I retrieve some sparkling fytte
Bodecked with *jeux de mots*,
I fancied that the sight of it
Might soothe my present woe,
Reminding me how once I had
Been quite a jocund kind of lad.

Lo, what a foolish hope was this!
I realised too soon
The special form of Nemesis
That waits on the buffoon:
*The joke I found concerned the gloom
Inside a dentist's waiting-room.*

THE LATEST PARTY.

(Being the Diary of a well-intentioned Voter.)

Monday.—Important article in my morning paper on the serious political outlook. Recommends the formation of a new party to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Sounds excellent. The new party is to be called the People's Party. I decide to join it.

Tuesday.—By a fortunate mistake my newsagent placed wrong paper on my step to-day. Find I was being misled by the sheet I usually take. A new party to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy has already been formed. It is called the National Party. I decide to join it.

Wednesday.—Attended public meeting advertised as being in support of the new party. Expected to hear all about the programme of the National Party. Instead was urged to join the Modern Party, to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Signed card before leaving the hall pledging my support.

Thursday.—Dined with Brooks, who takes very grave view of the state of the country. Said what we really want is a new party. Went on to outline some urgent progressive reforms and mentioned one or two necessary steps for combating the forces of Revolution and Anarchy. Suggested that he and I should try to start a local branch of the Britannic Party. Seemed so enthusi-



"HE HADN'T BEEN DEAD A WEEK WHEN THEY STARTED QUARRELLING OVER HIS ESTATE."
"DID HE LEAVE MUCH?" "NO—ONLY THREE GALLONS."

astic that I hadn't the heart to refuse him.

Friday.—Johnson called at the office during my busiest hour. Wanted to enrol me as a member of a new party, to be known as the Efficiency Party. No time to go into it properly, so agreed, to get rid of him. Anyhow, the object's a good one. It was something about progressive reforms and combating the forces of Revolution and Anarchy.

Saturday.—Heard at the Club that if the Coalition is not better supported in their attempts to carry out progressive reforms and combat the forces of

Revolution and Anarchy, they will form themselves into a new party and go to the country. Locally we are to have, in addition to the retiring Coalitionist, a Free Liberal candidate, a Labour Party candidate, a couple of Independent candidates, a People's Party candidate, a National Party candidate, a Modern Party candidate, a Britannic Party candidate, and an Efficiency Party candidate. A'raid this would make my position extremely complicated. Decide to give undivided support to the Coalition in the hope of averting a General Election.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RUSSIAN DANCERS."

WITH that uncanny tuition of his Sir JAMES BARRIE has, of course, hit on the precise truth. Russian dancers are not born but made—by the *Maestro*, which I take it is (broadly speaking) Italian for Producer and Presenter.

When *Karissima* goes on a visit to the stately home of the *Veres* the peace of that ancient haunt of the conventionally correct is queerly broken. Young *Lord Vere* loses his heart. However, that might just as easily or more easily have happened if the Gaiety had been invited. But a dreadful change comes to *Uncle Bill*—he buys his clothes ready-made (at *La boutique fantasque*, for a guess, or possibly Mr. MALLAHY-DEELEY'S), grows dundrearies and goes hopelessly off his game at golf.

Karissima, poor dear, can't walk or talk or putt, for that matter, except with her toes. *Bill* calls this last cheating, but young *Vere* thinks it simply adorable—as do we all. *Lady Vere*, his mother, can't get used to being kissed by *Karissima*, who will stand upon her lightly with one foot, oddly waving the other meanwhile in the air. Besides it takes too long and is rather too demonstrative. And couldn't *Karissima* dear just try to walk with her soles really flat on the ground in the solid English county way? Certainly *Karissima* will try, to please Madame, and with painful effort achieves a half-dozen clumsy steps till unconquerable habit and Mr. ARNOLD BAX's allusively witty music lift her on tiptoe again. And really she is such a darling that the once reluctant dowager finally consents to the marriage; wedding bells forthwith (within); a white-haired clergyman, surprised at nothing, as becomes the very best type of padre, appears; follow *corps de ballet* bridesmaids; and *Bill* gives her away.

Karissima, says *Vere* to *Maestro* later in the evening, is depressed. Because she hasn't a child. They both tremendously want a child. *Maestro*, silently showing his watch-dial, would seem to wish to suggest that they were unreasonably impatient. *Karissima* also pleads. Well, he will see what he can do. But there's an awful penalty. For a new Russian dancer cannot be made unless another surrenders life. Anyway he fetches his black bag. And *Karissima* dances down the main staircase with her babe, who grows apace and is shortly seen prancing in the garden (on his toes—"Thank Heaven!" says the *Maestro*).

And *Karissima* dies and is brought in on her bier, and dances (she *would*!) her

own funeral service. *Maestro's* heart is touched; he lies down in her stead, and she, dancing on a carpet of thistle-down shot with stars (I think), and her lord (I am sure), perpetually exclaiming, "How perfectly topping!"—both achieve an enviable immortality.

MADAME KARSAVINA is exquisite; she is well supported by Mr. C. M. LOWNE (*Hon. Bill*), Mr. HERMAN DE LANGE (*Maestro*), Miss G. STERNHOLM (*Dowager*), and Mr. BASIL FOSTER (*Lord Vere*). And I thought I detected Mr. DU MAURIER's appreciation of the bizarre in his production. But the triumph is the triumph of the whimsical author. I don't think he has ever done anything better; more ambitious things, yes, but nothing so free from flaw.

Isn't it more than possible that just three-score years ago, on a May day (see *Who's Who*), some *Maestro* of Fantasy slipped into a little house in Kirriemuir, N.B., with a black bag? Wouldn't that explain the otherwise inexplicable, the unwearied resourcefulness, the unabashed playfulness of this impudent youth? T.

DRAM. BAC.

A SUGGESTION has been put forward, with the support of the British Drama League and others, for the establishment at our universities of a "Faculty of the Theatre and Dramatic Degree." Heartily applauding the proposal, we append a typical examination paper for the final school:—

(1) Sketch briefly the progress of amateur acting in this country, from the impersonation of a Danish minstrel by ALFRED THE GREAT, to the Victory Varieties Matinée arranged by Lady Eve Tatlers.

(2) Arrange, in order of probability, the first fifty authors of SHAKESPEARE.

(3) "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." Estimate the rival claims of the Windsor Strollers.

(4) Indicate your make-up for ROMULUS, HENRY THE EIGHTH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(5) What is a point, and how made? A "straight" line lies evenly between any good points; give instances.

(6) Under what dramatic conditions can a part be greater than the whole? Cite the authority of any two actor-managers for this theory.

(7) Explain, with diagrams, (a) The Eternal Triangle; (b) Squaring the Upper Circle.

(8) Illustrate the axiom that the length of a run varies with the breadth of the dialogue.

(9) What proportion of the musical comedians of Great Britain is

supplied by (a) Lancashire; (b) Scotland?

(10) Which European drama requires most doors for its honeymoon farces?

(11) "What Manchester thinks to-day England will think next Sunday evening." Analyse this statement in its bearing upon the play-producing societies.

(12) "Let who will make a nation's laws so that I make its songs." Discuss the ethical and sociological significance of this with regard to (a) "Where do flies go in the winter-time?" (b) "I do like an egg with my tea."

In the *viva-voce* portion of the examination, candidates for Honours will be required to satisfy the examiners (to the point of actual tears) by their recital of selected passages from prepared books. They may offer any two of the following: "Buckingham's Farewell;" "The Signalman's Daughter;" "The Death of Little Nell" (*with voices*).

For candidates not seeking Honours a passable imitation of Mr. GEORGE RONEY will entitle to one group. A. E.

TWO VIEWS.

THERE was a high priest of illusion
Who rose by his leader's extrusion;

By way of amends

He invites his old friends

To extinguish their prospects by Fusion.

THERE was a great foe of delusion,
Who came to the honest conclusion

That Socialist Labour

Plays beggar-my-neighbour

And sought to defeat it by Fusion.

A Leap-Year Record.

"CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.—H. M. Abrahams winning the long jump with a distance of 22yds. to his credit."

Picture Paper.

"THE PREMIER AND HIS FUTURE.

WINNIER GOETH THOU?"

Headings in Daily Paper.

Answer adjudged correct: "I knowest not."

"Wanted, a Horse for its keep. Excellent cuisine."—*The Times of Ceylon*.

A la cart, we presume.

"A roof garden for cats is included in the scheme for the extension of the premises of Our Dumb Friends' League."—*Evening Paper*.

We have heard the nocturnal cat on the tiles called many names, but never a "dumb friend."

"The Police announce that dogs without dollars found wandering after 10 p.m. are liable to be destroyed."—*Hong Kong Paper*.

We understand, however, that in China dogs are almost invariably provided with taels.



TRIALS OF THE FISH-TRADE.

"CLOTHES, MY DEAR! DON'T MENTION CLOTHES. YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THE FISH LINE. WHY, I RUNS THROUGH A SET O' FURS IN ABOUT A MONTH!"

A NOTE TO NATURE,

accounting for my previous silence in an unusually temperate March and also presenting an ultimatum.

Ye great brown hares, grown madder through the Spring!

Ye birds that utilise your tiny throattles
To make the archways of the forest ring
Or go about your easy house-hunting!

Ye toads! ye axolotls!

Ye happy blighters all, that squeal and squat
And fly and browse where'er the mood entices,
Noting in every hedge or woodland grot
The swelling surge of sap, but noting not
The rise in current prices!

But chiefly you, ye birds, whose joeund note
(Linnets and larks and jays and red-billed ourels)
Oft in those happier springtides now remote
Caused me to catch the lyre and clear my throat
After some coy refusals!

Ay, and would cause me now—I have such bliss
Seeing the star-set vale, the pearls, the agates
Sown on the wintry boughs by Flora's kiss—
Only the trouble in my case is this,
I do not feed on maggots.

Could I but share your diet cheap and rude,
Your simple ways in trees and copses lurking;
But no, I need a pipe and lots of food,
A comfortable chair on which to brood—
Silence! the bard is working.

Could I but know that freedom from all care

That comes, I say, from gratis sets of suitings
And homes that need not premium nor repair
Except with sticks and mud and moss and hair,
My! there would be some flutings.

So and so only would the ivory rod
Stir the wild strings once more to exaltation;
So and so only the impetuous god
Pound in my bosom and produce that odd
Tum-tiddly-um sensation.

And often as I heard the throstles vamp,
Pouring their liquid notes like golden syrup,
Out would I go and round the garden tramp,
Wearing goloshes if the day were damp,
And imitate their chirrup.

Or, bowling peacefully upon my bike,
Well breakfasted, by no distractions flustered,
Pause near a leafy copse or brambled dyke,
And answer song for song the black-backed shrike,
The curlew and the bustard.

But now—ah, why prolong the dreadful strain?—

Limply my hand the unstrung harp relaxes;
The dear old days will not come back again
Whatever Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
Does with the nation's taxes.

Lambs, buds, leap up; the lark to heaven climbs;
Bread does the same; the price of baecy's brutal;
And save (I do not note it in *The Times*)
They make exemptions for evolving rhymes,
Dashed if I mean to tootle!

Ever.



Sportsman (just emerged from the brook). "FOUR IN, DID YOU SAY? DASH IT ALL—JUST MY LUCK. GOT MY GLASSES ALL MUD AND CAN'T SEE THE FUN."

THE METHODS OF GENIUS. (By our Special Literary Parasite.)

THE public already know something of the painful difficulties under which novelists labour at the present moment owing to the paper shortage and the enhanced cost of book production. But "the economic consequences of the Peace" by no means exhaust the handicaps of the conscientious and sensitive novelist. We are glad therefore to note the efforts of *The Daily Graphic* to enlist the sympathy of the public on behalf of this sorely tried and meritorious class. Our contemporary tells us, for example, of one momentous writer who was reduced to dictating blindfold "because the facial peculiarities of first one and then another amanuensis" upset her equanimity. Then there is the tragic story of Mr. R. L. HICHENS, who, being engaged to write an article against time, sent out for a stenographer, who on arrival proved to be a man with a large black beard of so sinister an aspect that Mr. HICHENS was forced to dismiss him and write the article in his own hand. Yet Mr. HICHENS is not easily put off, for we learn that he finds

be works best in big hotels and not, as we might have guessed, in the sequestered tranquillity of a minaret.

To some writers solitude is the true school of genius. Yet Sir LEWIS MORRIS found some of his happiest thoughts come to him while travelling in the Underground, while Mr. W. B. YEATS records a similar experience as the result of a journey on the top of a tram-car. Your advanced modernists, with MARINETTI at their head, find their best stimulus to creative effort in the clang and clatter of machinery. *Per contra*, to return to *The Daily Graphic*, Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON must have pretty things to look at "in business hours." But the happiest of all our authors is Madame ALBANESI, who "finds her brain-spur in a blank sheet of paper, and not the ghost of an idea what she is going to write about." Less fortunate writers labour assiduously only to leave the minds of their readers a blank, without the ghost of an idea of what the author has been writing about.

It is a pity that Mr. W. L. GEORGE, in his interesting survey of modern writers of fiction in the *English Review*, has told us nothing about the methods

of the "Neo-Victorians" and "Semi-Victorians," the "Edwardians" and "belated Edwardians," and the "Georgians" and "Neo-Georgians." With all these classes he deals faithfully. But his criticism is purely literary. He fails to tell us the things that every reader wants to know. It is all very well to say that the neo-Georgians "paint in ink," but he ought to have mentioned whether it is green or red. Does Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON dictate to the sound of trumpets, garbed in crimson trouserloons? Does Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT cantillate his "copy" into the horn of a graphophone or use a motor-stylus? Does Mr. SIEGFRIED SASSOON beat his breast with one hand while he plays the loud bassoon with the other? Does Mr. ALEC WAUGH use sermon-paper or foolscap? Does Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY keep a tame gorilla? These are the really illuminating details that we hunger for. Without them it is impossible to appreciate the artistry of our young Masters. Mr. W. L. GEORGE has given us a glimpse of the working of their brains; let him now reveal to us the secrets of their workshops.



"THERE'S THAT DASHED BULL OF YOURS IN MY FIELD AGAIN! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL—I'LL—WRING ITS CONFOUNDED NECK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

After the Day: Germany Unconquered and Unrepentant (JENKINS) is the kind of thesis-book which it is wise to read in a deliberately incredulous mood. Mr. HAYDEN TALBOT is an American newspaper man of immense resourcefulness but, I should judge, of a not conspicuously judicial habit of mind. That, perhaps, is hardly a newspaper man's business. He is after copy, and certainly there's good enough copy in his interviews with Count BERNSTORFF and Dr. RATIENAU, and one must admire his feat of getting out of these and seven other German publicists, including MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, the draft of a manifesto to the people of America, composed in the hope, vain as it happened, that the KAISER would break his long silence and sign it. It is the author's theory that it is the inner camarilla, working for a speedy restoration of the monarchy, that is responsible for the certainly uncharacteristic reticence of Amerongen. Mr. TALBOT also interviewed HINDENBURG, whom he found a "broken-down, inconsequential, garrulous example of senility;" LUDENDORFF, who was very stiff and proud and rude; and the fiancée of the man who sank the *Lusitania*. His general idea of Germany is summed up in the remark of Mr. MANDELBAUM, of New York: "All this talk about Fritz being down and out is all bunk!" Germany is full of energy and hate; she will soon be a monarchy again; will undersell the world; is assiduously preparing for air

supremacy as the way to *revanche*. I take it that this is not so much a book as a *réchauffé* of newspaper articles, which alone will account for its formlessness and frequent changes of plane. Mr. TALBOT, confessing to a total ignorance of the German tongue, seems quite unconscious that this imposes certain limitations on his capacity to make an adequate survey of a difficult problem.

I may confess at once that I finished the first chapter of *The Woman of the Picture* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in a mood of slight derision, induced by Mr. G. F. TURNER's allowing one hero to say of the other that he had "the interminable limbs" of an aristocrat. To the end of the book indeed I was uncertain whether such occasional lapses were meant to illumine the character of the supposed speaker or were unintentional. But again to quote, this time a phrase in which Mr. TURNER clearly shares my own delight, "before we were through with the affair" such details had ceased to be of moment. The plain fact is that *The Woman of the Picture* is the most breathless, irresistible piece of convincing impossibility you have read for ages. I decline to struggle with any transcription of the plot. On the wrapper you will observe the woman stepping bodily out of the picture, like the ancestors in the whisky advertisement; this, however, is a symbolic rather than an actual presentment. But there is plenty without it: a rightful heir, mountain castles amid the eternal snows, a villain (with sorceries), half-a-dozen

attempted murders and the most hair-lifting duel imaginable. Soberly considered the whole business is a riot of delirium, belonging flagrantly to that realm where all the world's a screen, and all the men and women merely movies. But the unexpected charm of the book is that (with the possible exceptions noticed above) it is told with a touch of distinction, even of subtlety, that invests its wildest audacities with an atmosphere of fantastic truth. In short, if Mr. G. F. TURNER has done nothing else he has at least enabled the fastidious to enjoy the thrills of a shocker while retaining their self-respect.

In the first of the three stories, each about a hundred pages in length, which make up *Gold and Iron* (HEINEMANN), it is hard to escape the conviction that Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is saying between the lines, "So you thought that CONRAD was the only JOSEPH who could throw a man and woman together on a mysterious coast in the most strangely romantic circumstances, and provide a thoroughly grooily scrap into the bargain. Well, here's another little *Victory* for you." He seems definitely to challenge that air of the extraordinary and the inevitable combined which Mr. CONRAD so subtly conveys. It is a big effort, and I don't feel that the author quite brings it off, yet I cannot think of anyone but Mr. CONRAD who would have come nearer to doing so, and the fight in the dark in this story is one that even after the War will make a reader catch his breath for half-a-dozen pages at least. In the second and third stories, which actually deal with gold and iron (the first of the three is called "Wild Oranges," though perhaps "Blood Oranges" would have been a better title), the writer returns to a happier *métier*, and deals with an America remarkably interesting and wholly novel to me, an America where foundries and railways are in their infancy and crinolines are worn. Saloons, bowie knives and bags of gold-dust are all too familiar to us, but who, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, ever remembers the quiet towns with Victorian manners to which the diggers belonged and returned? Both "Tubal Cain" and "The Dark Fleece" are excellent yarns and wonderful pieces of pictorial reconstruction as well.

After reading *The Searchers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I seriously think of myself joining His Britannic Majesty's Secret Service. All the fun and firearms, and ever, at the conclusion, a startling surprise for your friends and admirers, among whom you stand cool, calm and collected. Anthony Keene-Leslie did not deceive me when, upon his first introduction as a secret servant, he modestly disclaimed the thrills and excitements commonly attributed to his trade. I knew that many pages would not be turned before he would land us in the middle of some crimson intrigue; mysterious strangers, disguises, cryptic and invaluable manuscripts, urgent telegrams, codes, Italian hidden hands, Scotland Yard, pseudo-taxicabs, clues and things. But let others beware of Mr. JOHN FOSTER, a most ingenious manipulator of the old stock-in-trade and possessing a rare sense of humour. For the

reader to pit his wits against the author's is, in this instance, to be completely "had" and to become under the necessity (about page 265) of taking off his hat, not only to the secret servant but to a mere minion of the "Yard" also. Two minor points emerge from a close study of the book. The first is that the author is undoubtedly a barrister himself; if I am wrong on this point I finally withdraw my threat to join the Service. The second point is that he knows his Scotland even as well as he loves it. In the result you have two merits, which together amply discount the element of cheap sensationalism: one merit is the logical development of the story, and the other is its beautiful setting. I don't know whether it is due to the Scottish climate or to the legal atmosphere that the author omits all reference to the feminine sex or affairs of the heart; but anyhow it seemed right and meet that women should be left at home when men were engaged upon such violent and dastardly business.

From certain internal evidences, mainly orthographical, I am led to suppose *The Branding Iron* (CONSTABLE) to be of Transatlantic origin. This, no doubt, explains my unfamiliarity with the name of Miss KATHARINE NEWLIN

BURT, also certain minor points, notably the fact that the story, though by no means badly told, suffers from what I can only call a plethora of plot. As I followed the developments of its intrigue and tracked the heroine from untutored savage, wife of the wild Westerner whose excusable suspicions caused him to brand her as private property, to the moment of her triumph as the bejewelled idol of theatrical New York, the conviction grew upon me that here was a tale surely predestined to be the screen that covers a multitude of



THE RELUCTANT PEGASUS.

A YOUNG SPRING POET HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS MOUNT.

melodramatics. Presently indeed the suggestion became so insistent that I went further and began to wonder whether I was not in fact reading a "story-form" of some already triumphant film. Certainly the resemblance is almost too pronounced to be fortuitous; from the sensational branding scene, through cowboy stunts, to the up-town playhouse, where a repentant and wife-seeking hero recognises his mark upon the shoulder of the leading lady—and so to reconciliation, slow fade-out, and the announcement of Next Week's Pictures. But though it is impossible not to suspect Miss BURT of having an eye to what poetic journalism calls the Shadow Stage, this is by no means to belittle her mastery of the colder medium of print; and I hasten to acknowledge that, upon me at least, *The Branding Iron* has left a distinct though possibly fleeting impression of good entertainment.

Cane or Birch?

"House Porter wanted, to live in or out, able to manage beating apparatus.—Apply, Stating wages required, to Headmaster, — school."—*Local Paper*.

"The total cost of the British delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris from December, 1918, to 31st September was £503,368."

Liverpool Paper.

But it is only fair to say that in the last month they seem to have put in a bit of overtime.

CHARIVARIA.

We were glad to see that two of our most important Universities were again successful in obtaining first and second places in this year's boat-race. (As this was written before the race we crave the indulgence of our readers if our prophecy should prove incorrect.)

Bradford Corporation is selling white collars to its citizens at sixpence a piece. How the Labour Party proposes to combat this subtle form of capitalist propaganda is not known.

"I have been knocked down twice by the same bus, but fortunately have sustained no serious injury," stated a plaintiff at a London police-court the other day. The bus in question, we understand, will be given one more try, and in the event of failure will be debarred from all further contests of the same nature.

"Quite a lot of American bacon is being smoked in London," says a news item. We are glad they have found a use for it, but at the risk of appearing fastidious we must say we much prefer Havannah tobacco.

The Variety Artists' Federation has passed a resolution against the engagement of Germans in the profession. With yet another avenue of industry closed against him General LUDENHOFF is said to be contemplating a dignified retirement.

"Should uglier husbands have heavier damages?" was a question raised in a recent divorce action. The better opinion is that the fact that the ugly man must have gone out of his way to get married should tell against him.

Signs of Spring are everywhere. A couple of telephone mechanics have made their nest on the roof of a house in West Kensington.

At Question-Time in the House there was trouble over the pronunciation of Bryngwran and Gwalchmai. One of the Welsh Members present said he could have played them if he had had his harp with him.

Saturday afternoon funerals have

been stopped at Bexhill. We are very pleased to note this, because if there is one thing which mars the enjoyment of the week-end it is being buried.

The Hon. JOHN COLLIER will shortly explain why he painted the famous picture, "The Fallen Idol." If only some of our minor artists would be equally frank.

A weekly paper is offering a prize to anybody who discovers the oldest living fish. It is just as well that no prize is offered for the oldest dead fish.

"Large dumps of valuable material which is slowly rotting are to be met all along the main road in Northern

It is feared that, owing to the sudden appearance of Summer weather last week, the POET LAUREATE will once again be obliged to hold over his Spring poem.

It seems a pity that eight of the nine bricklayers who entered for the recent brick-laying contest should have collapsed, allowing the ninth an easy walk-over with seven bricks to his credit.

Statistics show a remarkable increase in the Welsh birthrate as compared with previous years. As usual, nothing is being done about it.

There are several ways, says Sir JAMES MACKENZIE, the eminent specialist, of tracing heart weakness. One way is to charge the owner of the heart seven-and-six for a pound of butter. If he faints he has a weak heart; if he pays he is merely weak in the head.

A Bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to confine the headlines in murder cases to thirty-six points. The limit for international headlines is still fourteen points.

The Government, says a contemporary, is about to start growing tobacco in Norfolk. Whether it is to be sold as Coalition Mixture or Carlton Club has not yet been decided.

The Royal Academy have issued a notice that frames other than gilt will be admissible this year. Many people, it is thought, who never felt attracted by the old-fashioned gilt frames will now visit the exhibition.

An auctioneer's clerk has been summoned for throwing a bun at a railway buffet waitress. It was a thoughtless thing to do. He might have broken it.

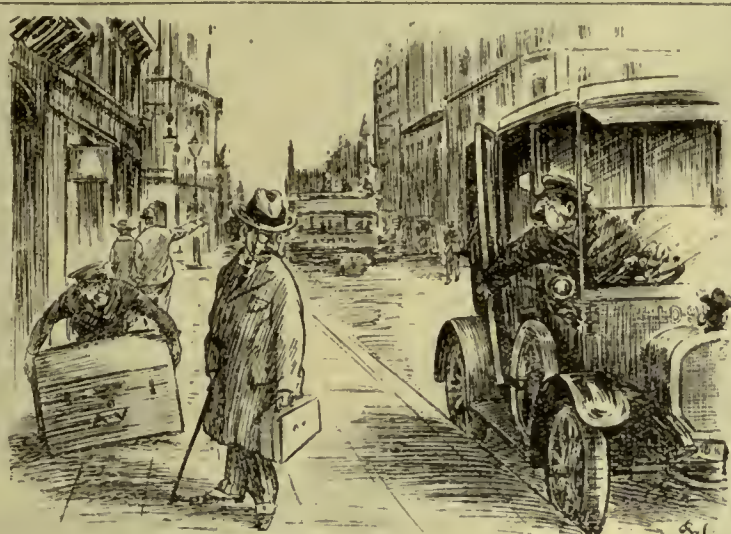
We have just heard of a Scottish engineer who has decided to strike out along novel lines. Although only twenty-two years of age he has arranged to settle down in Scotland.

From a fashion-advertisement:—

"PARIS MOVES THE WAIST-LINE."

American Paper.

But it is believed that the young man's strong right arm will succeed in re-discovering it.



Taxi-Driver (who has been paid the correct fare). "YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, GUV'NOR."
Fare. "WHAT IS IT?"
Taxi-Driver. "YOUR ADDRESS. I MIGHT WANT ANOTHER MASCOT SOME DAY."

France to-day," complains a morning paper. A responsible Government official now admits that whilst motoring in that district last week he noticed that the road was bumpy in places.

There is some talk of the Americans having a League of Notions of their own.

M. CHARLES NORDMANN states that the world will end in ten thousand million years. It will be interesting to see if America will refuse to take part in this as well.

Our horticultural expert informs us that during the next two or three weeks all wooden houses should be carefully pruned.

The rumour that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P., will be asked to design a new uniform for the Royal Air Force is without foundation.

"SUMMER-TIME"

(with some moral reflections).

To-day I left my downy lair
An hour before my wont;
But do I consequently wear
An unctuous smile? I don't.
If with the early lark's ascent
I soared from out my bed, it
Is to an Act of Parliament
That I must give the credit.

When I escape, in butter's dearth,
The fault of waxing fat,
Calmly I view my modest girth
And take no praise for that;
Not mine the glory when my soul
Abjures its ruling passion;
'Tis his, the lord of Food-control,
Who fixed my sugar-ration.

Hampered by regulations for
The chastisement of crime—
Arson and theft and marrying more
Than one wife at a time—
I like to feel some sins there be
For which the law can't hurt you,
In whose regard your heart is free
To follow vice or virtue.

Of one temptation I rejoice
Especially to think,
That leaves me loose to take my
choice—

My reference is to DRINK;
Here, where as yet no rules apply
By Pussyfoot dictated,
The merit's mine whenever I
Am not inebriated. O. S.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT AT A MOTOR SHOW.

Nor to be outdone by Olympia we have just held a motor show in our provincial Town Hall. What though the motoring magazines, obese with the rich diet of advertisement, grew no fatter in its honour, it was at least the most successful social function we have known since the War began. The Town Hall externally was magnificent with flags by day and coloured lamps by night, and within was a blaze of bunting and greenstuff. The band of the Free Shepherds played popular music, and the luncheon and tea rooms were the scene of most delightful little gatherings. Besides all this, quite a number of cars were to be found amongst the decorations.

Nearly every demobilised officer in the county seems to have taken up an agency for a car or two, and bought himself spats on the strength of a prospective fortune. Jimmy Wrigley and I are amongst them. Wrigley in the Great War was M.T., R.A.S.C., and knows so much about cars that he can tell the make of lumps from the track of the tyres; while I was a cavalryman

and know so little that I judge Jimmy's cleverness only by other people's incredulity. On our stand at the show we exhibited two cars, which, as I carefully learned beforehand from the book of the words, were a Byng-Beatty and a Tanglefoot, these being the cars for which we are what they call concessionaires. (The *bât* is tricky, but one picks it up loading about garages.)

As a rule Jimmy and I do the correspondence between us—Jimmy contributing the technique and I the punctuation; but for the three days of the show his cousin Sheila volunteered to preside at a dainty little table and make jottings of our orders. Sheila is always ornamental, and as we had the stand draped to tone with her hair, and she wore a dress which harmonized like soft music with the pale-heliotrope of the Tanglefoot's body-work, our display was a magnet from the word "Go."

And then on the morning of the opening day Jimmy went down with his Lake Doiran malaria and left me to it!

I am as brave as most people, but this calamity unmanned me. "Sheila," I said to a pair of pitying grey eyes, as the crowd, having heard the show declared open, massed about our stand—"Sheila, the situation is desperate. These people will ask me about the cars. They will expect me to answer them intelligently, and it's no use in the world talking horse to them—I can see that from their sordid looks. I shall disappear. You can say I have gone out on a trial run, which won't be a lie, only an understatement. And you can just hand them out the little books and let them paw the varnish. Silence will be better than anything I could say. Probably it is better than what any conscientious man could say about the Tanglefoot."

"I'll carry on, Nobby," said Sheila. "You go and buy buns for Miss Hurdlewing, and be happy. Fly! here's a purchaser."

Sheila's whisper dispersed me into the crowd and I strolled away, while she bestowed a smile and a specification pamphlet on the first of the crowd to step on to our stand.

I found it impossible to keep away for long. Sheila looked so well against the heliotrope Tanglefoot limousine that I had to go back to look at her.

The stand was surrounded by a throng, hushed and breathless with interest. Sheila was talking volubly. Hardened motorists listened with their mouths open; zealots, feverish to expend their excess profits on motoring because it was a novelty and expensive, stood spell-bound; a rival agent drank in her words with tears in his eyes—tears for his old innocence—and

his cheek flushed with a sudden and splendid determination to amalgamate with our firm.

"This chassis, gentlemen," Sheila was saying, with a glance towards the Byng-Beatty, "has the most exclusive features. The torque-tube being fitted with an automatic lighter, it is possible to change tyres without leaving your seat; while by a simple adjustment of the universal joint the car will take any reasonable obstacle gracefully and without any inconvenience to the occupants. The clutch is of the Alabama type. This new pattern created a great sensation at Olympia, owing to the ease with which it permits even the amateur driver to convert the present body into a *char-à-banc* or a tipping-waggon. The hood is reversible, so that passengers may be sheltered from the wind when the car runs backwards. In the rear of the boot, concealed by a door flush with the panels, is an EINSTEIN parachute, by means of which a passenger may leave the car before an imminent accident or when tired of the company."

I could not move; I did not want to either; and I certainly dared not interrupt.

"The Tanglefoot," continued Sheila, while a sigh of sheer rapture rose from the crowd, "is pre-eminently the car for a medical man or pushful undertaker. No horn is supplied, though this will be fitted if desired. The car is not cheap, but properly used will soon repay itself. Amongst the accessories supplied with the standard chassis I should like to call your attention to the collapsible game-bag and landing-net."

This went on for a long, long time, and I stayed till a man in the crowd recognised me and showed symptoms of coming out of his trance. I fled, and returned only at the luncheon interval.

"Sheila," I said—"Sheila, this may be fun for you, but James Wrigley and I may sing in the streets to pay for it."

"You great stupid!"—her eyes were sparking as she spoke—"I've booked more orders than you will be able to carry out before you've learned wisdom. Look!" It was practically a nominal roll of the local capitalists that she showed me. "Nobody believes what you say about a car, so you can say what you like. The thing is to get it noticed."

"Did they study these cars much before they let you take their names?"

Sheila looked into my eyes and laughed happily. W. K. II.

Our Eccentric Advertisers.

"Youth Wanted to Strike."

Provincial Paper.



THE DACHSWOLF.

FRITZ (*doubtfully*). "GOOD DOG—IF YOU STILL ARE A DOG."



"OH, AUNTIE, 'ZYMOTIC' IS A FUNNY WORD FOR YOU TO BE SO FOND OF."

"MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

"WELL, DADDY SAID YOU WERE VERY FOND OF THE LAST WORD, SO I LOOKED IT UP IN THE DICTIONARY."

ABOUT BATHROOMS.

OF all the beautiful things which are to be seen in shop windows perhaps the most beautiful are those luxurious baths in white enamel, hedged round with attachments and conveniences in burnished metal. Whenever I see one of them I stand and covet it for a long time. Yet even these super-baths fall far short of what a bath should be; and as for the perfect bathroom I question if anyone has even imagined it.

The whole attitude of modern civilisation to the bathroom is wrong. Why, for one thing, is it always the smallest and barest room in the house? The Romans understood these things; we don't. I have never yet been in a bathroom which was big enough to do my exercises in without either breaking the light or barking my knuckles against a wall. It ought to be a big room and opulently furnished. There ought to be pictures in it, so that one could lie back and contemplate them—a picture of troops going up to the trenches, and another picture of a bus-queue standing in the rain, and another picture of a windy day with some snow in it.

Then one would really enjoy one's baths.

And there ought to be rich rugs in it and profound chairs; one would walk about in bare feet on the rich rugs while the bath was running; and one would sit in the profound chairs while drying the ears.

The fact is, a bathroom ought to be equipped for comfort, like a drawing-room, a good, full, velvety room; and as things are it is solely equipped for singing. In the drawing-room, where we want to sing, we put so many curtains and carpets and things that most of us can't sing at all; and then we wonder that there is no music in England. Nothing is more maddening than to hear several men refusing to join in a simple chorus after dinner, when you know perfectly well that every one of them has been singing in a high tenor in his bath before dinner. We all know the reason, but we don't take the obvious remedy. The only thing to do is to take all the furniture out of the drawing-room and put it in the bathroom—all except the piano and a few cane chairs. Then we shouldn't have those terrible noises in the early morn-

ing, and in the evening everybody would be a singer. I suppose that is what they do in Wales.

But if we cannot make the bathroom what it ought to be, the supreme and perfect shrine of the supreme moment of the day, the one spot in the house on which no expense or trouble is spared, we can at least bring the bath itself up to date. I don't now, as I did, lay much stress on having a bath with fifteen different taps. I once stayed in a house with a bath like that. There was a hot tap and a cold tap, and hot sea-water and cold sea-water, and PLUNGE and SPRAY and SHOWER and WAVE and FLOOD, and one or two more. To turn on the top tap you had to stand on a step-ladder, and they were all very highly polished. I was naturally excited by this, and an hour before it was time to dress for dinner I slunk upstairs and hurried into the bathroom and locked myself in and turned on all the taps at once. It was strangely disappointing. The sea-water was mythical. Many of the taps refused to function at the same time as any other, and the only two which were really effective were WAVE and FLOOD. WAVE shot out

a thin jet of boiling water which caught me in the chest, and FLOOD filled the bath with cold water long before it could be identified and turned off.

No, taps are not of the first importance, though, properly polished, they look well. But no bath is complete without one of those attractive bridges or trays where one puts the sponges and the soap. Conveniences like that are a direct stimulus to washing. The first time I met one I washed myself all over two or three times simply to make the most of knowing where the soap was. Now and then, in fact, in a sort of bravado I deliberately lost it, so as to be able to catch it again and put it back in full view on the tray. You can also rest your feet on the tray when you are washing them, and so avoid cramp.

Again, I like a bathroom where there is an electric bell just above the bath, which you can ring with the big toe. This is for use when one has gone to sleep in the bath and the water has frozen, or when one has begun to commit suicide and thought better of it. Apart from these two occasions it can be used for Morsing instructions about breakfast to the cook—supposing you have a cook. And if you haven't a cook a little bell-ringing in the basement does no harm.

But the most extraordinary thing about the modern bath is that there is no provision for shaving in it. Shaving in the bath I regard as the last word in systematic luxury. But in the ordinary bath it is very difficult. There is nowhere to put anything. There ought to be a kind of shaving tray attached to every bath, which you could swing in on a flexible arm, complete with mirror and soap and strop, new blades and shaving-papers and all the other confounded paraphernalia. Then, I think, shaving would be almost tolerable, and there wouldn't be so many of these horrible beards about.

The same applies to smoking. It is incredible that to-day in the twentieth century there should be no recognised way of disposing of a cigarette-end in the bath. Personally I only smoke pipes in the bath, but it is impossible to find a place in which to deposit even a pipe so that it will not roll off into the water. But I have a brother-in-law who smokes cigars in the bath, a disgusting habit. I have often wondered where he hid the ends, and I find now that he has made a *cache* of them in the gas-ring of the geyser. One day the ash will get into the burners and then the geyser will explode.

Next door to the shaving and smoking tray should be the book-rest. I don't myself do much reading in the



Mistress. "I SEE THE NEW CURATE HAS CALLED. WHAT IS HE LIKE, SMITHERS?"
Butler (who had noticed that the Curate was dressed for golf). "HE HAD THE APPEARANCE, MY LADY, OF BEING OUT OF 'OLY ORDERS FOR THE DAY."

bath, but I have several sisters-in-law who keep on coming to stay, and they all do it. Few things make the leaves of a book stick together so easily as being dropped in a hot bath, so they had better have a book-rest; and if they go to sleep I shall set in motion my emergency waste mechanism, by which the bath can be emptied in malice from outside.

Another of my inventions is the Progress Indicator. It works like the indicators outside lifts, which show where the lift is and what it is doing. My machine shows what stage the man inside has reached—the washing stage or the merely wallowing stage, or the

drying stage, or the exercises stage. It shows you at a glance whether it is worth while to go back to bed or whether it is time to dig yourself in on the mat. The machine is specially suitable for hotels and large country houses where you can't find out by hammering on the door and asking, because nobody takes any notice.

When you have properly fitted out the bathroom on these lines all that remains is to put the telephone in and have your meals there; or rather to have your meals there and not put the telephone in. It must still remain the one room where a man is safe from that.
 A. P. H.

NATIONAL COAL.

A GREAT deal of nonsense is being talked about our coal-mines. I should like therefore to throw a little helpful light on the subject of nationalisation. Speaking as an owner and not as a miner (I have at the present moment at least six coals and a pound or two of assorted mineral rubbish), I want to consider some of the pros and cons of this debatable proposition. I take it, first of all, that we shall pay for our coal along with our taxes and in proportion to our income. This will come rather hard, of course, on the kind of people who insist on warming their rooms with three large electric vegetable marrows, or by means of a number of small skeletons pickled in gas. But such people will no doubt be able to claim rebates, and rebating is one of the most healthy and instructive of our British parlour games. Let us pass on, then, to the means of distribution.

I greatly doubt whether under State organisation the practice of opening up those romantic and circular caverns in the middle of the pavement and suddenly filling our cellars with smoke, rain and thunder will be allowed to continue. Rather, I expect, at the moment when John Postman pushes the budget of bills through the slit in the front-door, William Coalman, walking along the roof, will be dropping a couple of Derby Brights, in the mode of Santa Claus, down the chimney. This will get over the basement trouble, and deliveries of course will occur frequently, if irregularly, throughout the day at such times as the Government consider them to be necessary for making up the fire.

But whatever happens about deliveries the Inspector of Grates will be an infernal nuisance. Nothing makes a man more unpopular than interference in a quarrel between husband and wife, and I imagine that there will be many little suburban tragedies like the following:—

SCENE.—A Kensington drawing-room.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith are discovered shivering over the fire.

Mr. Smith. No, no. Not like that at all. You must break up that big lump first.

Mrs. Smith (coldly). This is the way my mother taught me to make up fires.

Mr. Smith. Your mother! Ha!

[Snatches the poker from her hand.]

Mary (entering). The Coal Inspector has called.

Enter Coal Inspector.

Taking the poker from Mr. Smith's nerveless grasp, with three vicious thrusts he assassinates the already

moribund fire. They watch him with faces of horror. As he turns to go they glance at each other, and with a simultaneous impulse seize the tongs and shovel and strike him with all their strength on the back of the head.

Mr. Smith rings the bell. Enter Mary.
Mr. Smith. Please sweep that up.

[She does so. He takes up the poker and resumes the altercation.]

But let us turn again to the brighter side of things. Nothing fills a householder with such deep pleasure as a legitimate grievance against the Government on minor counts, especially when such grievances are properly ventilated in the daily Press. Thus:—

MORE GOVERNMENT CARELESSNESS.

SPARK FALLS ON A HEARTHURUG
AT CROYDON.

Or

PRIME MINISTER ENCOURAGES
PNEUMONIA.

FIRE GOES OUT AT PONDER'S END.

These are specimens of the headlines we may confidently expect, and little forms like the following will be found in the more popular dailies:—

PROTEST TO YOUR M.P.

I protest against the continued refusal of my fire to burn up, for which Government maladministration is responsible. I urge you to do all in your power to see that a warm ruddy glow is cast continually over my dining-room. The men, women and children of your constituency will judge you at the next election by your action in this matter.

And then there is the question of the miscellaneous material which is now being supplied in the name of coal, especially those large flat pieces of excellent slate. As things are now I often wonder that the miners don't make use of them for propaganda purposes. Chalked manifestoes such as—

We demand forty-four shillings more a ton, a five-hour week and control of the mines

would do much to convert the arm-chair critic as he digs about in the scuttle. When we get our coal from the State, however, we shall, of course, carefully set apart these sections of slate, wrap them in brown-paper and send them by parcel post to the nearest elementary school, with a note to say there must have been an inter-departmental error.

From State coal too it will only be a step to State firewood, and we know from the papers what lots the Government has of that. Army huts, tables,

bed-boards, trestles, aeroplanes, railway trucks—there is no end to it all. And underneath the firewood, of course, carefully packed, comes the daily newspaper itself. There can be little doubt that, once they have obtained a grip of coal and kindling-wood, the Government will proceed to nationalise the Press. EVOE.

REDS AND DARK BLUES.

[Mr. R. H. TAWNEY and Mr. G. D. H. COLE, both Oxford Fellows, represent academic intellectualism in excelsis at the G.H.Q. of Labour.]

ONLY a simpleton or sawney
Falls short in reverence for TAWNEY;
Only the man without a soul
Disputes the kingliness of COLE.

Labour, no longer gross and brawny,
Finds its true hierophant in TAWNEY;
And, freed from all save Guild Control,
Attains its apogee in COLE.

Proud Prelates in their vestments
lawnly

Quail at the heresies of TAWNEY;
And prostrate Dukes in anguish roll,
Scared by the scrutiny of COLE.

The Nabob quits his brandy-pawnee
To listen to the lore of TAWNEY;
The plain beer-drinker bans the bowl,
Weaned by the witchery of COLE.

Students however slack or yawny
Grow tense beneath the spell of
TAWNEY;

Footballers score goal after goal,
Trained in the principles of COLE.

The shrimp grows positively prawnly
On listening to the voice of TAWNEY;
While upward shoots the blindest mole
Beneath the airy tread of COLE.

There's something thrilling—Collect—
Bawny—

About the articles of TAWNEY;
And no one can so grandly toll
The knell of Capital as COLE.

As Cornwall rallied to TRELAWNY
So Labour rallies to its TAWNEY;
And miners find a "better 'ole"
Provided by the creed of COLE.

"Our evening congregations have more than doubled in two months. *Sans Deo!*"

Parish Magazine.

We don't wonder that two foreign languages were required to veil this shocking observation.

From a feuilleton ("dramatic, kinema and all other rights secured"):—

"So he just shook hands all round, and took off his coat, and lit a cigar, and laughed when Betty Cardon pointed out that he had put the wrong end of it in his mouth."—*Daily Paper.*
This incident should "film" well.

SHOULD AUTHORS PUBLISH THEIR OWN PORTRAITS?

[Mr. Punch herewith disclaims all intention of quoting the title of any actual book.]



"A LATTER-DAY LOTHARIO."



"THE YOUNG CHARMERS."



"MY LIFE-WORK IN THE SLUMS."



"THE WOMAN WITH A PURPLE PAET."



"THE LYRE OF LOVE."



"HALF-HOURS WITH BUNYAN."



"COURT LIFE FROM THE INSIDE."



"STAGE DEPARTMENT FOR ANATEURS."



"WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE HAS DONE FOR ME."

Frank Reynolds

SEASIDE ISSUES.

"This summer," said Suzanne, "we must take the bull by the forelock."

"Dearest wife," I cried, "at your age you must not dream of joining in such dangerous sports. Besides I don't think the summer is quite the season for Spain."

"Who's talking about Spain? And what is this insinuation about my age? But a few short years have sped since you took me from the schoolroom——"

"Where you would mix up the proverb in your copy-book. But let us

"And hear the starfish calling to his mate," I extemporised.

"And we'll live a life of freedom in a corner by ourselves," she continued with a disconcerting change of metre into which I could not hope to follow her. But her words gave me an idea.

"I do believe," I said, "I know the exact spot you're pining for. To-morrow, something tells me, is Saturday. On Saturday I down tools at twelve. Meet me on the weighing-machine at Victoria Cross a quarter after noon and I will show you the place you seek."

"The man's a marvel," said Suzanne.

I could have believed that the machine had recorded the truth.

When we had both regained our composure Suzanne inquired if I had got the tickets. The moment for enlightenment had arrived.

I led her to a boarding and placed her in front of a poster which depicted a most alluring seaside resort. The sea was of the roylest blue, the sands were a rich 22-carat; there was a cave in the left foreground, a gaily-striped tent on the right, and a tiny harbour with yacht attached in the middle distance; and, with the exception of a



BEHIND THE SCENES IN CINEMA-LAND.

"MY DEAR MISS MONTEITH, COULDN'T YOU GIVE US A MORE APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION? DON'T FORGET YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE STEPPING FROM THE TOP OF ONE SKY-SCAPER TO ANOTHER, SO DO TRY AND LOOK JUST A LITTLE PEEVISH."

got back to our starting-point; what exactly is it you meditate doing this summer—if any?"

"Taking the children to the seaside, of course; and, as I said, we must make our arrangements well in advance, otherwise we shall get left, as we did last year, and have to put up with lodgings in Margate."

"Have you any particular place in view?" I asked.

"No. But it must have a nice sandy beach for Barbara, and must not be too bracing for Baby, and there must be one or two caves dotted about, and a snug little harbour with a dear old fisherman who can take you sailing, and—oh, and we'll bask on the shore all day and watch the ripples dancing in the sun——"

"What frocks shall I pack for the weekend?"

"We return before nightfall," I replied.

Next day I sought Suzanne at the appointed hour and station. She had taken my words literally and was steadfastly occupying the automatic weighing machine, with her back impassively turned upon an indignant youth who was itching to gamble a penny on the chance of guessing his avoirdupois. Quietly I crept behind her and placed a coin in the slot, simultaneously pressing my foot upon the platform. Suzanne gazed with mingled horror and fascination at the mounting indicator, and at sixteen stone jumped off with a gasp on to my disengaged foot. For a few moments

lady escaped from a lingerie advertisement whom vandal hands had pasted on the scene, the sole occupants of this coastal Paradise were a gentleman in over-tailored flannels, red blazer and Guards' tie who was dancing a Bacchanale with a bath-towel, a small boy who was apparently fleeing from his parent's frenzy, and a smaller girl, mostly sun-bonnet, who was nursing a jelly-fish. Beneath the picture was the legend, "You Can Let Yourself Go at Giddyville."

I looked anxiously at Suzanne as she surveyed this masterpiece.

"Well," I said at last, "isn't that the place of your dreams? It's all practically as you described it last night, and you will observe that it's by no means overcrowded."

"But what objectionable children!" said Suzanne. "I shouldn't at all care for Barbara to mix with them; and jellyfish sting. Besides, that boat doesn't look at all safe, and the man's a bounder in every sense of the word. What's this other place?"

I was disappointed, and considered Suzanne's criticism superficial in the extreme. The next pictures showed an emerald sea and pink shore, two piers, a flock of aeroplanes, and a structure that combined the characteristic features of the Eiffel Tower and the Albert Memorial. One suspected a herd of minstrels in the distance, but here again the beach was remarkably and invitingly uncongested. A solitary barefooted maiden communing with a crustacean ratl.or caught my fancy, but it didn't need the angle of Suzanne's nose to tell me that "Puddlesoy for Pleasure" was a wash-out; frankly, it was too good to believe that all the holiday-makers but one were content to patronise either the piers or the aeroplanes or the hidden attractions of the architectural outrage, and to leave the beach so desirably vacant.

We passed over in eloquent silence a couple of lurid *affiches* which declared that "Exhampton Is So Exhilarating" (a middle-aged person in side-whiskers and a purple bathing-suit attempting to drown his unfortunate wife), and that "Rooksea Will Restore the Roses" (a fragile young woman in a deck-chair being nourished out of a box of chocolates by a sentimental ass whose attire proclaimed him a member of the local concert party). The next scene to engage our attention was much more simple in its appeal and striking in its effect. The sea was neither so blantly blue nor so vividly green as the other seas had been; the beach was but normally sandy-hued, and there was a delicious little fellow, clad in nothing much except seaweed, who was splashing himself with great seriousness in the middle of a shining pool. Again that amazing absence of the seaside crowd; but somehow or other this picture seemed to ring true. There were no piers or other "attractions," and to souls that shunned such delights the *aura* of the place was extremely sympathetic. A single glance sufficed to determine us both.

"Quick!" said Suzanne with a catch in her breath. "What's the place called?"

Mas! where the legend should have appeared was an ugly gap. The picture had been badly torn in its most vital part, and nothing was there to reveal the identity of that magic spot where that delightfully real and really delightful baby boy had been caught by the



Shopman. "AMMONIA? AY, I HAE AMMONIA, BUT THE STOPPER'S OOT AN' THE GUIDNESS GANE."

Customer. "WELL, HAVE YOU BENZINE?"

Shopman. "BENZINE? AY, I HAE BENZINE, BUT THE STOPPER'S IN AN' I CANNA GET IT OOT."

camera of the publicity agent. Hurriedly we sought the Inquiry Bureau, but no answer could be obtained to Suzanne's incoherent questionings. We have since written to various agencies, but in vain; nor, strangely enough, in spite of much searching, have we ever seen the poster exhibited anywhere else.

Suzanne, however, who has not given up her sanguine interest in the sport of bull-baiting, is still intent on taking time by the horns and getting in before the rush. She has just compiled a list of "likely" places (selected for the most part because she likes the sound of their names), to which we are apparently to pay week-end visits of exploration.

I have calculated that long before we come to the end of those expeditions the summer—if any—will be over. Whether we shall ever find the land of our hearts' desire is, as the bull himself said, a toss-up.

No More "Feed the Brute."

"The speaker advised the women not to go in for pastry politics, but to be good suffragettes, working only for the benefit of their sex."—*South African Paper*.

"It is now announced that the America Cup defender, as well as the challenger, will be steered by an amateur helmsman, Mr. Charles Adams, of Boston, having undertaken the duty."—*Provincial Paper*.

We congratulate Mr. ADAMS on his impartiality.



THE BULLDOG BREED.

Sportsman (whose opponent has just achieved the hole in one). "THIS FOR A HALF!"

A SPRING SONG.

[A daily paper states that very few housewives will be able to indulge in the luxury of Spring-cleaning this year owing to the enormous increase in the cost of materials and labour.]

Sing!

I will make me a song about Spring;
I will write with delight of the brightness in store;
I will sing of a Spring never dreamed of before,
A Spring with a new and more beautiful meaning,
A season of reason, a Spring without cleaning,
A Spring without painters, a Spring without pain,
A Spring that for once will not drive me insane.
I lift up my voice and rejoice at this thing,
This excellent Spring.

Di

Will in all probability cry;
She will rave at the news and refuse with disgust;
She will say that she must have a thrust at the dust;
But I know what I'm saying,
We've got to go slow;
We can't go on paying—
Spring-cleaning must go.
It's the knell of the mop and the doom of the
broom;
We cannot afford to do even one room;
If she wants her own way I shall say with a frown,
"It's too dear, and I fear, until prices come down,
We must try and deny ourselves this little thing."
Magnificent Spring!

I'm

Going to have a delectable time;
Though in previous years I've been hustled about,
And they've driven me mad till I had to go out,

Without flurry or worry this year I shall stay
And know just where to look for my book ev'ry day;
It's the finest of schemes;
It's a blessing, a miracle;
Spring of my dreams,
I can't help growing lyrical
Over this quite unbelievable thing—
Glorious Spring!

This

Is a song of unqualified bliss;
I have never sung quite such a song in my life;
I have nothing but jeers for the tears of my wife;
She may moan, she may groan, she may weep and
grow wild,
But the Spring shall remain undisturbed, undefiled,
Spring with a new and more beautiful meaning,
Spring as it ought to be, Spring without cleaning;
Haleyon days!
Oh, let us raise
Shouts of thanksgiving and pæans of praise.
Join me, O men. Round the world let it ring—
Exquisite Spring!

"The Town Clerk said that Kilkenny coal, or coal raised elsewhere in Ireland, was uncontrollable."—*Irish Paper*.
Like most other things in that country.

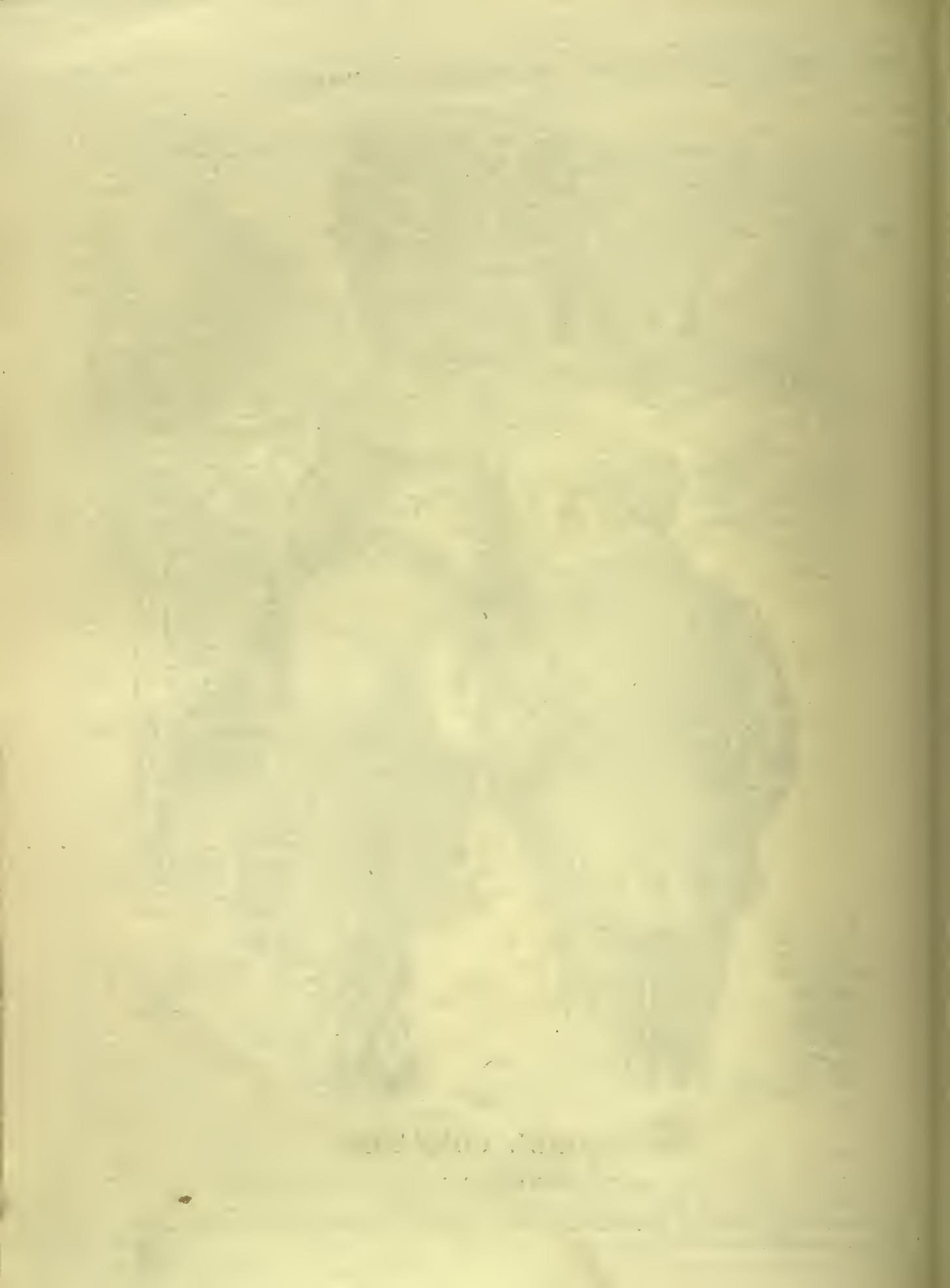
"CUSTOMERS IN LONDON.—Hardly creditable, yet true; we satisfy them; let us satisfy you. — Laundry."—*Scotch Paper*.
On the contrary, we think it most creditable.



OCCASIONAL COMRADES.

MR. ASQUITH. "AS I WAS SAYING THE OTHER DAY, 'THERE ARE MANY ROADS WE CAN TRAVEL SIDE BY SIDE.' THIS IS ONE OF THEM."

LABOUR. "AH! AND AS YOU WERE ALSO SAYING ON VARIOUS OTHER OCCASIONS—'WAIT AND SEE.'"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 22nd.—As if the condition of Ireland were not bad enough, Mr. CLEM EDWARDS sought to make our flesh creep by asking whether the Government had information that risings had been planned for Easter Monday, not only in that country but in Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow as well. The PRIME MINISTER declined to answer the question, and was manifestly relieved when Mr. JACK JONES, with great tact, changed the subject by asking if a white blackbird had been caught that morning on Hackney Marshes.

Lord WINTERBON and the other "Young Turks" were again inquisitive about the suppressed report of the alleged Greek outrages at Smyrna, until Mr. LLOYD GEORGE put an end to the catechism with the remark that "even Christians are entitled to a fair trial."

Chafing under the accusation that the trade unions are largely responsible for preventing ex-Service men from obtaining employment the Labour Party prosed the PRIME MINISTER to produce his evidence. To-day they got it, in stacks. All the unions, in principle, are in favour of training disabled men, but in practice most of them require that a workman shall have worked at his craft for from three to six years before being admitted to their ranks. "You have fought for us, but you shall not work with us" is their attitude.

On the Army Estimates Sir SAMUEL SCOTT pleaded for the formation of an Imperial General Staff. Even in peace-time there were plenty of problems to be solved. We should never be really at peace, moreover, so long as there were tribes on our frontiers who looked upon war as an amusement and a pastime, "as hon. Members look upon golf." Surely this is to underestimate the devotion of our earnest golfers. Judging by the condition of the links on Sunday I should say some of them look upon it as a religion.

Mr. NEIL MACLEAN pretended not to understand why we wanted an army at all. Was not the last war "a war to end war"? But his main point—in which he will be surprised to find many

quite respectable people agreeing with him—is that it should not be officered from one class. Mr. MACLEAN is not so revolutionary as he thinks himself. The most insurgent thing about him is his hair, and even that is not more rebellious than Mr. DAN IRVING'S.

Tuesday, March 23rd.—Lord PEEL was evidently surprised at the amount

him that he confessed that he could not "answer for the whole of the British Empire at a moment's notice."

The Lord CHANCELLOR refused to accept Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH'S proposal to abolish the D.O.R.A. regulation forbidding the sale of confectionery in theatres, on the ground that it would be unfair to the ordinary shops to allow this competition, and that the business of the theatre was to supply drama not chocolate. Lord BALFOUR was unconvinced. His imagination boggled at the thought of a Scotsman, at any rate, paying for a seat in a theatre in order to purchase a shilling's-worth of "sweeties."

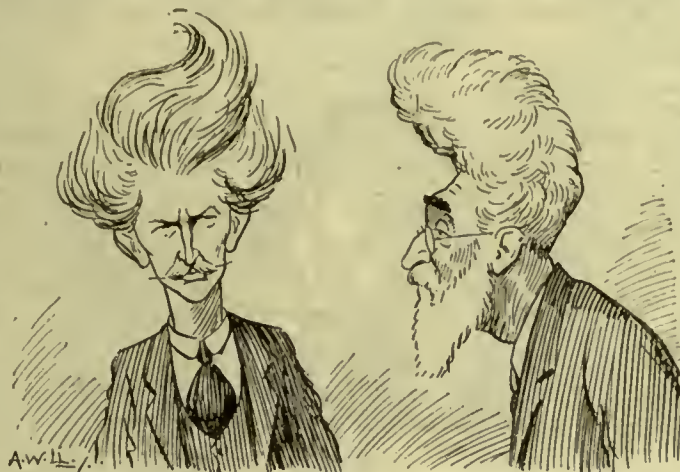
The House of Commons has a childlike sense of humour. There is nothing that it enjoys more than to have a Minister struggling with the pronunciation of some outlandish place-name. When, therefore, Mr. ILLINGWORTH, posed with the deficiencies of the mail service to Bryngwran and

Gwalchmai, made a gallant but ineffectual effort to get over the first obstacle and evaded the second by calling it "the other place," Members roared with delighted laughter.

In the further debate on the Army Estimates a good deal was said about the unfortunate events in Ireland. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR had the grace to withdraw some of the unfortunate insinuations against the conduct of the British soldiers into which he had been betrayed the day before, but Messrs. KENWORTHY and MALONE repeated them with additions of their own, and incurred thereby a castigation from Mr. CHURCHILL which the House cordially approved.

The Coal Mines (Emergency) Bill was read a third time. On behalf of the Labour Party, Mr. ADAMSON declared that the profits of the coal industry must be "pooled"—a proposition which would command general approval if there seemed any likelihood that consumers would receive a share of the pool.

Wednesday, March 24th.—Since DISRAELI startled a scientific meeting by declaring himself to be "on the side of the angels" there has been no more remarkable piece of self-revelation than Lord BIRKENHEAD'S defence of the Matrimonial Causes Bill. It was not so much his wealth of



IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT MR. NEIL MACLEAN AND MR. DAN IRVING HAVE DECIDED TO BOYCOTT THE HAIRCUTTING INDUSTRY PENDING ITS NATIONALISATION.

of opposition encountered by the Silver Coinage Bill. Having a specimen of the new shilling in his pocket he himself was feeling particularly bobbish, and could not understand the gloomy ratiocinations of Lord BUCKMASTER and Lord SALISBURY as to what might happen in West Africa and elsewhere if we depreciated our currency. But his usual self-confidence so far deserted



The Addison Bird. "BEAUTIFUL SPRING WEATHER, JOHN." *John Bullfinch.* "YES, MY DEAR. BUT YOU DON'T SERIOUSLY MEAN TO START BUILDING—WHAT?"

ecclesiastical lore or the impassioned appeal that he made for the victims of the present divorce law that impressed the Peers as the high line that he took in condemning the opponents of the measure. He as good as told the occupants of the Episcopal Bench that their view of marriage was lacking in spirituality. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY was so dumbfounded by the accusation that he meekly confessed himself unable to follow the LORD CHANCELLOR's religious arguments. Lord SALISBURY displayed more pugnacity in a reassertion of views that had been described as "medieval superstition." But the Peers preferred the Use of Birkenhead to the Use of Sarum, and gave the Bill a Second Reading by a two-to-one majority.

In the course of the debate Lord BUCKMASTER expressed his regret that so effective an orator as the Archbishop of York should have deserted the Law for the Church. After this afternoon's display I could not help wondering what would have happened if "F. E.'s" call had been to the Church instead of the Bar, and whether a shovel-hat would not have suited him even better than a wig.

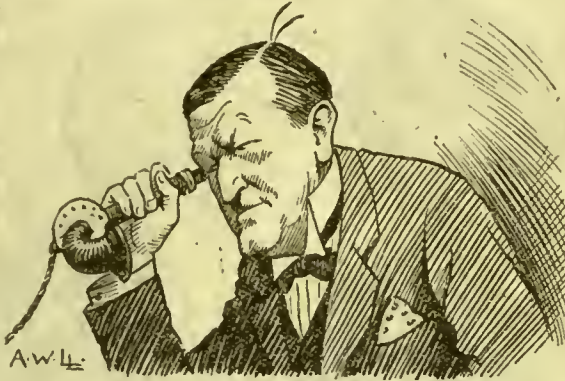
Members who display a friendly interest in the revival of German trade were gratified to learn that the clock-manufacturers, at any rate, are taking time by the forelock and are already sending their goods to this country. So far are they, moreover, from cherishing animosity or desiring to magnify the Fatherland that they modestly label them "Westminster Chimes." It is pleasant to record that the Board of Trade, exhibiting the same spirit of self-abnegation, has insisted on substituting the time-honoured inscription, "Made in Germany."

It is a mistake to suppose that there are no limits to the ambition of the GEDDES family. "I never wanted air-transport," said Sir ERIC this afternoon, and later on he expressly disclaimed the megalomania which had been attributed to him "by those best able to diagnose the disease." He is certainly coming on as a Parliamentary speaker, and gave an informing and, on the whole, hopeful account of the work of the railways in promoting reconstruction.

Thursday, March 25th.—The PRIME MINISTER was rather husky this afternoon. He had been having a strenuous time with the miners and possibly some of the coal-dust had got into his throat. But his spirit is unabated, and he flatly refused to withdraw his charge that the trade unions, by refusing to modify their

regulations, are holding up the building industry.

In connection with the proposal to raise the Tube fares, Mr. WILL THORNE inquired whether this would not mean an increase of two pounds a week in the expenditure of some families; and, on the figure being challenged, said that it was quite correct, for one of the families was his own. Members entered into



The POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Mr. ILLINGWORTH (after some unsuccessful attempts to ring up the PRIME MINISTER for particulars about the pronunciation of Gwalchmai). "AH WELL, IF I CAN'T OET ON TO DAVID WITHIN THE NEXT HALF-HOUR I MUST CONTENT MYSELF WITH CALLING IT 'THE OTHER PLACE.'" [Does so.]

rapid calculations on their Order Papers with the view of discovering how many olive-branches had sprung from this THORNE.

After Mr. ASQUITH's "prave 'orts" at the National Liberal Club the mildness of his criticism upon the Government's foreign policy sadly disappointed his more ardent supporters. His only concrete suggestion was that we should surrender our mandate for Mesopotamia and retire to the coast, and this did not meet with much approval.



THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF BIRKENHEAD.

THE INDIARUBBER BLOKE.

The train ran into Victoria Station and pandemonium.

A struggling mass of people trying to get out, another mass trying to get in; everybody pushing and muttering, grunting and groaning; and above all the howling of the Specially Selected Band of Hustlers in their now famous and unpopular performance:—

"'Urry up off the ear, please. Wait till they're all off. Move right down the centre, please. Wot are you doin' there? Come orf it if you're comin' orf. Get a move on, please. 'Urry up on board. Come on there. RIGHT BEHIND."

A siren shrilled and we were moving again.

"Can't you set the kid down, Mother?" said a voice. "You can't carry her like that. Be quiet, 'Enry, will you."

I managed to struggle out of my seat.

"Thank you, Sir," said the man. "Sit down, Em'ly. That's better. Now you can 'old the kid. Shut up, 'Enry, will you?"

I looked for Henry and found him wedged in a forest of legs.

"I think he's afraid of being trodden on," I said.

We managed, with some effort, to extract the child and make him a little more comfortable. His father turned with a sigh of relief to me.

"Awful business travellin' with kids nowadays, ain't it?" he said.

"I can quite believe it," I said.

"Bad enough anywhere," he went on, "but on this line—well—and they stiek up placards tellin' you to be patient. Patient! With a wife and two kids, and them young jackanapes at Victoria a-howling at you all the time. If there's one thing I 'ate it's bein' 'ustled." He laughed resentfully. "'Come on, get a move on.' 'Jump to it!' Shoutin' and howlin' till you don't know whether you're gettin' on or gettin' orf. Anybody'd think we was a lot of blinkin' animals."

Something clicked inside my head (I hesitate to suggest what) and the carriage and the swaying people went out of focus.

* * * * *

There was a little squad of soldiers piling arms.

"Stand clear," said the subaltern in charge.

"Stand at—ease. Stand easy. Carry on, Sergeant."

The P.T. Instructor came forward.

"Now, lads," he said briskly, "take off your equipment and your tunics



Old Gentleman. "IS THAT YOUR BABY?"

Little Girl. "NO, SIR, IT AIN'T OURN. WE AIN'T 'AD NONE SINCE ME."

and puttees and roll up your sleeves. And while you 're doin' it listen to your Unclo Brown, who's goin' to give things away.

"I 'aven't took any of you lads before—(come along there, my son; we ain't syneopatin' the movements)—but I'm told you 're all B.E.F. men. Well then, I expect you think you know something. So you do. You know what a Jerry looks like and what a Whizzbang sounds like: But that ain't much. You don't know me. 'Ave a good look at me. You'll 'ear what I *sound* like in a minute."

He paused for effect and breath.

"Now you 'ave 'ad a look at me you'll know me. Not the Apello Belgravia, but just plain Brown—Mrs. Brown's old man—that's me; and thank 'Eaven it's 'im you 've got to deal with and not Mr. Brown's old woman. Now we'll get to work, lads, and 'ustle's the word."

He moved away a few paces.

"When I say 'Round me nip,'" he shouted, "I want to see a cloud of dust and a livin' statue. Round me—NIP!"

There was boxing.

"It 'im," yelled Brown; "you ain't doin' a foxtrot! Bito 'is ear off! Make 'is nose bleed!"

Their noses bled.

There were bayonet charges on stuffed sacks.

"Kick 'em," roared Brown, leaping round like a dervish; "make faces at 'em! I want to see ye getting uglier every minnte."

They grow uglier.

Half-an-hour later the squad, limp and perspiring, lay down for a rest.

"Well, you 've not done too bad," said Brown; "you're all breathin', anyway. Get dressed now, and don't be 'alf-an-hour at it. Don't forget, my lads, 'ustle's the word what makes such men as me—and you too by the time I've finished with you. I'll make it a bit stiffer to-morrow."

He strolled off.

A voice arose from the squad:—

"Anybody'd think we was a lot of blinkin' animals."

I came back suddenly to the carriage and the crush.

"So you've altered your ideas about hustling?" I said.

"Altered them? Why?"

"Well," I said, "I can remember a day when Mrs. Brown's old man——"

"Why, Sir, you mean to say——"

"I do," I said.

And after a time:—

"Well, good-bye, Sergeant. Awfully glad to have seen you again, and to know you don't like being hustled any more than we did."

He laughed.

"One for you, Sir," he said. "But after all you was carrying a rifle, not a bloomin' baby."

A Cool Reception.

"VISIT OF 10 WESLEYAN MINISTERS.

— Wesleyan Church.

'Is happiness possible to-day?'"

Provincial Paper.

"Nursery Governess to go to Jamaica early May; two boys ages seven and four; one able to give first lessons and music."—*Times.*

Then why can't he teach the other?

"A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

Exceptional Purchase of — Cigars. Weight about 1½ lbs. Length 5 inches."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

But only suitable, we should imagine, for very heavy smokers.

"Ex-Government Bedside Tables, make Boat Cupboards, Safes, Bookcases, Wash-stands, etc., not large enough to live in."

Provincial Paper.

Not a solution of the housing problem after all.



Head of the House. "DON'T THINK I'M COMPLAINING, EMMA. I KNOW I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY NEW CLOTHES, AND DON'T IN THE LEAST OBJECT TO HAVING WILFRID'S TROUSERS CUT DOWN TO FIT ME; BUT THE BAG OF THE KNEE MAKES THEM FALL SO AWKWARD AT THE ANKLE."

SCREEN v. STAGE.

[According to Mr. W. G. FAULKNER, who has recently interviewed CHARLIE CHAPLIN at Los Angeles, the great film comedian chiefly reads serious books on philosophy and social problems, being specially interested in the prices of food and clothing. Romantic novels have no attraction for him, and it is nonsense to say that he ever hoped to play *Hamlet*, for "he does not like Shakespeare, whose works neither entertain nor interest him."]

THERE is bitter grief at Stratford, on the silver Avon's marge,
Where the cult of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is extremely fine
and large,
For across the broad Atlantic comes the petrifying news
That the greatest film comedian does not care for WILLIAM'S
Muso.

Serious problems—economics and the price of margarine—
Occupy the hours of leisure that he snatches from the screen;
But the works of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE he dismisses as
inane,

And he harbours no ambition to enact the princely Dane.

This momentous revelation, little birds reveal to me,
Has produced a spasm of anguish in the heart of SIDNEY LEE;
Wails arise from HENRY AXLEY, BENSON, LANG and
MOSCOWITCH,

Though so far no word of protest emanates from LITTLE TICH.

Still, by way of compensation for this ruthless turning down
Of the chief Elizabethan by a neo-Georgian clown,
'Tis averred that STOLL (Sir OSWALD), in a life of storm
and stress,

Finds distraction from his labours in the works of WILLIAM S.

In this context I may notice that the "consequential"
KEYNES

From an economic survey of the cinema abstains;

But this curious lacuna does not prove that he has missed
CHARLIE CHAPLIN's true importance as a sociologist.

All the same, good Viscount MORLEY is, we are prepared to
state,

Unaware of the existence of the peerless HARRY TATE;
And the name of MARY PICKFORD doesn't palpably convey
Any sort of connotation to the mind of Viscount GREY.

This is much to be regretted, but I'm not without the hope
That our publicists and statesmen may enlarge their
mental scope

By frequenting entertainments where the pleased spectators
rock

At the antics of GEORGE ROBESY or the drolleries of GROCK.

So, conversely, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in a later, mellowed phase,
May attain to the enjoyment of Elizabethan plays,
And, when economic problems on his jaded palate pall,
Recognise that there is something in our WILLIAM after all.

Extract from a lover's letter, read recently in court:—

"I see those self-same eyes, which are my own love's, looking at
each other with all that tenderness with which they once looked into
mine."—*Provincial Paper.*

It would appear that the object of his affections suffered
from some obliquity of vision.

OUR "DUMB" PETS BUREAU.

A S ONE OF FAMILY—CAT (lady), elderly; would give slight services (mousing, etc.) in return for comfortable home. No dogs. Highest refs. Strictest confidence.

P ARROT seeks sit. with refined conversationalists. Eighty years in last place. Cause of leaving, death of owner.

R ABBIT.—Quiet, domesticated, with family of nine, wishes to find home with vegetarians. Sleep out.

D OG, young, seeks home in cheerful family. Well-bred society. Children not objected to. Liberal table and good outings necessary.

P ONY, no longer young, quiet tastes. Is seeking post with family where motor is kept.

S OW, eleven oneumbrances, wishes to board with Jewish family. Liberal table.

L ONELY goldfish would like to meet with another similarly situated. View to partnership.

D ONKEY, at present in seaside town, wishes post inland during holiday months. Suitable for bed-ridden invalid.

C ANARY, powerful notes, enthusiastic singer, seeks board-residence with musical family.

H OMES FROM HOME.—CUCKOOS coming England in April desire addresses of well-appointed nests for depositing eggs. Personally investigated.

A U PAIR.—ROBIN, having maisonette larger than he requires (flower-pot), would like to find another to share it.

C OCKEREL, early riser, smart, good appearance, seeks sit. in country house. Preference for one with home-farm immediately adjacent.

P ET LAMB, the property of butcher's daughter, desires home with humane gentlewomen.

S PANIEL, field, rather stout but pleasing appearance, is giving up country pursuits owing to difference with game-keeper. Would join lady in carriage drives and meals.

P EKIENESE, noble birth, would go as companion in Ducal family living in good neighbourhood. Carriage. No knowledge of Chinese required.



G. L. STANDA.
920.

"I'M LOOKING FOR MY MOTHER. HAS SHE BEEN IN HERE? I KNOW SHE WENT TO BUY A CHICKEN, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE HER CHICKEN BUTCHER."

"EXPORT SECTION."
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES AND OTHER PROBLEMS."

Canadian Gazette.

But we understand that the late President of the Board of Trade is no longer a problem. The last thing he did before leaving office was to issue a licence for his own exportation.

The Soldier Ants of New Zealand.

"Details of the distribution of the payments to soldiers' wives in lieu of separation allowances have not yet been finally approved, but the amount is to be made up to 3s. a day. Sir James Allen told a Post reporter this morning, in reply ants and 2nd lieutenants would share in the distribution."

New Zealand Paper.

"The Defence Minister was asked by Mr.

G. Witty if he would extend the payment of gratuities on behalf of deceased soldiers to sisters and cousins when the soldier had made a will to that effect."—*Same paper, later.*

The reason why Mr. WITTY's solicitude was limited to the sisters and cousins evidently was that the ants had been already provided for.

"Sir Oliver's personality is like that of one of the prophets of old. Venerable, white of beard and what scanty locks of hair remain, a dome-like head, over six feet in height."

Boston Herald.

This must be the result of the American atmosphere, as we are quite certain that the last time we saw Sir OLIVER his head was not an inch over three feet in height.

DEMOBBED.

INDIA, 1920.

"I'm goin' home," said Hennessey, "for I've been East too long;
I want the English hedges an' fields an' the English thrush's song,
An' the honest English faces an' never nobody black;
It's home for mine," said Hennessey, "so it's down your tents and pack.

It'll pass out here
For a month or a year,

But not for a lifetime—no dam fear.

I want my folks," said Hennessey, "an' I'm jolly well goin' back."

But I said, "Home's gone different an' I've somehow lost the touch,

An' nobody's written for fifty years, so they're not worryin' much;

An' I like it here; I love it." Says Hennessey, "Well, I'm shot!

Would ye die an' be buried in India?" "Well, Natty," says I, "why not?"

"East Africa, then," said Hennessey; "it's a promisin' place is that—

Money to make an' jobs galore, easy an' rich an' fat;

An' think of the ridin' an' shootin' an' the camp an' the trekkin' too;

You've no ties," said Hennessey; "it's the place for a chap like you.

There's a grand career
For a pioneer,

Which is more than ever you'll see out here.

East Africa's it," said Hennessey, "if the half they say is true."

But I said, "Blow East Africa an' slavin' yourself all day; I'm an idle man—bone idle—with a little bit saved away,
An' I like them palm-tree beaches an' the warm blue sun-lit sea;

East India, yes, an' welcome, but East Africa—no, not me."

"Well, Palestine," said Hennessey; but I cut him short and sweet,

An' "Natty," I said, "I've heard it all an' I don't want to repeat—

Jerusalem or Mombasa, Tahiti or Timbuctoo,

Or careers an' pioneerin' an' the rest of it all—nah pool!

It's no good, Nat,
For I tell you flat

I've cottoned to India an' that's just that;

Bus hogera; all done—finish; I'm here till the trees turn blue,

For I love them early mornings, shiny an' clear an' grey,
An' I love the cool o' the evening when the temple drummers play,

An' the long, long, lazy afternoons, when the whole creation sleeps—

Quit it? Old man, I couldn't; I'm India's now for keeps.

"So Hennessey, you go home," I says, "an' see to the wife an' kid."

"You'll follow me there one day," says he, an' I says, "Heaven forbid!

I'll just be goin' about an' about an' keepin' an open mind
An' sometimes doin' a job o' work, but not if I'm not inclined;

An' I won't care

If I'm here or there,

Jungle or forest or feast or fair;

I'll take it all as it comes along, as the Maker o' things designed;

I'll tramp it North to the Kashmir hills an' South to the Nilgiris;

I'll find my friends as I find my fun—and that's where I dam well please;

An' never no saman or houses or taxes or servants to send things wrong."

"It wouldn't suit me," said Hennessey. "It wouldn't," says I. "So long!"

THE ACTRESS.

You are doubtless aware that in the successful musical comedy, *The Girl of Forty-Seven*, there is a scene in which Miss Verbena Vaine, as *Clementina*, the horse-dealer's beautiful daughter, denounces the disreputable old veterinary surgeon, *Binnett*, so whimsically played by that ripe comedian, Mr. Sid Apps.

On my first visit to the play many weeks ago an incident occurred which both enhanced Mr. Apps's reputation for spontaneous humour and highly diverted the audience.

It will be remembered that at the climax of her outburst, *Clementina*, with eyes ablaze and voice vibrating with passion, hisses, "Loathsome scoundrel, how I detest and despise you!" On the evening to which I refer a mock-submissive look came into Apps's face when these words were spoken, and he interrupted gently, "Not too much soda, Verbena," glancing with mischievous curiosity to see how she would take his humorous comment upon her emphatic utterance of this line of many sibilants.

The audience was greatly delighted by this effect. Miss Vaine failed completely to maintain the rôle of the indignant beauty and turned her back to the footlights to hide her face, though her laughter was betrayed by the shaking of her handsome shoulders. There was a pause of some moments before she resumed, "My father shall know of this," and so forth.

Last week, when Doris, my niece, chose that I should take her to see *The Girl of Forty-Seven*, I was not unwilling again to enjoy Apps's humour. I listened with especial care as we approached the scene in the play to which I have referred. Perhaps he would employ some still more successful gag. At last came *Clementina*'s outburst. "Loathsome scoundrel, how I detest and despise you!" she exclaimed with vehemence. "Not too much soda, Verbena," replied the comedian gently, with a mischievous glance of curiosity. The actress gave a look of amazement, then quickly turned her back to the audience, where she stood for some moments with her face in her hands and her shoulders shaking, the audience laughing aloud with delight. The action of the play was delayed for some moments before Miss Verbena Vaine resumed her part.

Another Sinecure.

"Wanted, Housemaid, £45, for three in family, three maids; no children; good room; all time off usual."—*Morning Paper*.

The Domestic Problem.

"—'s Registry have ladies waiting here daily, 2 to 4.30, for all kinds of maids (with or without experience)."—*Scotch Paper*.
We don't doubt it for a moment.

"Councillor —: Can we afford to allow the town to be in real jeopardy every hour?

The Chairman (to the Brigade Captain): Did you have to take the horses away from a funeral the other day, when there was a call?

Brigade Captain: We had to wait until the funeral party got back."

Local Paper.

"Where are the gees of the Old Brigade?"

"Gone to a funeral, Sir," she said.



HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

Voice from the Crowd (to sportsman whose horse has refused the brook). "NOW THEN, GUVNOR, WHAT YER AFRAID OF?—SPOILING THE FISHING?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

COUNTLESS readers, fusionists and others, will be glad to have Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's sparkling abstract of the more romantic passages in the life of *The Prime Minister* (HODDER AND STOUTGUTON). The first half of the book describes the upbringing and early battles of this man of peace, Rose Cottage at Llanystumdwy with "Uncle Lloyd"—there is a touching picture of the courage, wisdom, and unselfishness of this grand old man—the little attorney's office at Portmadoc, squire- and parson-baiting *passim*, capture of Carnarvon Boroughs, guerilla tactics in the House, suspension, recognition, pacifism, office, original budgeting, Limehousing (very reticently indicated), social reform. Then War and the supreme opportunity for the energy, persuasiveness, adroitness and determination which must extort even from opponents the tribute of admiration. Not a dull page; occasionally an obscure one. None of your cold and calculated criticism for Mr. SPENDER. Have idols clay feet? Well, not this one, thank you. And it is an attitude which enables him to convey to the reader something of the irresistible personal magnetism of his distinguished friend, and the courage which delights in riding the storm and is at its best in the tight corner (one might suspect the PREMIER of holding the view that if there were no tight corners it would be necessary to invent them). The summary of the War period is admirably done. The history of events leading to the formation of the second Coalition Government—and the third—is again tactfully presented. It would be unreasonable to suppose that all of

Mr. SPENDER's verdicts and estimates will be unchallenged by historians. But it is unlikely that the PREMIER will find a more competent hagiographer.

A story that so far violates the conventions as to start with a mother whose moral instability is a worry to her children, and a hero who longs to be a practical builder despite a parental command to follow art—such a tale can at least claim the merit of originality. Mr. J. D. BERESFORD would be fully justified in claiming this and much more for *An Imperfect Mother* (COLLINS). Here is an interesting, fascinating and certainly unusual story, in which only two characters are of any real moment, *Cecilia*, the imperfect mother, embodiment of the artist temperament, egotistical almost to inhumanity, who abandons her dull husband and boring daughters to "live her own life"; and *Stephen*, the son, who alone can give her a half-sympathetic, half-resentful understanding. You see already the cleverness of Mr. BERESFORD's conception. Really, it is just this that works (at least for me) its undoing. His characters are fashioned with the nicest ingenuity; the positions into which he so dextrously manipulates them compel your interest and delighted wonder; but never once do they touch your emotions, and never once can you see them as anything but the creations of a highly talented brain. This is the more strange because Mr. BERESFORD's people are as a rule so convincingly real. Perhaps to some degree the effect of artifice is due to the author's exclusive preoccupation with his central character. *Cecilia's* husband her daughters, the home of her early married life, are shown to us only by the light of her flashing personality; this with-

drawn, they simply cease to exist. On the whole, therefore, I should call *An Imperfect Mother* a highly entertaining example of pure intellect, admirable but uninspired, which for my own part I enjoyed amazingly.

Though "E. H. ANSTRUTHER" (Mrs. J. C. SQUIRE) has called her latest story *The Husband* (LANE) one can hardly resist the feeling that this is rather a generous description of the central character, who indulged in so much philandering with one person or another that it is difficult to regard him as more than a husband in, so to speak, his spare time. *Richard Dennithorne*, I must believe, was a "ladies' man" in two senses, since he is undeniably a very womanly conception of the all-conquering male, with indeed more than a little of *Mr. Rochester* in his composition. The story tells how *Penelope*, the heroine, comes to live with her adopted aunt *Margery*, of whom *Richard* was the spouse (intermittent); how *Richard*, at the moment absent upon amorous affairs, returned, and so fascinated *Penelope* with his masterful ways that she fled to London; how, almost immediately after, she stultified her precautions, but saved the plot, by becoming *Richard's* secretary at his office in that city; and how, finally, poor *Margery* (who throughout monopolised my sympathy), having generously expired, *Penelope* and the ex-husband fell into each other's arms. Of course there is a lot more than this really, so don't think that I have spoilt the fun for you. As for the quality of the tale, this, I fancy, may be better appreciated by women than men, since, as I have hinted,

its outlook is so essentially feminine. Mrs. SQUIRE writes with sincerity and brings her characters to life. She needs, however, to remember that words unwatched are dangerous. Such slipshod phrasing as "*young muscular youth*" must grieve the judicious, while the effect of the sentimental interview on p. 99 was simply ruined for me through the unfortunate suggestion conveyed by "*her blood rose in a boil to her face*." The italics are mine, but the proof-reading is (or should have been) the author's.

Miser's Money (HEINEMANN) brings Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS back to Devonshire, and I wave my little flag to welcome him. Of late he has sometimes been a shade too didactic for my liking, but here he gives us yet another plain tale of his beloved moor, and he is instructive only in showing the danger of too much money—a danger at which most of us can in these days afford to smile. The *Mortimers* were, one would have supposed, a clan unlikely to be moved from their native soil by anything less convulsive than an earthquake. But money did it. One of them was a miser, and when he died—after a terrific gorge at his brother's expense—he left trouble behind him. Some of his relations wanted more of his money than was good for their souls, and one of them (actually) fought shy of receiving her proper share. Altogether a pretty tangle, which was not

unravelling until the *Mortimers* had resolved to try new pastures. True, they did not go very far, but the disturbing influence of money is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that it induced such deeply-rooted folk to move at all. If the theme of this story is a little sordid it is relieved by its treatment from any reproach, and faithful followers of the PHILLPOTTS' trail will enjoy every word of it.

All that we ever hoped—some day, when the War was over—to hear about those most fascinating mysteries, the Tanks, has been put together by Major C. and Mr. A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS, under the title *The Tank Corps* (Country Life Offices). Here are genuine uncamouflaged pictures of all kinds of tanks, with detailed maps and descriptions showing their operations, as well as stories not only of those that walked in orthodox fashion through enemy villages "with the British army cheering behind," but of others that disappeared entire in mud, or drove themselves unaided back to our lines when too full of gas to be occupied, or scrunched up batteries of field-guns, or cruised

alone for hours, like the famous one called Musical Box, among the enemy's communications, or crossed vast trenches over bundles of faggots carried upon their backs. Every boy of the right kind who inherits the proper zeal for mechanisms will certainly find in this book the most absorbing of yarns. Not that the subject is treated in the least lightly or frivolously, but, since the barest truth is here incredible romance, the authors, soberly collecting materials from despatches, diaries



UNRECORDED HISTORICAL SCENE.—ROMULUS HEARS FROM HIS CONTRACTOR THAT ROME CANNOT BE BUILT IN A DAY.

and so on, as well as drawing on their own obvious first-hand knowledge, have achieved a fairy-tale of mechanics. That the crews were no less wonderful than their machines we knew before, but the writers' modest yet illuminating account of the difficulties under which they worked is none the less welcome.

If you decide to go on *Circuits* (METHUEN) with Mr. PHILIP CAMBORNE you will find him an interesting and informing companion. His hero and heroine are a Wesleyan minister and his wife, so completely out of tune with the usual heroes of contemporary fiction that they are actually shameless enough to be in love with one another from the first page to the last. Though he shows a remarkable insight into the lives of Wesleyan ministers, Mr. CAMBORNE declines the popular methods of sectarian fiction and refrains from any attempt to proselytize. Instead we are simply given a clear and often amusing account of what *Mark Frazer* had to put up with in his wanderings from circuit to circuit. Mr. CAMBORNE is modern in confining himself to the history of a single family, but in outlook he belongs to a past century. And I mean that for a compliment.

Motto for the Wee Frees when attempting to conciliate the Labour Party: Lib. and let Lab.

CHARIVARIA.

"Do the British people," asks Mr. BLATCHFORD, "understand the nature of the monster modern military science has created?" We hope to hear later what name Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has found for Mr. BLATCHFORD.

Agitation for a Federal Divorce Law is being revived in the United States. It appears that there are still some backward States where the expenses of a divorce suit mount up to something like ten dollars and the parties often have to wait as long as three weeks before the knot is untied.

"It has now been decided definitely," says *The Daily Express*, "that Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES will leave England on April 10th." This disposes finally of the rumour that he intended taking it with him.

The natives of the Andaman Islands average about seventy pounds each in weight. They are so short in stature that their feet only just reach the ground in time.

M. LOUCHEUR suggests that France should build houses similar to those which are not being built in England.

"Sergeant R. Pernotte," says a student of human endeavour, "last week punched a ball for fifty hours without a break." It is presumed that the ball must have done something to annoy him.

Thirty thousand years ago, says a weekly journal, the seas around England were at a higher level than at present. It is difficult to know what can be done about it, but it is just as well that the matter should be mentioned.

According to Mr. M. T. SIMM, M.P., there are many wayside inns of a passable nature. The trouble, of course, is that so many people have a difficulty in passing them.

We understand that Mr. Justice —'s question, "Who is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?" has been postponed to a date to be fixed later.

A trade journal advertises a new calculating machine which will total up

stupendous figures without any human help at all. A correspondent writes to say that in his house he has the identical gas meter which gave the inventor his idea.

The contemporary which refers to the discovery of a gold ring inside a codfish as extraordinary evidently cannot be aware that many profiteers who go in for fishing are nowadays using such articles as bait.

A purse containing nearly a hundred pounds in treasury notes, picked up by a policeman in South Wales, has not yet been claimed. It is now thought probable that a local miner may have dropped his week's wages whilst enter-

much more trustworthy than those being built at the present time. We await, fearfully, the comments of Lord FISHER.

Dutch wasps, says a news item, are very much like British. Only the finished expert can tell the difference on being stung.

It is said that the Dutch are the most religious race of to-day. Of course it is well known that the Chinese pray more than the Dutch, but then nobody understands what they are saying.

The Ascut Fire Brigade went on strike last week and several important fires had to be postponed at the last moment.

The Bolsheviks, it appears, may not, after all, be as black as they are painted. It is reported that TROTSKY has caused one of his Chinese guards to be executed for calling another an Irishman.

Senator BORAH recently informed the American Press that the Presidential election campaign was becoming a Saturnalia of public corruption. In one flagrant case it appears that a man who was given the money to buy ten dollars' worth of Irish Republic went and bought a box of cigars instead.

"To keep cats off the seed beds," says *Home*

Chat, "bury a small bottle up to the neck and fill it with liquid ammonia." The old practice of burying the cat up to the neck in the seed bedding and keeping the ammonia for subsequent use is considered obsolete.

During the past year in London 2,886 persons were knocked down by horsed vehicles, as compared with 8,388 who were knocked down by motor vehicles. The popularity of the latter, it seems, is still unchallenged.

A weekly paper has an article on "Bad Manners Among Fish." We have ourselves noticed a tendency to ignore the old adage that fish, like little children, should be seen and not heard.

"Young lady requires daily work as Cook-general; work not objected to."

Provincial Paper.

Very obliging of her.



UNLIKELY SCENE AT A LABOUR EXCHANGE: OUT-OF-WORK POET PASSING THE INSPIRATION TEST BEFORE A SUPER-VISING OFFICIAL OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

ing his car and that his secretary has not yet called his attention to the deficit.

"The way some newsboys dodge in and out of the moving traffic is most dangerous and a serious accident is sure to result before very long," complains a writer in an evening paper. For ourselves we cannot but admire this attempt on the boys' part to make history while in the act of selling it.

We learn from an evening paper that a large woollen warehouse in London was completely destroyed by fire the other day. We cannot understand why some people use such inflammable material for building purposes.

An old pleasure-boat proprietor at Yarmouth has stated in an interview that, although all his skiffs and dinghies are ten to fifteen years old, they are

POSSESSION.

THE dear old home has been let to strangers. An interloper occupies the messuage. A foreign master controls the demesne.

To-day especially, when as I write the air is balmy and the skies are blue, it is agonising to feel that our own spring rhubarb is growing crimson only to be toyed with by alien lips, and that the thrush on our pear-tree bough—But no, I am wrong; the pear-tree bough is in the garden of No. 9; it is only the trunk that stands in the garden of No. 10. That, by the way, is an accident that frequently occurs to estate-owners. Consider critically for a moment those well-known lines in which BROWNING says—

"Hark where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field,"

and then goes on to speak of "the wise thrush" on "the bent spray's edge" as "singing his song twice over." It is pretty obvious that the reason the poet assigns to this action on the bird's part is not the correct one. Evidently the part of the tree on which it was sitting was on the other side of the hedge in the next-door fellow's garden, and it was conscientiously trying to allot one performance to each of the two rival householders. But I seem to have wandered a little from the ancient home.

Come with me in imagination, reader, and let us have a look at it together. The fourth house to the left in this winding road that fringes the common, you see it standing there gazing a little wistfully, yet with a quiet air of semi-detachment, out over the wide expanse of green. Half right and half left are two monstrous blocks of red brick flats overlooking it with a thousand envious eyes. The middle distance is dotted pleasantly with hawthorn bushes and the pretty pieces of sandwich-paper that are always the harbingers of London's Spring. Beyond these things, and far away to the front, you may detect on clear days a white church-tower nestling like Swiss milk amongst immemorial trees. And this view is mine—mine, like the old home. If we linger for a moment in the road we shall probably see the scornful face of the proud usurper at one of the windows calmly enjoying this view of mine, all unconscious that I, the rightful owner, am standing beneath. Does it not remind you of the films?—

"Charles Carruthers, an outcast from his ancestral halls, eyes mournfully the scene of merry jangling within. Charles Carruthers—*click! click!*"—and you see him eyeing mournfully

outside—"click! click!"—and you see the junketers eating his junket within.

On looking back in a calmer mood on the lines which I have just written, I feel it possible that I may have let my emotions run away with me and conveyed a slightly false impression. I may have suggested that the old home has belonged to my family since Domesday Book or dear-knows-when or some other historic date in our island story. That would not be strictly true. As a matter of fact I have never lived in the house, nor have any of my relations either. It has belonged to me, to be quite accurate, since March 25th, 1920, and the interloper was interloping on a short lease when I bought the long lease over his head. It is also true that by an awkward and absurd convention I have to restore the old home to the ground landlord in 1941. But who cares about what is going to happen in 1941? The Coalition may have come to an end by that time, and the first Labour Government, under Lord NORTHCLIFFE or Mr. JACK JONES, may be in power. Some bricklayer, in a mood of artistic frenzy, may have designed the plan of a new brick and had it passed by the Ministry of Housing. DEMPSEY may have met CARPENTIER.

No, the trouble is about the interloper. It appears that, having the remainder of a lease to run, he can go on antloping (you know what I mean) for two years more if he likes. To do him justice he admits that the place is mine and wants to leave it. He has no real love for the priceless old spot. All that he asks is somewhere better to go to. So I am gladly doing my best to help him. I send him notices of forty-roomed Tudor mansions, which seem to abound in the market, mansions with timbered parks, ornamental waters, Grecian temples, ha-has, gazebos, herds of graceful bounding gazebos, and immediate possession. I do more than this. I send him extravagant eulogies of lands across the seas, where the grapes grow larger, the pear-trees blossom all the year round and separate thrushes laid on to each estate never cease to sing. I suggest the advantages of the mercantile marine and a life on the rolling main, of big game shooting, polar exploration, and the residential attractions of Constantinople, Berlin, Dublin and Vladivostok.

Concurrently with this I try hard to cultivate in him a certain distaste for the dear old home. I walk up and down the road in front of it with a pair of field-glasses, and, if I see that a little chip has fallen off anywhere or the paint on the gate has been scratched, I call on him at once.

"I happened to be passing the demesne," I say, "when I noticed a rather serious item of dilapidation," or "A word with you about the messuage; it looks a trifle off colour to-day. Have you had it blistered lately?" And this worries him a good deal, because he is responsible for all repairs.

I do not fail to point out to my friends, either, that this is my well-known family seat, and I persuade them from time to time to go and ask for me at the door. "What, isn't he living here yet?" I get them to say, with a well-feigned surprise. "It is his house, isn't it?" I frequently have letters addressed to myself sent there, and every morning and afternoon the nurse takes the children past it for a walk. The children are well drilled.

"Look, Priscilla, that's our garden," says Richard in a high penetrating treble; and

"There's a darlin' little buttercup. I want to go in," Priscilla replies.

All this quiet steady pressure is bound to have its due effect in time. Gradually I think he will begin to feel that a shadow haunts the ancestral halls (the front one, you know, and the back passage), that a footstep not his own treads behind him on the stair, that the dear old home will never be happy until it is occupied by its rightful lord.

I shall send him a marked copy of this article. EVOE.

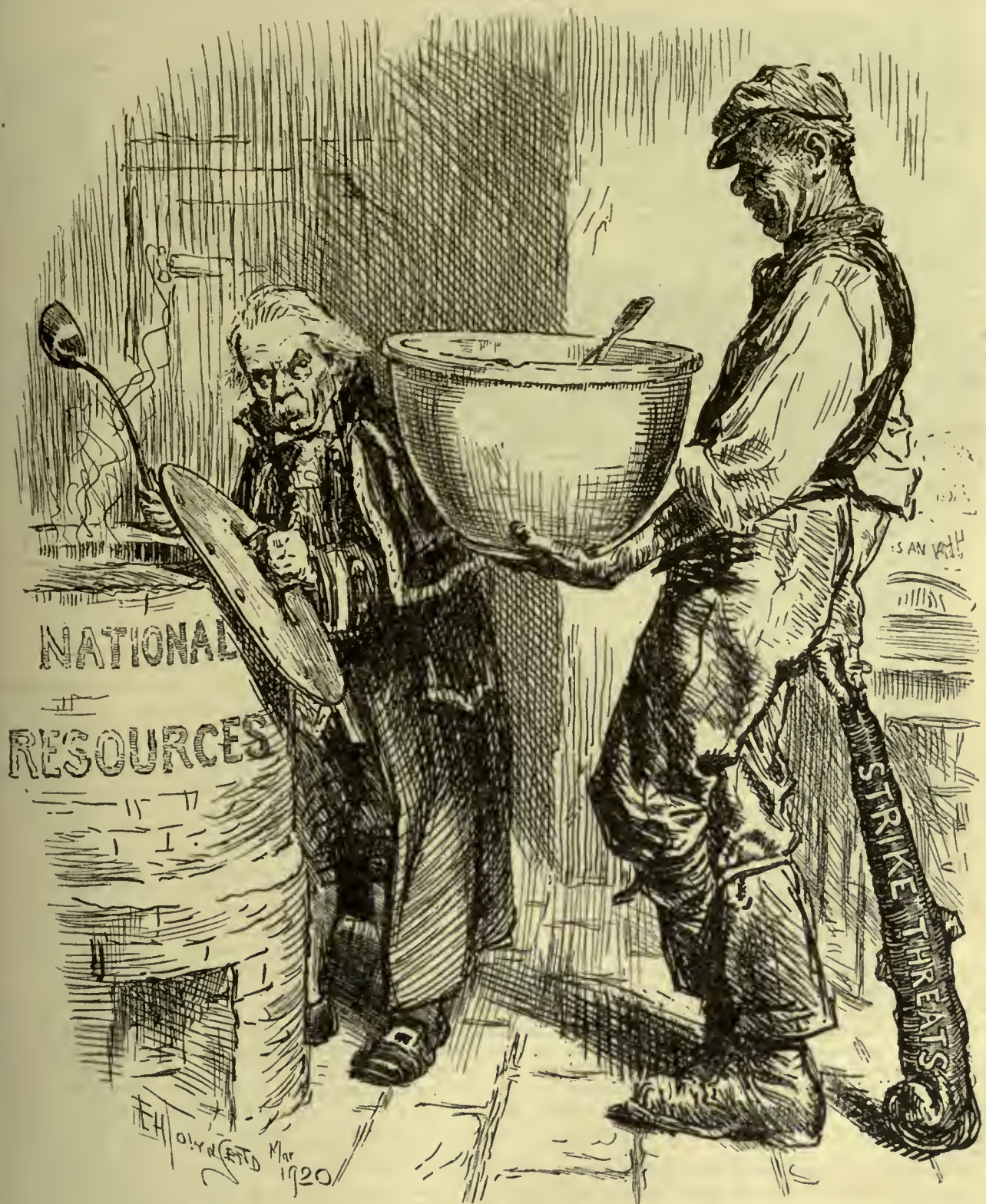
VERS TRÈS LIBRE.

(Arabesque on a field of blue).

THESE are the things, or gorgeous or delicate,
Imposing, intimo, dazzling or repellent,
That sing—better than music's self,
Better than rhyme—
The praise and liberty of blue:
The turquoise and the peacock's neck,
The blood of kings, the deeps
Of Southern lakes, the sky
That bends over the Azores,
The language of the links, the eyes
Of fair-haired angels, the
Policeman's helmet and the backs
Of books issued by the Government,
Also the Bird of Happiness (MAETER-
LINCK)
And many other things such as
The Varsity colours, various kinds
Of pottery and limelight,
Some things by SWINBURNE, BURNS
and EZRA POUND,
The speedwell in the glade, and, oh!
The little cubes they put in wash-tubs.

REFRAIN.

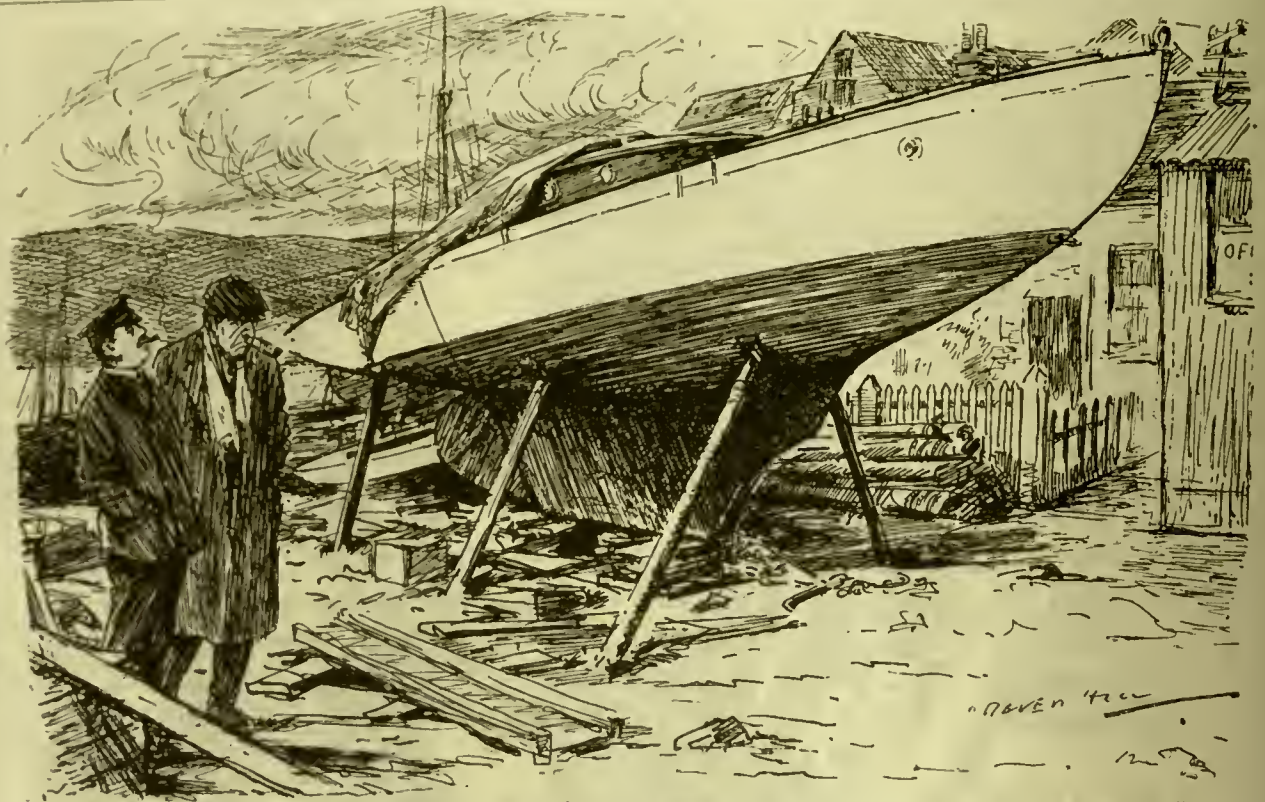
THESE are the things, or gorgeous or delicate,
And so on down to "liberty of blue."



“OLIVER ‘ASKS’ FOR MORE.”

MINER. “YOU’LL BE SORRY ONE OF THESE DAYS THAT YOU DIDN’T GIVE ME NATIONALIZATION.”

PREMIER. “IF YOU KEEP ON LIKE THIS THERE WON’T BE ANY NATION LEFT TO NATIONALIZE YOU.”



Owner. "SMART LITTLE THING, ISN'T SHE?"
 Owner. "OH, WELL, NOBODY WILL SEE THAT."

Friend. "PITY SHE'S SO UGLY BELOW THE WATER-LINE."
 Friend. "WHAT ABOUT WHEN SHE CAPSIZES?"

TOOLS OF TRADE.

I AM sorry for the man who took his typewriter on the Underground and was made to buy a bicycle-ticket for it. But I have no doubt he deserved it. I am sure that he did it in spiritual pride. He was trying to make himself equal to the manual labourer who carries large bags of tools on the Tube and sighs heavily as he lays them on your foot. I am sure that he was tired of being scornfully regarded by manual labourers, and was determined to make it quite clear that he too had done, or was about to do, a day's labour, and manual labour at that. It was a sinful motive and it deserved to be punished; but it was natural. Nowadays we all feel like that. We caught it from the War, when the great thing was to show that you were doing more work than anybody else.

I take from a recent copy of *Hansard** the following brisk and delicate piece of dialogue:—

"MR. MACQUISTEN: You Labour men have forgotten what sweat is.

MR. W. THORNE: I have never seen many lawyers sweat, anyhow.

MR. SPEAKER: This discussion is becoming intemperate.

AN HON. MEMBER: The Hon. Member for Springburn never sweated in his life.
 MR. MACQUISTEN: Yes, I have laboured in the docks."

That is it, you see. Sweating is the great criterion of usefulness to-day. If you cannot show that you have sweated in the past, you must at least show that you are sweating now, or have every intention of sweating in a moment or two. Personally, as a private secretary, I find it very difficult, though I do my best. As a private secretary I labour in a rich house in the notoriously idle neighbourhood of South Kensington, where nobody would believe that anybody laboured, much less perspired over it. So when I pass, on the way to my rich house, a builder's labourer or a milkman or a dustman, I have to exhibit as clearly as I can all the signs of a harsh employment and industrial fatigue. I take great pains about this; I walk much faster; I frown heavily and I look as pale as possible. In the Tube I close my eyes. I hope all this is effective, but as far as I can see the milkman never looks at me, and the builder is always saying to another builder, "'E says to me, 'Wot abaht it?' 'e says, and I says to 'im, 'Yus, wot abaht it?' I says." But it is worth the effort.

Well, that is why that poor man was

carrying a typewriter. I wonder why everybody else in the Tube carries an "attaché-case." It has been calculated that if all the attaché-cases which get on to the train at Hammersmith at 9 A.M. were left on the platform, six men or twelve women or three horses could take their place in every car. That means about ninety more men or one-hundred-and-eighty more women or forty-five more horses could leave Hammersmith between 9 A.M. and 9.30. So that if attaché-cases were forbidden the traffic problem would be practically solved.

Why shouldn't they be forbidden? It depends, of course, on what is inside the cases; and nobody knows that for certain. But one can guess. I have been guessing for a long time. At first I thought they were full of very confidential papers. In the old days the attaché-case was the peculiar trademark of private secretaries and diplomats and high-up people like that. Even attachés carried them sometimes. The very lowest a man with an attaché-case could be was a First-Class Civil Servant; and one was justified in imagining confidential papers inside, or, at any rate, home-work of the first importance. But nowadays there are too many of them for that. The attaché-case has been degraded; it is

* February 24th, col. 1638.

universal. This might be because there is practically no male person alive just now who has not been an adjutant at one time or another, and pinched at least one attaché-case from the orderly-room. But most of the cases in the Tube are carried by females, so that theory is no good.

Well, then, I imagined sandwiches or knitting or powder-puffs or tea; but those also are rotten hypotheses. I have too much faith in the good sense of my fellow-countrywomen to believe that they would cart a horrible thing like a cheap attaché-case about simply in order to convey a sandwich or a powder-puff from one end of London to the other. So I had to fall back on my own experience.

I know, at any rate, what is inside mine. There are some rather grubby envelopes which I borrowed from the House of Commons, and some very grubby blotting-paper from the same source, and either a roan of foolscap or a quire of foolscap, whichever is which; some pipe-cleaners and a few pieces of milk-chocolate; and a letter from the Amalgamated Association of Fish-Friers which ought to have been answered a long time ago; and a memorandum on Hog-Importing which I am always going to read while waiting at the station; and a nice piece of thick string with which I have tied a bowline on a bight; and two broken pencils and some more envelopes; and a Parliamentary Whip of last year and a stationery bill of the year before; and several bills of my employer, not to mention a cheque for ninety-seven pounds which I suppose he would like me to send to the bank; and a great deal of fluff and a pipe or two and four or five stamped letters which it is now too late to post. That is all there is in my case.

But I carry it backwards and forwards, in and out, to and fro, day after day; and the only time it is ever opened at either end of the journey is when, in addition to the articles previously mentioned, it contains bottles. But I do not carry it for the sake of bottles; far from it. I am one of those men who do not mind going about with a comparatively naked bottle. I carry it simply because it is the tool of my trade, and because, if you don't carry a tool of some kind on the Underground, at any moment you may be taken for an idle rich, if not actually a parasite, who never sweated in his life.

And that, I am persuaded, is why everybody else carries theirs.

But this is a very serious conclusion. It will be a terrible thing if everyone is going to carry the tools of his trade about with him to show that he has a



CHAS. CROWE.

Butler (in service of the Earl of Kyloes). "IS THAT YOU, MY LORD?"

Burglar (full of guile). "YUS, MATEY."

trade; the barrister his briefs, the doctor his stethoscope or his shiny black bag; the butcher his chopper; the dentist—but no, we cannot have that. There must be other ways. We might wear badges, as we did in the War, only they would be office badges and trade badges, instead of regimental badges or discharged badges. Then we should have again the dear old war-game of trying to read what was on them without being rude. That is what one really misses in public places in these days of Peace—that and the uniforms.

It was easy to make conversation in a restaurant in the old days, when people kept on coming in in curious uniforms, and the ladies wondered what they were and the men pretended

they knew all about them. But all that is dead now, and I think these sweat-badges would supply a serious want.

But what will the author wear? And who will believe that he ever breaks into beads of perspiration at his labour?

A. P. H.

"CAN EUROPE BE SAVED?"

By LOVAT FRASER."

Daily Mail.

We don't know; but there can be no harm in his trying.

Commercial Candour.

"Your Soil needs a tonic. Send 2s. 6d. for 40 lb. Ground Lime in a Government twill bag, worth half the money."—Local Paper.

"Antique Copper Fire-irons and Dogs, almost new."—Local Paper.

THE PACKET RAT.

"WHEN I leave this Western Ocean, to the South'ard
I will steer,
In a tall Colonial clipper far an' far enough from here,
Down the Channel on a bowline, through the Tropics
runnin' free,
When I'm done with this 'ere ocean . . . an' when it's
done with me.

"An' I'll run my ship in Sydney, an' then I'll work my
way
To them smilin' South Seas Islands where there's sunshine
all the day,
An' I'll sell my chest an' gear there as soon's I hit the
shore,
An' sling my last discharge away, an' go to sea no more.

"It's a pleasant time they have there—they've easy quiet
lives;
They wear no clothes to speak on; they've a bunch of
brownny wives;

They're bathin' all the day long or baskin' on the sand,
With the jolly brown Kanakas as naked as your hand.

"An' I'll lay there in the palm-shade, an' take my ease
all day,

An' look across the harbour at the shippin' in the bay,
An' watch the workin' sailormen—the bloomin' same as me
In the workin' Western Ocean afore I left the sea.

"I'll hear them at the capstan, a-heavin' good an' hard;
I'll hear them tallyin' on the fall or sweatin' up the yard;
Hear them lift a halliard shanty, hear the bosun swear
and shout,

An' the thrashin' o' the headsheets as the vessel goes about.

"An', if the fancy takes me, as it's like enough it may,
For to smell the old ship-smells again an' taste the salt an'
spray,

I can take a spell o' pearlin' or a tradin' cruise or two
Where there's none but golden weather an' a sky that's
always blue.

"But I'll do no sailorisin' jobs—I'll walk or lay at ease,
Like a blessed packet-captain, just as lordly as you please,
With a steward for my table an' a boy to bring my beer,
An' a score or so Kanakas for to reef an' haul an' steer.

"An' when I'm tired o' cruisin', up an' down an' here an'
there,

There'll be kind Kanaka women wi' the red flowers in
their hair

All a-waitin' for to meet me there a-comin' in from sea,
When I'm through with this here ocean . . . an' that 'll
never be!

"For I'd hear the parrots screamin' an' the palm-trees'
drowsy tune,

But I'd want the Banks in winter an' the smell of ice in
June,

An' the hard-case mates a-bawlin', an' the strikin' o' the
bell . . .

God! I've cursed it oft an' cruel . . . but I'd miss it all
like Hell.

"Yes, I'd miss the Western Ocean where the packets
come an' go,

An' the grey gulls wheelin', callin', an' the grey sky
hangin' low,

An' the blessed lights o' Liverpool a-winkin' through the
rain

To welcome us poor packet-rats come back to port again.

"An' if I took an' died out there my soul 'd never stay
In them sunny Southern latitudes to wait the Judgment Day,
For across the seas from England, oh, I'd hear the old life
call,

An' the bloomin' Western Ocean it'd get me after all.

"I'd go flyin' like a seagull, as they say old shollbacks do,
For to see the ships I sailed in an' the shipmates that I
knew,

An' the tough old North Atlantic where the roarin' gales
do blow,

An' the Western Ocean packets all a-plyin' to an' fro.

"An' I'd leave the trades behind me an' I'd leave the
Southern Cross,

An' the mollymawks an' flyin'-fish an' stately albatross,
An' I'd come through wind an' weather an' the fogs as
white as wool,

Till I sighted old Point Lynas an' the Port o' Liverpool.

"An' I'd fly to some flash packet when the hands was
bendin' sail,

An' I'd set up on the main-truck doin' out my wings an'
tail,

An' I'd see the tug alongside an' the Peter flyin' free,
An' the pilot come aboard her for to take her out to sea.

"An' I'd follow down to Fastnet light, an' then I'd hang
around

There to watch 'em out to westward an' to meet the home-
ward bound,

For I know it's easy talkin', an' I know when all is said
It's the bloomin' Western Ocean what 'll get me when I'm
dead!"

C. F. S.

ETIQUETTE FOR FIRES.

It seems that Mr. A. R. DYER, the Chief Officer of the
London Fire Brigade, has issued a booklet giving hints
on fire protection and also how to call the Fire Brigade.
We have pleasure in giving a few points which we are
sure are not included in this interesting and useful pub-
lication.

* * * * *

Before sending for the Fire Brigade it is advisable to
make quite sure that you have a fire in the house to offer
them. But do not adopt the old plan of waiting until it
reaches the second-floor. This is rather apt to discolour
the wall-paper.

* * * * *

Above all the householder who intends to have a fire in
his house must keep calm. Immediately the maid rushes
into the room to say that the kitchen is on fire, place the
book you are reading on the table, remove your slippers
and put on a thick pair of heavy boots and a Harris tweed
shooting coat. Your next duty is to call the Fire Brigade,
and not to meddle with the fire yourself, for very often an
amateur completely spoils a fire before the Brigade arrives.

* * * * *

When you see the Brigade engine dashing along the
road don't stop it and offer to show the driver a short cut.
And when they start work do not worry the firemen by
telling them how to do it better. After all, while it may be
your house, it is their fire.

* * * * *

"TO SEVERAL INTERESTED.—Our editor, Mr. — is not an Eng-
lishman his name is a pseudonyme.—English orthograhist. Our
setters do not yet speak English at all, be assured that we will do sur
best to escape the errata in the nearest future."

The World's Trade (Budapest).

We take their word for it but are not sanguine.



MANNERS AND MODES.

A MODERN PORTRAIT-PAINTER AND HIS "PATRONS."

PARTY TACTICS.

It began with my reading an article on "How to be a Success at an Evening Party." I was rather surprised to know that, for one thing, some knowledge of Spiritualism is necessary to enable one to be a popular entertainer nowadays. It has never struck me before that spiritualists were such a genial class, full of *bonhomie* and great joy; but then, although I read the Sunday papers, I'm afraid I don't know enough about the subject.

Even if we haven't got the rollicking boisterous temperament of the

the occult and all that sort of thing," I remarked carelessly, "isn't cheiromancy an interesting study?"

"Nasty sort of study, I should call it," murmured one of the company, evidently under a vague impression that it had something to do with feet. My hostess looked up sharply. "Cheiromancy," she repeated; "can you read the hand?"

"Only a little," I confessed modestly. "Just enough to——"

I don't quite know how it happened. There was a sort of flank and rear movement and the entire company, excepting, of course, the dank spiritualist,

istry you soon find out when reading hands that it's no use telling people the truth. They want a version which I can only describe as "garbled."

Accordingly I bent over the repressed female's hand with an air of profundity and said, "There being a total absence of the mounts of Mercury and the Sun, a calm and even nature is indicated." (You're nearly always safe in saying this.) "Your sense of order and of the fitness of things would not allow you to see any fun in the joke of, say, pulling away a chair from anyone about to sit down. In fact you would not see a joke in anything—like that," I added



MR. —, THE GREAT CINEMA ACTOR, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY INCognito, IS ASKED BY THE MANAGER OF THE PUMPLEFIELD FILM COMPANY TO HELP MAKE A CROWD.

born spiritualist, however, there are, it seems, other ways of winning a mild popularity. "If you confess to only a slight knowledge of palmistry," the article continued, "it is often enough to make you the centre of interest at once."

This appealed to me strongly. I like to be the centre of interest. So I bought a handbook on palmistry and, having absorbed it, set out for my next party full of confidence.

Surely enough, the first thing I saw on arrival was a dank-looking man holding forth on Spiritualism, and enjoying what I should call a chastened vogue with most of the company gathered about him.

I took up my position on the fringe of the group. "Talking of psychics,

precipitated itself on me. Voices clamoured for me to foretell destinies. Hands were thrust before me. They eddied, surged and swirled about me. I never saw such a massed quantity of hands. It was like leaving a Swiss hotel in the height of the season.

"One at a time, please," I said limply.

I seized a palm, followed it up, and found that it belonged to a pinched sour-looking female. Her character was stamped on her face as well as on her hand. If, however, I had said to her, "Yours is a flaccid repressed disposition; you have a lack of imagination and a total absence of humour; your life is too narrow and self-centred to be of the least interest to anyone," she might not have liked it. You see, with even a slight knowledge of palm-

hastily, and gave her hand back, feeling I had made the best of a bad job.

But she still lingered.

"Does it show if I shall——?" She paused in embarrassment.

"Get married?" I asked, knowing human nature better than palmistry.

She looked so fiercely eager, with such a vivid light of hope in her eye, that I decided to award her a husband on the spot.

"The Hepatica line, being allied to the line of Fate," I said impressively "signifies that you will marry—late in life."

The press around me at once grew terrific. All the girls said, "Tell me if I'm going to get married;" and all the men remarked, "Of course it's utter rubbish," and were more eager about it than the girls. I became reckless.



Philosopher (who has been mistaken for the football). "THANK 'EVING THE CRICKET SEASON 'LL SOON BE 'ERE!"

I worked my way steadily through the crowd, doling out husbands with an unsparing hand. And it was just when I was beginning to feel a little tired of the game that my enemy was delivered into my hands.

We were not on visiting or even speaking terms; we were indeed the most implacable foes. But that did not prevent the woman from shamelessly thrusting herself before me and saying gushingly, "Do tell me what you see in my hand."

I looked at her, and before my searching glance even her brazen face fell. Six months previously that creature had stolen Wilkins, the best cook I ever had. Mere man may not understand the enormity of this offence; but every woman knows there is no crime more heinous, more despicable, more unforgivable. She might find it in her heart to condone larceny, think lightly of arson, or even excuse murder; but there is not one who would extend even a deathbed pardon to the person who had robbed her of a treasured servant.

And Wilkins had been a treasure indeed. It brought the tears to my eyes when I thought of her exquisite omelettes aux rognons, her salads, her poulette à la gelée, her wide diversity

of knowledge regarding *entrées* and savouries. With a hard and bitter smile I settled down to interpret the hand of the woman before me.

The company gathered closer round us and I noticed that Mrs. B., the particular friend of my enemy, bent affectionately over her with truly feminine expectation of "revolutions." And from under the scarf which my enemy wore about her arms and shoulders she seemed, I thought, to project her hand rather timidly. Perhaps she realised too late what was in store for her.

I was quite dignified about it; I want you to understand that. Many another, seeing that creature so plump and well-fed and knowing the reason, would have broken out into vituperation. But my tactics were more subtle. My manner, as I studied her palm, was at first nonchalant, even urbane. Then I gave a start and faltered, "I—I suppose you wish me to tell you the truth?"

A frightened look came into her eyes which, I noted with satisfaction, were beginning to show tinges of yellow (Wilkins' only fault is that in some of her dishes she is over-liberal with the salad oil and high seasonings). "Of course I want to know the truth," said my victim faintly.

With an apparent air of diffidence I began my recital. I did not spare her in the smallest degree. I ascribed to her all those sinister characteristics I had read about in the handbook; and, when I suddenly remembered a delicious *vol-au-vent* upon which I had doted, I added a few of my own.

It was a terrible indictment. When I had finished an awed silence fell upon the gathering. Everybody waited breathlessly for the victim to speak.

"That was most interesting," she said with a sinister laugh. "But perhaps you will read *my* palm now. You see, it was Mrs. B.'s that you have just read. She slipped her hand through under my scarf."

There was a burst of laughter from everybody. Idiotic kind of joke, I call it.

I can assure the writer of the Sunday articles that a knowledge of palmistry does not necessarily make one popular.

I am now wondering where you can buy hand-books on spiritualism.

"It is proposed that the family man shall be dealt with on a flat rate. Every wife will confer exemption on £100 of income."—*Spectator*. Surely our revered contemporary does not imply that the new Income Tax proposals will encourage polygamy.



THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Public Passenger. "DO YOU KIND SMOKE, MAM?"

Old Lady. "NOT AT ALL. I'LL SMOKE WITH PLEASURE IF THEY'RE GYPPIES. CAN'T STAND GASPERS."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

AN APPEAL TO ALL MEN OF GOOD WILL.

THE League of Nations Union is engaged in a campaign for the purpose of making the objects of the League of Nations better understood in the country at large. The chief danger that threatens the League is to be found in the apathy or unconsidered scepticism of the public; almost the sole active opposition comes from those who would substitute for it a proletarian Internationale devoted to the interests of one class only in the world, and from certain reactionaries who favour a return to the system of imperialism which was the cause of the War. In the words of HIS MAJESTY THE KING, "We fought to gain a lasting Peace and it is our supreme duty to take every measure to secure it. For that nothing is more essential than a strong and enduring League of Nations. The Covenant of Paris is a good foundation, well and truly laid. But it is and can be no more than a foundation. The nature and strength of the structure to be built upon it must depend on the earnestness and sincerity of popular support."

To those, if any, who contend that the Government should be left to carry out its own propaganda for the League of Nations the obvious answer is that it is necessary for this work to be done by an independent body which can bring public pressure to bear upon the Government of the day and urge such amendments in the machinery and constitution of the League as time and experience may show to be desirable. The Union, in fact, bears to the League of Nations the same relation that the Navy League bears to the Senior Service; it is an independent body organised to educate opinion in the needs of a national cause.

Since its inception in January of this year the activities

of the League have covered a wide range, which embraces organisation for the administering of territory under its trusteeship, and for the consideration of international questions relating to transit, finance, labour and health. America's repudiation (only temporary, it may be hoped) of the pledges of her own President, the original and chief advocate of the League of Nations, has meanwhile thrown upon Great Britain the main burden of responsibility in the Councils of the League, a fact that constitutes an overwhelming claim upon the patriotism of British citizens. The duty of bringing this claim home to the public has been taken up by the League of Nations Union, under the Presidency of LORD GREY OF FALLDON. It has already established a headquarters and a staff of experts; organised hundreds of meetings throughout the country, and inaugurated nearly two hundred branches. It publishes two periodicals and many pamphlets and is preparing educational text-books; it is taking part in an international conference with similar voluntary societies in other countries.

Clearly such work cannot be carried on without generous support. The sum for which the League of Nations Union appeals—a million pounds—may sound large, but it represents only the cost of four hours of the War, and is not much to ask as an insurance against another and yet more terrible war.

Mr. Punch very earnestly begs his readers to send contributions in aid of this great and necessary work to the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund (SIR BRIEN COXWELL, late Governor of the Bank of England), addressed to THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION, 22, Buckingham Gate, S.W.



Bernard Partridge

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

PEACE. "THIS IS MY TEMPLE AND YOU ARE ITS PRIESTESS. GUARD WELL THE SACRED FLAME."

[The objects and needs of the League of Nations Union are set out on the opposite page.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 29th.—During a brief sitting the Lords got through a good deal of business. The Silver Coinage Bill awakened Lord CHAPLIN's reminiscences of his bimetallic days, when he was accused by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT of trying to stir up mutiny in India. Undeterred by this warning, however, the Peers gave a Second Reading to the measure and also to the Coal Mines Emergency Bill, which is less up-to-date than it sounds, and deals not with the present emergency but with the last emergency but one. They also passed the Importation of Plumage Bill, at the instance of Lord ABERDEEN, who pleaded that beautiful birds, "the result of myriads of years of evolution," should not be exterminated to make a British matron's picture-hat.

A few noble lords tore themselves away from these entrancing topics to attend the opening of the debate in the Commons on the Government of Ireland Bill. They were ill-rewarded for their pains, for never has a Home Rule debate produced fewer interesting moments. The CHIEF SECRETARY was so studiously restrained in explaining the merits of the Bill that the "yawning chasm" which, according to its opponents, the measure is going to create between Southern and Northern Ireland was to be observed in advance on the countenances of many of his listeners. Years ago Mr. BALFOUR told the Irish Nationalists that Great Britain was not to be bored into acceptance of Home Rule; but I am beginning to doubt now whether he was right. If the Government get the Bill through it will be due more to John Bull's weariness of the eternal Irish Question than to any enthusiastic belief in the merits of this particular scheme. Hardly anyone off the Treasury Bench had a good word to say for it, but fortunately for its chances their criticisms were often mutually destructive.

Mr. CLYNES moved its rejection. From his remark that Irish respect for the law was destroyed in 1913, and that the present Administration was regarded as "the most abominable form of government that had ever ruled in Ireland," I should gather that he has

only recently begun his researches into Irish history and Irish character, and is working backwards. His prescription was to cease governing Ireland by force and leave her to frame her own constitution.

Lord ROBERT CECIL agreed with Mr. CLYNES in regarding it as a very bad Bill, but there parted company with him. In his view the deterioration of Ireland began in 1906, when the era of "firm government" came to an end.



Mr. MACPHERSON. "WITH ALL THESE CHERUBS GOING FOR MY KITE, FULL BLAST IT LOOKS AS IF I MIGHT KEEP THE THING FLYING."

LORD ROBERT CECIL. CAPTAIN REDMOND.
MESSRS. CLYNES AND ASQUITH.

Drop coercion by all means, but "let the murderers begin." As for forcing self-government on a country that rejected it, that was nonsense.

As "a citizen of the world," and not merely an Irishman, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR denounced the Bill *urbi et orbi*. Nobody in Ireland wanted it unless it was the place-hunters of the Bar and the Press, for whom it would provide rich pickings.

The House was brought back from rhetoric to plain fact by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's reminder that if the Bill were not passed the Home Rule Act of 1914 would come into

force. He hoped that Southern Ireland would recover its sanity, accept the Bill and set itself to persuade Ulster into an All-Ireland Parliament *via* the golden bridge of the Irish Council.

Captain CRAIG could not imagine that happening in his lifetime. To his mind the only merit of the Bill was that it safeguarded Ulster against Dublin domination.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Someone—I suspect a midshipman—has been telling Mr. BROMFIELD that five British Admirals have been sent to Vienna to supervise the breaking up of the Austrian Fleet, and that the said Fleet now consists of three motor-boats. He was much relieved to hear from Mr. HARMSWORTH that only one Admiral had been sent, and that the disposal of a Dreadnought, several pro-Dreadnoughts and sundry smaller craft will give him plenty to do.

There appears to be a shortage of ice in Hull. It is supposed that the Member for the Central Division (Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY) has not cut so much as he expected.

The debate on the Home Rule Bill was resumed in a much higher temperature than that of yesterday. Mr. ASQUITH, as he thundered in carefully-polished phrases against the "cumbrous, costly, unworkable scheme," earned many cheers from his followers, and the even greater tribute of interruptions from his opponents. For a moment he was pulled up, when to his rhetorical question, "What has Home Rule meant to us?" some graceless Coalitionist promptly answered, "Votes!" but he soon got going again. Ireland, he declared, was a unit. The Bill gave her dualism "with a shadowy back-

ground of remote and potential unity." The vaunted Council was "a fleshless and bloodless skeleton." He remarked upon "the sombre acquiescence of the Ulstermen," and wondered why they had accepted the Bill at all. "Because we don't trust *you*," came the swift reply from Sir EDWARD CARSON.

Mr. ASQUITH's own remedy for Irish unrest was to take the Act of 1914 and transform it into something like Dominion Home Rule. Any county—Ulster or Sinn Fein—that voted against coming under the Dublin Parliament should be left under the present administration.



"PLEASE, MISTER, CAN I HAVE A PENNORTH OF CAMEL?"

Mr. BONAR LAW did not fail to point out the inconsistency of condemning the Government scheme for its complexity and then immediately proposing another which would involve not one but a dozen partitions and make the political map of Ireland look like a crazy quilt. He advised the House to reject Mr. ASQUITH's advice and pass the Bill, even though it should have the paradoxical result, for the moment, of leaving Nationalist Ireland under British administration while providing Unionist Ulster with a Home Rule Parliament for which it has never asked.

I suppose Mr. DEVLIN is not like the Sinn Feiners, who, according to "T. P.," are so contemptuous of the Bill that they have never read a line of it. Parts of his speech, and particularly his peroration, seemed far more suitable to a Coercion Bill than to a measure which is designed, however imperfectly, to grant Home Rule to Ireland. The Nationalist leader may be forgiven a great deal, however, for his inimitable description of Lord ROBERT CECIL as "painfully struggling into the light with one foot in the Middle Ages."

Wednesday, March 31st.—The third and last Act of the Home Rule drama was the best. Nothing in the previous two days' debate—not even Mr. BONAR LAW's ruthless analysis of the Paisley

policy for Ireland—gripped the audience so intensely as Sir EDWARD CARSON's explanation of the Ulster attitude. He declared that the Union had not failed in Ulster, and would not have failed anywhere if British politicians could have refrained from bidding for Irish votes. There was no alternative to it but complete separation, and that was what Home Rule would lead to. Ulster did not want the Bill, and would not vote for it; but, as the only alternative was the Act of 1914, she was prepared to accept it as a *pis aller*, and to work her now Parliament for all it was worth. At least it would enable her to find schools for the thirty thousand Belfast children now debarred from education. More than that, he was prepared to co-operate with any men from Southern Ireland who were willing to work *their* Parliament in a similar spirit; and he paid a personal tribute to Mr. DEVLIN, whose courage he admired though he detested his politics.

Thus there were gleams of hope even in his otherwise gloomy outlook, as the PRIME MINISTER gladly acknowledged in winding up the debate; and they probably had some influence in swelling the majority for the Bill, the figures being 348 for the Second Reading, 94 against.

POISSON D'AVRIL.

For the tragedy of which I am about to tell I consider that Brenda Scott is entirely to blame. You shall judge.

There is a vacancy in my domestic staff, and the rush to fill it has been less enthusiastic than I could wish. My housewifely heart leapt, therefore, when, last Thursday morning, I espied coming up the drive one whom I classed at once as an applicant for the post of housemaid. Nor was I deceived. She gave the name of Eliza Smudge, and said she came from my friend, Mrs. Copplestone.

My suspicions were first aroused by her extraordinary solicitude for my comfort. "Outings" were entirely according to my convenience. And when she added that she liked to have plenty to do, and that she always rose by 6 A.M., I began to look at her closely.

She wore a thick veil, and her eyes were further obscured by large spectacles, but I could discern a wisp of rather artificial-looking hair drawn across her forehead. And she was smiling.

Now why was she smiling? I could certainly see nothing to smile at in rising at six o'clock every morning.

"I shall be free on 5th of April, ma'am," she was saying. "Let me see, to-day is the 1st of April——"



Mistress. "TOO MANY WEEDS, WILLIAM."

William. "LET 'EM BIDE, MUM. NOTHING LIKE WEEDS TO SHOW YOUNG PLANTS 'OW TO GROW."

The 1st of April! It came to me then in a flash—in one of those moments of intuition of which even the mind of the harassed housewife occasionally is capable. It was Brenda Scott masquerading as a housemaid!

Our conversation of a fortnight earlier came back to me—Brenda's desire to disguise herself and apply to Lady Lupin for the post of kitchenmaid, her confidence in her ability to carry it off successfully, my ridicule of the possibility that she could pass unrecognised. So now, on the 1st of April, she was for proving me wrong.

The disguise was certainly masterly. Had it not been for that unaccountable smile, and the hair—

I did not lose my head. I continued to carry on the conversation on orthodox lines. Then I said, "Do you know Miss Brenda Scott, who lives near Mrs. Copplestone?"

"Oh, yes, I've known her since she was a little girl," was the answer. "Sweet young lady she is."

"Ye-es," I said. "A little too fond of practical jokes, perhaps."

The eyebrows went up almost to the artificial-looking hair, which I had now decided was horse-hair.

"Indeed," she said.

"Yes, my dear Brenda, it is your besetting sin. You should pray against it," I said bluntly.

She stood up with an opposing air of surprise and alarm. But I was not to be deceived.

"Your assumed name, Eliza Smudge," I said, "gave you away at the start. And that hair—it is the tail of your nephew's rocking-horse, isn't it? And——"

But she had fled from the room and was scudding down the drive, heedless of my cries of "Breuda, you idiot, come back!"

* * * * *

As I watched from the front-door I saw that "Eliza Smudge" had met another woman in the lane and had engaged her in conversation.

Then they parted, and the other woman came in at the gate and up the drive.

"My dear Elfrida," said a well-known voice, "what have you been up to?"

You seem to have thoroughly upset that nice woman who was with the Copplestones so long. She told me you were a very strange lady; in fact she thought you must be suffering from a nervous breakdown."

I leaned for support against the door-post, feeling a little faint.

"Brenda? You?" I gasped. "I thought——"

"Such a splendid maid she is," Brenda went on. "You'll never find her equal if you try for ten years."

Eccentric Behaviour of a Cuckoo.

"The summer-like weather which set in during the week-end has been marked by the arrival of the cuckoo, which was heard at Shanklin on Saturday and on Sunday morning at Staplers, bursting into full flower of plum and pear trees, and general activity in the gardens and fields."—*Local Paper.*

"He (Mr. Asquith) could only say 'O Sanctas Simplicitas.' (Laughter.)"

Irish Paper.

"I can only say: 'O sanctus simplicitus!'"

Yorkshire Paper.

Neither version seems to us quite worthy of an ex-Craven Scholar.

AT THE PLAY.

"UNCLE NED."

As the final curtain fell on the Fourth Act there was talk of celebrating the conversion of the villain in a bottle of the best (1906). But this did not mean that the good wine of the play had been kept to the end. Indeed it had been practically exhausted about the middle of the Third Act, and the rest was barley-water, sweet but relatively insipid. So long as Mr. HENRY AINLEY was just allowed to sparkle, with beaded bubbles winking all round the brim of him, everything went well and more than well; the trouble began when the author, Mr. DOUGLAS MURRAY, remembered that no British audience would be contented with mere irresponsible badinage, however fresh and delicate; that somehow he must provide an ending where virtue prevailed and sentiment was satisfied.

So, when *Uncle Ned's* humour had failed to move the brutal egoism of his brother, beating upon it like the lightest of sea-foam on a rock of basalt, he was made to fall back upon the alternative of heavy denunciation. And it was significant that this commonplace tirade drew more applause than all the pretty wit that had gone before it. Seldom have I been so profoundly impressed with the difficulties of an art which depends for its success (financial, that is to say) on the satisfaction of tastes that have nothing in common beyond the crudest elements of human nature.

Mr. AINLEY had things all his own way. Between him, the romancer of the light heart and the free fancy, and his brother, the millionaire tradesman of the tough hide, there was the clash of temperaments but never the clash of intellects. ("Nobody with a sense of humour," says *Uncle Ned*, "ever made a million pounds.") That the man with the iron will should be beaten at the last with his own weapons, and brought to see the lifelong error of his ways by a violent philippic that must have surprised the speaker hardly less than his audience, was the most incredible thing in the play. Indeed the author was reduced to showing us the results of the bad man's change of heart and leaving us to imagine the processes, these being worked out in the interval between two Acts by means of a fortnight's physical collapse, from which he emerges unrecognisably reformed.

I cannot praise too warmly the delightfully fantastic and inconsequent humour of the first half of the play. Often it was the things that Mr. AINLEY was given to say; but even more often, I think, it was the incomparable way he said them, with those astonishingly

swift and unforeseen turns of gesture and glance and movement which are his peculiar gift. Now and then, to remind us of his versatility, he may turn to sentiment or even tragedy, but light comedy remains his natural *métier*.

If I have a complaint to make it is that *Uncle Ned's* studied refusal to understand from an intimate woman-friend why it was that his elder niece, who had been privily married, "could no longer hide her secret" (the reticence of his friend was the sort of silly thing that you get in books and plays, but never in life) was perhaps a little wanton and caused needless embarrassment both to the young wife and to us.



Sir Robert Graham (Mr. RANDLE AYRTON).
"MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. DON'T MIND ME."
Edward Graham (Mr. HENRY AINLEY). "I DON'T."

And one need not be very squeamish to feel that it was a pity to put into the lips of a mere child, a younger sister, the rather precocious comment that she makes on the inconvenience of a secret marriage. The humour of the play was too good to need assistance from this sort of titillation.

Mr. RANDLE AYRTON, as the plutocratic pachyderm, kept up his thankless end with a fine imperviousness; and Miss IRENE ROOKE, in the part of his secretary, played, as always, with a very gracious serenity, though I wish this charming actress would pronounce her words with not quite so nice a precision. Miss EDNA BEST was an admirable flapper, with just the right note of *gaucherie*.

As *Mears*, Mr. CLAUDE RAINS was not to be hampered by the methods dear to the detective of convention; he looked

like an apache and behaved, rather effectively, like nothing in particular.

The *Dawkins* of Mr. G. W. ANSON knew well the first duty of a stage-butler, to keep coming on whenever a stop-gap is wanted; but he had also great personal qualities, to say nothing of his astounding record of forty years' service in a house where strong liquor was only permitted for "medicinal" purposes. O. S.

"THE YOUNG PERSON IN PINK."

What the chair-man said about *The Young Person in Pink* who had been hanging about the Park every morning for a week was that nowadays you couldn't really tell. He thought on the whole she was all right. The balloon-woman was certain that with boots like that she must be a 'ussy; but then she had refused to buy a balloon. As a matter of fact she couldn't, being broke to the world. And worse. For she had arrived at Victoria Station unable to remember who she was or where she came from, ticketless, a few shillings in her purse. She had murmured "Season" at the barrier and had taken rooms at the Carlton because she had a queer feeling she had been there before. Her things had a coronet on them. The rest was a blank.

Of course nobody believed her; the women were scornful, the men not quite nice, till very young Lord *Stevenage*, the one that was engaged to a notorious baby-snatcher, *Lady Tonbridge*—in a high fever he'd unfortunately said "Yes"—meets her, and you guess the rest. No, you don't. You couldn't possibly guess *Mrs. Badger*, relic of an undertaker and now in the old-clothes line, who has social ambitions. (I must here say in parenthesis that *Mrs. Badger* is a double stroke of genius on the part both of Miss JENNINGS the author and of Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER. You don't know which to admire most, the things she says [Miss J.] or the way she says them [Miss S. B.]. Honours divided and high honours at that.)

Lady Tonbridge had advertised for a clergyman's widow to render some secretarial service, and the ambitious *Mrs. Badger* had applied, duly weeded. Meanwhile the elderly *Lady T.* had seen her fiancé and with the young person in pink, and it was a brilliant and base afterthought to bribe the clergyman's widow to claim the girl as her long-missing daughter (invented). Both the young Lord and the young person, too much in love perhaps to be critical, accept the situation; but you haven't quite got *Mrs. Badger* if you think she's the sort of person one would precisely jump at for a mother-in-law.



DRESSING THE PART.

Stout Tramp (who has been successful at the last house). "THIS IS A NICE 'AT SHE'S GIVE ME."

Partner. "YUS, IT IS A NICE 'AT; BUT, MIND YOU, IT AIN'T GOT THE BREAD-WINNIN' QUALITIES OF THE OLD 'UN."

At the supreme moment when Mrs. B., after an interview with the whisky bottle, forgets her part and, lapsing into the mere widow of the undertaker, gives it to the intriguing Lady Tonbridge in the neck with a wealth of imagery, a command of slightly slurred invective and a range of facial expression beyond adequate description, she is perhaps less attractive in the capacity of mother-by-marriage than ever, even if the interlude prove the goodness of her heart. But it is just at that moment that the young person is recognised by her maid. The daughter of the Duchess of Hampshire, no less! So all is well.

Not that Miss JENNINGS' plot matters. She freely accepts the absurdities which her bizarre outline demands, but doesn't shirk the pains to make her situations possible within the pleasantly impossible frame. What is all-important is that she does shake the house with genuinely explosive humour.

If they were Miss JENNINGS' bombs, Miss FAIRBURNER threw the most and the best of them with a perfect aim. The rest of the platoon helped in varying

degrees. I hope I don't irretrievably damage Miss JOYCE CAREY's reputation as a modern when I say that she looked so pretty and innocent that I don't believe even sour old spinsters would have doubted her. A charming and capable performance. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP made love quite admirably on the lighter note; a little awkwardly, perhaps; on the more serious, Miss SYBIL CARLISLE handled an unpromising part with great skill. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS as the ineffable Lady Tonbridge was as competent as ever, and had a coat and skirt in the Third Act which filled the female breast with envy. Looks like a long run.

T.

"Art in Washing—with economy.—Ladies desiring personal attention are invited to apply to — Laundry."—Daily Paper.

No "imperfect ablutioner" (*vide* "The Mikado") should miss this opportunity.

"Fun undiluted and rippling is the main feature of *The Little Visitors*, and not a single feature of the author's book is lost in the process of dramatisation."—Weekly Paper.

Except, apparently, the title.

The Boat-Race.

ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY CAMBRIDGE.

In complimenting the Light Blues we cannot help calling attention to two curious facts which may have contributed to their victory, and seem to have escaped the notice of the Oxford crew. According to *The Weekly Dispatch* Mr. SWANN rowed "No. 9 in the Cambridge boat"; and a photograph in *The Illustrated Sunday Herald* ("the camera cannot lie") distinctly shows the Cambridge crew rowing with as many as eight oars on the stroke side. How many they were using on the bow side is not revealed.

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY!

MEDICAL DOCTOR

for Joe Batt's Arm and vicinity. Salary two thousand dollars guaranteed. All specials additional. Address communication to

ALEX. COFFIN,

Sec. Doctor's Committee."

Newfoundland Paper.

Even the serious condition of Joe Batt's Arm hardly interests us so much as the challenge to the world's humourists implied in the Committee's selection of their secretary.

MY ONE ADMIRER.

OF course my wife had made me go to the bazaar. All men go to bazaars either because their wives send them, or in search of possible wives. The men who are never at bazaars are those with humane wives, or the true bachelors.

I did not mind the young lady who grabbed my walking-stick and presented me with a shilling cloakroom ticket, or the other who placed a buttonhole in my coat (two-and-sixpence), or the third who sprayed me with scent (one shilling, but had I known of the threatened attack I would have paid two shillings for immunity), or the fourth, who snatched my rather elderly silk hat and renovated it, not before its time, with some mysterious fluid (one-and-ninepence). These are the things one expects.

But when I faced the stalls I must admit that I trembled. In pre-war days it was occasionally hinted that bazaar prices were a trifle high. What would they be now? How could I face the Bazaar profiteer? Sums, reminding me of schooldays, ran in my head, "If milk be a shilling a quart what will be the price of a sofa-cushion?"

As I stood in the centre of the hall I could see that the eyes of the stall-holders were upon me—cold, horrid, calculating eyes. I could read in them, "How much has this man got?" I felt that it would be a proper punishment for war-profiters if they were sentenced to purchase all their requirements at bazaars for six months.

Glancing round the hall in search of a place of refuge I saw a sign, "Autograph Exhibition—Admission one shilling." A shilling! Why, such a comfortable hiding-place would have been cheap at half-a-crown. I bolted for the Autograph Exhibition before a piratical lady, bearing down on me with velvet smoking caps, could reduce me to pulp.

A smiling elderly gentleman was in charge. "Hah, you would like to see my little collection? Certainly, certainly."

I am not interested in autographs. Most bygone celebrities wrote undecipherable hands. I have been equally puzzled in trying to read the handwriting of GUY FAWKES and Mr. GLADSTONE. But this collection was different. It had letters from nearly every one distinguished in the world to-day—good, lengthy, interesting, readable letters.

"How did you contrive to get all these?" I asked the exhibitor.

"Tact, foresight and flattery, my dear Sir. It would be no use writing

to these people to-day. You'd get ignored, or at best two lines typewritten by a secretary. Now look at that long letter from LLOYD GEORGE about Welsh nationality and that other from MILAIRE BELLOC concerning the adulteration of modern beer. You couldn't get them now. My idea is to catch your celebrity young. When a man produces his first play or novel or book of poems I write him an admiring letter. You can't lay it on too thick. Ask him some question on a topic that interests him. It always draws. They are unused to praise and you catch them before the public has spoilt them. I card-index all the replies I get. Of course nine out of ten of the people turn out of no account, but some are sure to come off. You just throw out the failures and put the successes in your collection."

At this point I heard our Archdeacon afar off. Our Archdeacon booms—not like trade, but like the bittens. I heard him booming outside, "My dear lady, I cannot miss the chance of seeing dear Mr. Fletterby's collection."

Fletterby! The name was familiar. Long years ago I published something—don't inquire into the details of my crime—and the sole response I had from an unappreciative world was a highly eulogistic letter from one Samuel Fletterby. I remembered the time I had spent in writing him a lengthy and courteous reply. I remembered that often in my darker days I had drawn out the letter of Fletterby to encourage me.

And now! I looked at the collection. It was arranged alphabetically. As I turned to the initial of my name I framed a dramatic revelation for my friend Fletterby: "That writing is familiar to me. In fact, Mr. Fletterby, I am its unworthy writer."

But my letter was not included in the collection.

"Throw out the failures," Mr. Fletterby had said.

I threw myself out instantly from the Autograph Exhibition. Better, far better buy things I didn't want at prices I couldn't afford than stay in the company of that faithless one, my sole erstwhile (as the papers say) admirer.

There was a great athlete named RUDD
Who was born with a Blue in his blood;
Stout-hearted, spring-heeled,
He achieved on the field
What his Varsity lost on the flood.

But when he had breasted the tape
A cynic emitted this jape:

"Pray notice, old son,
'Tisn't Oxford that's won,
But Utah, Bowdoin and the Cape."

EASTER IN WILD WALES.

THE recent discovery (duly noted in *The Daily Graphic* of the 30th ult.) of "seven pearls of excellent quality" by an Aberavon labourer in a mussel stranded by the tide has led to an extraordinary influx of visitors to that quiet seaside resort. Costers have been arriving at the rate of several hundreds a day, attracted by the prospect of finding the raw materials for the indispensable decoration of their costumes, and the local authorities are at their wits' end to provide adequate accommodation. Amongst the latest arrivals is the great architect, Sir MARTIN CONWAY, who has been consulted with regard to the erection of a number of bungalow skyscrapers, and an urgent message has been despatched to Sir EDWIN LUTYENS at Delhi, begging him to supply designs of a suitable character. Meanwhile pearl-diving goes on day and night on the sea-front, with the assistance of a flock of oyster-catchers, whose brilliant plumage adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Though the special good fortune of Aberavon has excited a certain amount of natural jealousy in the breasts of hotel and boarding-house proprietors at other Welsh seaside resorts, they have no serious reason to complain. The usual attractions of Barmouth have been powerfully reinforced by the presence in the neighbouring hills of a full-sized gorilla which recently escaped from a travelling menagerie. When last seen the animal was making in the direction of Harlech, which is at present the head-quarters of the Easter Vacation School of the Cambrian section of the Yugo-Slav Doukhobors. It is understood that the local police have the matter well in hand, and arrangements have been made, in case of emergency, for withdrawing all the population within the precincts of the castle.

Great disappointment prevails at Llandudno owing to the refusal of Mr. EVAN ROBERTS, the famous revivalist, to localise the materialisation of the Millennium, which he has recently prophesied, at Llandudno during the Easter holidays. By way of a set-off an effort was made to induce Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES to give a vocal recital before his departure for America. As his recent performance at a meeting of the London Scots Club proved, Sir AUCKLAND is a singist of remarkable power, infinite humour and soul-shaking pathos. Unfortunately his repertory is confined to Scottish songs, and on this ground he has been obliged to decline the invitation, though the fee offered was unprecedented in the economic annals of the variety stage.



MORE ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W.S. at a Hunt Meeting (concluding a passage-at-arms with a member of the ring). "I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE TOFFS THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN IMPOSE UPON. I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, I AM."

Bookmaker. "WELL, I WOULDN'T TALK SO LOUD ABOUT IT. IT'S A NASTY BIT O' WORK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. FORREST REID is a writer upon whose progress I have for some time kept an appreciative eye. His latest story, bearing the attractive title of *Pirates of the Spring* (UXWIN), proves, I think, that progress to be well sustained. As you may have guessed from the name, this is a tale of adolescence; it shows Mr. REID's North-Ireland lads differing slightly from the more familiar home-product, though less in essentials than in tricks of speech, and (since these are day-school boys, exposed to the influence of their several homes) an echo of religious conflict happily rare in the experience of English youth. Mr. REID is amongst the few novelists who can be sympathetic to boyhood without sentimentalising over it; he has admirably caught its strange mingling of pride and curiosity, of reticence and romance and jealous loyalty. The tale has no particular plot; it is a record of seeming trifles, friendships made and broken and renewed, sporadic adventures and deep-laid intrigues that lead nowhere. But you will catch in it a real air of youth, a spring-time wind blowing from the half-forgotten world in which all of us once were chartered privateers. There are, of course, worthy folk who would be simply bored by all this—which is why I do not venture to call *Pirates of the Spring* everyone's reading; others, however,

more fortunate, will find it a true and delicately observed study of an engaging theme.

I must really warn the flippant. It would be appalling if admirers of *Literary* (and other) *Lapses* were to send blithely to the libraries for Mr. LEACOCK's latest and find themselves landed with *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice* (LANE). And yet I don't know. Here is a subject which even the flippant cannot long ignore. And a man of the world with a clear head and a mastery of clearer idiom than a professor of political economy usually commands has here said something desperately serious without a trace of dulness. I should like Professor LEACOCK's short book to be divided into three. The first part, a trenchant analysis of some of the evils of our social and industrial system, I would send to the impossibilists and obstructives; the second, a critical examination of some of the nostrums of the progressives, should go to the hasty optimists who think that a sudden change of system will as suddenly change men, for it contains much that they will do well (and now resolutely refuse) to ponder. The third part I would return to the author for revision, for it contains no more, when analysed, than an *ipse dixit*, and quite fails to show that the evils denounced as intolerable in the first part can be remedied without some substantial portion at least of the heroic reforms denounced in his second. Also

I would remind him, or rather perhaps the more ingenuous of his readers, that there have been later contributions to the theory and practice of new-world building than Mr. BELLAMY'S *Looking Backward*.

The Great Desire (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a novel full of shrewd philosophy and excellent talk. Mr. ALEXANDER BLACK sets out to prove nothing, to justify no political or social attitude, but just to draw his fellow-Americans as he sees them going about their war-time business, the "great desire" being simply the thing that is uppermost in the mind of each one. As a composite picture of what New York thought about the business of getting into the War the result could hardly be bettered. One never feels that latent antagonism which readers, even though they may agree with him, unconsciously experience towards an author who seems to be arguing a point. Mr. BLACK gives the extreme views of the blatant patriot, and of the anarchist and socialist who cannot see the distinction between arguing against war on paper and arguing against this War on the street corner. He makes us realise the people who think only how to make the War an adjunct of themselves and those who desire only to make themselves a useful adjunct of the War. He draws his types cleverly and states the case of each one fairly, but with a humorous restraint and from a standpoint of absolute detachment. *The Great Desire* has plenty of charm regarded merely as a story, but I recommend it especially to those who are apt to judge the Americans by their politicians or to assess New York on the basis of the HEARST newspapers.

If it were only for his complete fearlessness in following well-worn convention and his apparent reliance on his readers' ignorance or want of memory, Mr. J. MURRAY GIBBON'S *Drums Afar* (LANE) would be rather a remarkable book in these psycho-analytical days. His hero actually has the audacity to have blue eyes and fair hair, to start his career in the House, and to end it, so far as the novel is concerned, lying wounded in a hospital, where his fiancée, a famous singer, happened to be a nurse in the same ward. Nor does the young man disdain the threadbare conversational cliché. "Don't you think there is something elemental in most of us which no veneer of civilisation or artificial living can ever deaden?" he says in one place (rather as if veneer were a kind of rat poison). Still bolder, on leaving America, where he has become engaged to a wealthy Chicagan's daughter, he quotes—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

And, although the girl is annoyed, it is not on account of the citation. Much of the story, however, deals with Chicago, and since my previous knowledge of that city could have easily been contained in a tin of pressed beef I can pardon Mr. GIBBON for being as informative about it as he is about Oxford colleges. (He seems, by the way, to have a rooted contempt for Balliol, which I had always supposed was a quite well-meaning place.) On the whole, either in spite or because of its rather Baedeker-like qualities, *Drums Afar* will be found quite a restful and readable book.

Somewhere in the course of the tale that gives its title to

The Blower of Bubbles (CHAMBERS) the character who is supposed to relate it denies that he is a sentimentalist. I may as well say at once that, if this denial is intended to apply also to Mr. ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER, who wrote the five stories that make up the volume, a more comprehensive misstatement was never embodied in print. Because, from the picture on the wrapper, representing a starry-eyed infant conducting an imaginary orchestra, to the final page, the book is one riot of sentiment—plots, characters and treatment alike. Not that, save by the fastidious, it must be considered any the worse for this; even had not Mr. BAXTER'S hearty little preface explained the conditions of active service under which it was composed, themselves enough to excuse any quantity of over-sweetening. I will not give you the five long-shorts in detail. The first, about a German child and a young man with heart trouble, shows Mr. BAXTER at his worst, with the sob-stuff all but overwhelming a sufficiently nimble wit. My own favourite is the fifth tale, a spirited and generous tribute to England's war effort. (I should explain that the book,

and I suppose the author also, is by origin Canadian.) This last story, told partly in the form of letters to his editor in New York by an American officer and journalist, has all the interest that comes of seeing ourselves as others see us; though I could not but think that the narrator erred in making the haughty *Lady Dorothy*, daughter of his noble hosts, exclaim, on the entrance of a footman with a letter, "Pardon me, it's the mail." So there you are. If you have a taste for stories that make no pretence of being other than fiction pure and simple, limpidly pure and transparently simple (yet witty too in places), try these; otherwise pass.

"UTOPIA.

Miss Ruby — Sundayed under the parental."—*Canadian Paper*.
We congratulate Utopia on its ideal language.



Pedestrian. "DROPPED ANYTHING, MISTER?"
Motorist. "YES."
Pedestrian. "WHAT IS IT?"
Motorist. "MY GIRL."

CHARIVARIA.

"HAT-PINS to match the colour of the eyes are to be very fashionable this year," according to a Trade journal. This should be good news to those Tube-travellers who object to having green hat-pins stuck in their blue eyes.

Enterprise cannot be dead if it is really true that a well-known publisher has at last managed to persuade Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to write a few words concerning the Labour Question.

"I have never been knocked down by a motor omnibus," says Mr. JUSTICE DARLING. The famous judge should not complain. He must take his turn like the rest of us.

"Never pull the door-bell too hard" is the advice of a writer on etiquette in a ladies' journal. When calling at a new wooden house the safest plan is not to pull the bell at all.

"American bacon opened stronger yesterday," says a market report. If it opened any stronger than the last lot we bought it must have "gone some."

Five golf balls were discovered inside a cow which was found dead last week on a Hertfordshire golf course. We understand that a certain member of the Club who lost half-a-dozen balls at Easter-time has demanded a recount.

"An Englishman's place is by his own fireside," declares a writer in the Sunday Press. This is the first intimation we have received that Spring-cleaning is over.

A serious quarrel between two prominent Sinn Feiners is reported. It appears that one accused the other of being "no murderer."

The Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review, a new American publication, offers a prize of four pounds for the best article on "Why I believe barbers should not be tipped." The barbers claim that what they receive is not a tip, but the Price of Silence.

According to an evening paper, crowds can be seen in London every day waiting to go into the pit. Oh, if only they were miners!

"It is the last whisky at night which always overcomes me," said a defendant at the Guildhall. "A good plan," says a correspondent, "is to finish with the last whisky but one."

The British Admiralty are offering two hundred and fifty war vessels for sale. This is just the chance for people who contemplate setting up in business as a new country.

record. Quite a number of instruments have been fitted up in less time than this.

We understand that the thundebolt which fell at Chester is not the one that the PREMIER intended to drop this month.

Signor CARRONI, lecturing in New York, says that aeroplanes capable of carrying five hundred passengers will shortly be constructed. We can only say that anybody can have our seat.

Since *The Daily Express* tirade against the officials of the Zoo visitors are requested not to go too near the Fellows:

"The French army," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "will soon be all over." It does not say what; but if our late enemy continues the violation of the Peace Treaty the missing word should be "Germany."

Birds, says *The Times*, are nesting in the plane-trees of Printing House Square. Some of the fledglings, we are informed, are already learning to whistle the familiar Northcliffe air, "LLOYD GEORGE Must Go," quite distinctly.

The National Portrait Gallery, occupied by the War Office since 1914, has just been reopened. The rumour that a Brigadier-General who had eluded all attempts

to evacuate him was still hanging about disguised as a portrait of Mrs. Siddons attracted a large attendance.

The Corporation of Waterford has refused to recognise "Summer" time. One gathers that it is still the winter of their discontent down there.

Sinn Feiners are now asking for the abolition of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and it is feared that, unless their request is granted, they may resort to violence.

"Mrs. — Requires useful Ladies' Maid, for Bath and country; only ex-soldier or sailor need apply."—*Provincial Paper*. A job that will obviously need a man of proved courage.



"THOUGH THE MATERIAL, SIR, IS SOMEWHAT MORE EXPENSIVE, THE LEATHER BRACE HAS THE GREAT ADVANTAGE THAT IT LASTS FOR EVER; AND, MOREOVER, WHEN IT WEARS OUT IT MAKES AN EXCELLENT RAZOR-STROP."

"A good tailor," says a fashion writer, "can always give his customer a good fit if he tries." All he has to do, of course, is to send the bill in.

Mr. ALLDAY, a resident in Lundy Island for twenty years, who has just arrived in London, states that he has never seen a tax-collector. There is some talk of starting a fund with the object of presenting him with one.

Dunmow workhouse is offered for sale. A great many people are anxious to buy it with the object of putting it aside for a rainy day.

A Houndsditch firm has just had a telephone installed which was ordered six years ago. This, however, is not a

WISDOM UP TO DATE—12TH EDITION.

The Times has announced, in two consecutive issues, that Mr. HUGH CHISHOLM has retired from the control of its financial columns in order to resume his editorship of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. One seems here to catch a faint echo of the proprietary booming of the 10th Edition by *The Times* and Mr. HOOPER. The present publishers are the Cambridge University Press.]

It is a common object of remark

How many things in life are periodic,
Some punctual (like the nesting of the lark,
Or Derby-day), and others more spasmodic,
Recurring loosely when the hour is ripe;
And here I sing a sample of the latter type.

Nine years have coursed with their accustomed speed

Since England hailed its previous apparition,
Since every man and woman who could read,
Wanting the nearest way to erudition,
Bought as an ornament of her (or his) home
The monumental masterpiece of Mr. CHISHOLM.

Much has occurred meanwhile of new and strange;

E.g., in matters purely scientific
Great Thinkers, eager to enlarge our range,
Have (on the lethal side) been most prolific;
Ten tomes would scarce contain what might be said on
Their contributions to the recent Armageddon.

What wonder if the Editor forsakes

The conduct of *The Times'* financial pages?
An even weightier task he undertakes
Than to report on bullion; he engages
To let us know, by 1922,
All things (or more) that anybody ever knew.

Why should he care if Oil-cakes fall or jump?

He has the Total Universe for oyster;
Yankees may yield a point or Rubbers slump,
Yet not for such things shall his eye grow moister,
Save when, by force of habit, he admits
"A heavy tendency to-day in Rney. Brits."

Could but *The Times* revive its ancient part,
Repeat its famous turn of dollar-scooping!
O memories of the urgent boomster's art,

And that persistent noise of HOOPER whooping,
Down to the Last Chance and the Closing Door,
And then the Absolutely Last, and then some more!

Those shrill appeals to get the Work TO-DAY
(With the superb revolving fumed-oak garage)—
How well they followed up their fearful prey

Till the massed thunders of the final barrage
Such pressure on your tympanum would bring
That you could bear no more, and *had* to buy the thing.

O. S.

The Giant's Robe—Cheap.

"FOR SALE.—Superior Dress Suit, 37 chest, City made, silk facings and lining, worn twice, no further use, suitable for individual 7 ft. 8 in. Price 4 guineas."—*Local Paper*.

"PAYING GUESTS WANTED—From 1st June, married couple with no children; also at once, single married lady or gentleman for three single rooms or one single married couple."—*Indian Paper*.

To be in keeping with the inhabitants the house, no doubt, is "semi-detached."

"250 words.

TWO GUINEAS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S ALLOWANCE."

Daily Paper.

The young husband who tries to get off for two guineas will find that the young wife regards two hundred and fifty words as entirely inadequate.

OUR SUPER-PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE meagre and tantalizing report of Lord Northsquitth's great journey through Spain and North Africa which has been issued through Reuter's agency has stimulated but not allayed curiosity. It is therefore with unfeigned pleasure that we are able to supplement this jejune summary with some absolutely authentic details supplied us by a Levantine detective of unimpeachable veracity who shadowed the party.

Of the journey through Spain he has little to say. Lord Northsquitth attended a bull-fight at Seville, at which an extraordinary incident occurred. At the moment when the distinguished visitor entered the ring and was taking his seat in the Royal Box, the bull, a huge and remarkably ferocious animal, suddenly threw up its hind legs and, after pawing the air convulsively for a few seconds, fell dead on the spot. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, which caused a very painful impression, but it is a curious fact that it synchronized exactly with the issue of the special edition of the Seville evening *Tarintula*, with the placard "Strange behaviour (*extravagancia*) of the British Prime Minister."

At a subsequent interview with Count ROMANONES, Lord Northsquitth was reluctantly obliged to confirm the statement that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was still under the impression that the Spanish Alhambra was a late replica of a theatre in London, but begged him not to attach undue importance to the misapprehension.

The tour in Morocco was not attended by any specially untoward incidents, but at Marrakesh a group of Berbers evinced some hostility, which was promptly converted into effusive enthusiasm on their learning that Lord Northsquitth was not of Welsh origin. Similar assurances were conveyed to the sardine-fishers of the coast, with beneficial results. The Pasha of Marrakesh expressed the hope that Lord Northsquitth was not disappointed with the Morocco Atlas, and the illustrious stranger wittily rejoined, "No, but you should see my new morocco-bound *Times* Atlas." When the remark was translated to the Pasha he laughed very courteously.

Always interested in the relics of the mighty past Lord Northsquitth made a special trip to the East Algerian Highlands to visit Timgad, and spent several minutes in the *tepidarium* of the Roman baths. It was understood from the expression of his features that he was profoundly impressed by the superiority of the arrangements over those contemplated by the Coalition Minister of Health in the new bath-houses to be erected in Limehouse.

Lastly the tour included a flying visit to Carthage. The French archaeologists in charge of the excavations had recently dug up a colossal statue of HANNIBAL, and the resemblance to Lord Northsquitth was so extraordinary that many of them were moved to transports of delight. They were however unanimous in their conviction that the deplorable state of the ruins was largely, if not entirely, due to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's ignorance of Phœnician geography.

A Startling Disclosure.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in a Canadian Paper:

"Q.—Is it not a fact, that all of Lipton's challengers were built stronger and heavier than the American cup defenders, to enable them to cross the Atlantic?—A. D. B., Montreal.

A.—Yes, they were built stronger as they had to cross the ocean under their own steam."

"Serious injuries were sustained by —, aged 54, while assisting in discharging cargo. Shortly before one o'clock, it is stated, a cheese struck him and knocked him down."—*Provincial Paper*.

We have always maintained that these dangerous creatures should not be allowed to run loose.



THE "WITHDRAWAL" FROM MOSCOW.

CHORUS OF HALF-REVOLUTIONISTS SUPPORT MESSRS. SNOWDEN AND RAMSAY MACDONALD BY SINGING "THE RED (BUT NOT TOO RED) FLAG."

[The Independent Labour Party by a large majority has voted in favour of withdrawing from the Moscow Internationale.]



TENNIS PROSPECTS.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE guide-books have a good deal to say about the Houses of Parliament, but the people who write guide-books never go to the really amusing places and never know the really interesting things. For instance they have never yet explained what it is that the House of Commons smells of. I do not refer to the actual Chamber, which merely smells like the Tube, but the lofty passages and lobbies where the statues are. The smell, I think, is a mixture of cathedrals and soap. It is a baffling but rather seductive smell, and they tell me that the policemen miss it when they are transferred to point-duty. Possibly it is this smell which makes ex-Premiers want to go back there.

But let us have no cheap mockery of the Houses of Parliament, because there is a lot to be said for them. They are much the best houses for hide-and-seek I know. The parts which are dear to the public, the cathedral parts, are no good for that, but behind them and under them and all round them

there are miles and miles of superb secret passages and back staircases, the very place for a wet afternoon. They are decorated like second-class waiting-rooms and lead to a lot of rooms like third-class waiting-rooms; and at every corner there is a policeman; but this only adds to the excitement. Besides, at any moment you may blunder into some very secret waiting-room labelled "Serjeant-at-Arms."

If you are seen by the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS you have lost the game, and if you are seen by a Lord of the Treasury I gather from the policemen that you would be put in the Tower. Or you may start light-heartedly from the Refreshment Department of the House of Commons and find yourself suddenly in the bowels of the House of Lords, probably in the very passage to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Secretary's Room.

Still, there is no other way for Private Secretaries to take exercise and at the same time avoid their Members without actually leaving the building, so risks of that sort have to be faced.

While the Private Secretary is playing hide-and-seek in the passages and

purlieus his Member waits for him in the Secretaries' Room. The Secretaries' Room is the real seat of legislation in this country, and it is surprising that Mr. BAGENOR gave it no place in his account of the Constitution. It is also surprising, in view of its importance, that it should be such a dismal, ill-furnished and thoroughly mouldy room. It is a rotten room. Mr. ASQUITH, when a Private Secretary, is reported to have said of it, "In the whole course of my political career I can recall no case of administrative myopia at all parallel to the folly or ineptitude which has condemned the authors of legislation in His Majesty's Parliament to discharge their functions in this grotesque travesty of a legislative chamber, this sombre and obscure repository of mouldering archives and forgotten records, where the constructive statesmen of to-morrow are expected to shape their Utopias in an atmosphere of disillusion and decay, in surroundings appointed to be the shameful sepulchre of the nostrums of the past." If that is what Mr. ASQUITH said, I agree with him; if he didn't say it, I wish he had.

The room is pitch-dark always, and it is full of tables and tomes. The tables are waiting-room tables and the tomes are as Mr. ASQUITH has described them. It is divided into two by a swing-door. One part is the female Private Secretary part, the other is the male Private Secretary part, and it is lamentable to record that no romance has ever occurred between a male Private Secretary and a female one.

The room is plentifully supplied with House of Commons' stationery, which disappears at an astonishing rate. This is because the Members come in and remove it by the gross, knowing full well that the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS will suspect the Private Secretaries. It is a hard world.

However, this is where the Members come to their Private Secretaries for instructions. They come there nominally to dictate letters to their constituents, but really they come to be told what amendments to move and what questions to ask and what the Drainage Bill is about, and whether they ought to support the Dentist Qualification (Ireland) (No. 2) Bill, or not. It is awful to think that if the Private Secretaries downed tools the whole machinery of Parliament would stop. No questions would be asked and no amendments moved and no speeches made. The Government would have things all their own way. Unless, of course, the Government's Private Secretaries struck too. But of course the Government's Private Secretaries never would, the dirty blacklegs!

After the Secretaries' Room perhaps the most interesting thing in the two Houses is the House of Lords sitting as the Supreme Court. Everybody ought to see that. There is a nice old man sitting in the middle in plain clothes and several other nice old men in plain clothes sitting about on the benches, with little card-tables in front of them. Two or three of them have beards, which is against the best traditions of the Law. But they are very jolly old men, and now and then one of them sits up and moves his lips. You can see then that he is putting a sly question to the barrister who is talking at the counter, though you can't hear anything because they all whisper. While the barrister is answering, another old man wakes up and puts a sly question, so as to confuse the barrister. That is the game. The barrister who gets thoroughly annoyed first loses the case.

They have quite enough to annoy them already. They are all cooped up in a minute pen about eight feet square. There are eight of them, four K.C.'s and four underlings. They have nowhere to



Excitable Tenor (during dispute about the bill). "BUT, MY FRIEND, YOU NOT KNOW ME WHO I AM—NO? I AM SPOFFERING. TO-NIGHT I SING AT ZE OPERA—'BUTTERFLY.'"

Waiter (unimpressed). "UM—YOU LOOK LIKE A BUTTERFLY!"

put their papers and nowhere to stretch their legs. They sit there getting cramp, or they stand at the counter talking to the old men. In either position they grow more and more annoyed. Four of them are famous men, earning thousands and thousands. Why do they endure it? Because lawyers, contrary to the common belief, are the most long-suffering profession in the world. That is why they are the only Trade Union whose members have only half-an-hour for lunch. Well, it is their funeral; but if I were a K.C. sitting in that pen, with the whole of the House of Lords empty in front of me, I should get over the counter and walk about. Then the LORD CHANCELLOR might have a fit; and that alone would make it worth while.

The only other interesting place in the Houses of Parliament is the Strangers'

Dining Room. This is interesting because the Members there are all terrified lest you should hear what they are going to say. They never know who may be at the next table—a journalist or a Bolshevik or a landowner—and they talk with one eye permanently over their shoulder. It must be very painful.

But of course the best time to visit the House is when it is not sitting, because then, if you are lucky, you may sit with impunity on the Front Bench and put your feet up on the table. If you are unlucky you will be shot at dawn.

A. P. H.

"—'S BOOTS
HAVE BEEN
IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH."
Advt. in Local Paper.

We fear the advertiser has put his foot in it.

LABOUR AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

I WASN'T present at the station when Madame PAVLOVA arrived in London, bringing with her, as I have been assured by six different newspapers, no fewer than three hundred and eighty-five pieces of luggage. But I have seen, thanks to Sir J. M. BARRIE, the transformation which a Russian prima ballerina makes in an English country home, so I happen to know exactly what occurred. I think it deserves to be recorded. Very well then.

SCENE.—A Metropolitan railway terminus, though you wouldn't perhaps recognise it, because it looks a little like the interior of a Greek cathedral and a little like the fair at Nijni Novgorod, and the posters have obviously been painted by Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS or somebody like that. One porter is discovered leaning against an automatic sweet machine designed by an Expressionist sculptor. He is wearing a long mole-coloured smock, and looking with extreme disavour at his luggage-truck, which has somehow got itself painted bright blue and green, with red wheels. Music by J. H. Thomaski.

[Enter L., puffing slowly, the boat-train. The engine and carriages resemble Early-Victorian prints. Madame PAVLOVA descends, and in a very expressive dance conveys to the Porter that she has one or two trunks in the guard's van which she wants him to convey to a taxicab.

Porter. 'Ow many is there, lady?

[PAVLOVA pirouettes a little more and points three hundred and eighty-five times at the station-roof with her right toe.

Porter. Can't be done nohow.

[PAVLOVA dances a dance indicative of absolute and heartrending despair, terminating in an appeal to the heavens to come to her aid. Enter R., an important-looking personage with a long white beard, wearing a costume which might be called a commissionaire's if it wasn't so like a harlequin's.

Porter (impressively and with evident relief). The Stazione Maestro!

The Stazione Maestro. What's all this?

[PAVLOVA dances an explanation of the impasse. The S.-M. and the Porter remove their caps and scratch their heads solemnly, to slow music.

The S.-M. (after deep cogitation). This must be referred to the N.U.R.

[Enter suddenly, R. and L., dancing, the Central Executive Committee of the N.U.R. There is

thunder and lightning. PAVLOVA repeats her appeal. The C.E.C. confabulate. The Chairman finally announces that the thing is entirely contrary to the principles of their Union, and if the Station-master permits it he must take the consequences. The C.E.C. disappear.

The S.-M. What about it, Bill?

Porter. We'll do it. (He dances.) Here goes, Mum.

[Enter, suddenly, chorus of porters with multi-coloured trucks. (They are the same as the C.E.C. really, but they have changed their clothes.) Aided by the S.M. and Bill they remove the three hundred and eighty-five packages, and wheel them, walking on their toes, to the station exit, R. Here is seen a taxicab whose driver is wrapped in profound meditation and smoking a hookah, the bowl of which rests on the pavement. It is represented to him that a lady with some luggage desires to charter his conveyance and proceed to Hampstead. He comes forward to the centre and explains:

1. That it is near the dinner-hour.
2. That he has no petrol.
3. That he wouldn't do it for LLOYD GEORGE himself.

He retires to his vehicle and resumes his hookah. PAVLOVA dances some dances expressive of Spring, of Butterflies, of Flowers, of Unlimited Gold. In the midst of the final passage the driver leaps from his seat, rushes on to the platform, jumps three hundred and eighty-five times into the air, whirls PAVLOVA off her toes and dashes from side to side, carrying her in one hand. He finally flings her into the taxicab and returns to his seat. The luggage is piled upon the roof by dancing porters and tied with many-coloured ribbons. The taxi departs in a cloud of petrol, the driver steering with his toes and manipulating the clutches with his hands. Farewells are waved and finally, surrounded by the rest of the porters, the Station Master and Bill dance a dance of Glad Sacrifice, stab themselves with their hands, and die.

CURTAIN OF SMOKE.

Mind you, as I said at the beginning, I wasn't there myself, but I helped to steer three boxes to the seaside during the Easter holiday without the blandishments of Art. So I know something. EVOE.

LABUNTUR ANNI.

TO A CHITRAL HEAD ON THE WALL OF A LONDON CLUB.

LIGHT in the East, the dawn wind singing,

Solemn and grey and chill,
Rose in the sky, with Orion swinging
Down to the distant hill;

The grass dew-pearled and the *mohwa* shaking

Her scented petals across the track,
And the herd astir to the new day breaking—

Gods! how it all comes back.

So it was, and on such a morning

Somebody's bullet sped,
And you, as you called to the herd a warning,

Dropped in the grasses dead;
And some stout hunter's heart was brimming

For joy that the gods of sport were good—

With a lump in his throat and his eyes a-dimming,

As the eyes of sportsmen should;—

As mine have done in the springtime running,

As mine in the halcyon days
Ere trigger-finger had lapsed from cunning

Or foot from the forest ways,
When I'd wake with the stars and the sunrise meeting

In the dewy fragrance of myrrh and musk,

Peacock and spurfowl sounding a greeting

And the jungle mine till dusk.

You take me back to the valleys of laughter,

The hills that hunters love,
The sudden rain and the sunshine after,

The cloud and the blue above,
The morning mist and creatures crying,

The beat in the drowsy afternoon,
Clear-washed eve with the sunset dying,

Night and the hunter's moon.

Not till all trees and jungles perish

Shall we go back that way
To those dear hills that the hunters cherish,

Where the hearts of the hunters stay;
So you dream on of the ancient glories,

Of water-meadows and hinds and stags,

While I and my like tell old, old stories . . .

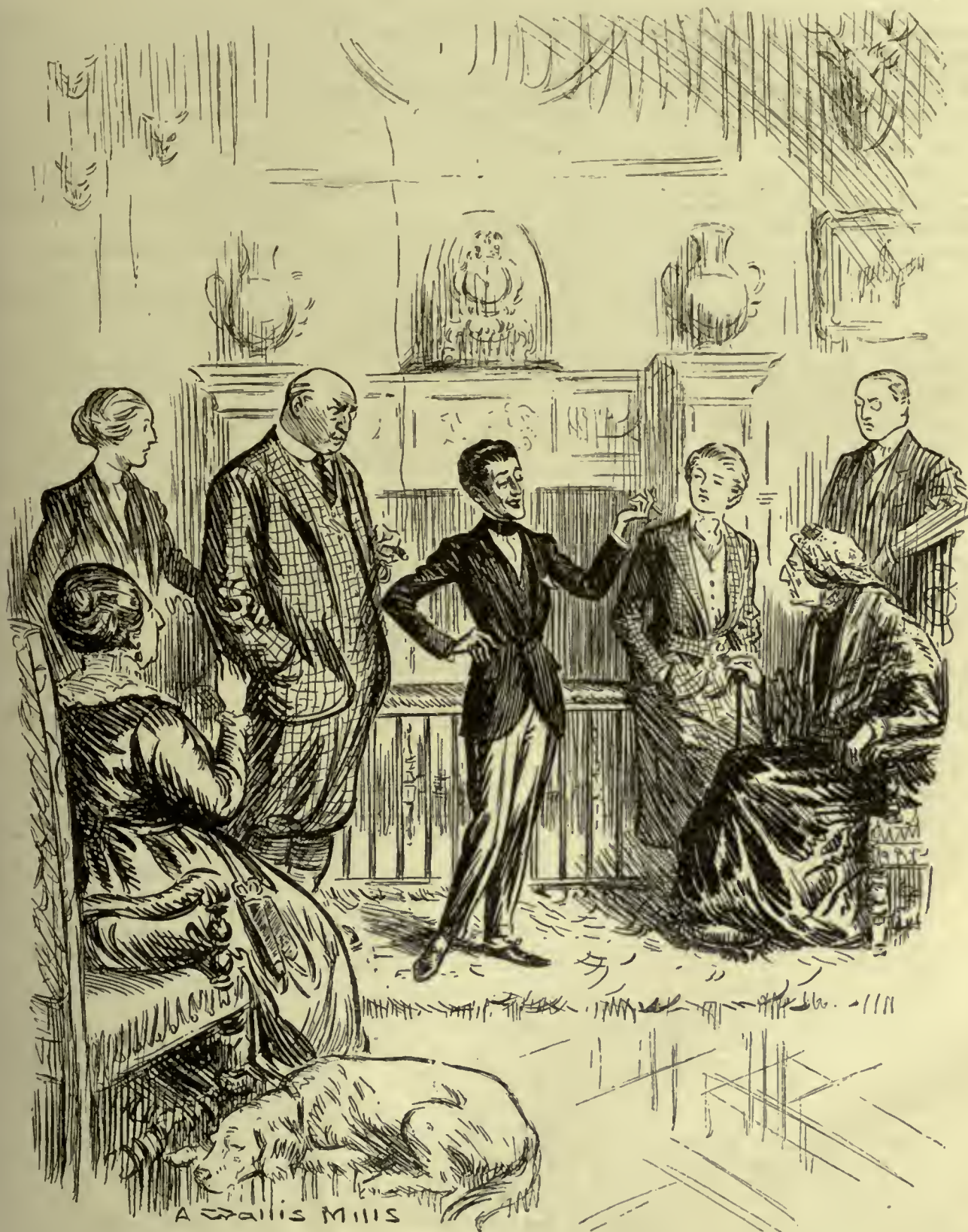
Ah! but it drags—it drags. H. B.

"MATRIMONY.

Accountant would write up Books, also Tax Returns; moderate charges."

Liverpool Paper.

This is much more delicate than the usual crude stipulation that the lady must have means.



MANNERS AND MODES.

A NEO-GEORGIAN TRIES TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

Thus is the story of Mr. Holmes, the Curate, and of how he brought peace to our troubled house. The principal characters are John, my brother-in-law, and Margery, my unmarried sister, and, at the bottom of the programme, in large letters, Mr. Holmes, the Curate. I have a small walking-on part. The story will now commence.

John and Margery went out for a walk in the beautiful Spring sunshine as friendly as friendly. They came back three hours later—well, Cecilia (his wife) and I heard them at least two villages away.

They both rushed into the room covered with mud and shouting at the tops of their voices.

"Cecilia," roared John, "order this girl out of my house. She shan't stay under my roof another hour."

"Cecilia," shrieked Margery, "he's an obstinate ignorant wretch, and thank Heaven he isn't my husband."

I put a cushion over my head.

Cecilia kept hers.

"If you will both go out of the room," she said, "take off your filthy boots and come back in your right minds and decent clothing I'll try to understand what you are both talking about."

They crawled out of the room abjectly and I came out into the open once more.

"Good Lord! What a family to be in!" I said.

* * * * *

"Cecilia," said John at tea, "harkening back to the question of Hairy Bittercress—"

"Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

"What on earth—?" began Cecilia.

"I'll tell her," said Margery quickly.

"Cecilia, we had a competition this afternoon, seeing who could find most signs of Spring. Well, I found a bit of Hazel Catkin—"

"Hairy Bittercress," said John.

"I tell you—" went on Margery.

"If you will calm yourself," interrupted John with dignity, "we will discuss the point."

"There's nothing to discuss. What do you know about botany, I'd like to know?"

"My dear child," said John, "when you were an infant-in-arms, nay,

before you existed at all, it was my custom to ramble o'er the dewy meads, plucking the nimble Nipplewort and the shy Speedwell. I breakfasted on botany."

"Talking of botany," I broke in, "there was a chap in my platoon—"

John groaned loudly.

"Do you suggest," I asked, "that he was not in my platoon?"

"I suggest nothing," he answered; "I only know that they can't all have been in your platoon."

"All who, John?" asked Cecilia.

"All the chaps he tells us about. Haven't you noticed, since he came home, it's impossible to mention any type or freak or extraordinary individual that wasn't like somebody in

"That is all, Cecilia," I said; "that is how he got to Blighty."

"We will now proceed with the subject in hand," said John after a moment's silence. He produced a small crushed piece of green-stuff from his pocket.

"The question before the house is, as we used to say in the Great War, 'Qu'est-ce-que c'est que ceci?' Any suggestions that it is of the Lemon species will be returned unanswered. For my part I say it is Hairy Bittercress."

"And I say it's Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

"And what says Hubert the herbalist?" asked John, handing the weed to me.

I examined it carefully through the ring of my napkin.

"Well," I said, "speaking largely, I should say it is either Mustard or Cress, or both as the case may be."

I was howled down and retired.

* * *

We heard lots of the weed during the next few days. Each morning at breakfast it sprouted forth as it were.

"And how is the Great Unknown?" I would ask.

"The Hairy Bittercress is thriving, we thank you," John would answer.

"Hazel Catkin," Margery would throw out.

"Catkin yourself," from John, and so on *ad lib*.

They kept it carefully in a small pot in the window, and if one looked at it the other watched jealously for foul play.

"On Saturday," said John, "the Curate is coming to tea. He is a man of wisdom and a botanist to boot—or do I mean withal? On Saturday the Hairy Bittercress shall be publicly proclaimed by its rightful name."

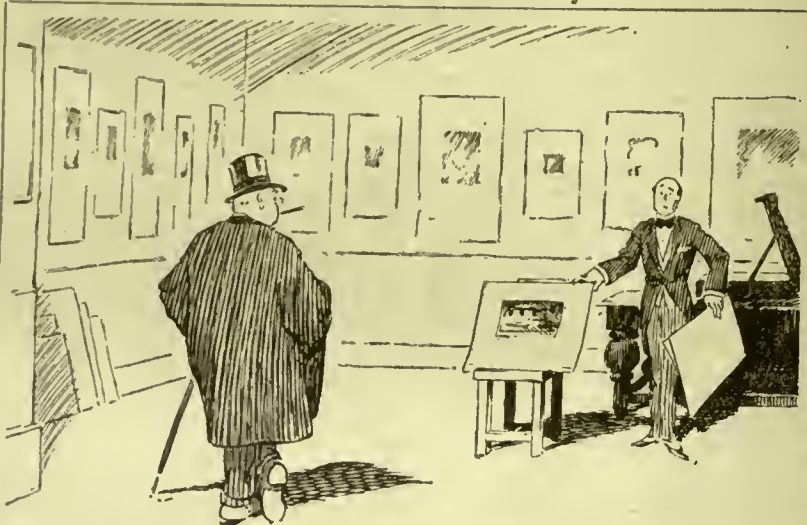
"Which is Hazel Catkin," said Margery.

Saturday came and Saturday afternoon, and, about three o'clock, the Curate. I saw him coming and met him at the door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holmes," I said. "You come to a house of bitterness and strife. Walk right in."

"Indeed I trust not," he said.

"Come with me," I replied; "I will



Art Patron (who has heard something about a Modern Movement). "Now you're NOT GOING TO TELL ME THAT'S A VALUABLE BIT OF WORK? WHY, HANG IT ALL, I CAN RECOGNISE THE PLACE."

his platoon? It must have been about five thousand per cent. over strength."

"I treat your insults with contempt," I said, "and proceed with my story. This chap had the same affliction that has taken Margery and yourself. He spent his life searching for specimens of the Bingle-weed and the five-leaved Funglebid. At bayonet-drill he would stop in the middle of a 'long-point, short-point, jab' to pluck a sudden Oojah-berry that caught his eye. In the end his passion got him to Blighty."

"How?" asked Margery.

"Well," I continued, "it was the morning of the great German attack. My friend—er—I will call him X—and myself were retiring on the village of—er—Y, followed by about six million Germans. Shots were falling all round us, when suddenly X saw a small wild flower at his feet. He bent down to pick it up and—er—"

"That is quite enough, Alan," said Cecilia.



"GET UP, DEAR, AND GIVE YOUR SEAT TO THIS LADY. REMEMBER YOU LOSE NOTHING BY BEING POLITE."
 "OH, DON'T I? I LOSE MY SEAT."

tell you all about it." And I led him on tip-toe to a quiet spot.

"Mr. Holmes," I said, "you know the family well. We have always been a happy loving crowd, have we not?"

"Indeed you have," he said politely.

"Well," I continued, "a weed has split us asunder. My brother-in-law and my younger sister are on the point of committing mutual murder."

I explained the whole situation and drew a harrowing picture of its effect on our family life. "Unless you help us," I said, "this Hazel Catkin or Hairy Bittereress will ruin at least four promising young lives."

"But I hardly see how I am to——" began Mr. Holmes.

I told him what to do.

"But surely," he said, "they will know better than that."

"No, they won't," I said. "Neither of them knows anything about it, really. Come, Mr. Holmes, it is for a good cause."

"Very well," he said. "Perhaps the end justifies the means. We will see what we can do."

"Good man," I said. "Children unborn will bless your name for this day's work."

I took him to the dining-room, where Margery and John were sitting.

"Here is Mr. Holmes," I said.

They both made a dash at him.

"Mr. Holmes," said John, "we seek your aid. You have a wide and deep knowledge of geography—that is botany, and you shall settle a problem that is ruining my home."

"Certainly I will do my best," said Mr. Holmes. And then without a blush:

"What is the problem, may I ask?"

"We have found a piece of——" began John.

"Don't tell him," shrieked Margery. "Let him see for himself."

They fetched the weed and handed it reverently to the Curate.

Mr. Holmes looked at it carefully. He breathed on it and moistened it with his finger. At last he looked up.

"This is a very rare specimen indeed," he said; "I never remember to have seen one quite like it. It is in fact a hybrid." He stopped and beamed at us.

"What's it called?" shrieked Margery and John together.

Mr. Holmes chose his words carefully.

"It is called," he said, "Hairy Catkin."

There was a pause while Margery and John gazed at each other.

"'Hairy Catkin,'" said John solemnly.

"Then—then we're both right!" said Margery.

They looked at each other again and then did the only thing possible in the circumstances. Each fell on the other's neck.

Mr. Holmes and I shook hands silently.

The Wool Shortage.

"Blankets, guaranteed all wood."

Provincial Paper.

"Antique Carved Ebony Carpet."

Another Provincial Paper.

"Within there is the delicious scent of burning logs, and all the fragrance of only a 13d. stamp."—*Daily Paper.*

We have tasted the backs of these stamps—a delicious bouquet.

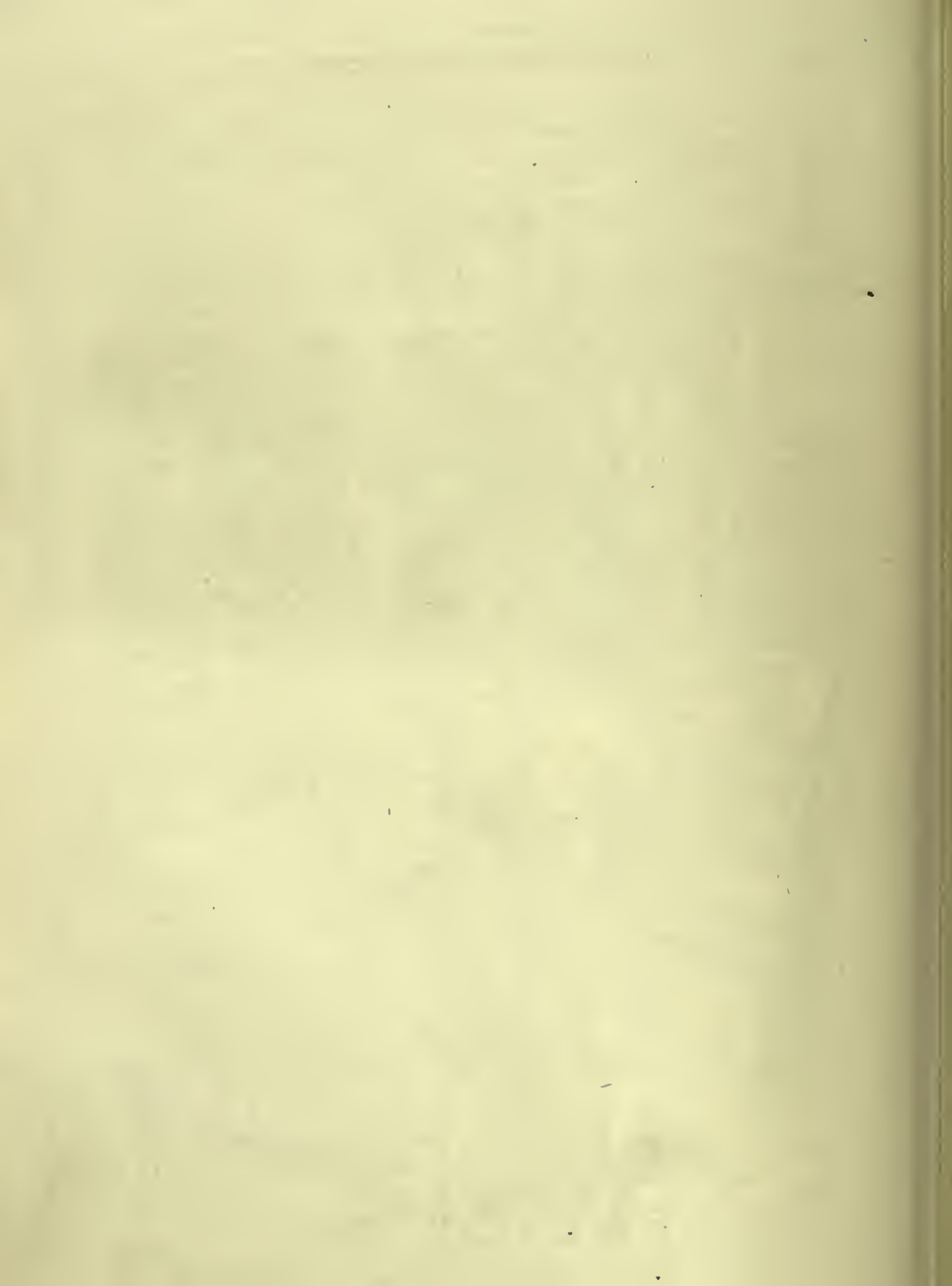
"Berwick Guardians on Tuesday favour-tarining in Ireland, was more able to deal receive their votes. The candidate, Mr. D. accompanied feastings and jollification, and sensation what elections were like in the the business of auctioneer."

North-Country Paper.

Portions of the paragraph are not too clear, but we should say there was no doubt about the jollification.



A LEVY ON PATRIOTISM.





Mabel (to dentist). "BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU? I'M DREFFLY TICKLISH."

drop the contents of a white packet into *Reginald's* *vang blanc*, telling her it's a love lotion—I should say potion—that will gain 'er *Reginald's* everlasting affections. *Reggie*, being thirsty, scoffs off the whole issue an' finds to his dismay that 'is voice 'as been completely destroyed. That's a thrilling situation, *Chris*, a *professeur de Crown* an' *Anchor* not being able to do his patter."

"'E might as well shut up shop right away," agreed *Chris*.

"Jest so. *Reginald* rushes after *Blaney* and tells him off good an' proper——"

"'Ow could 'e when 'e'd lost his voice?" asked *Chris*.

"Oh! burn it. This is a fillum drama. 'E sees 'is extensive *clientèle* drifting away to the *Vache Noire* an' *Blaney* getting so rich 'e can afford *Beaune* an' eggs an' elips for 'is supper every night. In the interests of the misguided victims *Reginald* tells the Military Police that drinking goes on during prohibited hours at the *Vache Noire*, an' gets the place put out of bounds. All the speckerlaters thereupon return to the *Avenir*, an' Part II. finishes with *Reginald* recovering 'is voice an' carolling 'Little Billy Fair-play, all the way from 'Olloway' while he rakes in the shekels with both hands and feet."

"I'm getting the 'ang of this a bit," said *Chris*; "I recollect there was a chap named *Slaney* as once did you down on a deal, an' I remember a red-aired girl at the *Avenir*. But all this talk about love lotions and voice dope gets me guessing."

"A fillum drama that's true to life ain't bound to be absolutely true as to facts. The trimmings is extra. We opens next with a little slow music an' *Jim Blaney* meeting *Reginald* an' telling 'im 'e's reformed an' given up gambling. Instead 'e's running a very respectable football sweep, the prize to be given to the one as draws the team that scores most goals, an' 'e offers *Reginald* a commission an' a seat on the drawing committee if he'll recommend it amongst 'is clients. Such is 'is plausibleness that 'e even sells *Suzanne* a ticket, though she's not rightly sure if *Aston Villa* is a race-horse or a lottery number. *Reginald*, however, suspects treachery.

"'Take your breath reg'ler,' 'e says, or makes movements to that effect. 'The matches for this sweep is played on Saturday, an' I seems to recollect that you an' a lot of the crowd is due for demob on Wednesday, an' I'm going for leave on Tuesday. What guarantee 'ave we that you weigh out before you go?'

"'I pays out *immédiatement* on receipt of the Sunday papers, which will be Sunday night,' says *Blaney*. 'That's good enough, ain't it?'

"*Reginald* therefore invests an' participates in the drawing, though still a bit doubtful. 'Is fears is justified, for on Friday night, 'aving got all the money, *Blaney* steps outside the *estaminay* an' hits a Military Police over the ear."

"Whatever for?" asked *Chris*. "The War's over."

"That's a mystery; but the mystery is solved when they 'ear that *Blaney* 'as gone to elink to do ten days F.P. No. 2."

"'E's just gauged it to a nicety,' says someone; 'e won't come out till we're demobbed, an' 'e'll be orf before *Reginald* gets back from leave."

"It's 'ere the finest scene in the fillum ought to 'appen. Imagine a crowd of defrauded an' infuriated soldiery, led by *Reginald*, marching up to the F.P. compound and demanding that the miserable *Blaney* an' their stakes should be 'anded over to them.

"'Never!' says the Provost-Sergeant, twirling his moustaches to needle points.

"'As a sportsman I appeal to you,' says *Reginald*, 'or we'll wreck the blinkin' compound.'



Informative Visitor (member of party viewing sights of London). "ERE Y' ARE, BOYS. ON OUR LEFT IS THE STATOO OF THE FAMOUS SINGER, ALBERT 'AL, AND ON THE RIGHT WE 'AVE THE KENSINGTON GAS WORKS."

"I'll not give him up while I have breath in my body," says the Provost-Sergeant. 'I've drawn Chelsea in the sweep.'

"Then should ensue the gloriousest shemozzle that ever was; but this scene is spoiled by some miserable perisher who says it ain't worth while making a rough house till they know who's won. What really happens is that they wait till the Sunday papers arrive, when it is found *Suzanne* 'as won the sweep, 'er 'aving drawn *Sunderland*, what was top-scorer with seven goals.

"It is then that *Reginald*'s noble nature shows itself. Instead of telling 'er that she's won an' then disappointing 'er by saying the prize money is in custody, 'e buys 'er ticket for 'alf-price. Then 'o goes to the compound an' bribes the sentry to let 'im talk to *Blaney* through the barbed wire.

"There's the winning ticket, *Blaney*,' 'e says; 'now pay out.'

"Pay out?" says *Blaney*, grinning hideously. 'Why, what do you think I got into clink for?'

"And the end comes with *Reginald* stalking 'elplessly outside the wire, an' *Blaney* laughing an' taunting 'im from inside."

"I don't think much of it," said Chris critically. "I know that *Slaney*—'im what you call *Blaney*—did actually

do you down real proper, but as a fillum it ain't a good ending."

"P'raps it ain't—as it stands," admitted Chippo, "but when I'm demobilized—when *Reginald* is demobilized, I should say, an' 'o 'appens to meet that *Jim Blaney* there'll be the finest fillum finish that's ever been released, if the police don't interfere."

THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE.

[The Government is reported to have three million empty rum jars for sale.]

I've long mused on buying a rifle,
A chunk of an aeroplane's gear
Or other belligerent trifle
By way of a small souvenir;
I've thought 'twould be fine (and your pardon
I beg if this savours of swank)
If the grotto that graces my garden
We're topped by a tank.

But only this morn I decided
Exactly the thing I preferred
To call back the prodigies I did
When the call for fatigue men was heard;

Though my life is again a civilian's,
Martial glories shall come back to view

If I buy from these derelict millions
A rum jar or two.

Though the spirit's long since been a "goner,"

Though the uttermost heel-tap be drained,
I will give them a place of high honour,
Well knowing that once they contained

My solace when seasons were rotten,
When the cold put my courage to flight,

Or the sergeant, perchance, had forgotten

To kiss me good-night.

In a world that is apt to be trying,
When things are inclined to go ill
And I'm sitting despondently sighing,

Perhaps they will comfort me still;
At the sight of these humble mementoes
It may be once more I shall know
From the crown of my head to my ten toes

That radiant glow.

Journalistic Candour.

"CHANCES MISSED.

By *The Daily Mail* correspondent recently in France."—*Daily Mail*.

"The Trojan Person in Pink' will fill the bill at the Haymarket."—*Evening Paper*.
Is this intended for a description of the lady to whom Paris gave the golden apple?



THE WORM TURNS.

A JUGGLER'S COMIC ASSISTANT REFUSES TO MUFF HIS TRICKS.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PROUD is not the word for me
When I hear my 8-h.p.
Latest model motor-bike,
Having dodged the latest strike,
Is awaiting me complete
At the garage down the street.

Joyfully I take my way
(And a cheque-book too to pay
The two hundred odd they thought it
Right to charge the man who bought
it).

Still, it is a lovely creature,
Up-to-date in every feature,
And a side-car, painted carmine—
Joy! to think they really *are* mine!

Time is short; I don't lose much in
Starting, and I let the clutch in;
Lest I should accelerate
Passing through the garage-gate,
Feeling certain as to what'll
Happen, I shut off the throttle,
When—my heart begins to beat—
I'm propelled across the street
In a way I never reckoned,
Gathering speed at every second.

Frantic, I apply the brake,
Realising my mistake
With my last remaining wit:
I've not shut, but opened it!
In another instant I
Hit the curb and start to fly.

Aeronautic friends of mine
Say that flying is divine;
Now I've tried it I confess
Few things interest me less,
Still, I own that in a sense
It is an experience.

These and other thoughts are there
As I whistle through the air,
And continue till I stop
In an ironmonger's shop
(Kept by Mr. Horne, a kind
Soul, but deaf and very blind).
Still—I mention this with pride,
For it shows how well I ride—
I have left the bike outside.

* * * * *
Little Mrs. Horne is sitting
In the neat back-parlour, knitting.
Mr. Horne, who hears the din
Which I make in coming in,
Leaves the shop and says to her:
"Martha, here's a customer.
From the sound of clinking metal
I should judge he wants a kettle."

Mrs. H. shows some surprise
At the sight that greets her eyes,
And, in answer to her shout,
Mr. H. comes running out.

* * * * *
Now, it's something of a strain
On the busy human brain
Passing through a window-pane
To decide what it will do
When at last it's safely through.

As I gaze around I find—
Horror! why, I must be blind!
Blind or dead, I don't know which—
All about is black as pitch;
Thick the atmosphere as well
With a dank metallic smell . . .

Guessing that I am not dead
I attempt to loose my head
From a kettle's cold embrace;
And, meanwhile, to save my face
(Finding I can't get it out),
Say politely—up the spout—
"Lovely morning, is it not, Horne?
Think I'll take this little lot, Horne;
It is such a perfect fit,
And I'm so attached to it
That I find I cannot bring
My own head to leave the thing.
So you will oblige me greatly
If you'll pack them separately."

The Housing Stringency.

"House for Sale 12ft. by 1ft., suitable for
bed-sitting-room."—*Provincial Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"We claim that we can do you anything in
our line as well, or perhaps a little bit less
than you will get it at many other places."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"ALLEGED WALLET-SNATCHER TAKES TWO
OMNIBUSES."

Evening News.

No wonder there is a shortage in
London travelling facilities.

THE WORD-BUILDERS;

A SHORTAGE OF STRAW.

Aitchkin has been doing great things in forage, but prosperity has not spoiled him. Although he must be aware that I remember him in pre-war days, when he used to strap-hang to the City with his lunch in a satchel, nevertheless he often invites me round on those rare occasions when he dines quietly at home.

The other evening, as he toyed with a modest eight-course dinner, I perceived that his cheerfulness was a trifle forced, and I thought that probably he was worrying over the behaviour of his little son, who, tiring that afternoon of his motor scooter, had done incalculable damage to the orchid-house with a home-made catapult.

When we were left alone with our cigars he unburdened his soul. It appears that, ever since the Armistice, ambition has spurred Aitchkin to be something more than the "& Co." of a firm which has become torpid with war profits. He had decided to start in business "on his lonesome," and to make "Aitchkin" and "forage" synonymous terms. Already he had taken over the premises of a sovereign purse-maker at a "reasonable figure." (When Aitchkin is "reasonable" somebody loses money.) But his bargain did not include a Telegraphic Address, and that morning, working from his letter-heading, "Alfred Aitchkin," he had brought himself to compose an appropriate word. To the "Alf" of the Christian name he added "Alpha" representing the initial of the surname (I suspected the assistance of his lady-typist), making the complete word "Alf-Alpha" or, written phonetically, "Alfalfa"—Spanish for lucerne. It was a word which could not fail to fix itself indelibly in the minds of his clients, for it recalled not only Aitchkin's name, but the commodity he dealt in. Full of the pride of authorship he had driven round to the G.P.O. in his touring car.

"But they crabbled it at once," he said sadly. "Telegraphic addresses nowadays have to conform to a lot of rotten new rules."

He handed me a slip of paper on which, over the dead body of "Alfalfa," he had jotted down the following notes:—

(1) Not less than eight, not more than ten letters.

(2) Must not be composed of words or parts of words.

(3) Words or parts of words may be accepted if they appear in the middle.

(4) Must not look like a word.

(5) Must be pronounceable.

(6) Russian names, on account of their unusual spelling, might be accepted.

"And what's more," Aitchkin continued, "even when you've got a word which the Department will accept, it has to be submitted to a Committee who take 'ten to fourteen days' to make up their minds."

A faint tinkling of the piano came to our ears. Mrs. Aitchkin was waiting to sing to us. I produced pencil and paper and threw myself heart and soul into Aitchkin's problem.

"Rules 2 and 3 are a little contradictory," I said, "and it will require no slight ingenuity to form a combination of letters which shall be pronounceable (Rule 5) and yet avoid the damnable appearance of a word (Rule 4). The concession about Russian names reminds me of something I have read about shaking hands with murder. In any case it is a barren concession, because, as we have seen, telegraphic addresses must be pronounceable. There is something sinister here," I continued. "This is the work of no ordinary mind. Some legal brain is behind all this."

Love of the bizarre and the latitude of the Russian Rule led me to make my first attempt with the name of that all-round Bolshevik sportsman, BRODNJANKOFF, and I was endeavouring to abridge it to not less than eight and not more than ten letters without spoiling the natural beauty of the name when Aitchkin stopped me rather brusquely. And my next effort, "PLUCRES," he quashed, because he said that the implacable suspicion of the G.P.O. would be at once aroused by the diphthong. I fancy, though, from the narrowing of his eyes that he had some misgivings as to the derivation of the word.

I then set to work with alternate consonants and vowels (which must give a pronounceable word), dealing with difficulties under the other rules as they might arise. Meanwhile Aitchkin, after the manner of an obstructionist official of the worst type, sat over me with the rules, condemning my results. Even "Telegrams: HAHAAHAA London," merely caused him to sniff contemptuously.

"You'll like this one," I exclaimed—ARLEYOTA. This is a combination of the word 'barley' (the 'h' being treated as obsolete like the 'n' in 'norange') and the word 'oat' with the 'a' and 't' transposed."

Aitchkin was interested. Breathing heavily, he tested the word with each rule in turn, while I sat relaxed in my chair. I pictured ARLEYOTA passed by the Department and brought into a hushed chamber before a solemn conclave of experts. How they would probe and analyse it during those momentous ten to fourteen days. And what a sensation there would be when

they discovered that ARLEYOTA begins and ends with the indefinite article.

Aitchkin thrust the papers into his pocket and rose abruptly, jamming the stopper more tightly into a decanter with his podgy hand.

"Not too bad, ARLEYOTA," he said loftily; "I'll get them to polish it up at the office to-morrow." (So I was right about the lady-typist).

He opened the door and we passed out.

"But it ends in TA," he shouted against the *Roses of Picardy* which now came with unbroken force from the drawing-room. "'Ta' is a word, you know."

"You may use it as such," I hawled, "but they've never heard of it among the staff of the G.P.O."

THE WANDERER IN NORFOLK.

A Fantasia on East Anglian Place-Names.

Tired by the City's ceaseless roaring
I fly to Great or Little Snoring;
When crowds grow riotous and lawless
I seek repose at Stratton Strawless;
When feeling thoroughly week-endish
I hie in haste to Barton Bendish,
Or vegetate at Little Hautbois
(Still uninvaded by the "dough-boy").
The simple rustic fare of Broekdish
Excels the choicest made or mock dish;
Nor is there any *patois* so
Superb as that of Spooner Row.
PETT-RIDGE's lively *Arthur Liddington*
Might possibly be bored at Didlington;
And I admit that it would stump SHAW
To stir up a revolt at Strumpshaw.
The spirits of unrest are wholly
Out of their element at Sloyey;
But even the weariest straphanger
Regains his courage at Shelfanger.
No taint of Bolshevistic snarling
Poisons the atmosphere of Larling.
And infants in the throes of teething
Become seraphical at Seething.

Nor must my homely Muse be mute on
The charms of Guist and Sall and
Booton,

Shimpling and Tattersett and Stody
(Which, be it noted, rhymes with ruddy),
And fair Winfarthing, where KING TINO
Would seek in vain for a casino
Or even a flask of maraschino.
For here, far from the social scurry
That devastates suburban Surrey,
You find the authentic countryside;
Here, taking Solitude for bride,
The wanderer almost forgets
The jazzing crowd, the miners' threats.

"UNAPPROACHABLE

FAMILY ALES & STOUT."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This should please Mr. "Pussyfoot."



J.H. DOWD-20

THE NEW SPIRIT IN WEDDING GIFTS.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

ONCE again we are "for it." It is that heavy hour between five and six when the vitality is all too low for the ordeal that awaits us. On either side the far-flung battle line of clustering figures stretches away into the gloom. It is an inspiring sight, this tense silent crowd of men of every class and vocation, united by a common purpose, grimly awaiting the moment when as one man they will hurl themselves into the fray.

Is it the mere lust for fighting that has brought them here? Or is it the thought of the home that each hopes to return to that steels their courage and lends that *elan* to their resolution without which one enters the struggle in vain?

In the dim half-light I furtively scan the set faces around me and find myself wondering what thoughts these impassive masks conceal. Are they counting the cost? Most of them have been through the ordeal before. Pale faces there are—small wonder when one thinks of what lies before them. Here and there a man is puffing at his beloved "gasper" with the nonchalance that marks your bull-dog breed when stern work is afoot.

Yet one cannot keep one's thoughts from the tremendous possibilities of the next few minutes. Where shall we be a few minutes hence? Some, one knows, will have gone West—and the others? Would they effect a lodgement, or be hurled back baffled and raging and impotent, as, alas! had too often been the case before?

And what of those who were even now maybe preparing against our onslaught? Their intelligence could hardly have failed to warn them of our intentions. The position would be occupied, never fear, and in force, with seasoned men from the East.

At last a stunning roar that seems to shake the very ground, rising to a shriek. Now it is each man for himself. The long line surges forward, looking eagerly for a breach. Now we can see our opponents—hate in their eyes—as they brace themselves for the shock. Now we are into them, fighting silently, with a sort of cold fury save

where a muttered curse or the sharp cry of the injured bears testimony to the fierceness of the struggle.

But see, they turn and waver. One more rush and we are through, driving them before us. The position is won.

Breathing hard we look around at the havoc we have wrought, and suddenly the glamour of victory seems to fade and one loathes the whole sense-

BY THE STREAM.

(Featuring the Premier.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has returned from a visit to the haunts of his youth with renewed health and reinforced Welsh accent. The last day of his holiday was spent in fishing in the company of two friends; but unfortunately the newspapers failed to supply any details of the scene, a lack of enterprise which it is difficult to understand, especially on the part of the journals known to employ Rubicon experts on their staff. Happily we are able to give information which we have reason to believe will not be officially contradicted.

From his childhood Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has known intimately the romantic stream, named, for some unexplained reason, the Dwyfor river. To its musical murmur may be traced the mellifluous cadences of the statesman's voice employed so effectually in his appeals to Labour and the Paris Conference. Who can say what influences this little Welsh river, with its bubbling merriment, the flashing forceful leap of its cascades, its adroit avoidance of obstacles, may have had upon the career of the statesman of to-day, as through the years it has wound its way from the springs to the ocean? The senior fish of the Dwyfor are well known to him, and they gather fearlessly in large numbers to smile at his bait and to point it out to their friends.

Towards the end of the day a humorous incident occurred. A keeper appeared on the opposite bank of the river and excitedly warned the party that they were trespassing, requesting them to retire.

To his amazement his demands were ignored, and the trespassers replied to his protests by singing "The Land Song," the PREMIER's rich tenor voice being easily distinguished above the roar of a neighbouring cascade.

"Lieut. — proposed that Mr. —, our present vice-chairman, be elected to the chair until the usual election of officials took place, by that time a capable member would probably be found willing to accept the position.

"Mr. — thanked the proposer and seconders for their compliment."—*Service Paper*.

The new chairman seems to be easily pleased.



SHAKSPEARE AND THE NEW ART.

"WHAT'S HERE? THE PORTRAIT OF A BLINKING IDIOT?"
Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 9.

less, savage business. We do not really hate these men. After all, they are our fellow-creatures.

But what would you? One cannot spend the night on Charing Cross District platform.

From a drapery firm's advertisement:

"WE NEVER ALLOW

DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER TO LEAVE THE
PREMISES IF WE CAN AVOID IT.

IT DOESN'T PAY!"

Scotch Paper.

Suspiciously like a case of "Your money or your life!"



Sunday School Teacher. "DEAR ME, MAGGIE, YOU'RE NOT GOING AWAY BEFORE THE SERVICE IS BEGUN?"
Little Girl. "IT'S OUR FREDDIE, MISS. 'E'S SWALLOWED THE COLLECTION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

INEVITABLY you will find a sad significance in the title of *Harvest* (COLLINS), the last story, I suppose, that we shall have from the pen of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. It is a quite simple tale, very simply told, and of worth less for its inherent drama than for the admirable picture it gives of rural England in the last greatest days of the Great War. How quick was the writer's sympathy with every phase of the national ordeal is proved again by a score of vivid passages in which the fortunes of her characters are dated by the tremendous events that form their background. The story itself is of two women in partnership on a Midland farm, one of whom, the senior, has in her past certain secret episodes which, as is the way of such things, return to find her out and bring her happiness to ruin. The character of this *Janet* is well and vigorously drawn, though there is perhaps little in her personality as shown here to make understandable the passion of her past. All the details of life on the land in the autumn of 1918 are given with a skill that brings into the book not only the scent of the wheat-field but the stress, emotional and economic, of those unforgettable months. Because it is all so typically English one may call it a true consummation of the work of one who loved England well. In Mrs. WARD's death the world of letters mourns the loss of a writer whose talent was ever

ungrudgingly at the service of her country. She leaves a gap that it will be hard to fill.

In some ways I think that they will be fortunate who do not read *A Remedy Against Sin* (HUTCHINSON) till the vicissitudes of book-life have deprived it of its pictorial wrapper, because, though highly attractive as a drawing, the very charmingly-clad minx of the illustration is hardly a figure to increase one's sympathy with her as an injured heroine. And of course it is precisely this sympathy that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is playing for—first, last and all the time. His title and the puffs preliminary will doubtless have given you the aim of the story, "to influence the public mind on one of the most vital questions of the day," the injustice of our divorce laws. For this end Mr. MAXWELL has exercised all his ability on the picture of a foolish young wife, chained to a lout who is shown passing swiftly from worse to unbearable, and herself broken at last by the ordeal of the witness-box in a "defended action." Inevitably such a book, a record of disillusion and increasing misery, can hardly be cheerful; tales with a purpose seldom are. But the poignant humanity of it will hold your sympathy throughout. You may think that Mr. MAXWELL too obviously loads his dice, and be aware also that (like others of its kind) the story suffers from over-concentration on a single theme. It moves in a world of incompatibles. The heroine's kindly friend is tied to a dipsomaniac wife; her

coachman has no remedy for a ruined home because of the expense of divorce, and so on. To a great extent, however, Mr. MAXWELL's craft has enabled him to overcome even these obstacles; his characters, though you may suspect manipulation, remain true types of their rather tiresome kind, and the result is a book that, though depressing, refuses to be put down. But as a wedding-present—no!

The Underworld (JENKINS) describes life round about and down below a small coal-mine in Scotland something near thirty years ago. Its author, JAMES WELSH, tells us in a simple manly preface that he became a miner at the age of twelve, and worked at every phase of coal-getting till lately he was appointed check-weigher by his fellows, and therefore writes of what he knows at first hand. Here then is a straightforward tale with for hero a sensitive and enthusiastic young miner who draws his inspiration from BOB SMILLIE, loses his girl to the coal-owner's son and his life in a rescue-party. The villain, double-dyed, is not the coal-owner but his "gaffer," who favours his men as to choice of position at the coal-face in return for favours received from their wives. The chief surprise to the reader will be the difference between the status and power of the miner then and now. The writer has a considerable skill in composing effective dialogue, especially between his men; gives a convincing picture of the pit and home life, the anxieties, courage, affections and aspirations of the friends of whom he is "so proud." Nor does he cover up their weaknesses. Purple passages of fine writing show his inexperience

slipping into pitfalls by the way, but his work rings true and deserves to be read by many at the present time when miners are so far from being victims of "the block"—the employers' device for starving out a "difficult" man—that they look like fitting the boot to another leg. One is made to realise their anxiety to get rid of that boot.

How They Did It (METHUEN) may be regarded as a novel with a purpose, and, like most such, suffers from the defects of its good intentions. The object is "an exposure of war muddling at home," and it must be admitted that Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN gives us no half-measure; indeed I was left with the idea that greater moderation would have made a better case. To illustrate it, he takes his hero, David Grant, through a variety of experiences. Incapacitated from active fighting through the loss of an arm, he is given work as a housing officer on the Home Front. His endeavours to check the alleged extravagance and corruption of this command led to his being "invalided out"; after which he wanders round seeking civilian war-work (and marking only dishonesty everywhere), and ends up with a post in the huge, newly-formed and almost entirely farcical Ministry of Business. This final epithet puts in one word my criticism of Mr. O'DONOVAN's method. Everyone admits the large grain of truth in his charges; the trouble is that he

has too often allowed an honest indignation to carry him past his mark into the regions of burlesque, and in particular to confuse character with caricature. But as a topical squib, briskly written, *How They Did It* will provide plenty of angry amusement, with enough suggestion of the *roman à clef* to keep the curious happy in fitting originals to its many portraits. I should perhaps add that the plot, such as it is, is held together by a rather perfunctory and intermittent love-affair, too obviously employed only to fill up time while the author is thinking out some fresh exposure. This I regretted, as *Mary*, the heroine, is here a shadow of what seems attractive and original substance. I wonder that the author did not invent for her a Ministry of Romance. He is quite capable of it.

Among the writers who have established stable reputations for themselves during the War "KLAXON" is in the very front rank. This is partly due to an easy natural style, but most to a sound judgment and an amazingly clear eye for essentials. To those (not myself) who want to forget the last few years it may seem that we have already been given enough opportunities to read about our submarines. Well, I have read nearly everything that has been written on this subject and could yet draw great delight from *The Story of Our Submarines* (BLACKWOOD), a most informing and fascinating book. "Whatever happens," says "KLAXON," "the German policy of torpedoing merchant ships without warning must be made not only illegal but unsafe for a nation adopting it. . . . If these notes of mine serve no other purpose, they will, at any rate, do something towards differentiating between the submarine and the U-boat." By which it will be seen that to his many other claims on our regard "KLAXON" adds the gift, not always found among experts, of modesty.



DISGUST OF AN ARTIST ON FINDING HIS ACADEMY SUCCESS OF 1899 AT AN AUCTION OF MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES LEFT BEHIND IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

THE VISIT.

WHEN I went to Fairyland, visiting the Queen,
I rode upon a peacock, blue and gold and green;
Silver was the harness, crimson were the reins,
All hung about with little bells that swung on silken chains.

When I went to Fairyland, indeed you cannot think
What pretty things I had to eat, what pretty things to drink;
And did you know that butterflies could sing like little birds?
And did you guess that fairy-talk is not a bit like words?

When I went to Fairyland—of all the lovely things!—
They really taught me how to fly, they gave me fairy wings;
And every night I listen for a tapping on the pane—
I want so very much to go to Fairyland again. R. F.

"Wanted, Bedroom and Sitting-room (furnished), with use of bathroom, without attendance."—*Provincial Paper*.

We share the advertiser's desire for privacy during ablutions.

CHARIVARIA.

It appears that Irish criminals may be divided into three classes (a) The ones you can't catch; (b) The ones you have caught but can't convict; (c) The ones you have convicted but can't keep in prison.

To such an extent has America gone dry that nearly all letters despatched from Scotsmen living over there are posted with the stamps pinned to the envelopes.

"We are certainly going to gain by the sale of the Slough works," said Mr. BONAR LAW last week. Whether to an extent that will justify the Government for having kept *The Daily Mail* waiting like that is another question.

Mr. JAMES FOWLER of Deptford has offered to walk from Westminster Bridge to Brighton with a jar on his head. We assume that he has mislaid his hat.

In Hertfordshire the other day a boy was knocked down by a funeral-car. It may have been an accident, but it has all the appearance of greed.

A constable giving evidence at Willesden police-court said a prisoner called him a "sergeant-major." We fcluro the fellow could not have meant it.

Mrs. ALICE L. YOCUM, of Boone, U.S.A., has just obtained her thirteenth divorce. It is said that she has the finest collection of husbands in America.

The man who last week said he had not read "Another Powerful Article" by Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY in the Sunday Press is thought to be an impostor.

Parents in New York who are afraid of losing their children may register them at the Bureau of Missing People. As we have no such institution in this country parents must adopt the old method of writing their names and addresses on the top right-hand corner of their offspring.

Any wind blowing at more than

seventy miles an hour, says an informing paper, may be called a hurricane. At the same time we doubt if this would have much effect on it.

Our sympathy is with the young Flight Lieutenant of the R.A.F. who has been unable to keep up with the uniforms designed by the Air Ministry. He is now said to be three uniforms behind.

It is claimed that whilst standing on a certain rock near Aberdeen one can obtain a thousand echoes from a single shout. We understand that the local habit of going there in order to pull a cork out of a bottle has now been pro-

have recently overheard the remark made by a thoughtless visitor that he was growing more like a Bolshevik every day.

A certain lamp-post in Maida Vale has been knocked down twice by the same bus. If the bus knocks it down once more the lamp becomes its own property.

The amazing report that one of the first six to finish in the London to Brighton walk was once a telegraph-boy is now denied.

There is a man living in the Edgware Road, it is stated, who has never been on an omnibus. He has often seen them whizzing by, he declares, but has always resisted the temptation to take the fatal plunge.

There will be no Navalmanœuvres this year, it is announced. How under these conditions Mr. POLLEN can continue to teach the Navy its business is a very grave question.

At a St. Dunstan's auction at Thornton Heath autographs of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY and the PREMIER were sold at ten shillings each. Mr. ROBEY, it appears, generously insisted on treating the matter as a joke.

A Manchester scientist claims to have discovered a means of making vegetable alcohol undrinkable without impairing its usefulness. It looks as if the secret of Government ale must have leaked out at last.

We are in a position to deny a report which was being spread in connection with a certain Model Village scheme, to the effect that the model bricklayer had refused to perform unless he was provided with a model public-house, while the model public-house could not be provided until the model bricklayer started work.

Bonnet strings, says a fashion paper, will be worn by *débutantes* this summer. Apron strings, we gather, will continue to be unfashionable with our flappers.



British Museum Official. "NO, YOU CAN'T GET INTO THE MUMMY GALLERY. THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ARE STILL THERE."
Rustie. "WHAT! AIN'T THEY SORTED 'EM OUT YET?"

hibited owing to the annoyance caused to American visitors.

A large grocery warehouse in Liverpool was practically destroyed by fire last Thursday week. We understand that the orderly manner in which the cheeses fell in and marched out of the danger-zone was alone responsible for preventing a panic.

"Keep smiling and you will never need a doctor," advises a writer in an illustrated daily. A friend of ours who put it to the test now writes to us from a well-known county asylum advising us to choose the doctor.

According to a morning paper, Micky, the oldest ape in the Zoo, now wears a mournful expression and seems to be tired of life. It is thought that he may

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

ENGLAND TO HER FRANCE.

This is a joyous trysting-place, my love,
 With no inconstant climate to distract us;
 Puro azuro is the sky that laughs above
 These admirable bowers of prickly cactus,
 Where we may nestle, conjugating amo
 (Dear old San Remo!).

We've had our difference, us lovers do;
 A slight misunderstanding came between us;
 But that is past; the sky (I said) is blue
 And this the very sea that nurtured Venus;
 Come, like her doves amid the groves of myrtle—
 Come, let us turtle.

"How can they ever kiss again?" 'twas said;
 But Love made light of that absurd conundrum;
 And lo! your breast is pillow to my head,
 And we've a pair of hearts that beat as one drum;
 Our bonds, if anything, are even more
 Tight than before.

Your independence caused a passing pain,
 But now, I thank you, I am feeling better;
 You'll never go upon your own again
 Nor I will write another nasty letter;
 Embrace me, then, for sign of love's renewal,
Mon bijou (jewel).

O. S.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HOBBS.

OLD Hobbs, the gardener, has been in our family longer than I have. Although we live within twenty miles of London only once has he made the journey to the great city, for that one memorable day so nearly ended in disaster that he always speaks of it with a shudder. Indeed, but for the arrival of Mrs. Hobbs, belated, flustered and inquiring everywhere for her man, he must assuredly have spent the night in a police-station.

This is how it all happened. Mrs. Hobbs was returning from a visit to relations in Sussex, and her husband was to meet her in London, convey her across the city and bring her home. In order to avail himself of a cheap fare Hobbs left by the 7.30 train, though his wife would not arrive till four o'clock in the afternoon.

He managed to get across London somehow. After locating the station at which Mrs. Hobbs was to arrive his intention was to spend the day "looking round London a bit;" but the crowds and the traffic were too much for the old countryman, so he sought safety by staying where he was.

Time hung heavily after a while. He lingered round the bookstall looking at the books and papers till a pert girl behind the counter asked him if he wouldn't like a chair; but when Hobbs, who was never rude and consequently never suspected rudeness in other people, raised his hat and said, "No, thank'ee, Miss, I be all right standing," even the pert girl was disarmed.

Next he amused himself counting the milk-churns on the platform. Then he killed time by interesting himself in the stacks of unattended luggage and examining the labels; and at three o'clock a railway policeman laid a hand on his shoulder and asked him what his game was.

Hobbs, a little startled but clear in conscience, told his tale.

"That don't do for me," announced the constable. "I been keeping observation on you since nine, and your wife don't arrive till four, so you say. I seen you hanging

round the luggage and fingering parcels, and you'll just come with me to the police-office as a suspected person loitering. An old luggage-thief, I should say, to put it quite plain."

"Me a thief!" gasped Hobbs, roused to realities; "why, I've worked ever since I was twelve, and me sixty-three now; I was never a thief, Sir. Look at me hands."

The constable inspected them critically. "They're a bit horny certainly; but then that may be only your dam artfulness. Come on and talk to the Sergeant."

The Railway Police-Sergeant briskly inquired his name, address, occupation and all the rest of it. Hobbs gave a good account of himself and mentioned that he had worked in our family for forty-two years.

"Any visiting-cards, correspondence or other papers to identify you?" asked the Sergeant mechanically. He had said it so often to the people who cry "Season! Season!" when there is no Season.

Hobbs confessed to having none of these things; and no, he knew no one in London.

"Then you'll stay here till four," pronounced the Sergeant, "and we'll see if this good lady of yours comes along."

But, alas! no Mrs. Hobbs appeared. "Must have missed the train," suggested Hobbs despairingly. "P'raps the trap broke down or something."

There was only one more train, it seemed, and that was not due until nine.

"Oh, I don't think my missus 'ud like to be so late as that," said the suspect. "She'd wait till the morning. I don't reckon she'll come to-night."

"No more don't I." The constable was beginning to enjoy himself. "If I was you I should drop the bluff and own I was fair caught. If you was to ask me, I should say you didn't look like a married man at all. We'll see what the Sergeant says now."

The Sergeant was accordingly consulted. He too was rather sceptical.

"If there's any truth in what you say you'd better wire to this gentleman at Monk's Langford that you say you work for, and try if we can identify you somehow," he advised. And to the constable, "Take him to the Telegraph Office and let him send his wire. Then bring him back here. Mind he don't give you the slip."

So Hobbs, sighing deeply and perspiring freely, wrote his message: "Sir, they have got me in the police-station here and say I am a suspected person, which you know I never was, having worked for you, Sir, and your father for forty-two years. But the Sargeant here says he wants proofs, and you, Sir, must vouch for me as being respectable, which you know I am, and none of us was ever thieves. So will you please do so, Sir, and oblige, as this leaves me at present, George Hobbs."

The clerk glanced at it. "It's a long message," he said; "it'll cost four or five shillings."

Hobbs hadn't got that—no, really he hadn't.

The constable standing on guard, rather bored, interposed, "We ain't asking you to write a book about it."

"No, Sir, I couldn't do that," replied Hobbs anxiously. "What would you say, Sir, if you was me?"

"Don't ask me," answered the policeman. "It's your wire, not mine. Send something you can pay for. We only wants to find out if you're the person you say you are. Daresay you'd like me to write it for you, and you 'op it while I done it. I seen your kind before. Try again, mate."

So Hobbs tried again. And that is how it came about that at tea-time a telegraph-boy brought me the bewildering message: "Mr. Lockwood, The Nook, Monk's Langford. Sir, am I Hobbs? Hobbs."



LOVERS' QUARRELS.

JOHN BULL (*to France*). "WONDERFUL HOW A LITTLE STORM IN A TEA-POT BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR!"



OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.

Strong Man. "NOW THEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, KIND APPRECIATION, IF YOU PLEASE. YOU SHORLY DON'T EXPECT A GENUINE WEST-END PERFORMER TO 'ALF KILL 'ISSELF IN THE SUBUBS FOR FOURPENCE?"

BRIDGE NOTES.

(With acknowledgments to several contemporaries.)

It would, I feel, be but fair to the great Bridge-playing public to preface these few notes with a word of warning against the writers whom I find to my regret affecting to speak with authority on this subject in other periodicals. Until, as in the kindred profession of Medicine, it is impossible to practise without a Bridge degree, nothing can be done to prevent these quacks from laying down the law. All I can do for the present is to point out that there is only one writer who can speak not merely with authority, but with infallibility, upon all matters pertaining to our national game.

In this the eighth instalment of my series on Auction etiquette, I should like to urge once more upon the young Bridge-player the importance of playing quickly. And this because yet another case has come under my notice

in which much trouble might have been avoided by doing so. In this case A. took seven minutes to decide whether to play the King or the Knave, which, especially as the Queen had already been played, was, I consider, far too long. Y., the declarer, sitting on A.'s left, certainly found it so, for towards the end of the seventh minute he dropped off to sleep and his cards fell forward face upward on the table. Dummy having gone away in search of liquid refreshment, A. and his partner B. then played out the hand as they liked and then roused Y. to inform him that, instead of making game, he had lost three hundred above.

Now, A. and B. were strictly within the rules of Auction Bridge in acting as they did. There is no legal time limit for players, as there is at cricket. But it would have been more tactful had they roused Y. at once, that he might see what they were doing with his cards.

Nor should tact be confined to such

comparatively rare incidents as this. For instance, it is a mistake to confuse Auction Bridge with Rugby football. I have known players who declared "Two No-trumps" in very much the same manner as that in which a Rugby football-player throws the opposing three-quarter over the side-line. Excessive aggression is a mistake. A young Civil Servant of my acquaintance even went so far as to abstain from claiming an obvious revoke when the delinquent was the chief of his department. Unfortunately, however, this young man, so wise in other ways, had the annoying habit of turning his chair to bring him luck. On one evening, when the run of the cards was against him, he turned his chair between every hand and so annoyed his chief that no promotion has ever come his way, and he now spends his days bitterly regretting that he did not claim that revoke.

Passing to another point, I am asked by a correspondent if it is permissible occasionally to play from left to right,

instead of from right to left, just to relieve the monotony. He asks, not unreasonably, why, if this is not so, writers on Bridge go to the trouble of putting those little curved arrows to show which way round the cards are to be played.

For myself, I see no reason why the right-to-left convention should not occasionally be reversed, always provided that the whole table agrees beforehand to play in the same direction.

There are many other points to which I should like to refer, and many players to whom I should like to give a word of warning. There is the player who suddenly breaks off to join in the conversation of other people who happen to be in the room. There is the player who whistles to himself while he is playing: this is a grave fault, nor does the class of music whistled affect the question; the *Preislied* performed through the teeth is quite as exasperating as *K-K-Katie*. Then there is the player who breathes so hard with the exertion of the game that he blows the cards about the table. Finally there is the player who slaps the face of his or her partner. This is a mistake, however great the provocation. I have not space now to deal exhaustively with these breaches of Auction etiquette. Besides, I have to keep something in hand for future articles.

THE MADDING CROWD.

THE scene is an Irish Point-to-Point meeting.

The course lies along a shallow valley, bounded on the north by a wall of cloudy blue mountains.

At each jump stands a group of spectators; the difficulty or danger of an obstacle may be measured by the number of spectators who stand about it, recounting tales of past accidents and hoping cheerfully for the future. Motor cars, side-cars, waggonettes, pony-traps and ass-carts are drawn up anyhow round a clump of whitewashed farm buildings in the background.

Blanketed hunters are having their legs rubbed or being led up and down by grooms. Comes a broken-winded tootle on a coach-horn and the black-and-scarlet drag of the local garrison trundles into view. The unsophisticated gun-horses in the lead shy violently at the flapping canvas of an orange-stall and swerve to the left into a roulette-booth presided over by a vociferous ancient in a tattered overcoat and blue spectacles. The gamblers scatter like flushed partridges and the ancient bites the turf beneath his upturned board amid a shower of silver coins. The leaders, scared by the animated table,



Foreman (to new hand). "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE?"

New Hand. "OILIN' THE WHEELBARROW."

Foreman. "WELL, JUST LET IT ALONE. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?"

and the blood-curdling invocations and wildly-waving arms and legs of the fallen croupier, shy violently in the opposite direction and disappear into the refreshment-tent, whence issue the crash of crockery and the shrieks of the attendant Hebes. (Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY should have some questions to pop about this at Westminster when next the Irish Question comes up.)

The bookmakers are perched a-top of a grassy knoll which overlooks the whole course, and around them surges the crowd.

* * * * *

Scarecrow (in somebody's cast-off dinner-jacket and somebody else's abandoned hunting breeches). Kyard of the races! Kyard of the races!

Farmer. Here y' are. How much?

Scarecrow. Wan shillin'-an'-sixpence, Sorr.

Farmer. There's "Price wan shillin'" printed on ut, ye blagyard.

Scarecrow. The sixpence is for the Government's little Intertainmints Tax, Sorr.

'Farmer. Oh, go to the devil!

Scarecrow. Shure an' I will if yer honour 'll give me a letther of inthroduction. We'll call ut a shillin', thin, and I'll sthand the loss mesilf.

[Farmer parts with the price and the Scarecrow dodges swiftly into the crowd. The Farmer peruses the card and frowns in a puzzled way; then the date catches his eye and he curses and tears the list to pieces.

Farmer. Drat take the little scut; he's sold me last year's kyard!

Cattle-Dealer (shouting). Hi, sthop him there!

Farmer. Whist, let him go. Let him

trap some others first the way I'll not be the only mug on the market this day.

Trickster (setting up his table and jerking his cards about). I'm afther losin' a pony to thim robbers beyant, but, as Pierpont Rockefeller said to Jawn D. Morgan, "business is business, an' if ye don't speculate ye won't accumulate." Spot the dame and my money's yours; spot the blank and yours is mine. "The quickness of the hand deceives the eye, or vicy-versy," as Lord Carnegie remarked to Andrew Rothschild. Walk up, walk up, my sporty gintlemen and thry yer luck wid the owld firm.

Farmer. There go the harses down to the post. Who's that leadin' on the black?

Dealer. Young Misther Darley, no less. 'Tis a great fella for all kinds of divarson he is, the same. I was beyant to Darleystown this week past and found him fightin' a main o' cocks before the fire in his grandmother's drawin'-room. Herself riz up off her bed and gave the two of us the father and mother of a dhrubbin' wid her crutch, an' she desthroyed wid the gout an' all.

Farmer. 'Tis herself has the great heart. Hey! that's never Claney goin' down on the owld foxey mare? Faith, it's sorra a ha'porth cud she course or lep these fifteen years.

Dealer. Lep, is ut? Shure she'll spring out like a birrd an' fear no foe by dint of the two bottles of potheen she has taken an' the couple o' lads Claney has stationed at ivvery jump to let a roar at her an' hearthen her wid the sthroke of an ash-plant as she comes at ut."

First Country Boy. Arrah, they're off, they're away!

Second Country Boy. Thin let us down to the big double, avic, and he the grace of God we'll see a corpse.

Girl in Brown (hopping from one foot to the other). Can you see Freddy, Uncle George? Is he in front? I'm sure he is. He hasn't fallen, has he? He won't fall, will he? I'm sure he will. I do hope he'll win; I know he won't. The jumps look frightful, and I'm certain he'll break his darling neck. Oh, where is he, Uncle George?

Uncle George. Here, take my field-glasses.

Girl in Brown. I can't see, I can't see.

Uncle George (drily). Try looking through them the other way round.

Beshawed Crone (towing an aged beggar-man who wears a framed placard reminding the public that "charity covers a multitude of sins," and announcing that the bearer is not only "teetotally" deaf and dumb, but also blind, barmy and partially paralysed).

May God's blessin' and the blessin's of all the howly Saints an' Martyrs be on ye, and would ye spare a little copper for a poor owld sthriken crature an' I'll pray for ye this night an' ivvery night of me life?

Girl in Brown. Give her a shilling, Uncle George, and tell her to pray for Freddy now.

[*Uncle George does the needful.*

Beggar-man (miraculously recovering his speech). Whist! Was that a shillin' he gave ye? That makes ten ye have now, thin. Run like a hare an' put ut on Aerobat at the best ye can get.

Farmer. Claney leads he a length.

Dealer. Thin 'tis a hardy rider will dare pass the owld foxey mare now, for sho'd reach out an' chew the leg off him, sho's that jealous.

Farmer. Woof! Pat Maguire is into the wather head-first an' dhrinkin' a bellyful, I'll warrant—which same will be a new sensation for him.

Dealer. It will indeed. 'Tis a wonder he wouldn't send a lad round the course before him givin' the ditches a dash from a pocket-flask the way he'd be in his iliment should he take a toss—the thirsty poor fella!

Farmer. The foxey mare is down on her nose an' Claney throwing somersets all down the course. Aerobat has ut.

Dealer. He has not. He is all bet up. He's rollin' like a Wexford pig-boat. Beau Brocade has the legs of him.

Girl in Brown (jumping up and down). Beau Brocade! Beau Brocade! Oh, Freddy darling!

Beggar-man (miraculously recovering his sight). Aerobat! Put the whip to him, ye lazy varmint! Aerobat! Och, wirra, wirra!

Dealer. Beau Brocade has him cot. He is on his quarther. He is on his shoulder. They are neck and neck. He has him bet. Huroosh!

Farmer. What are you hurooshin' for—you with five poun' on Aerobat?

Dealer (crestfallen). Och, dang it, I was forgettin'.

Girl in Brown (dancing and clapping her hands). Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Beggar-man. * * *!!! * * *!!!

[*Local brass band, throned in a dilapidated waggonette, explodes into the opening strains of "Garryowen."*

PATLANDER.

"The question which arises in the mind of the writer is this:—Is Salicylic Aldehyde $C_6H_5 \cdot COOH$ orthohydroxybenzaldehyde?"
OH

the cause of the trouble?"

The Fruit-Grower.

It must be a dreadful thing to have a mind like that.

TELEPHONE TACTICS.

It is now some months since the great autumn offensive was conducted with the idea of biting off an awkward salient in my circumstances—in brief, of obtaining the necessary telephone to enable me to commence an ordered existence. For many, many days my voice had been unheard crying in the wilderness that I was a poordemobilised soldier, that I had once had a telephone and had given it up at my country's call, and please couldn't they give me back even my old, old telephone again? I have already told how in response to these very human appeals I at length got only a request for the balance due for calls for 1914. My old friend Time, however, worked his proverbial wonders and one day a telephone came—phit! like that.

Directly it had come I suspected a trap somewhere. Nor were my friends behindhand in telling me of the horrors of gigantic and inexorable bills from which there was no appeal. They said I must have a coin-box. Excellent idea! I would have a coin-box.

So the great Spring offensive began. In early February I opened a strong barrage upon the main headquarters (how lovingly these ancient military metaphors come back to one!) and kept up a little light harassing fire upon the District Agent. The enemy replied with rigid uniformity upon printed forms—a mean advantage, for I have to type mine myself. But matters progressed. At the end of the first fortnight I had been advised that the work of installing my coin-box had been entrusted to no fewer than three groups of engineers, "to whom you should refer in all cases."

Well, I "referred" for some little time, and then, after a decent interval, made their acquaintance separately. If anything was calculated to bring back memories of the lighter side of the War it was the gracious and suave manner in which I despatched and re-despatched to other departments. I might have been the buffest of buff slips the way I was "passed to you, please."

Once again I cancelled all my work in the pursuit of where the rainbow ends. Nor was this renunciation any great hardship, for I had been writing a book about the Realities of War, and had just found that all the horrors that ever might have happened had already been set down by one who saw most of the game, being an onlooker. "But this," I said, as I set out every morning—"this is the life, pure adventure in every moment of it."

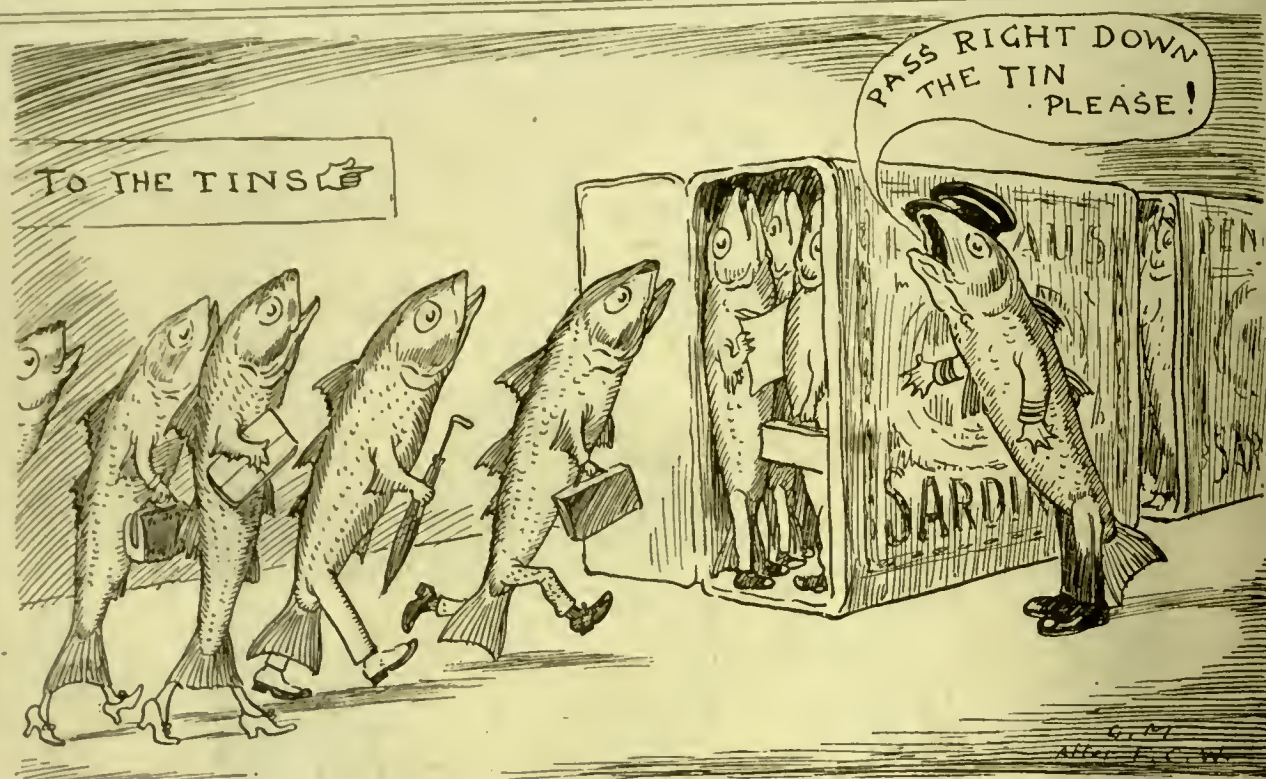
My efforts were rewarded. In late



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

[From an Early-Victorian pocket "*Etiquette for Gentlemen*."—"During the morning hours a gentleman visitor who neither shoots, reads, writes letters nor does anything but idle about the house and chat with the ladies is an intolerable nuisance. Sooner than become the latter he had better retire to the billiard-room and practise cannons by himself."]



THE PIONEERS.

SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF UNDERGROUND TACTICS.

February three people came and left three coin-boxes—in pieces. Then I must admit that I did a foolish thing. I wrote and said that I only wanted one box. I was afraid that if I kept them all it would be a case of "Thr-r-ree pennies, please," instead of one. (Mine is a penny district).

It annoyed them all. They came and took all the boxes away again—jealousy, I suppose. So at the end of February I was back in my old trenches again and visitors were still saying, "Oh, do you mind if I ring up So-and-so?" and I was listening to myself answering, "Oh, do. No, of course don't bother about the twopence" (visitors always want calls just outside the radius; I do myself).

The crisis came in March. It was then that I joined the criminal classes. For many days I had haunted the telephone dump, taking a melancholy pleasure in watching real engineers come out with real coin-boxes for other people. No Peri at the golden gate ever looked more wistful. I know now that it is opportunity that makes the criminal, and one day the opportunity came. It came in the form of a young and evidently new hand, who emerged from the dump and pitched upon me—me of all people—to ask, "Can you tell me where this place is?" As he spoke he began to get out a slip with the

address, and in that moment my fate was sealed. One glance showed me that he was the bearer of a perfectly good coin-box, and in a second I had seized the opportunity.

What he said I have not the slightest idea and it wouldn't have mattered what the address had been; before he started I had assured him that by a curious coincidence I was going to that very place, and that by a still more curious coincidence I was the very man who wanted that coin-box. Curious, wasn't it, how such coincidences happened in real life as well as in books?

I took him to my home in a taxi. On the way I succeeded in diverting his mind from any possible awkward questions by relating details of my sad story until I could see the poor fellow was on the verge of tears. For those interested in criminology I may say that all the best criminal devices are not necessarily planned beforehand to the end; they are begun any-old-how and the genius consists in carrying the thing through afterwards, much the same as running a great war. I recked not what might occur after I had nefariously induced the poor innocent to install the machine; perhaps I had some vague idea that the Englishman's house is his castle, though this seems ridiculous when considered calmly. However, what matter these psychological

dissections? He came with me unsuspecting, and I piloted him out of the taxi without his ever noticing the name of the street even. How could I have foreseen? Well, anyhow I didn't, or I shouldn't have tipped him on the stairs.

With many nods and winks I gave my wife the hint how I had managed it, and we went about the house whispering and hobnobbing in odd corners like a couple of conspirators while he began the work of installation.

Then the first dreadful moment came. Suddenly he addressed me by my name, with a certain suspicious interrogation in his tone.

"Who?" I asked blandly, going as red as a turkey-cock, of course; I never can help it.

He looked surprised and I plunged heavily, giving the first name I could think of, which happened to be the one he had mentioned in the taxi—his own, in fact. He looked still more suspicious and I knew it had been a mistake, especially as close to where he had been working were two envelopes addressed to me. I am certain that if my wife had not called me at that moment I should have gone permanently purple all over.

When I got back (I tried to get my wife to go, but she said she would rather I went, and that I wasn't really as red as I felt)—when I got back I



Mrs. Faulkner (to District Visitor). "NICELY, THANK YOU, MISS, EXCEPT FOR A POISONED 'AND. FOR THE REST OF 'EM, FATHER'S IN HOSPITAL, LITTLE FLORRIE'S SCALDED HERSELF AND BABY'S GOT THE WHOOPING-COUGH. IT BE A BLESSING THAT TROUBLES DON'T COME SINGLY OR ELSE THERE'D BE NO END TO IT."

could see that it had dawned upon him that I had wheedled him there without his knowing exactly where he was, and that he was determined not to be had. He asked me to sign for the installation.

Alas, I could not do that. It was only then that I realised that I am constitutionally honest; besides they might find me out.

We both tried to turn his thoughts to pleasanter topics. Perhaps asking him to have a glass of port was a mistake; there are times when even bribery is bad policy. Briefly, after a mumbled remark that "there was something fishy," he refused to leave the box. Dry-eyed we watched him take it all down and depart in a dudgeon. We were left with a vision of shameless visitors with their twopenny calls and interminable bills running up even while we were away on our holidays.

Let us," I said hoarsely—"let us go and look at our child; she is all we have left now."

Moodyly we turned to go upstairs. In the hall we stopped dead. Upon the floor was the wretched paper which

my Victorian conscience and my twentieth-century caution had prevented me from signing.

"He must," said my wife with her usual perspicacity, "have dropped it on his way out. Let's see who the box was really meant for."

Picking it up I read aloud in cold firm tones *my own name and address*. The box had been meant for us after all.

* * * * *

We got it in the end. It came one morning, like the flowers in Spring, quite suddenly, and we spent a whole day telephoning to our friends to tell them we had a coin-box at last. I also wrote a letter full of gratitude to the telephone people and got the reply that, "owing to the shortage of plant, etc.," they regretted that for the time being they could not grant my request for a telephone.

We did not tell them that we had had one for three months; Heaven knows what would have happened.

And we are left in peace—now that our visitors have heard that we have a coin-box.

L.

TWO "STEIN"-WAY GRANDS.

BY A PHILISTINE.

EINSTEIN and EPSTEIN were wonderful men,

Bringing new miracles into our ken.

EINSTEIN upset the Newtonian rule;

EPSTEIN demolished the Pheidian School.

EINSTEIN gave fits to the Royal Society;

EPSTEIN delighted in loud notoriety.

EINSTEIN made parallels meet in infinity;

EPSTEIN remodelled the form of Divinity.

Nature exhausted, I hopefully sing,
Can't have more Steins of this sort in her sling.

"Disputing Sergt. Alvan C. York's claim as the world war's greatest hero, Sergt. Mike Donaldson of New York has challenged the Tennessean to a debate on who is the greatest war hero."

New Haven Journal-Courier (U.S.A.)

Without waiting for the result of this unique contest Mr. Punch has no hesitation in saying that between them these warriors are responsible for the mightiest "blow" of the War.



The Colonel (at the end of his vocabulary). "WHAT DID LORD FISHER SAY IN 1919?"

FROM THE DANCE WORLD.

(By our Ballet Expert.)

The Daily Graphic announces that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has "fallen a willing victim to the latest fashionable dances," and is having lessons in them "in the privacy of his Hanover Square home." A thousand entrancing possibilities are opened up by this bald announcement. We are content to supplement it by a few authentic details.

Mr. BENNETT, who does nothing by halves, has mapped out a programme which will occupy his energies for at least two years. First comes the period of pupilship, which will last for six months. Then a year on the stage; then six months devoted to the composition of three novels and three plays, each with a Terpsichorean motive. Already, while engaged on his daily exercises, Mr. BENNETT has found time to revise the titles of some of his earlier works in keeping with his present aims, and two of these have now been appropriately rechristened *Anna Pavlova of the Five Towns* and *Helen of the High Kick*.

In the actual technique of his adopted art Mr. BENNETT has already shown extraordinary progress. The other day, while a wedding party was just about to leave St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. BENNETT, who happened to be

passing by, took a flying caracole clean over the Rolls-Royce which contained the happy pair. Those who witnessed the feat say that it eclipsed Nijinsky in his most elastic mood. But Mr. BENNETT is not satisfied, and declined an invitation to appear at the Devonshire House Ball last week on the ground that his achievement does not yet square with his ambition. Moreover he has decided not to dance in public under his real name, but is not yet quite certain whether to choose the artistic pseudonym of Ben Netsky or Cinquecittà—probably the latter.

Above all he is firmly resolved to preserve in his dancing the sympathetic and humanistic tone of his presentation of life in his books. It will be a message of hope. He is determined by his gestural artistry and resilient thistle-downiness to "sanction and fortify the natural human passion for believing that life can somehow, behind all the miseries and the mysteries, mean something profoundly worth while." To render justice to his mental and physical agility is beyond our powers. We have been driven to culling this memorable sentence from the latest and most preternaturally precious of his American admirers.

It is only fair to say that as a dancing fictionist Mr. BENNETT will not be allowed to have it entirely his own

way. Rumours are already afloat of the appearance on the boards of Messrs. CHESTERTON and BELLOC, under the impressive aliases of Campoborgo and Bellocchio, "the Terrible Tarantulators." This may be only a wild surmise. There is however strong *a priori* evidence in support of the statements that Mr. MASEFIELD is taking lessons in the Fox Trot at Boar's Hill, and that Lord Northsquit is bringing back with him from Morocco a powerful troupe of Dancing Dervishes, with the intention of installing them ultimately in Downing Street.

Our Literary Legislators.

"AN IMPERIAL POLICY."

(By Mr. ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P.)

May I commence my argument by a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, 'He knows not England who only Edgland knows'?"—*Liverpool Paper*.

"SITUATIONS OPEN."

(COLONIAL, INDIAN AND FOREIGN.)

IRELAND.—Invoice Clerk required by leading firm of Wholesale Druggists in Ireland."

Trade Paper.

Dominion Home Rule casts its shadow before.

"The decree of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the creation of a separate Providence of Wales was read."—*Scotch Paper*.

What's wrong with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?



RESTORING THE BALANCE.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE. "IT'S A TRICK!"

PERFORMER. "OF COURSE IT'S A TRICK! THE POINT IS THAT IT HASN'T BEEN DONE FOR YEARS AND YEARS—AND I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO APPLAUD IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 12th.—Neither Ministers nor ordinary Members showed any marked eagerness to resume their Parliamentary labours. Little green oases were to be seen in every part of the House, and on the Treasury Bench even Under-Secretaries (who often have to maintain a precarious perch on one another's knees) had room to spread themselves.

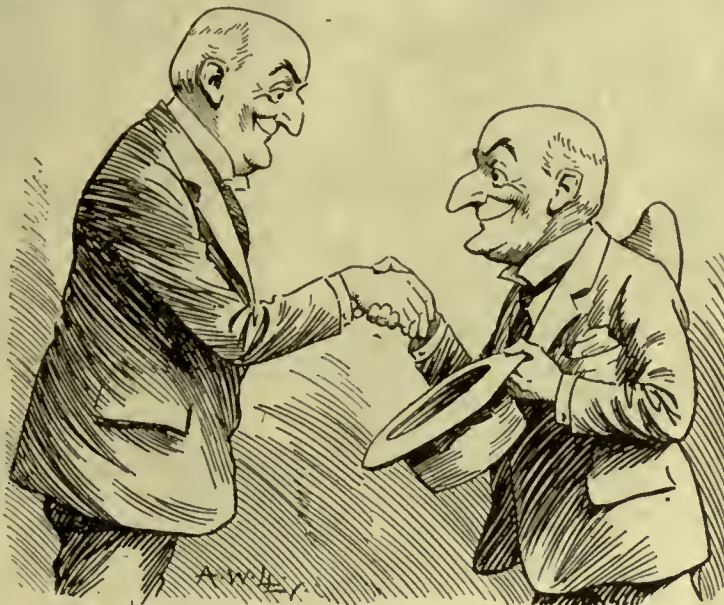
The Underground Railway may, like Nature, be careless of the individual, but it is extremely careful of the typewriter, and insists on making a special charge for this instrument, officially regarded as a bicycle. But as Sir ERIC GEDDES announced that this extortion, "though legal," was in his opinion "neither just nor expedient," we may hope that it will shortly be abandoned. The Ministry of Transport at last seems likely to justify its existence.

Lieut.-Commander KEN-WORTHY was annoyed to find that there has been no change during the recess in the regulations relating to passports, and that they are still not issued to Soviet Russia. The tone of the Minister's reply rather suggested that the Government might be disposed

to learn that, though the heads of agreement were being discussed, no contract had yet been signed. He was indeed rather surprised that the Government should think of parting at all with what the LEADER OF THE HOUSE had assured them was going to be "a dripping roast

The rest of the evening was mainly taken up with the case of the Irish hunger-strikers. Mr. BONAR LAW was at first very stiff in his attitude, pointing out quite reasonably that if the Government found it necessary to intern people suspected of crime it was absurd to let them out again because they threatened to commit suicide. Several Members, English as well as Irish, thought that there was a case for differentiating between convicted prisoners and those who were merely under suspicion, and on the adjournment the Irish Attorney-General a little relieved the prevailing gloom by a hint that some modification of the prison-rules might be made on these lines.

Wednesday, April 14th.—The MINISTER OF HEALTH announced with some pride that under the Housing Acts passed last year no fewer than 1,346 dwellings had actually been completed, and twelve thousand more were in various stages of construction. But he showed no enthusiasm for the suggestion that he should extend the benefits of the Acts to others besides the "working classes," and flatly declined to attempt a definition of that ambiguous term. It is believed,



MR. PUNCH GREETS HIS DOUBLE.
MR. FILDERS OF STOCKPORT.

for the taxpayer." Mr. LAW smilingly disclaimed the coinage of this appetising phrase.

Mr. MILLS, the new Member for Dartford, is credited with being "very hot stuff" (a cadet, I am told, of the *Moulin Rouge* family), but he looked much too trim and spruce for a real revolutionary as he walked up, amid the plaudits of his Labour colleagues, to take the oath and his seat. In fact Mr. GREENWOOD, the new Coalition-Unionist Member for Stockport, who followed him, has much more the air of an *homme du peuple*. As for Mr. FILDERS, his Coalition-Liberal colleague, I don't wonder that Stockport favoured a candidate whose genial countenance so strongly resembles that of Mr. Punch.

The debate on the Civil Service Estimates furnished Mr. HOPKINS with an opportunity of delivering an appeal, doubtless cogent but mainly inaudible, for the restoration of the exchange value of the pound sterling. Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, on the other hand, was more audible than orthodox. At least it rather shocked me to be told that we were getting too much for the pound before the War. Mr. BALDWIN, for the Government, made a speech so full of sound commonsense that Sir FREDERICK BANBURY hoped he would send a special copy of it to San Remo for the edification of the PRIME MINISTER.



"HOT STUFF."

MR. MILLS OF DARTFORD.

to make an exception in favour of the hon. and gallant Member.

Tuesday, April 13th.—After the official announcement that the Slough depot had been sold, and the chorus of satisfaction in the Press that the Government had disposed of its white elephant at a profit, Mr. HOGGE was disappointed



AN EX-ADMIRALTY CRICHTON.
DR. MACNAMARA EFFECTS A LABOUR EXCHANGE.



Our Animal Artist. "THOSE CHICKENS I BOUGHT OFF YOU ARE NO GOOD TO ME."

Farmer. "NO GOOD, SIR? WHAT'S WRONG WI' 'EM?"

Our Animal Artist. "THEY'VE GOT NO EXPRESSION."

however, that recent experience has convinced him that builders in general and bricklayers in particular cannot properly be so described.

Mr. RENDALL's attempt to get the House to pledge itself in advance to the full policy of Lord BUCKMASTER's Divorce Bill was defeated. The main opposition came from Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, who sits for Canterbury and spoke with cathedral solemnity. Mr. MUNRO supported the Resolution, on the ground that Englishwomen ought not to be refused the advantages enjoyed by their Scotch sisters. Marriage in Scotland appears to resemble Glasgow—there are great facilities for getting away from it. But Lady ASTOR, hailing from a land where they are even greater, displayed no desire to jump to conclusions, and asked for an interval of five or ten years to make up her mind.

If the cheers that greeted Mr. MACMURSON were meant to console him for his "Irishman's rise" in slipping down from the Chief Secretaryship to the Ministry of Pensions, they were assuredly superfluous. The supposed victim was obviously delighted to be rid of the responsibility for a policy which

seems to grow more tangled every day. Only on Tuesday Mr. BONAR LAW was assuring the House that the Mountjoy hunger-strikers must be left to commit suicide if they chose; the Government could not release men suspected of grave crimes. This afternoon he announced that sixty-six of them had in fact been liberated on parole.

The new Minister of Labour (late of the Admiralty) came on board again, looking none the worse for his strenuous exertions at Camberwell. He had a hearty welcome from all quarters of the House, which would hardly know itself without its "Dr. Mac."

It is one thing to gain a seat in the House, but quite another thing to keep it, as Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS has just discovered. Returning from a prolonged tour in foreign parts he found that his favourite corner-seat had been annexed by another Member. Determined to reclaim it, he visited the House at 8 A.M. and inserted his card; but on coming back to the House for prayers found that the usurper had substituted her own. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, with old-world chivalry, considered that the only lady-Member should be allowed to sit where she pleased; but the

SPEAKER upheld the principle "first come, first served."

On a Vote of twenty-seven millions for the expenses of the Ministry of Munitions Mr. HOPE told a flattering tale. The Department might be spending a lot of money, but it was making a great deal more; and he anticipated that the Disposals Board would hand over to the Exchequer this year something like a hundred millions, if not more. The Slough Dépôt, he maintained, had been run at a profit and sold at a profit. The Ministry might have made some mistakes, but it represented a prodigious national effort, of which the historian would speak with amazement and praise.

Unimpressed by this panegyric Sir DONALD MACLEAN intimated that he came to bury the Ministry and not to praise it. In his view its administration had been grossly extravagant. He demanded the full details of the Slough transaction and suggested that the Vote should be withdrawn until they were forthcoming. To this proposal Mr. HOPE, with more humility than I should have expected after the optimism of his earlier speech, ultimately agreed.



Editor (to poet of somewhat dissolute habits who has been paid in advance for contributions which are not forthcoming). "I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO THE DEVIL AS HARD AS YOU CAN; BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SING AS YOU GO."

THE LAND OF LOGIC.

LET me tell you about my Nationalist friend, Gabal Osman Effendi.

The circumstances of his brother's death, which were as follows, drove him into politics and made him a fervent advocate of "Egypt for the Egyptians."

His brother was in a very humble way and lived in a little mud village. There he had a friend, yet poorer than himself, who only attained to prosperity when a plague fell on the village. The sanitary authorities put a cordon around it to prevent the spread of the plague, and hired this man among others to throw disinfectants and things into any drains that happened to exist. Thus Osman Effendi's brother's friend became a Government servant.

Now Osman Effendi's brother had a sore leg. When he heard of his friend's new work he thought he saw a way to avoid any doctor's fees. So he went to him and said, "I hear that you are now a doctor." His friend, proud but truthful, said he was perhaps hardly that, but he was certainly put to administer drugs. Osman's brother pointed out that his leg was sore and suggested that it should be healed. The other looked doubtful, then produced a lump of his

disinfectant. "This," said he, "is a powerful drug and, who knows? it may cure your leg." It was a friendly act; but Osman's brother swallowed the lump and shortly afterwards died.

Osman Effendi at once brought an action for damages against the Government, on the ground that its servant had caused the death of his brother (whom, as a matter of fact, he himself had largely supported). The case was heard by a Court on which sat two Egyptian judges and one English, and the decision went against Osman. This convinced him of the injustice of the English.

The Assize Court of Appeal, which visited the district and heard Osman Effendi's appeal against the first verdict, consisted of three Egyptian judges. It is true that the English judge who should have gone on Assize had fallen ill, and there was no other to take his place. But Osman Effendi saw in this too the malevolent hand of the English, who nourished a grudge against him. "How," he said, "can I obtain justice if there is no Englishman on the Court?"

From that moment he has become an ultra-Nationalist, and has, I believe, been seen in the streets of Cairo shout-

ing with the best of them the latest "English" catchword of "Long Live Egypt! Long Die MILNER!"

He is, you see, an educated man.

Consolidating the Empire.

"In honour of the visit to Napier of the Prince of Wales the roof of the Borough Council offices is to be given a coat of paint."
New Zealand Paper.

"PERSONAL."

ARTHUR.—You idiot.—Irene.—*Times.*
Very "personal," we should say.

"Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes left London last Saturday for the United States."
Irish Paper.

It is only fair to add that they have not chosen this country for the sake of its easy Divorce Laws.

"Major Christopher Lowther (CUCumberland, North) moved a new clause."
Provincial Paper.

It was somewhere in this neighbourhood, we believe, that WORDSWORTH discovered his "winsome marrow."

"Though to-day is Primrose Day . . ."
Daily Mirror, April 12th.

At the risk of being thought behind the times, we ourselves deferred our celebration until April 19th as usual.

AT THE 'PLAY.

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

IT is nearly always a good thing for the author of a play to know what he is after, and if he can get his audience to follow him so much the better. It is quite possible that Mr. Esmond had an idea in his head when he wrote *Birds of a Feather*, but if so he never let me get at it. Up to the very end I had no conception of what he was trying to illustrate, unless it was the trite theory that we are the creatures of our environment.

That, at any rate, was how *Constance* (of "the House of *Ussher*") explained her vagaries, though I couldn't see why. The daughter of a very rich Jew, whose Christian wife had run away from him, she was brought up in great comfort, which included the love of a peer's son, her father's secretary. It is true that her stern parent would not hear of their union; but that has no doubt happened to young heiresses before now without turning them into criminals. With *Constance* however it seems to have been different. She had gathered from what she knew of her father's career that there must be easy ways of making money if you are not too scrupulous, so she forged his name for a thousand pounds with speculative intent. It was open to the old man to regard this as an act of filial piety, since it was an attempt, however crude, to follow the parental tradition; but apparently forgery had not been one of his foibles and he threatened her with the law unless she gave up the idea of marrying the secretary, now dismissed from his service.

Meanwhile she has been carrying on a secret intrigue with that gentleman (she must have got this from her "Christian" mother), and when her father comes to know of it he suddenly exhibits an unsuspected gift of sentimentality ("My baby Con! my baby Con!" he sobs), and, in terror lest his ewe-lamb's name should be tainted by the breath of scandal, he offers his late secretary a heavy sum of money to make an honest woman of her. It sounds a little inconsistent, but of course there may have been a nice differentiation in the old rogue's mind between a moral and a criminal offence, in favour of the latter.

As for *Constance* I have seldom met a less seizable character. If she was the result of environment there was no visible sign to show how it infected her. We simply had to take Mr. ESMOND'S word for it. To me the ménage seemed to be of the most respectable. But, of course, you can always attribute anything to your surroundings. One environment is vicious and so drives you to vice; another is virtuous with the same effect. *Constance* might condemn hers, but it never had a chance with a girl like that.

For myself it was not her viciousness that worried me, it was her vulgarity; and of this she seemed quite unconscious. Her speech abounded in second-rate colloquialisms. Was it her environment that taught her to say dreadful things like "Put that in your pipe and smoke

(aunt) to verify her suspicions with regard to the morals of *Constance*. But I shall never get you to believe me when I say that the subject was not so much as touched again till the final Act.

I have spoken of the incongruous stuff of which old *Jacob Ussher's* heart was constructed. That strange organ was hard enough to make him give his daughter away to his secretary in the matter of the forgery; but when it came to a question of the exposure of her relations with her lover this same heart was found to be of the consistency of putty.

I hope I shall not seem guilty of *Constance's* indiscretion if I politely wonder how it was that so astute a judge as Miss MARIE LÖHR accepted this play. Actor-managers, of course, have been known to produce indifferent

work for the sake of a good acting part for themselves. If that was her motive I think she must have imagined a fine subtlety in a character which was difficult only because it was loosely conceived. If she failed to make it plausible it was not for want of very adroit handling.

In *Jacob Ussher* Mr. ESMOND gave himself a most congenial part, in which he easily surpassed his achievement as author. Mr. TOZER as a slum-parson was extremely probable with his quiet sincerity. But our chief consolation



"YOU SETTLE WITH HIM. YOU'RE CHAIRMAN OF THE ANTI-PROFITEERING COMMITTEE."

it"? The cheap fun that she got out of a girl-friend who had made it a rule to pray for her was the kind of thing you would be sorry to find in a common boarding-school. And are gentlefolk in the habit of asking a man, as *Constance* did, how it was that he ever came to get engaged to such a woman as the one of his choice? In Bayswater it simply isn't done.

At the end of the First Act, after many trivialities and the waste of precious time over a description of certain characters that were presently to appear and endorse it, there was a sudden diversion. The professional card of a private detective was discovered in an arm-chair. No one seemed to know how it got there, and, as the curtain chose this moment to fall, we were left in a state of palpitation, wondering how we were to get through the interval with our curiosity unappeased. Ultimately it turned out that the detective was to be employed by *Miss Ussher*

tion came from Miss RACHEL DE SOLLA as the maiden aunt, a reactionary type of the most confirmed stolidity, with a weakness for diamonds and indigestion. Miss MARIE LÖHR had many clever things to say, but it didn't matter what Miss DE SOLLA said; her manner was irresistible.

I must doubt, however, whether the excellent work of the actors will carry the play to success. Even its title is obscure. The only thing I know about "birds of a feather" is that they are supposed to "flock together"; and I have always been given to understand that the adage alludes to the mutual attraction of similar types. Nobody ever told me that it was meant to indicate that the sins of the father bird are liable to be reproduced in his chicken.

ANNA PAVLOVA.

She hasn't changed at all. Many Russian dancers have come and gone since last she was with us, but there is



A. Wallis Mills.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Schoolboy (after long pause). "I SAY—ER—CAN YOU MOVE YOUR EARS?"

still none like her, none. Her perfect technique remains the least of her graces. The secret of her charm lies deeper, in the power to interpret and convey emotions in the language of her art. To watch her feet alone is to hear the shuddering sigh of her Dying Swan, but her whole body is alert to translate every nuance of her theme.

She can draw beauty even from an anticlimax. Again and again in *Snow-flakes*, when her partner withdrew the support of his hand, she poised for a moment, and, when the poise had to cease, covered her descent with the most fascinating gestures of head and arms.

I liked her least (if one may talk of her like that) as the gipsy-girl in *Amarilla*; not that she failed in dramatic intensity but that jealous passion seems alien to her temperament as we have learned to know it. I think, however, that my judgment was tainted by her wig, which greatly distressed me.

In M. VOLININE she has a very accomplished partner. His solo as a *Pierrot*, danced to a familiar air of Dvorák's, was the most delightful of "divertissements." Her other dancers, Russian and English, make up a really excellent company. The *presto furioso* of the wild gipsy dance in *Amarilla*,

to the exciting music of GLOZOUNOW and DRIGO, was a brilliant *tour de force*.

My only complaint (apart from *Amarilla's* wig) is that the programme's explanation of the motive of *Snow-flakes* was beyond me. "A little girl," it says, "receives as a present a nut-cracker in the form of a doll. The doll is in reality a Prince who has been transformed by a bad fairy, but by an act of devotion to the little girl he is restored to life. He then leads his little friend and other children to the Kingdom of Pine-trees where the Christmas-tree was born." It is true that the music was from TSCHAIKOWSKI's "Casse-Noisettes," and that the snow-scene was suggestive of Christmas-time; but there was no sign of a "nut-cracker in the form of a doll," or, if there was, I can't think how it escaped me, for I was watching with all my eyes.

O. S.

"Chaplain-Master Wanted on May 13th for one term to Teach Latin and History in Upper School, coloris paribus a cricketer would be most acceptable."—*Provincial Paper*.

"*Coloris paribus*" suggests faintly that the authorities hope to get a double-blue; but it looks as if he would have to spend most of the term in teaching Latin.

BIRD CALLS.

I.

THE lark he trills his song on high,
A tiny speck on a wide blue sky;
"Tira-lir, it's sweet up here,
It's sweet up here, my dear, my dear."

The turtle-dove's in love and so
Is anxious all his world should know
And follow his example too:—
"Look at us two. Oh do, oh do."

Woodpeckers make their thirsty cry
Of "Pluie, pluie, pluie," to a sunlit sky;
But sure enough they have their way
For rain, rain, rain will fall next day.

The blackbird also craves a boon,
Says "Bring a cherry, bring a cherry,
soon, soon, soon;"
And there in answer to his call
The cherry blooms on the garden wall.

The thrush of all the birds that sing
Of nests and little wives in Spring
Alone confides the secret way:—
"What does she line it with? Why,
clay."

The willow wren she sings a song
Just like her mate, though not so long,
But both sing in all winds and weathers,
"Sing to me; bring to me little brown
feathers."

SPRING AT KEW.

I AM not one of those who believe in going down to the country to look at this Spring of which there is so much talk. Wanting in business organisation and coherent effort, Spring in the country is a poor affair at the best; there may be half-a-dozen daffodils in flower in one spinney, but you have to tramp over two or three muddy fields after that to find a button-hole of primroses, and so onwards over a stile and a ditch to the place where the blackthorn has blossomed and the green woodpecker is pecking the greenwood tree.

And very likely there are gates. Judging from statements in novels you might suppose a gate to be a bright and simple piece of mechanism, swung on by rosy-checked children and easily opened by Lord Hugo with his riding-crop so that Lady Hermione may jog through it on her practically priceless bay. That is quite wrong. It rests on the primary fallacy that gates are meant to be opened, whereas they are really meant to be kept shut. What actually happens when you want to open one is that you plunge halfway through a deep quagmire, climb on to a slippery stone, wrestle with a piece of hoop-iron, some barbed wire and some pieces of furze, lift the gate up by the bottom bar and wade through the rest of the quagmire carrying it on your shoulder.

If you are riding like Lord Hugo you hook the fastening of the gate with the handle of your crop and make your horse shunt slowly backwards by applying the reverse clutch with your feet. As the gate refuses to give, you are, of course, drawn gently over the animal's head until you tumble into the bog like a man whose punt-pole is stuck in the bottom of the stream.

That is why I like going down to Kew, where the Spring is tidy and concentrated, and there is a squared map, just like France, at the turnstile gate to direct you to the magnolia dump, and little notices pointing you to the Temperate Houses, though this is really unnecessary, because there are no licensed premises in the Gardens at Kew. All is quiet and calm. You are not even compelled to leave the gravel-walks and tread on the damp grass, unless you have a desire to go to the river's edge and see how stiffly the tail of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND's stone lion sticks out on the further bank between the two peel towers from which his crossbowmen contemplate the Surrey marshes.

I used to know a man who had mugged up all the trees and plants, so that when you said to him, "What a funny juniper that is over there, with

blue peach-blossoms on it," he would reply, "You mean the *Pyrofoliata persica corylus*," and explain how it was first introduced into England by JEREMY TAYLOR in 1658. Then when you went up to look at the placard on the tree you not only found that he was perfectly right, but obtained the additional information that the wood was of a particularly hard and durable nature, and only used for making the heads of croquet mallets and the seats on the tops of motor omnibuses.

I like this plan of putting placards upon trees, and I think it might well be carried out in the country too. There would be none of that standing about in the wet then, and arguing whether the thing is a beech or an oak, when all the time it is a horse-chestnut and laughing up its bark at you.

One must not forget either at Kew the great conservatories, though I do not care for these so much because there are men in them watching to see that you do not pick the cactuses or the palms to put in your button-hole; nor the magnificent Pagoda, which accommodates the Observer, who watches for the flowers to come out, and the Curator, who writes appreciative little notices to stick on the beds; nor the piebald swans in the artificial lake.

But the great glory of Kew is the Pump-room. It is surrounded by marble-topped tables and green seats, and I am aware that it is not called a Pump-room, though a noise proceeds from inside it very like the panting of a pump. They tell me that this is an hydraulic machine for washing up the cups and plates; but I do not believe them, because so many people who take tea round the Pump-room drink left-handed, as if the reverse side of the cup had belonged to somebody else.

Anyhow it is a very jolly and democratic assemblage that sits and drinks tea under the trees and eats cakes that have no placard on them to say at what date they were introduced into England. Here you may see the prosperous docker with his wife and family sitting quite unostentatiously at the next table to the needy scientist who has come to make notes about the purple narcissi. And a little further on is the novelist who is getting local colour for his great rustic love-scene which he is going to say took place in the heart of Devonshire.

But it was not for the purpose of providing you with tea and cakes that the Pump-room was founded. Just as you may read in your morning paper that the Honourable Miss Muffet has proceeded to Harrogate to take the waters, so it is with Kew. One goes to Kew to take the watercresses. I have found

out by exhaustive inquiries from one of the waitresses that, though you may substitute rolls and butter for bread and margarine, and may have marmalade with either or both, and though it is optional to eat even the cakes with yellow sugar upon them, there is no way of evading the watercresses. There is a strong feeling amongst the waitresses that it is just these compulsory watercresses which have made us Englishmen what we are. The whole vast pleasure-ground really centres round them, and the reason why Londoners flock (as the papers say) to Kew is that they are hungry for the medicinal virtues of this aqueous plant.

After you have taken the watercresses you are allowed to wander about the Gardens again and look at QUEEN VICTORIA'S cottage, round which there is always an eager and admiring crowd examining it from every point of view and wondering what premium they would have to pay for it if it were on the market now. And then you will want to go home and be unable to find the gate; but after a little time the Observer will observe you with his telescope from the top of the Pagoda and mention it to the Curator, who will direct a bronzed and amiable man in a blue uniform to lead you to the turnstile.

I am told that there are some people who do not care to sample their Spring at Kew or in the country either, but prefer to go to San Remo or spend Saturday afternoon toiling in their own back-garden. Let them mind their peas, I say, while I go down to Kew.

EVOL.

THE CAUTIOUS AMORIST

(Showing the effect of official phraseology on love-letters).

DEAREST Mary, this delay
In the fixing of the day
Drives all happiness away
From my ken.

If you *only* will decide
When you'll be my blushing bride
You will see me glorified—
If and when.

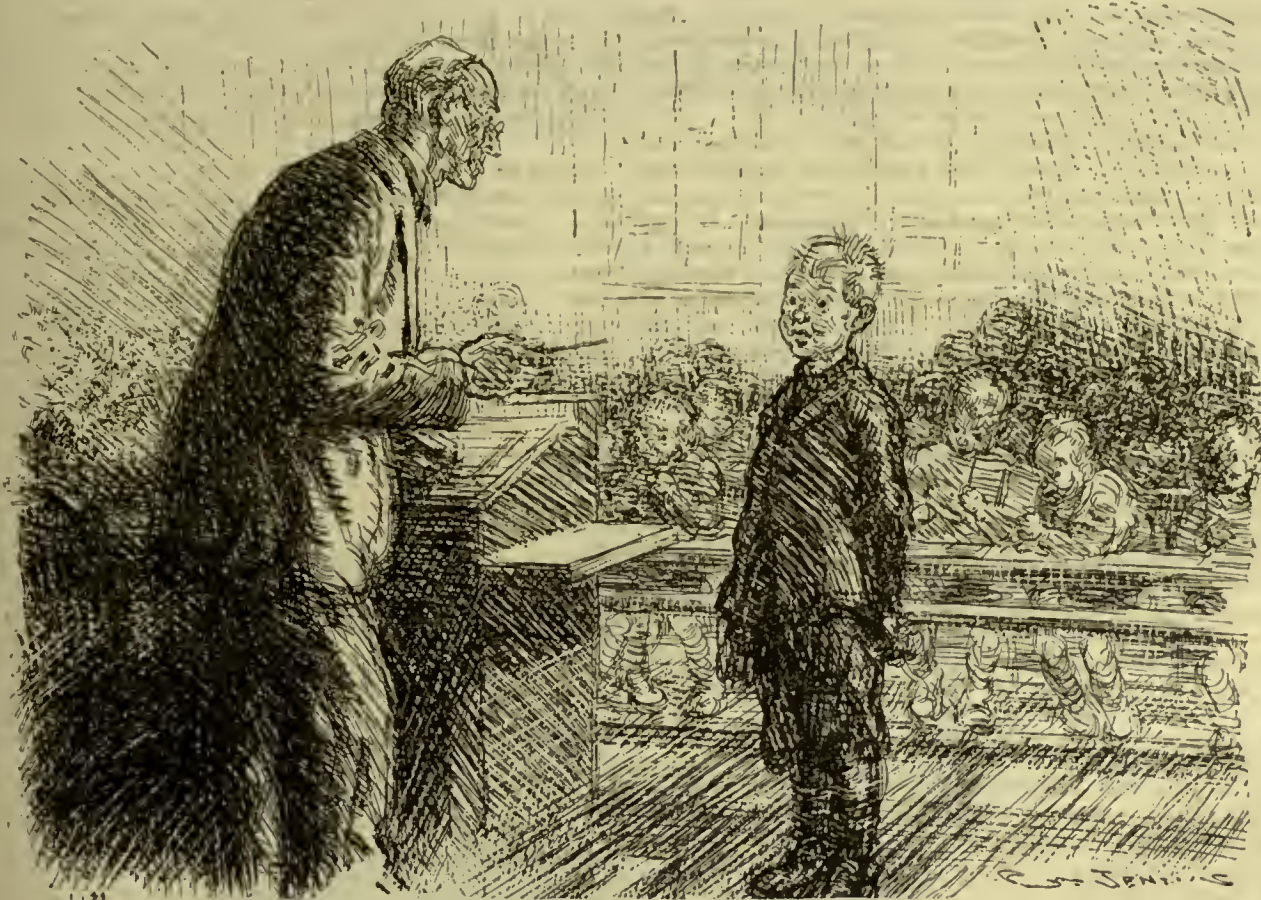
They have promised me a rise
When the senior partner dies;
He is eighty and he lies
Very ill;

But until you seal your "Yes"
By a notice in the Press
I shall not feel safe—unless
And until.

"Bicycles of old-fashioned design acquired a new lease of life, and took to the road, where they were joined by pony traps in which father, mother and many children, all with crimped hair and white pinafores, were tightly packed."

Daily Paper.

Father, we are told, looked a perfect darling.



THE RULING PASSION.

Absentee. "I WAS PLAYING FOOT-BA' IN THE STREET, AND THE POLICE TOOK AND LOCKED ME UP FOR FOUR HOURS."

Teacher. "DID YOU GET ANYTHING TO EAT?"

Absentee. "AY—A HARD ROLL."

Teacher. "WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?"

Absentee. "PLAYED FOOT-BA'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE title, somewhat puzzling at first, which Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG has given to her latest story, *The Almonds of Life* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), turns out to be based upon a Chinese proverb to the effect that "almonds came to those who have no teeth." This rather devastating sample of philosophy (which I have put by for use against the next person who attempts to work off upon me the adage about those who wait) forms the text of a well-told tale of misplaced affections. As you may expect, if you know Miss YOUNG's former work, it is a South African story, not concerned however with Boers and natives and the trackless veld, but with coastwise civilization and suburban garden-parties. As before, the author excellently conveys the place-feeling, so well indeed that I was sorry when the love intrigues of the two protagonists necessitated their quitting Africa for a more conventional Italian setting. I may summarise the plot by telling you that the particular almond that fell too late to the heroine was somebody else's husband. But it wasn't so much that she was unable to eat him as that he proved indigestible when swallowed. The lady was *Gerda*, young and dazzling bride of the middle-aged *Fred Woolen*, and the gentleman one of her husband's closest friends, also (before the arrival of *Gerda*) happily married to a wife whom I found the most attractive

person in the book. I need not further detail the crooked course of untrue love, though I may hint at a fault in balance, where your sympathy, previously and rightly enlisted for poor betrayed *Fred*, is demanded for *Gerda* in her difficulty with the almond. As usual, Miss YOUNG unfolds her plot with admirable directness, chiefly through a natural and unforced dialogue, so easy that it disguises its own art.

If any reasonable man still possesses a grain of sympathy with Bolshevism I invite him to purge himself by reading *With the "Die-Hards" in Siberia* (CASSELL). In August, 1918, Colonel JOHN WARD, M.P., reached Vladivostok in command of the 25th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, and from the time of his arrival until his departure nearly a year later his position was almost grotesquely difficult. Of our Allies in Siberia and of their policy he writes with justifiable frankness. Our own is not excused, but he lets us clearly see that however ineffectual it may have been there was honesty of purpose underlying it. In the medley of confusion which prevailed we were lucky to have in Colonel WARD as senior British officer a man who was not afraid to shoulder his responsibility. Under conditions so exasperating that anyone might have been excused if he had been overwhelmed with anger and bewilderment he was resolved to uphold our prestige. Upon the Bolshevik horrors in Siberia he does not dwell, but he says enough in passing to make one shudder. Colonel WARD is a true friend

of Russia. "This great people are bound to recover, and become all the stronger for their present trials," are the concluding words of his preface. That this prophecy may come true must be the prayer of all of us who remember what we owed to Russia during the earlier part of the War.

It was perhaps my misfortune that, not having read the book in which Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS recorded the earlier adventures of his hero, *John Carter*, in the red planet Mars, when that gentleman precipitated himself thither (from the banks of the Hudson, of all places), I found myself in more senses than one out of my element. Not that it really matters; since the Martian existence of Mr. Carter was apparently of that wild and whirling character, familiar to patrons of the Continuous Programme, in which one thrill follows upon another so fast that their precise order becomes of small moment. When I tell you that the opening chapters of this remarkable nightmare—*The Gods of Mars* (METHUEN)—contain monsters with one white eye and mouths in their hands, flying pirates, an air-ship that sinks down a volcano, an ageless witch who—but why continue? The publishers call these happenings "bold;" but this is a pitiful understatement. Really they are of a character to make the wildest imaginings of JULES VERNE, friend of my youth, or Mr. WELLS, companion of my riper years, read like the peaceful annals of a country rectory. To quote again from the publishers, "only the man who created *Tarzan* could write such stories." If *Tarzan* were in any way comparable with the

present volume, it would perhaps not be unfair to add the corollary that only those readers who appreciated the one could swallow the other. Mercifully, Mr. BURROUGHS writes so continually at the top of his voice that after a time the clatter comes to have an effect merely soporific.

Since Major-General Sir C. E. CALLWELL has, in *The Dardanelles* (CONSTABLE), added a volume to a series called *Campaigns and Their Lessons*, it is clear that he is writing mainly for military students, but none the less at least one man in the street—meaning myself—has been glad, after reading plenty of merely descriptive accounts of the Gallipoli affair, to find a book that frankly and justifiably does lay claim to technical proficiency. The exponents of vivid narrative, modestly disclaiming expert knowledge, have been painfully liable to break off just short of what one wanted most to know. They told us how things happened, or, at any rate, how it seemed they happened, but the reason why of things they had to leave to others. In this book we really do get at the why, and even more the why not, of the magnificent failure. Of actual incident and human interest General CALLWELL's account, which in a sense is only supplementary to the others, adds little to our previous knowledge. The only point of the sort I picked up is his notice of the characteristic reluctance shown by Anzacs to report themselves as sick when urged to do so

with a view to the gradual removal of troops without withdrawal of entire units. It is hardly necessary to add that the author is an old literary hand, with a pleasantly clear and luminous style of his own, though one is free to admit he splits his infinitives almost as much as Sir IAN HAMILTON split his forces, and with less justification.

In the very improving books which I had to read long ago the hero or heroine usually had a cross to bear. They bore it with great fortitude, and frequently died young. When therefore I opened Mr. JEROME K. JEROME's *All Roads Lead to Calvary* (HUTCHINSON) I fancied I knew what to expect. I read that *Joan Allway* was possessed of remarkable beauty, a "Stevensonian touch" and suitable introductions to editors and newspaper proprietors, and that from the pulpit of a column in the evening Press, with her photograph at the top, she attempted to reform the world. I don't know how the photograph came out, but there was apparently no martyrdom so far. Afterwards she began to encourage and inspire *Robert Phillips*, a Labour M.P. and future Cabinet Minister, and at the same time to be

kind to and educate Mrs. Phillips, who was good-natured, vulgar and middle-aged. Falling gradually in love with the politician, she withdrew only just in time, nursed in a French hospital, married a journalist friend and settled down happily with him to reform a little bit of the world at a time, and that the part nearest to hand. And now I am left wondering what *Joan Allway's* cross was. Would avoiding the Divorce Court be counted the roughest



Young Alf. "CHUCK IT, JIMMY. 'E AIN'T GOT A KIND FACE."

path of self-denial in a moral anecdote of to-day?

Running Wild (SIMPKIN) is the expressive title of a collection of child-memories by the late Mr. BERTRAM SMITH, whom readers of *Punch* will remember by the pseudonym "Bis." They can here learn from a sympathetic little introduction by Mr. WARD MUIR under what conditions of a brave but losing battle with ill-health this delicate and vivacious work was written. When I say that these recollections (which I decline to call by any word implying more artifice) illustrate their author, I give you their measure for honesty and charm combined. Honesty first of all; Mr. SMITH's young barbarians running wild and, one conjectures, rapidly reducing their elders to a like condition, have the compelling effect of unsentimental truth. Few clouds of glory, for example, trail about the protagonists of "A Day," a tribute to the joyous intoxication of a day-long orgie of naughtiness deliberate and wholly unrepented. You will find much in these pages to waken half-forgotten and perhaps secret pleasures. Thus there was for me a personal echo in the rejection as a seaside entertainment of castle-building and the ordered sequence of the tides in favour of the infinitely more variable delight of running water and a sufficiency of mud. Perhaps I have said enough to suggest the charm of an engaging volume, itself a memorial of one whose kindly laughter will be missed by many.

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL DENIKIN is now in London. This is the first visit he has paid to this country since his last assassination by the Bolsheviks.

New proposals regarding telephone charges are expected as soon as the Select Committee has reported. If the system of charging by time in place of piece-work is adopted it will mean ruination to many business-men.

The Swiss Government has issued orders that ex-monarchs may enter the country without passports. It is required, however, that they should take their places in the queue.

It is reported that a Londonderry man walked up to a Sinn Feiner the other day and said, "Shoot me." We understand that the real reason why the fellow was not accommodated was that he omitted to say "Please." The best Sinn Feiners are very punctilious.

"The drinking of intoxicants," says an American prohibitionist, "causes early death in ninety-five cases out of a hundred." Several Americans, we are informed, have gallantly offered themselves for experimental purposes.

"It is a scandal," says a contemporary, "that the clerks at Llanely should ask for twelve pounds fifteen shillings a week." But surely there is no harm in asking.

According to a weekly paper not only is CONSTANCE BINNEY a famous screen star, but she is also a first-class ukelele player. The latest reports are that the news has been received quietly.

"If slightly cut before cooking, potatoes slip out of their skins easily," says a home journal. This is better than frightening them out of their skins by jumping out from behind a door and saying "Boo."

Mr. WILLIAM AIRD, the germ-proof man, has been giving demonstrations in London. It is reported that last week a germ snapped at him and broke off two of its teeth.

"In New York the other day," says a contemporary, "the sky kept streaming silver sheen; mistlike lights pulsed in rapid flashes to the apex and piled-up stars could be seen." The fact that New York can still see things like this must be a sorry blow to the Prohibitionists.

"Working men have been hit very hard by the tyrannical Budget," announces a morning paper. We too are in sympathy with those miners who are now faced with only one bottle of champagne a day.

"These cotton boom profits," said the President of the Textile Institute recently, "are abnormal and unhealthy."

Airships under construction, declares Air-Commodore E. M. MAITLAND, will make the passage to Australia in nine and a-half days. In tax-paying circles it is said that the fashionable thing will be to start now and let the airship overtake you if it can.

More than a million Americans, it is stated, are preparing to visit Europe this summer. It is thought that there is at least a sporting chance that some of them will be boist with their own bacon.

"The man who does not know Latin," says the Dean of DURHAM, "is not really educated." Several uneducated business men are said to have written to the DEAN asking the Latin for what they think of the new Budget.

At a recent wedding in Tyrone young men who had come to wish the bride and bridegroom luck lit a fire against the door, blocked the chimney with straw, broke the windows, threw water and cayenne-pepper on the wedding-party and bombarded the house with stones for two hours. It is just this joyous, care-free nature of the Irish that the stolid Englishman will never learn to appreciate.

We understand that the man who tried to gain admission to the Zoo on Sunday by making a noise like a Fellow of the Zoological Society was detected in the act.

A person who recently attempted to commit suicide by lying down on the Caledonian Railway line was found to have a razor in one pocket and a bottle of laudanum in the other. The Company, we understand, strenuously deny the necessity of these alternatives.

A Callous Crowd.

"The christening ceremony was performed by Lady Maclay, wife of the Shipping Controller. Thousands of people saw her go down the slips, and cheers were raised as she took the water without the slightest hitch."

Daily News.

We gather from the expression, "without the slightest hitch," that not one of the onlookers made any effort to save the lady.



Lady (to manager of Servants' Registry). "I WISH TO OBTAIN A NEW GOVERNESS."

Manager. "WELL, MADAM, YOU REMEMBER WE SUPPLIED YOU WITH ONE ONLY LAST WEEK, BUT, JUDGING BY THE REPORT WE HAVE RECEIVED, WHAT YOU REALLY NEED IS A LION-TAMER."

The Manchester man, however, who recently came out with innumerable spots resembling half-crowns as the result of the boom, declares that no inconvenience is suffered once the dizziness has passed away.

From Bungay in Suffolk comes the news that a water-wagtail has built its nest in a milk-can. We resolutely refrain from comment.

A youth recently arrested in Dublin was found not to have a revolver on him. He is being detained for a medical examination.

A great many people are committing suicide, says the Vicar of St. Mathew's, Portsmouth, because they have nothing to live for. We disagree. *The Weekly Dispatch's* accounts of the next world are well worth staying alive for.

THOUGHTS ON THE BUDGET.

BY A PATRIOT.

THIS twelvemonth at the grindstone I have ground,
 Toiling to meet the toll of profiteers,
 And now comes AUSTEN, budgeting around,
 "Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears"
 (MILTON), and leaves me naked as a poodle,
 Shorn—to the buff—of my laborious boodle.

I own it irks me little when he goes
 For fancy weeds and wine of fizzy brands;
 But I protest at parting through the nose
 For what the meanest human life demands;
 Nothing is sacred from his monstrous paw,
 Not lotters, no, nor even usquebaugh.

That beverage, which invites to balmy sleep
 (Guerdon of toil), is on the upward ramp;
 My harmless doggerel—in itself so cheap—
 Despatched by post will want a larger stamp;
 Nor have I any wives or children to
 Abate the muletting of my revenue.

But if you tell me I am asked to bleed
 For England; if, by being rudely tapped,
 My modest increment may help at need
 To spare some Office which would else be scrapped;
 If my poor fleece of wool by heavy cropping
 Can save the Civil Estimates from dropping;—

If I can keep in comfortable ease
 But one superfluous Staff for one week's play;
 If from my squalor I may hope to squeeze
 The wherewithal to check for half a day
 The untimely razing of a single Hut—
 'Tis well; I will not even murmur "Tut." O. S.

A TRYING DAY IN MÆDIEVAL TIMES.

THE public torturer hurried home in an irritable frame of mind. The day had been for him one long round of annoyances. When he commenced his duties that morning, already exasperated by the thought that if the drought continued the produce of his tiny patch of ground would be completely ruined, he was aggrieved to find that far more than his fair share of a recently arrived batch of heretics had been allotted to him. During the midday break for refreshments his dreamy assistant had allowed the furnace to go out, bringing upon the torturer's own head a severe censure for the consequent delay. In the afternoon, glaucing occasionally through the narrow window, he was mortified to see that the promising rain-clouds, which might yet have saved his cabbages, were dispersing; and then, to crown all, just as he was finishing for the day he had caught hold of a pair of pincers a trifle too near the white-hot end and seared his hand.

As he approached the cottage which was enshrined in his heart by a thousand sacred associations as home, the torturer strove to rise superior to his worries. He whistled bravely as he crossed the threshold and caressed his wife with his usual tenderness. Intuitively she divined the bitterness of the mood which lay beneath the torturer's seeming cheerfulness, but she stilled her curiosity like the wise little woman she was and hastened to lay his supper before him. Through the progress of the meal—prepared by her in the way the torturer loved so well—she diverted him with her lively prattle. And at length, when she trod on the dog and caused it to give out a long-drawn howl, she made such a neat allusion to the Chamber and heretics that the torturer laughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks.

After the table was cleared the torturer's little blue-eyed girl came toddling up to him for her usual half-hour's cuddle. It made a beautiful picture—the little mite with her father's merry eyes and her mother's rosebud mouth, sitting on the torturer's knee, her golden hair mingling with his beard. And how her silvery laugh brightened the place as she played her favourite game of stretching her rag doll on a toy model of a rack.

The sound of rain outside brought the torturer and his wife to the door. As they stood side by side watching the downpour the last vestige of the torturer's ill-humour passed away. This rain would mean a record year for his cabbages, and would do wonders for his beans, which were already a long way more forward than those of the executioner.

He realised now that he had allowed the mishaps of the day to worry him unduly. After all, his hand had suffered little more than a scorch and no longer pained him, and, although the censure he had received in the Chamber and the possible consequences had been very disquieting, yet he was now able to assure himself and his wife that if henceforth he kept his assistant from wool-gathering all would be well.

Suddenly he fell back trembling from the threshold, his face blanched with terror. A large rain-drop had splashed on his forehead, reminding him abruptly that before coming home that evening he had neglected to fill the water-dripping apparatus, which might be required at dawn for the more obstinate of the heretics.

TALL TALK.

THE fact that the Bishop-Elect of PRETORIA, the Rev. NEVILLE TALBOT, is no less than six feet six inches high, surpassing his predecessor by two inches, has been freely commented on in the Press. Anxious to ascertain from leaders of public opinion the true significance of the appointment, Mr. Punch has been at pains to collect their views. How divergent and even contradictory they are may be gathered from the following selection:—

Sir MARTIN CONWAY, the Apostle of Altitude, as he has been recently denominated, welcomed the appointment of Bishop TALBOT as a good omen for the campaign which he is so ably conducting. "Nothing," he remarks, "has impressed me so much in the works of TENNYSON as the line, 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' Mountain or building or man, it is all the same. I never felt so happy in all my travels in South America as when I was in Patagonia, the home of tall men and the giant sloth. At all costs we should recognise and cultivate the human skyscraper."

The Bishop of HEREFORD (Dr. HENSLEY HENSON) expressed the hope that the appointment of bishops would not be governed solely by an anthropometric standard. It would be a misfortune if the impression were created that preferment to the episcopal bench was confined to High Churchmen.

The Editor of *The Times* declined to dogmatize on the subject. He pointed out however that the average height of the Yugo-Slavs exceeded that of the Welsh. The claims of small nations could not, of course, be overlooked, but he considered it as little short of a calamity when a Great Power had an undersized Prime Minister. Short men liked short cuts, but, as BACON said, the shortest way is commonly the foulest.

Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES (the Poet-Laureate) writes to say that, having given special study to the hexameter, he was much interested to find that the measure now in vogue amongst bishops was that of six feet and over. He hoped



A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

ENTENTE POLICEMAN (*to Germany Militant*). "ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT STUFF OFF OR MUST I DO IT FOR YOU?"



Café Genius. "THE FACT IS WE MAKE OURSELVES TOO CHEAP. OF COURSE THE PUBLIC PAYS TO SEE OUR PICTURES, BUT THE BLIGHTERS CAN COME AND SEE US FOR NOTHING."

to treat the subject exhaustively in his forthcoming treatise on Ecclesiastical Prosody.

Colonel L. C. AMERY, M.P., strongly deprecated the attempt to identify excessive height with extreme efficiency. In the election to Fellowships at All Souls no height limit was imposed. NAPOLEON and the late Lord ROBERTS were both small men, and he believed that the remarkable elusiveness displayed by Colonel LAWRENCE in the War was greatly facilitated by his diminutive stature. The testimony of literature throughout the ages was almost unanimous in its condemnation of giants. He had never heard of a small ogre. On the subject of SHAKESPEARE'S height he could not speak with assurance, but KEATS was only just over five feet. Jumbomania, or the worship of mammoth dimensions, was a modern disease. Far better was the philosophy crystallised in such immortal sayings as "Love me little, love me long," and "Infinite riches in a little room."

Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, M.P., observed that, man being an imitative animal and bishops being regarded by many as good examples, there seemed to him a serious danger of an epidemic of what he might call Brobdingnagitis. Fortunately the results would not be immediately apparent, otherwise he would be compelled to raise his tariff for cheap suits. A rise of six inches in the average height of his customers would throw out all his calculations and eat up the modest margin of profit which he now allowed himself.

"The weather of the week has been characteristic of the month. A dawn breaks with a fair sunset."—*Scotch Paper.*
Of course this happens only very far North.

SAFETY PLAY.

(According to local legend, Whitby Abbey possesses a ghost which only appears in a blaze of sunshine).

MEN there may be so immune from timidity
Never a spectre could fill them with fright,
Men who could keep their accustomed placidity
Were they to meet in the gloom of the night
Lady Hermione tramping the corridor,
Wicked Sir Guy with his fetters adrag,
Or a plebeian who shrieked something horrid or
Carried his head in a vanity bag.

Not such am I. Every hair at the vertical,
I should resort to hysterical screams
Did a diaphanous Lady (or Sir) tickle
Me on the cheek in the midst of my dreams;
Yet when, at Yule, I hear people converse on all
Manner of spooks round the log in the grate,
Often I wish that I too had a personal
Psychic experience I could relate.

• I am a coward when midnight looms murkily,
But when the sunlight of noon 's at its best
I could face calmly—I'd even say perkily—
Nebulous figures as well as the rest;
So I'll to Whitby, and (on the hypothesis
That she'll obligingly come to me there)
Wait in its abbey (see text). By my troth, this is
Just such a ghost as I'm ready to dare.

MASCULINE MODES.

BY BEAU BRUMMEL.

THE news that the price of lounge suits will have risen to twenty-four pounds by the autumn has created something of a sartorial panic in the City and the West End.

Famous old wardrobes are being broken up on all sides by owners anxious to acquire fresh clothing before it is too late, whilst the small properties thus created find eager tenants amongst those who cannot afford a new outfit at all.

Many tailors who have built new suits are beginning to dispose of them on three or five year repairing leases, and possession of these may sometimes be secured from the present occupiers on payment of a substantial premium.

Gentlemen possessing both town and country sets of suitings are in many cases letting the latter in order to come up to London for the season, whilst others are resorting to various economical artifices to meet the crisis. Plus four golf knickers, let down, make admirable wedding trousers for a short man, and many are the old college blazers dyed black and doing duty as natty pea-jackets.

In the City, of course, fustian and corduroys are almost the only wear, and there is much divergence of opinion on the Stock Exchange as to the best knot for spotted red neckerchiefs and the proper way of tying the difficult little bow beneath the knees.

In Parliament, where of course the old costly fashions have long been out of vogue, the change is equally noticeable. Lord ROBERT CECIL, for instance, habitually wears the white canvas suit in which Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN painted him; Lord BIRKENHEAD mounts the Woolsack in an old cassock, which, as he points out, not only allows a very scanty attire underneath it, but gives him particular confidence in elucidating St. Matthew; while the PRIME MINISTER himself set off for San Remo in a simple set of striped sackcloth dittos. Many Members are having their old pre-war morning coats turned; Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in machine-gun overalls, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY self-dressed, Sir EDWARD CARSON in a simple union suit, are conspicuous figures, and Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY by a whimsical yet thrifty fancy often attends the House in the humble attire of the Weaver in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Even in the Welsh collieries it is becoming the habit to go down the pits in rough home-spun, and reserving the top hat, morning coat and check trousers for striking in.



Assistant. "I'M AFRAID WE'RE RIGHT OUT OF MOUSTACHE BRUSHES, SIR, BUT THAT'S AN EYEBROW BRUSH, AND IT WOULD, I THINK, SERVE THE PURPOSE."

"DENIKIN TIRED.

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE HOUSE IN ENGLAND."
Evening Standard.

The gallant General is not the only one who is worn out with this hopeless task.

"Sir John Cadman, head of the British Oil Department, has left Birmingham for San Remo."—*Evening Paper.*

Was this the last hope of restoring calm to the "troubled waters"?

"He has represented Lowestoft at St. Stephen's—one of the most important fishing centres in the country—for many years past."
Daily Paper.

The House of Commons seems to have been confused with Izaak Walton Heath.

"LADIES' GOLF AT RANELAGH.

Miss — played badly and tore up her card as well as many other ladies of note."

Provincial Paper.

But it is hoped that this method of thinning out the competitors will not be generally resorted to.

"MURAL TEACHING.

Speaking at Manchester last night Lord Haldane advocated a great and new national reform by enabling the Universities to train the best teachers of their own level to go out and do extra Mural teaching on a huge scale."
Provincial Paper.

We gather that in our contemporary's opinion it is high time that our Universities recognised "the writing on the wall."

A VANISHED SPECIES.

THE great auk is but a memory; the bittern booms more rarely in our eastern marshes; and now they tell me Brigadiers are extinct. Handsomest and liveliest of our indigenous fauna, the bright beady eye, the flirt of the trench coat-tail through the undergrowth, the glint of red betwixt the boughs, the sudden piercing pipe—how well I knew them, how often I have lain hidden in thickets and behind hedgerows to study them more closely. How inquisitive the creature was, yet how seldom would it feed from the hand. And now, it seems, they are gone.

Vainly I rack my brains to envisage the manner of their passing. Is there to be nothing left but silence and a shadow or a specimen in a dusty case of glass preserved in creosol and stuffed with lime? Or did not the Brigadiers rather, when they felt their last hour was upon them, retire like the elephants of the jungle to some distant spot and shuffle off the mortal coil in the midst of Salisbury Plain or (for so I still picture it despite the ravages of a rude commercialism) the vast solitude of Slough?

Or it may be that they underwent some classic metamorphosis, translated to a rainless paradise, where they dreamed of battalions for ever inspected and the general salute eternally blown.

"And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes

Who once were brigadiers of infantry
Bask in the sun."

Anyhow, I cannot believe that ex-Brigadiers die. They only fade away. Fade away, I think, like the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, leaving at the last not a grin but a scowl behind them. "*Brigadiers will fade away*," I imagine, ran the instruction from the Army Council, "*passing the vanishing point in the following order* :—

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) <i>Spurs.</i> | (4) <i>Brass hat.</i> |
| (2) <i>Field Boots.</i> | (5) <i>Scowl."</i> |
| (3) <i>Main body.</i> | |

But oh, how they will be missed, with their insatiable hunger for replies! I remember one in particular, very fierce and black-moustached, who used to pop up suddenly from behind a Loamshire hedge with an enormous note-book in his hand and say to unhappy company commanders, "The situation is so-and-so and so-and-so; now let me hear you give your orders." And the Company-Commander, who would have liked to read through *Infantry Training* once or twice and then hold a sort of inter-allied conference with his Platoon-Commander, putting the Company Ser-

geant-Major in the chair, felt that after frightfulness of this kind more actual war would probably be child's-play. And yet they tell me he was a pleasant enough fellow in the Mess, this Brigadier, and liked good cooking. Now I come to think of it, he faded away before the War came to an end. He faded away into a Major-General.

How different from this sort was the type that could always be placated by a glittering bayonet charge or a thoroughly smart salute! I remember one of this kind who came charging across the landscape, his Staff-Captain at his heels, to a point where he saw a friend of mine apparently lost in meditation and sloth. Unfortunately the great man's horse betrayed him as he tried to jump a low hedge, and, when he had clambered up again and arrived in a rather tumbled condition to ask indignantly what had happened to the scouts, "They have established a number of hidden observation posts," my friend replied, keeping his presence of mind, "and are making an exact report of everything that transpires on the enemy's front," and he waved his arm towards the scene of the catastrophe. It was not thought necessary to examine their notes.

In France Brigadiers were mainly divided into the sort that came round the front line themselves, and the sort that sent the Brigade major or somebody else who had broken out into a frontal inflammation to do it for them. It is difficult to say which *genus* was the more alarming.

The first was apt to exhibit its contempt for danger by strolling about in perilous places for five minutes and leaving them to be shelled in consequence for a week.

The second sort was apt to issue orders depending for fulfilment on a faulty map reference or a landmark which had been carelessly removed by an H.E. shell. One of the most *intransigent* of this kind whom I remember could always, however, be softened by souvenirs; a cast-off Uhlan's lance or the rifle of a Bosch sniper went far to console him for the barrenness of a patrol report. I feel sure he must have faded at Slough.

But it was in battle that their wild appetite for information was most amazingly displayed. At moments when nobody knew where anybody else was or whether the ground underneath him was likely to remain in that sector more than a few moments or be detached and transferred to another, they would send by telephone or by a runner wild messages for an exact *résumé* of the situation. It was at such times, I think, that some of those eminent war

correspondents recently knighted would have done yeoman service in the front line. I can imagine them telephoning somewhat after this manner, in answer to the querulous voice:—

"All hell has broken loose in front of us. The earth shivers as if a volcano is beneath our feet. The pock-marked ridges in the distance are covered with the advancing waves of field-grey forms. Our boys are going up happily shouting and singing to the battle. Sorry, I didn't quite catch what you said about being in touch on the right. The brazen roar of the cannon is mingled with the intermittent rattle of innumerable machine guns. Eh, what? What?"

Yes, I think the Brigadiers would have liked that. But, alas, it could not be. And now they have gone, with their passion for questions, never to return, or never till the next A.C.I. cancels the last.

"And now no sacred staff shall break to blossom,
No choral salutation lure to light,"

as SWINBURNE put it; or

"All the birds of the air fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,"

as No. 1 platoon of A Company used to sing. Ah, well. EVOE.

A COUNTRY NIGHT PIECE.

The darkness my footsteps were swathed in

Is drenched with a luminous spray;
For a chain's length the kerbstone is bathed in

A spindrift of silvery grey;
By the roadside is mistily glimmering
A wall phosphorescent with pearls,
All glancing and dancing and shimmering

Like star-dust that swirls.

Where the high-road dips down to the dingle,

A coppice in arabesque gleams
Whose traceries melt and commingle,
Like ghost trees in moon-fretted streams,

As the tremulous glamour sweeps o'er it
And skirts the inscrutable sky;
Then, Fairyland flitting before it,
The car flashes by.

Sport in Ireland.

"In a collision between his vehicle and a tramcar yesterday a passenger was injured and removed to hospital.

For other Sporting News see Page 6."
Irish Paper.

"—SIPPING AGENCY, LTD."
Le Réveil (Beyrouth).

A popular establishment, we feel confident.



MANNERS AND MODES.

PAVLOVITIS.

[It is announced that at a coming Charity Ball there will be a dance to the music of SAINT-SÆENS' *Le Cygne*. Our artist anticipates the moment of the Dying Swan's collapse.]

THE TAKING OF TIMOTHY.

TEA was over, a clearing was made of the articles of more fragile virtue, and Timothy, entering in state, was off-loaded from his nurse's arms into his mother's.

"Isn't he looking sweet to-day?" said Suzanne. "It's really time we had him photographed."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, why do people as a rule get photographed?"

"That," I said, "is a question I have often asked myself, but without finding a satisfactory answer. What do you propose to do with the copies?"

"There are dozens of people who'll be only too glad to have them. Aunt Caroline, for instance——"

"Aunt Caroline one day took me into her confidence and showed me what she called her scrap-heap. It was a big box full of photographs that had been presented to her from time to

time, and she calculated that if she had had them all framed, as their donors had doubtless expected, it would have cost her some hundreds of pounds. While her back was turned I looked through the collection. Your photograph was there—and mine, Suzanne."

"Anyhow, we shall want one to keep ourselves. Think what a pleasure it will be to him when he grows up to see what he looked like as a tiny baby."

I called to mind an ancestral album belonging to my own family that I had carefully kept guarded from Suzanne precisely for the reason that it contained various presentments of myself at early ages in mirth-compelling garments and attitudes; but of course I could not now urge that chamber of horrors in opposition to her demand.

"Besides," she went on, "we needn't buy any copies at all if we don't like them. Snapper and Klick are continually worrying me to have Baby taken. Once a week regularly, ever

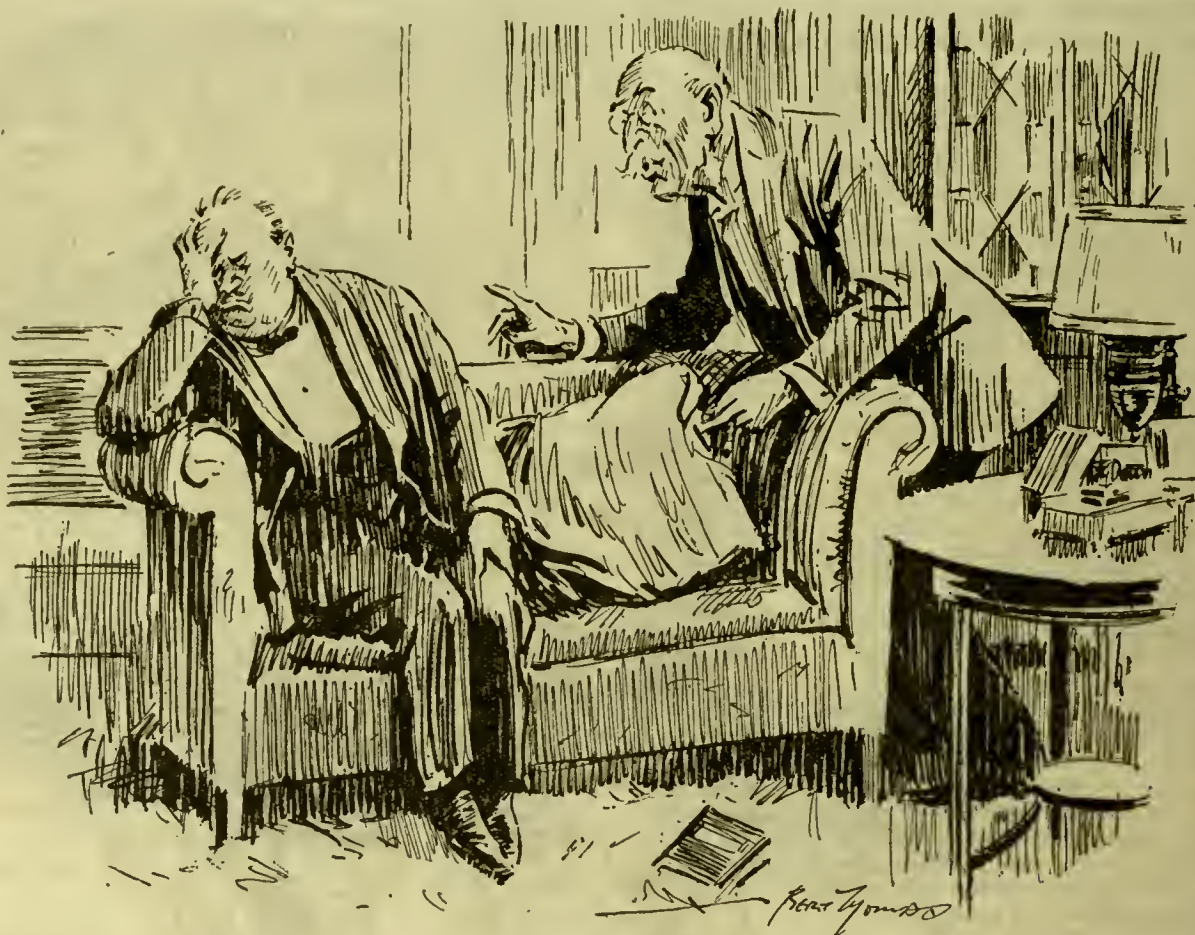
since the announcement of his birth appeared, they've rung me up to ask when he will give them a sitting. Sometimes it's Snapper and sometimes it's Klick; I don't know which is which, but one of them has adenoids. We can't do any harm by taking him there, because they say in their circulars they present two copies free and there's no obligation to purchase any."

"I wonder how they make that pay?"

"Oh," said Suzanne, "they keep the copyright, you know, and then when he does anything famous they send it round to the illustrated papers, which pay them no end of money for permission to reproduce it."

"But by the time he does anything famous," I objected, "won't this photograph be a trifle out of date? Supposing, for instance, in twenty or thirty years' time he marries a Movie Queen——"

Just then the telephone-bell rang, and Suzanne, as is her wont, rushed to



Host (to friend who feels faint.) "Now, WHAT YOU WANT IS A GOOD STIFF GLASS OF"—(suddenly remembering the Budget)—"SODA!"

answer it, dropping Timothy into my arms on the way.

"Hello!" I heard her say. "Yes; speaking. Yes, I was just going to write. Yes; that will do quite well. What? Yes, about eleven. Good-bye."

"Not another appointment with the dressmaker?" I inquired.

"No. Curiously enough it was Klick again—or Snapper—and his adenoids are worse than ever; I suppose it's the damp weather gets into them. So I said we'd take Baby to-morrow."

"I don't quite see the connection," I said. "Besides, aren't they catching?"

"Now you're being funny again. Save that up for to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" I asked in some alarm. "And why did you say we'd take Baby?"

"Why, of course you've got to come too. You can always make him laugh better than anyone else; it's your *métier*. And I do want his delicious little dimples to come out."

"Do I understand that I'm to go through my *répertoire* in cold blood and under the unsympathetic gaze of Messrs. Snapper and Klick? Suzanne, it can't be done."

"Oh, nonsense! You've only got to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice and make one of those comic faces you do so well, and he'll gurgle at once. Well, that's settled. We start at half-past ten to-morrow."

The coming ordeal so preyed upon my mind that I spent a most restless night, during which, so Suzanne afterwards told me, I announced at frequent intervals the popping of the weasel. The day dawned with a steady drizzle of rain, and, after a poor attempt at breakfast, I scoured the neighbourhood for a taxi. Having at last run one to earth, I packed the expedition into it—Suzanne, Timothy, Timothy's nurse and Barbara (who begged so hard to be allowed to "come and see Father make faces at Baby" that Suzanne weakly consented).

Arrived at our destination, Suzanne bade the driver wait. "We shall never find another cab to take us home in this downpour," she said, "and we shan't be kept long."

We were ushered into the studio by a gentleman I now know to have been Mr. Klick. He aroused my distrust at once by the fact that he did not wear a

velvet coat, and I pointed out this artistic deficiency in a whisper to Suzanne.

"Never mind," she whispered back; "we needn't buy any if they're not good."

Timothy, who had by now been put straight by his attendant, was carefully placed on all-fours on a pile of cushions, which he promptly proceeded to chew. Mr. Klick, on attempting to correct the pose, was received with a hymn of hate that compelled him to bury his head hastily in the camera-cloth, and Suzanne arranged the subject so that some of his more recognisable features became visible.

"Now then," she said to me, "make him smile."

With a furtive glance at Mr. Klick, who fortunately was still playing the ostrich, I essayed a well-tryed "face" that had almost invariably evoked a chuckle from Timothy, even when visitors were present. On this occasion, however, it failed to produce anything more than a woebegone pucker that foreshadowed something worse. Hastily I switched off into another expression, but with no better result.

"Go on, Father," encouraged Bar-

bara, who had been taking a breathless interest in these proceedings; "try your funny voice."

Mr. Klick had emerged from cover and was standing expectantly with his hand on the cap.

Dear reader, have you ever been called upon to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice before a fractious baby, a small but intensely critical child, a stolidly contemptuous nurse, an agitated mother and a gaping photographer, with the knowledge that success or failure hangs upon your lips, and that all the time a diabolical machine in the street below is scoring threepence against you every minute or so? Of course you haven't; but possibly you may be able to enter into my feelings in this hour of trial. With a prickly heat suffusing my whole body and a melting sensation at the collar I struggled through the wretched lyric once. Timothy regarded me first with scorn and then with positive distaste. In desperation I squeaked it out again and yet again, but each succeeding "pop" only registered another scowl on the face of my offspring and another threepence on that of the cabman's clock.

I was maddened now, and Suzanne sought to restrain me; but I shook her off violently and went on again *da capo*, and was just giving vent for about the seventeenth time to a particularly excruciating "pop" when the door of the studio opened and a benevolent-looking old gentleman entered. He gazed at us all in wonderment, and, overcome by mingled shame and exhaustion, I sank into a chair and popped no more.

"Ah, Mr. Snapper," said Mr. Klick, "we were just trying to get this young gentleman amused."

Mr. Snapper, who, I should imagine, was the adenoid victim, looked first at me and next at Timothy, and then blew his nose vigorously. It was not an ordinary blast, but had a peculiarly musical *timbre*, very much like the note of a mouth-organ. It certainly attracted Timothy's attention, for he at once looked round and the glimmer of a smile appeared upon his tear-stained face.

"That's it!" cried Barbara excitedly. "Do it again."

"Oh, please do," entreated Suzanne.

Mr. Snapper, adenoids or no adenoids, was a sportsman. He quickly understood what was required of him and blew his nose again and again. And with each blow Timothy's smile became wider, the dimples grew deeper, and Mr. Klick at the camera was pushing in and pulling out plates for all he was worth. At last Mr. Snapper could blow no more, and with profuse thanks we gathered ourselves together and departed. On



"Y' EVER HAD A BARF, BILLY?"

"YUS, I ONST FELT IN THE SERPENTINE."

our arrival home the cabman, fortunately, was induced to accept a cheque in payment.

The photographs have turned out a great success. One in particular, which shows the first smile breaking through Timothy's tears, is of a very happy character, and Mr. Snapper has asked and received permission to send it to the illustrated Press under the title, "Sunshine and Shower"; and Aunt Caroline has not only been given a copy, but has had it framed.

Now, when I am called upon to produce a laugh from Timothy, I no longer make faces or "pop." I have discovered how to blow my nose like a mouth-organ. It's trying work, but the effect is magical.

Redintegratio Amoris.

"The Public is hereby notified that myself and my Wife Millicent — is together again. I got hasty and advertised her with no just cause. FITZ —."—*West Indian Paper*.

"This telegram had been preceded by others, which were, unfortunately, contrary to instructions at the Post Office, delivered at this office, which was closed, and, therefore, not opened."—*Irish Paper*.

That, of course, would be so.

"At a meeting of the Child Study Society on Thursday, April 29th, at 6 p.m., Sir A. E. Shipley, G.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., will give a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on biting insects and children."

British Medical Journal.

And we had always thought him such a kind man!



Gloomy Artist. "YES, I GAVE HER ALL MY LAST YEAR'S SKETCHES FOR HER JUMBLE-SALE IN THE EAST-END. TOLD HER TO GET RID OF THEM FOR ANYTHING SHE LIKED—HALF-A-CROWN OR A COUPLE OF BOB——" (*Pauses for exclamations of horror at the sacrifice.*)
Friend. "AND DID THEY SELL?"

THE MINXIAD.

(*Being the scenario of a modern doggerel Epic.*)

THE lady I choose for the theme of my lay
 Is a portent "conspicuous even to-day,"
 For, though she was freely condemned and abhorred,
 She was never suppressed and she can't be ignored.

Her parents, most anxious to give a good time
 To their children, if only they helped them to climb,
 Unconsciously aiding the new Self-Expression
 Left all from the start to their daughter's discretion.

No nurse was allowed to rebuke her or warn her,
 No governess put her to stand in a corner;
 At six she revealed a peculiar joy
 In the taste of old brandy, and dressed like a boy;
 At eight she had read CASANOVA, CELLINI,
 And driven a toasting-fork into a tweeny;
 At ten she indited and published a story
 Described by *The Leadenhall News* as "too gory."
 One governess after another was tried,
 But none of them stopped and one suddenly died.
 Then she went for a while to a wonderful school
 Which was run on the plan of the late Mrs. BOOLE;
 But no "ethical safeguards" could ever restrain
 So impulsive a heart and so fertile a brain;

And a fire, for the kindling of which she was held
 Responsible, led to her being expelled.

On the strength of her fine pyromaniac rage
 For a season or two she appeared on the stage;
 Her dancing was crude and her voice was a blank,
 But she carried it off by superlative swank,
 And married a swarthy and elderly milli-
 Onaire who was killed in an earthquake in Chile.
 A militant during the Suffrage campaign,
 In the War she adopted the cause of Sinn Fein,
 And, according to credible witness, was seen
 In the thick of the fighting at Easter, '16.
 Escaping arrest by a dexterous dodge
 She became a disciple of OLIVER LODGE,
 Gave lectures on Swedish and Swiss callisthenics,
 Eurhythmics (DALCROZE) and Ukrainian eugenics.
 Last, married in haste to a Bolshevik don,
 She dyed her hair green and was painted by JOHN,
 Eloped with a squat anthropophagous Dago
 And finds a fit home in Tierra del Fuego.

"TEMPERANCE WOMEN OF ALL LANDS.

ONE PROPOSES KNEELING OUTSIDE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

"Star" Headlines.

We have read the article carefully, but the Member to whom
 this Leap-Year proposal was made is not mentioned.



IN A CUSHY CAUSE.

OVER-SHORN SHEEP. "OH, SO *THAT'S* WHERE IT GOES TO, IS IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 19th.—Primrose-day in the House of Commons was more honoured in the breach than the observance. Barely a dozen Members sported Lord BEACONFIELD'S favourite flower (for salads), and one of them found himself so uncomfortably conspicuous that shortly after the proceedings opened he furtively transferred his buttonhole to his coat-pocket. Among those who remained faithful were Lord LAMBOURNE (in the Peers' Gallery), who had for this occasion substituted a posy of primroses for his usual picotee, and, quaintly enough, Mr. HOGGE, who had not hitherto been suspected of Disraelian sympathies.

For a Budget-day the attendance was smaller than usual. But it was large enough to prevent Mr. BILLING from securing his usual seat. The SPEAKER, however, did not smile upon his suggestion that he should occupy one of the vacant places on the Front Opposition Bench, and curtly informed him that there was plenty of room in the Gallery. Thither Mr. BILLING betook himself, and thence he addressed a question which Mr. HOPE, the Minister concerned, was unable to catch, his ears not being attuned to sounds from that altitude.

Otherwise Question-time was chiefly remarkable for the loud and continued burst of cheering from the Coalition benches which greeted Mr. WILL THORNE'S suggestion (*à propos* of LENIN'S industrial conscription) that "it would be a very good thing to make all the idlers in this country work." Mr. THORNE seemed quite embarrassed by the popularity of his proposal, which did not, however, appear to arouse the same enthusiasm among his colleagues of the Labour Party.

It was four o'clock when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rose to "open the Budget" (he clings to that old-fashioned phrase), and just after six when he completed a speech which Mr. ASQUITH (himself an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer) justly praised for its lucidity and comprehensiveness.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could not on this occasion congratulate himself (as his predecessors were wont to do) on the accuracy of his forecasts. He had two shots last year, in Spring and Autumn, but both times was many millions out in his calculations. Fortunately all the mistakes were on the right side, and he came out with a surplus of one hundred and sixty-four millions (about as much as the whole revenue of the country when first he went to the Exchequer) to devote to the redemption of debt.

But that did not content him. For

an hour by the clock he piled up the burdens on the taxpayer. His arguments were not always consistent. It is not quite easy to see why, because



"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

"Mr. HOGGE had not hitherto been suspected of Disraelian sympathies."

ladies have taken to smoking cigarettes, an extra heavy duty should be imposed on imported cigars; or how the appearance of "a new class of champagne-drinkers" justifies a further tax upon



Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS ABOUT THIS BLOOMING TREE (I USE THE EPITHET IN ITS LITERAL SENSE); I SHALL LET IT KEEP ON FOR ANOTHER YEAR."

the humble consumer of "dinner-claret."

Nor is it easy to follow the process of reasoning by which the CHANCELLOR

convinced himself that the Excess Profits Tax, which last year he described as a great deterrent to enterprise and industry, only justifiable as "a temporary measure," should now be not merely continued but increased by fifty per cent.

This proposal seemed to excite more hostility than any other. But the single taxers were annoyed by the final disappearance of the Land Values Duties (the only original feature of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S epoch-making first Budget). Mr. RAFFAN pictured their author being dragged at the Tory chariot-wheels, and Dr. MURRAY observed that the land-taxes were evidently not allowed "on the other side of the Rubicon."

The general view was that the Government had shown courage in imposing fresh taxation, but would have saved themselves and the country a great deal of trouble if they had been equally bold in reducing expenditure.

Tuesday, April 20th.—When a local band at Cologno recently played the "Wacht am Rhein" the British officers present stood up, on the ground (as they explained to a surprised German) that they were now the Watch on the Rhine. But are they? According to Colonel BURN the Army of the Rhine is now so short of men that it is compelled to employ German civilians as batmen, clerks and even telephone-operators; and Mr. CHURCHILL was fain to admit that it would not surprise him to hear that "some assistance has been derived from the local population."

The Carnarvonshire police are peeved because they are not allowed to belong to any secret society except the Freemasons, and consequently are debarred from membership of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Mr. SHORTT disclaimed responsibility, but it is expected that the Member for the Carnarvon Boroughs, who is notoriously sympathetic to Ante-diluvians (is not his motto *Après moi le déluge?*), will take up the matter on his return from San Remo.

Having had time to consider the Budget proposals in detail Mr. ASQUITH was less complimentary and more critical. Good-humoured chaff of the PRIME MINISTER on the demise of the Land Values Duties before they had yielded the "rare and refreshing fruits" promised ten years ago, was followed by a reasoned condemnation of the proposed increase in the wine duties, which he believed would diminish consumption and cause international complications with our Allies. The CHANCELLOR, again, had thought too much of revenue and too little of economy. He urged him—in a magnificent mixture of

metaphors—to cut away those parasitic excrescences upon the normal administrative system of the country which now constituted an open tap.

Wednesday, April 21st.—The abolition of the Guide-lecturer at Kew Gardens was deplored by Lord SUDELEY and other Peers. But as, according to Lord LEE, out of a million visitors last year only five hundred listened to the Guide—an average of less than three per lecture—the Government can hardly be blamed for saving a hundred pounds. Retrenchment, after all, must begin somewhere.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN cannot have heard of this signal example of Government economy or he would not have denounced Ministers so vehemently for their extravagance. His most specific charge was that in Mesopotamia they were “spending money like water in looking for oil.”

In a further defence of the Budget proposals Mr. CHAMBERLAIN disclaimed the notion that it was the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to denounce in the House the Estimates which he had approved in Cabinet. His business was to find the money. Circumstances had altered his attitude to the Excess Profits Duty, and he was now determined to stick to it. Did not a cynic once say that nothing succeeds like excess?

Mr. BARNES, who was loudly cheered on his return to the House, joined in the cry for economy. “Some departments,” he declared, “existed only because they had existed.”

The country clergy are without doubt the most over-rated persons in the country—I mean, of course, from a fiscal point of view. Consequently the House gave a friendly reception to a Bill intended to relieve them of some of their pecuniary burdens.

Thursday, April 22nd.—When Dr. MACNAMARA was Secretary to the Admiralty no Minister was clearer or more direct in his answers. Now that he has become Minister he has laid aside his quarter-deck manner and adopted tones of whispering humbleness which hardly reach the Press Gallery.

He ought to take example from Mr. STANTON, who never leaves the House in doubt as to what he means. This afternoon his purpose was to announce that a certain “Trio” on the Opposition Benches was in league with the forces of disorder. “Bolshies!” he shouted in a voice that frightened the pigeons in Palace Yard.

Later in the evening Mr. STANTON indicated that unless the salaries of Members of Parliament were raised he should have seriously to consider the question of returning to his old trade of a coal-hewer, at which I gathered he could make much more money with an infinitely smaller exertion of lung-power.

The vote for Agriculture and Fisheries was supported by Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAGEN in a speech crammed full of miscellaneous information. We learned that the Minister once smoked a pipe of Irish tobacco, and said “Never Again”; that the slipper-lim-



“If, as appears to be the case, it is for the moment more or less decently interred, its epitaph should be not *Requiescat* but *Resurget*” (cheers).

Mr. ASQUITH on the Land Values Duties.

pet, formerly the terror of the oyster-beds, had now by the ingenuity of his Department been transformed into a valuable source of poultry-food, and that the roundabout process by which the Germans in bygone days imported eel-fry from the Severn for their own rivers, and then exported the full-grown fish for the delectation of East-end dinner-tables, had been done away with. In the matter of eels this country is now self-supporting.

“The stock markets showed a good deal of uncertainty this morning, and dealers marked prices lower in many cases to protect themselves against possible sales on the Budget proposals, particularly the excess profits duty and the corruption tax.”—*Provincial Paper*. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN omitted to mention the last-named impost, but no doubt that was his artfulness.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

“THE BEAR-GARDEN.”

THE authors of the guide-books have signally failed to discover the really interesting parts of Law-land. I have looked through several of these works and not one of them refers, for example, to the “Bear-Garden,” which is the place where the preliminary skirmishes of litigation are carried out. The Bear-Garden is the name given to it by the legal profession, so I am quite in order in using the title. In fact, if you want to get to it, you *have* to use that title. The proper title would be something like “the place where Masters in Chambers function at half-past one;” but, if you go into the Law Courts and ask one of the attendants where that is, he will say, rather pityingly, “Do you mean the *Bear-Garden*?” and you will know at once that you have lost caste. Caste is a thing you should be very careful of in these days, so the best thing is to ask for the Bear-Garden straightaway.

It is in the purlieus of the Law Courts and very hard to find. It is up a lot of very dingy back-staircases and down a lot of very dingy passages. The Law Courts are like all our public buildings. The parts where the public is allowed to go are fairly respectable, if not beautiful, but the purlieus and the basements and the upper floors are scenes of unimaginable dinginess and decay. The Law Courts’ purlieus are worse than the Houses of Parliament’s purlieus, and it seems to me that even more disgraceful things are done in them. It only shows you the danger of Nationalisation.

On the way to the Bear-Garden you pass the King’s Remembrancer’s rooms. This is the man who reminds HIS MAJESTY about people’s birthdays; and in a large family like that he must be kept busy. Not far from the King’s Remembrancer there is a Commissioner for Oaths; you can go into his room and have a really good swear for about half-a-crown. This is cheaper than having it in the street—that is, if you are a gentleman; for by the Profane Oaths Act, 1745, swearing and cursing are punishable by a fine of one shilling for every day-labourer, soldier or seaman; two shillings for every other person under the degree of a gentleman; and five shillings for every person of or above the degree of a gentleman. This is not generally known. The Commissioner for Oaths is a very broad-minded man, and there is literally no limit to what you may swear before him. The



Mistress. "AT TWO O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, MARY, WE WERE WAKENED BY LOUD KNOCKING, AND YOUR MASTER WENT DOWN AND FOUND IT BEFORE YOU ACTUALLY SAY IT. THIS MAY CAUSE DELAY; SO THAT IF YOU ARE FEELING PARTICULARLY STRONGLY ABOUT ANYTHING IT IS PROBABLY BETTER TO HAVE IT OUT IN THE STREET AND RISK BEING TAKEN FOR A GENTLEMAN."

Mary. "OH, 'E DID, DID 'E? 'AD 'E RED 'AIR? I 'LL LARN 'IM TO GO 'AMMERIN' AT DECENT PEOPLE'S DOORS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT JUST BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GO TO THE PICTURES WITH 'IM LAST FRIDAY. IMPERFENCE!"

only thing is that he insists on your filing it before you actually say it. This may cause delay; so that if you are feeling particularly strongly about anything it is probably better to have it out in the street and risk being taken for a gentleman.

There are a number of other interesting functionaries on the way to the Bear-Garden; but we must get on. When you have wandered about in the purlieus for a long time you will hear a tremendous noise, a sort of combined snarling and roaring and legal conversation. When you hear that, you will know that you are very near the bears. They are all snarling and roaring in a large preliminary arena, where the bears prepare themselves for the struggle; all round it are smaller cages or arenas, where the struggles take place. If possible you ought to go early, so that you can watch the animals massing. Lawyers, as I have had occasion to observe before, are the most long-suffering profession in the country, and the things they do in the Bear-Garden they have to do in the luncheon-hour, or rather in the luncheon half-hour, between half-past one and two.

This accounts perhaps for the extreme frenzy of the proceedings. They hurry in a frenzy up the back-stairs about 1.25, and they pace up and down in a frenzy till half-past one. There are all sorts of bears, most of them rather seedy old bears, with shaggy and unkempt coats. These are solicitors' clerks, and they all come straight out of DICKENS. They have shiny little private-school handbags, each inherited, no doubt, through a long line of ancestral solicitors' clerks; and they all have the dragged sort of moustache that tells you when it is going to rain. While they are pacing up and down the arena they all try to get rid of these moustaches by pulling violently at alternate ends; but the only result is to make it look more like rain than over.

Some of the bears are robust old bears, with well-kept coats and loud roars; these are solicitors' clerks too, only better fed; or else they are real solicitors. And a few of the bears are perky young creatures—in barrister's robes, either for the first time, when they look very self-conscious, or for the second time, when they look very self-

confident. All the bears are telling each other about their cases. They are saying, "We are a deceased wife's sister suing *in forma pauperis*," or "I am a discharged bankrupt, three times convicted of perjury, but I am claiming damages under the Diseases of Pigs Act, 1862," or "You are the crew of a merchant-ship and we are the editor of a newspaper." Just at first it is rather disturbing to hear snatches of conversation like that, but there is no real cause for alarm; they are only identifying themselves with the interests of their clients; and, when one realises that, one is rather touched.

At long last one of the keepers at the entrance to the small cages begins to shout very loudly. It is not at all clear what he is shouting, but apparently it is the pet-names of the bears, for there is a wild rush for the various cages. Across the middle of the cage a stout barricade has been erected, and behind the barricade sits the Master, pale but defiant. Masters in Chambers are barristers who have not got proper legal faces, and have had to give up being ordinary barristers on that account; in the obscurity and excitement

of the Bear-Garden nobody notices that their faces are all wrong. The two chief bears rush at the Master and the other bears jostle round them, egging them on. When they see that they cannot get at the Master they begin snarling. One of them snarls quietly out of a long document about the Statement of Claim. He throws a copy of this at the Master, and the Master tries to get the hang of it while the bear is snarling; but the other bear is by now beside himself with rage, and he begins putting in what are called interlocutory snarls, so that the Master gets terribly confused, though he doesn't let on.

By-and-by all pretence of formality and order is put aside and the battle really begins. At this stage of the proceedings the rule is that no fewer than two of the protagonists must be roaring at the same time, of which one must be the Master. But the more general practice is for all three of them to roar at the same time. Sometimes, it is true, by sheer roar-power the Master succeeds in silencing one of the bears for a moment, but he can never be said to succeed in cowing a bear. If anybody is cowed it is the Master. Meanwhile the lesser bears press closer and closer, pulling at the damp ends of their rainy moustaches and making whispered suggestions for new devilries in the ears of the chief bears, who nod their heads emphatically but don't pay any attention.

The final stage is the stage of physical violence, when the chief bears lean over the barricade and shake their paws at the Master; they think they are only making legal gestures, but the Master knows very well that they are getting out of hand; he knows then that it is time he threw them a bun. So he says a soothing word to each of them and runs his pen savagely through almost everything on their papers. The bears growl in stupefaction and rage, and take deep breaths to begin again. But meanwhile the keeper has shouted for a fresh set of bears, who surge wildly into the room. The old bears are swept aside and creep out, grunting. What the result of it all is I don't know. Nobody knows. But the new bears—

[EDITOR.—I am much bored with this.
AUTHOR.—Oh, very well.] A. P. H.

From the directions on an omnibus ticket:—

"Passengers are requested not to stand on top of the Bus back seats for smoking."

This is a thing we never do.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY ROSE."

Of course nobody could possibly suspect Sir JAMES BARRIE of plagiarising (save from himself), yet it will explain something of the atmosphere of *Mary Rose* if I say that it is a story with such a theme as that admirable ghost-monger, the Provost of Eton, would whole-heartedly approve—thrilling, sinister, inconclusive—with (shall I say?) just a dash of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in his other-worldly mood to bring it well into the movement. Naturally the variations are sheer BARRIE and of the most adroit.



THE BOY WHO WOULD GROW UP FASTER THAN HIS MOTHER.

Mary Rose . . . Miss FAY COMPTON.
Harry . . . MR. ROBERT LORAIN.

Mary Rose is in fact a girl who couldn't grow up, because whenever she visited a little mystery island in the Outer Hebrides "they" who lived in a "lovely, lovely, lovely" vague world beyond these voices would call her vaguely (to Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL's charming music), and she would as vaguely return with no memory of what had passed and no change in her physical condition. This didn't matter so much when, as a mere child, she disappeared for thirty days; but when, mother of an incomparable heir of two, she was rapt away in the middle of a picnic for twenty-five years, and returned to find a husband, mother and father inexplicably old and changed, and dreadfully silent about her babe—well, you see for yourself how hopeless every-

thing was. As if there were not enough real tragedy in the world and it were necessary to invent!

I don't think it fair to tell you any more. You shouldn't suffer these thrills at second-hand. But I can say that, in spite of making it a point of professional honour to try to keep a warm spine and check the unbidden tear from trickling down my nose (which makes you look such an ass before a cynical colleague during the intervals), I was beaten in both attempts. The "effects" were astonishingly well contrived by both author and producer (Mr. HOLMAN CLARK). You were not let down at the supreme moment by a hurried shuffle

of dimly seen forms or the click of an electrician's gear suggesting too solid flesh. The house was in a queer way stunned by the poignancy of the last scene between the young ghost-mother and the long-sought unrecognised son, and had to shake itself before it could reward with due applause the fine playing of as perfect a cast as I have seen for a long time. There's no manner of doubt that Sir JAMES "got it over" (as they say) all right.

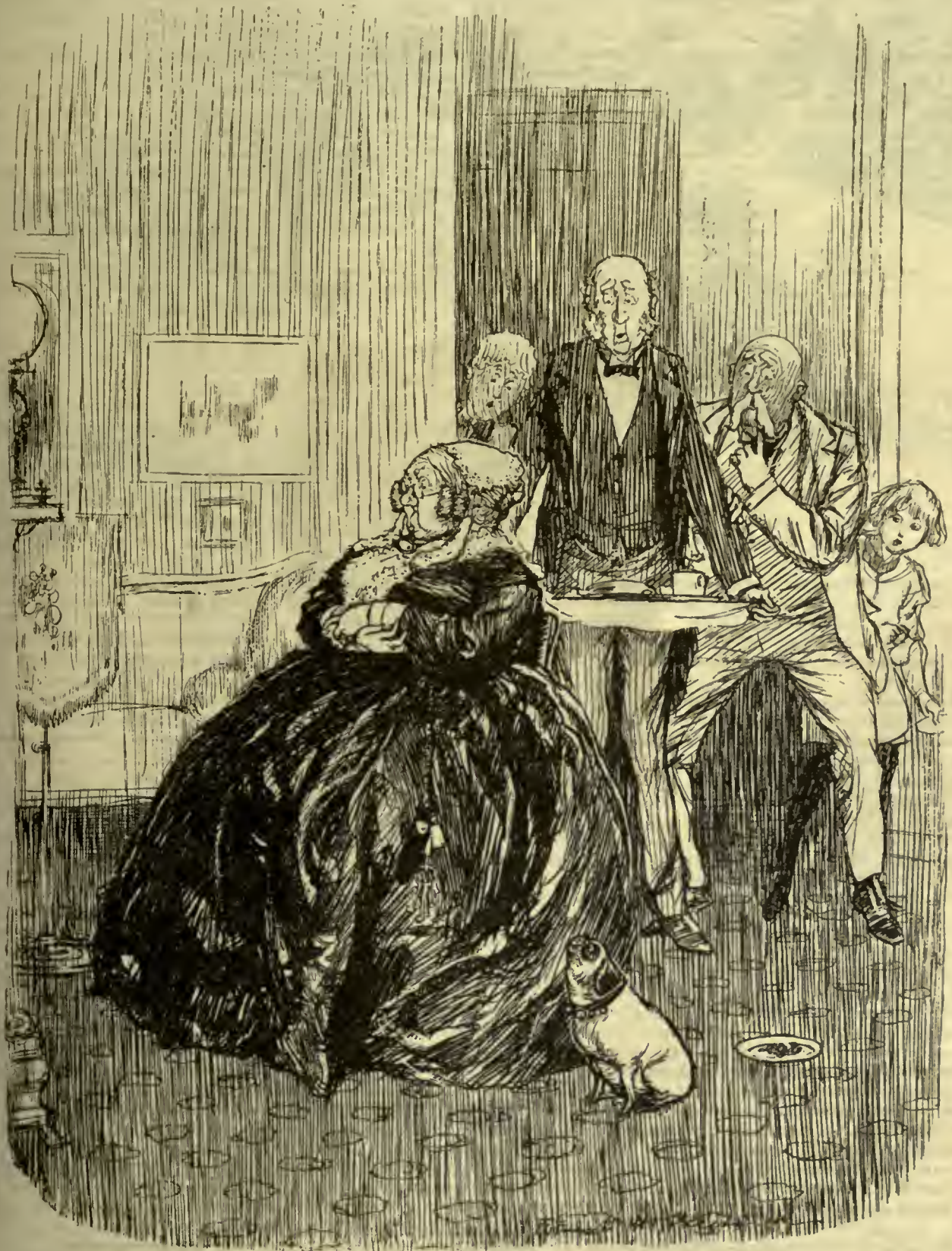
Miss FAY COMPTON makes astonishing strides. Her *Mary Rose*, had adorable shy movements caresses, intonations, wistfulnesses. These were traits of *Mary Rose*, not tricks of Miss COMPTON. And they escaped monotony—supreme achievement in the difficult circumstances. Mr. ROBERT LORAIN in the doubled rôles of *Mary Rose*'s husband and son, showed a very fine skill in his differentiation of the husband's character in three phases of time and development, and of the son's, with its family likeness and individual variation. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, who seems to touch nothing he does not adorn, gave a fine rendering of as charm-

ing a character as ever came out of the BARRIE box—the superstitious, learned, courteous crofter's son, student of Aberdeen University, temporary boatman and (later) minister. He did his best incidentally, by rowing away without casting off, to corroborate the local legend that the queer little island sometimes disappeared. Miss MARY JERROLD was just the perfect BARRIE mother (of *Mary Rose*). Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY's parson, Mr. NORMAN FORBES' squire, Miss JEAN CADELL's housekeeper, left no chinks in their armour for a critic's spleenful arrow. T.

"It was one of those perfect June nights that so seldom occur except in August."

—Magazine.

The result of Daylight-saving, no doubt.



THE AGE OF UNREST.

GRANDMAMMA, WHO HAS BEEN THWARTED, GOES ON HUNGER-STRIKE.



SHOCK OF A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW WHEN HE PERCEIVES THAT HIS RESCUER IS A PUSSYFOOT.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

No more to bits of china (though I love it),
To coloured prints no more my fancy roams,
Or all the works of art I used to covet
In other people's homes.

Old first editions, Sheffield plate and brasses,
Weapons of CROMWELL's time and coats of mail,
Gato-tables, QUEEN ANNE chairs and aught that passes
For craft of CHIPPENDALE—

Such things no more I spend my hard-earned cash on
(Fain though the spirit be, the purse is weak);

Yet strong within me burns the ruling passion
For anything antique.

To haunt the sales for "finds" no more my job is;

I've found at length, to satisfy my bent,
A wider sphere for this my last of hobbies,

Which costs me not a cent;
Where I can see my friends possess the treasure

Their souls desire, nor envy them for that;

My game's to scan my fellow-man at leisure

Divested of his hat;

Among my own coevals, whom at last Time

Is taking by the locks at forty-nine,
Searching (a quaint but inexpensive pastime)

For balder heads than mine.

HINTS ON ADVERTISING.

IN the belief that the numerous signs and notices, such as those containing warnings and advice to the public, with which the eye is so familiar, might be employed as suitable *media* for commercial advertisement, the following suggestions are offered for what they are worth:—

LIFT NOT WORKING.

When you walk upstairs
be sure your boots are
shod with PUSSYFOOT
Rubber Heels.

TO STOP THE TRAIN PULL DOWN THE CORD.

Then light a NAVY LIST Cigarette.
That alone is worth the £5.

STICK NO BILLS.

It's not your job.
Let STICKOTINE do it.
Sticks anything.

THIS RACK IS PROVIDED FOR LIGHT ARTICLES ONLY.

If your baby is a GLOXO baby
keep it on your knee.
GLOXO builds *bulky* bairns.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

Unless you are wearing
GUMBOODLE'S
Goloshes.
Won't wet feet.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Wait till he hears
HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

YOU MAY TELEPHONE FROM HERE.

Ring up your newsagent and order
your DAILY WAIL.

Billion Sale.

Order it now.

CHU CHIN CHOW.

"CHARLES —"

This week, DRIVEN FROM HOME.
Next week, AT SEA."

Daily Paper.

Surely this pitiable case ought to be
brought to the attention of the Actors
Benevolent Association.



Epicurean. "AH, YOU LITTLE REALISE HOW THESE APRIL SHOWERS BRING ON THE PEAS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE a mild grievance against that talented lady, Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, for labelling her latest novel "a romantic fantasy." Because, like all her other stories, *The Cheats* (COLLINS) moves with such an air of truth, its personages are so human, that I could delightfully persuade myself that it was all true, and that I had really shared, with a sometimes quickened pulse, the strange fortunes of the sombre young hero. But—fantasy! That is to show the strings and give away the whole game. However, if you can forget that, the coils of an admirably woven intrigue will grip your attention and sympathy throughout. The central figure is one *Jaqes*, who comes to town as a penniless and love-lorn romantic, to be confronted with the revelation that he is himself the eldest son, unacknowledged but legitimate, of His Majesty KING CHARLES THE SECOND, then holding Court at Whitehall. It is from the plots and counter-plots, the machinations and subterfuges that follow that Miss BOWEN justifies her title. Certainly *The Cheats* establishes her in my mind as our first writer of historical fiction. The character-drawing is admirable (especially of poor weak-willed vacillating *Jaqes*, a wonderfully observed study of the STUART temperament). More than ever, also, Miss BOWEN might here be said to write her descriptions with a paint-brush; the whole tale goes by in a series of glowing pictures, most richly coloured. *The Cheats* is not a merry book; its treatment of the foolish heroine in particular abates nothing of grim justice; but of its art there can be no two opinions. I wish again that I had been allowed to believe in it.

It must be unusual in war for a commander-in-chief to be regarded by his opponents with the respect and admiration that the British forces in East Africa felt towards VON LETTOW-VORBECK; from General SMUTS, who congratulated him on his Order "Pour le Mérite," down to the British Tommy who promised to salute him "if ever 'e's copped." The fact that VON LETTOW held out from August, 1914, till after the Armistice with a small force mainly composed of native askaris, and with hardly any assistance from overseas, is proof in itself of his organizing ability, his military leadership and his indomitable determination. As these are qualities which are valued by his late enemies his story of the campaign, *My Reminiscences of East Africa* (HURST AND BLACKETT), should appeal to a large public, especially as it is written on the whole in a sporting spirit and not without some sense of humour. His descriptions of the natural difficulties of the country and the methods he adopted for handling them are interesting and instructive. But in military matters his story is not altogether convincing; for if his "victories" were as "decisive" as he represents them how is it that they were followed almost invariably by retirement? The results are attributed in these pages to "slight mischances" or "unfavourable conditions" or merely to "pressure of circumstances." Would it not have been better, while he was about it, to claim boldly that he was luring us on? This is a question on which one naturally refers to the maps, and it is therefore all the more regrettable that these contain no scale of mileage, an omission which renders them almost meaningless. How many readers, for instance, will realise that German East Africa was almost twice the size of Germany? The translation on the whole is good,

though some phrases such as "the at times barely sufficient ration" are rather too redolent of the Fatherland.

I see that on the title-page of his latest story Mr. W. E. NORRIS is credited with having already written two others (specified by name), etc. Much virtue in that "etc." I cannot therefore regard *The Triumphs of Sara* (HUTCHINSON) precisely as the work of a beginner, though it has a freshness and sense of enjoyment about it that might well belong to a first book rather than to—I doubt whether even Mr. NORRIS himself could say offhand what its number is. *Sara* and her circle are eminently characteristic of their creator. You have here the same well-bred well-to-do persons, pleasantly true to their decorous type, retaining always, despite modernity of clothes and circumstance, a gentle aroma of late Victorianism. Perhaps *Sara* is the most immediate of Mr. NORRIS's heroines so far. Her money-bags had been filled in Manchester, and from time to time in her history you are reminded of this circumstance. It explains much; though hardly her marriage with *Euan Leppington*, whose attraction apparently lay in being one of the few males of her acquaintance whom *Sara* did not find it fatally easy to bring to heel. Anyhow, after marriage she quickly grew bored to death of him; so much so that it required an attempt (badly bungled) by another woman to get *Euan* to elope with her, and a providential collapse of the very unwilling Lothario, to bring about that happy ending that my experience of kind Mr. NORRIS has taught me to expect. I may add that he has never done anything more quietly entertaining than the frustrated elopement; the luncheon scene at the Métropole, Brighton, between the angry but amused *Sara* and a husband incapacitated by rage, remorse and chill, is an especially well-handled little comedy of manners.

captured luxuries, bands playing, flags flying, suddenly blown up in mid-Atlantic. The game of hide-and-seek, as played by the *Emden* and her like, naturally figures very largely in a volume which HENTY could hardly have bettered. The author's voracious narrative, leaving all picturesque detail to the imagination, gets home every time by the sheer weight of its material. The War in Home waters is no less fascinatingly reconstructed, and the case of maps contains in itself living epics for all who study them with understanding.

In writing her second book Miss HILDA M. SHARP has allowed herself what is, I suspect, the lady novelist's greatest treat, the extraordinary achievement of using the first person singular and making it masculine. She has

done it very well too, and I am happy to recall that, in another place, I was among the many who prophesied good concerning her future when she made her *début* as a novelist with *The Stars in their Courses* in Mr. FISHER UNWIN'S "First Novel Library." *A Pawn in Pawn* comes very properly from the same publisher. It has one of those plots which it is most particularly a reviewer's business, in the reader's own interest, not to reveal, but it is permissible to explain that the "pawn" of the title is a little girl adopted from an orphanage, where, as someone says, "the orphans aren't really orphans," by Julian Tarrant, whom a select circle acknowledged as the greatest poet that the last years of the nineteenth century produced. Miss SHARP earns my special admiration by getting through the inevitable description of the beginning of the Great War in fewer words than anybody whose attempt I have yet encountered, and steers throughout a pleasant course midway between a "best-seller" and a "high-brow." *Lydia*, the "pawn," is very charming, but quite possibly so, and though, of course, she must marry one of the three men interested in her adoption Miss SHARP will probably keep most of her readers, as she did me, in doubt as to which it is to be until quite the end of the book. ~I think that he may prove an acquired taste with most readers; but directly I found that he was apt to quote the reviews in *Punch* I realised that he was a man of discrimination and deserved his good luck.



Peter Fraser
"PROPER FED UP WIV YOC, I AM. CRY, CRY, CRY ALL DAY LONG. I'D 'IT YER OVER THE 'EAD WIV THE BOTTLE IF I WOS A MODERN WOMAN."

Sir JULIAN CORBETT, in writing the first volume of *Naval Operations* (LONGMANS), has carried the semi-official history of the War at sea only as far as the Battle of the Falklands; but if the other three or four volumes—the number is still uncertain—are to be as full of romance as this the complete work will be a library of adventure in itself. Hardly ever turning aside to praise or blame, he says with almost unqualified baldness a multitude of astounding things—things we half knew, or guessed, or longed to have explained, or dared not whisper, or, most of all, never dreamt of. Here is a gold-mine for the makers of boys' books of all future generations to quarry in. Think, for instance, of the liner *Ortega* shaking off a German cruiser by bolting into an uncharted tide-race near the Horn; or the *Southport*, left for disabled by her captors, crawling two thousand miles to safety with only half an engine; or the triumphant raider *Karlsruhe*, her pursuers baffled, full to the hatches with

An Urgent Request.

"— CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LTD.

Members are requested to hand in their Share Pass Books for Audit Purposes to the Head Office on or before AT ONCE."—*Local Paper*.

"Rev. — writes:—'I have a Cousin residing in the Transvaal who has been living on three plates of porridge made of — for five years, and is well and strong on it.'—*South African Paper*.

It sounds very sustaining.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that Lord FISHER, who is reported to have taken a week off to say what he thought about the Budget, has asked for an extension of time.

Germany has decided to abolish gradually all titles of nobility. They will disappear Von by Von.

Six hundred Irish emigrants left for New York last Wednesday on board the *Celtic*. All, we understand, were advised before leaving that the price of a man's votes, after the first five or six, isn't what it was in former Presidential elections.

"I hope I will not come back until the basis of a real peace with Russia is secured," said Mr. SNOWDEN on the eve of his departure. There are other people who don't much mind what cause detains him.

An earthquake is reported in California, and a volume of poems by the POET LAUREATE is announced. What a breathless week!

"What is wanted in our prisons," says a well-known preacher, "is more humanity; in the Irish prisons in particular the right kind of humanity."

Even in the rare cases where we get hold of it we don't seem able to keep it.

The Liverpool and District Federation of Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, protesting against Sunday cricket, declare their anxiety to maintain in every way the traditional sacredness of the English Sabbath. With roast beef at its present price this seems scarcely possible.

A "uniform evening dress for women" was advocated at a discussion on "Fashions" by members of the Lyceum Club. Smart Society, it is observed, by a gradual process of elimination is working down to something of the kind.

"Increased party bitterness," says a Berlin correspondent, "is becoming a feature of German life." A sharp cleavage of opinion is detected between the party that refuses to comply with the

terms of the Peace Treaty and the section that merely intends to evade them.

It appears that a man has been fined five pounds for using bad language about Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Latest reports from the district are to the effect that his remarks were rather good value for the money.

A weekly paper advocates the sterilizing of all foodstuffs. This is a decided advance on the old custom of sifting soup through a set of whiskers.

Germany, says Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, lost the War. It is said that even the ex-Kaiser now admits that everything seems to point that way.

A Madras tiger cub, we are informed,

stalled in a certain large aerodrome in Hampshire. It is rumoured that they will be willing to buy them back from the purchasers at an enhanced price in order to equip a new aerodrome in the same locality.

According to a witness at Willesden Police Court a carter charged with insulting behaviour swore for twenty minutes without repeating himself. We understand that the Bargees' Union take a very serious view of the matter.

"The cost of cremation is now exceptionally low," announces a Sunday paper. Inexpensive luxuries are so rare in these days that one is tempted to give it a trial.

Replying to Sir K. FRASER, Mr.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN stated that he was not prepared to levy an equalizing tax on total abstainers. The belief that they are already sufficiently punished is widely held.

"Man, naturally funny, desires to be trained for stage funny-man" (*Times Advertisement*). The initial handicap is bound to toll against him. He should try the House of Commons.

Twenty-one pigs have died at Woking

as the result of eating phosphorus. The owner was apparently unaware that it has taken years to accustom the American pig to a phosphorus diet.

Hythe Council is offering sixpence a dozen for dead wasps. Hunters may bring their captures in on the hoof but must slaughter them before they can touch the money.

A South Wales miner charged with trapping birds was found to be wearing three coats. As this might have been due to an oversight on the part of his valet it was not included in the charge.

Our Tireless Terpsichoreans.

"Miss —'s dance will take place on the 22nd and terminate on the 29th for this season."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper*.

"That fine sporting neighbourhood, Epsom, is represented by a big cheque from the town club."—*Evening Paper*.
Good dog!



THE THINGS WE WRITE.

"SIR POMPEY AND HIS GUESTS LITERALLY SWAM IN CHAMPAGNE."

has been born at Pontypridd. We can only suppose that the animal did not know it was Pontypridd.

Futurist painters, says a contemporary, are becoming scarce in America. The wave of crime that followed the War seems to be falling off.

The Department Committee of the Falkland Islands suggest that whales should be marked by a small projectile. This is much better than serowing the monster into a vice and carving its name and address on it with a chisel.

A Beachy Head correspondent writes to a daily paper to say that he has seen a peculiarly bright light in the sky. Quite a number of people are asking, Can it be the sun?

A morning paper reports that the Government is now offering for sale all machinery, fixtures and fittings in-

THE HEALING WATERS OF SPA.

[It is feared that the Treaty with the Turk will not be signed in time for him to receive an invitation to join the Allies and their late enemies, towards the end of May, at the Conference to be held at Spa, where it is proposed to discuss a common scheme for the regeneration of the world.]

SWEET after hopes deferred that make
The stomach feel so queer,
To think the Peace for which we ache
May very soon be here;
That, though but scarce two years have
passed
Since we contrived to win it,
The War, if things go on so fast,
May end at any minute.

Yet must the pace be hotter still
With less of "hum!" and "ha!"
If we would have our pleasure's fill
And meet the Turk at Spa;
How nice if he could only come,
Fresh from Armenian slaughter,
And join our Mixed Symposium
Over a mineral water!

His ripe experience would show
Just how (by Allah's grace)
To make this world of sin and woe
Into a better place;
And, though we failed to cure at sight
All ills that want allaying,
At least (between the Acts) we might
Together go a-Maying. O. S.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON TRAVAILLE.

THERE had been a long silence between us. We sat lunching comfortably at the Ritz, and the Spring air came pleasantly in at the open window beside us. I watched the people passing by and commented on some of them to Tony, but he seemed completely wrapped in meditation.

Really it was a little aggravating. Spring always thrills me to the tips of my fingers; I had put on my very nicest clothes; we were eating the very last word in lunches, and there was a glorious atmosphere of holiday in the air; but it was all lost on Tony.

Suddenly he roused himself. "It's a queer thing," he began *à propos* of nothing, abstractedly toying with his *pêche Melba* and lapsing into thoughtful silence again.

"Shouldn't be surprised," I retorted sharply.

Then I looked across at him and my heart smote me. He is extraordinarily good to look upon—fair crinkled hair, Saxon colouring and blue eyes that can warm up so delightfully at moments.

"What is queer, Tony?" I went on more gently, conscious that in spite of his abstraction his gaze was wandering appreciatively in my direction, so that I felt my new blouse was not entirely wasted after all.

"Well, the fact is," he roused himself to start, "I've been making some very interestin' experiments."

"Oh!" I said, a trifle disappointed.

"Yes, very interestin' indeed. You know, of course, that I've only been demobbed about six months, so there's no ghastly hurry or anythin', but I rather feel that I ought to begin to think of doin' somethin'—some business, profession sort of affair, I mean. Havin' made up my mind more or less, I thought I'd come up to town yesterday and have a talk with one or two of the fellows I know who have got jobs—get a few tips and so on."

"That sounds an awfully good idea," I encouraged him.

"Well, it was rather," he agreed modestly, "but on my life, Betty, you'd never believe— Well, I'll tell you."

"I dropped in first of all on Dixon. Not a bad chap at all, one of those—you know—solicitors. Partner in an A1 firm an' all that. They're fairly rakin' in money at present with this boom in Divorce Court stunts."

"Anyway we began talkin' about old times and so on, as I hadn't seen him for ages. We got laughin' over some of his funny stories about their stuff—no names or anythin' like that, of course—and then bit by bit I started tellin' him what was really at the back of my mind about takin' up the work. I don't think he grasped it quite at first, but when he did he just leant back in his chair and looked at me with a kind of pityin' expression. 'My dear old boy,' he said, 'take it from a friend, one who has been through it—don't! It's a dog's life; years of training; work all day and night. No peace. Responsibility all the time. You know, dear old fellow, what you want is a soft job. Why don't you start stock-brokin' or somethin'?'"

"Well, of course that was a bit of a set-back; still I thought, 'Are we downhearted?' So I trotted on round to old Simkins—remember that stock-broker chap we ran into at the Gaiety the other evenin'? He's a decent sort of fellow; clever an' all that too—but not by way of overworkin' himself."

"Well, I got to his office and asked him out to lunch at the Club, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'My dear old man,' he said, 'you're comin' right along with me to the Carlton, and we're goin' to have the best lunch they can turn out. I tell you I've struck lucky this morning; absolutely had a haul!'"

"Well, I thought that sounded pretty cheery, so we toddled off; and I must say they did us jolly well. It seemed just the chance to get him to talk in a pally sort of way, so I simply put it to him straight and told him what I was

thinkin' of doin'. He listened to me a bit doubtfully for a few minutes and then leaned across the table and put his hand on my arm, interruptin' me. 'Don't you do it, my son,' he said. 'As a pal I warn you. The work! the worry! the earkin' anxiety! Take my word for it the life of a stockbroker isn't fit for a dog.'

"Seemed funny, didn't it? Only he was so insistent that I began to get the hump about it myself too and after a little while I managed to leave him and rolled off to get cheered up by Bird. Teddy Bird's one of the best of fellows—always merry an' bright. They manufacture ladies' jumpers or somethin' of the sort; they were on Army clothin' durin' the War; pots of money, of course; not doin' too badly now either."

"I just blew in an' told him to come on the binge or somethin' to cheer me up. He wanted to know what I had got the hump about, so I told him about these other two chaps, and really I was beginnin' to think what a let-off I had had. Then a bright idea flashed into my mind. Why shouldn't I manufacture somethin'? It seemed such a toppin' good scheme that I asked him straight out what he thought about it."

"'My poor innocent lad,' he said, 'don't you yet realise the sort of existence fellows like me have to lead? Labour troubles, money troubles, taxation on profits. Why, good heavens, it's little better than a dog's life!'"

"I kind of felt crumpled and left him."

Tony looked across at me gloomily. There was a heavy silence. I couldn't think of anything comforting to say. He paid the bill and we started threading our way towards Piccadilly.

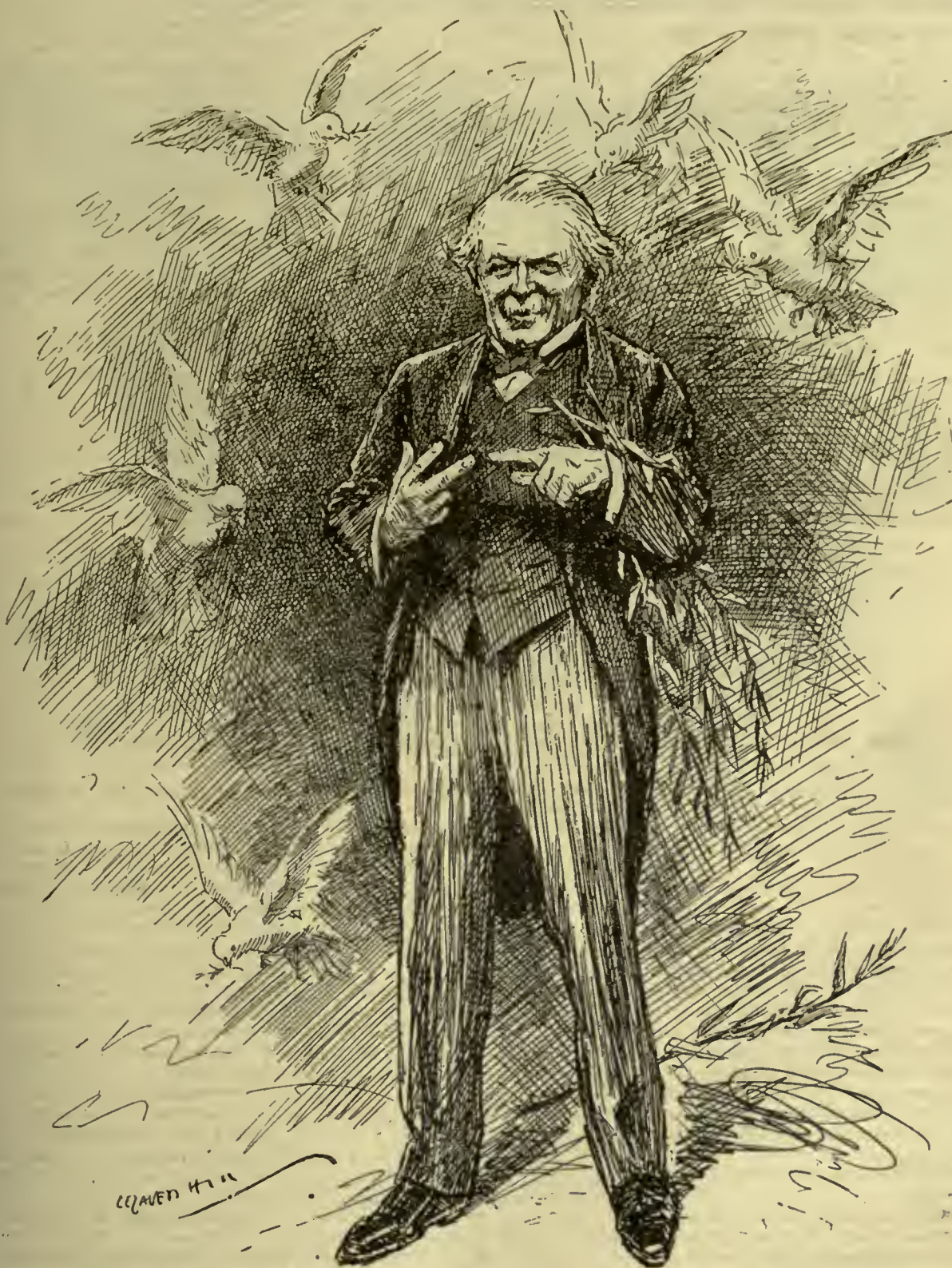
"But, Tony," I finally suggested rather desperately, "you said just now there isn't such a ghastly hurry. Why don't you just stay round and amuse yourself for a bit till something crops up?"

He turned and gazed at me reproachfully.

"My dear Betty," he said, "I thought you understood me better than that. For a fellow of real ambition and keenness for gettin' on, it's absolutely feedin', an existence like this, just messin' about! It's the limit. Why, it's nothin' better than a dog's—"

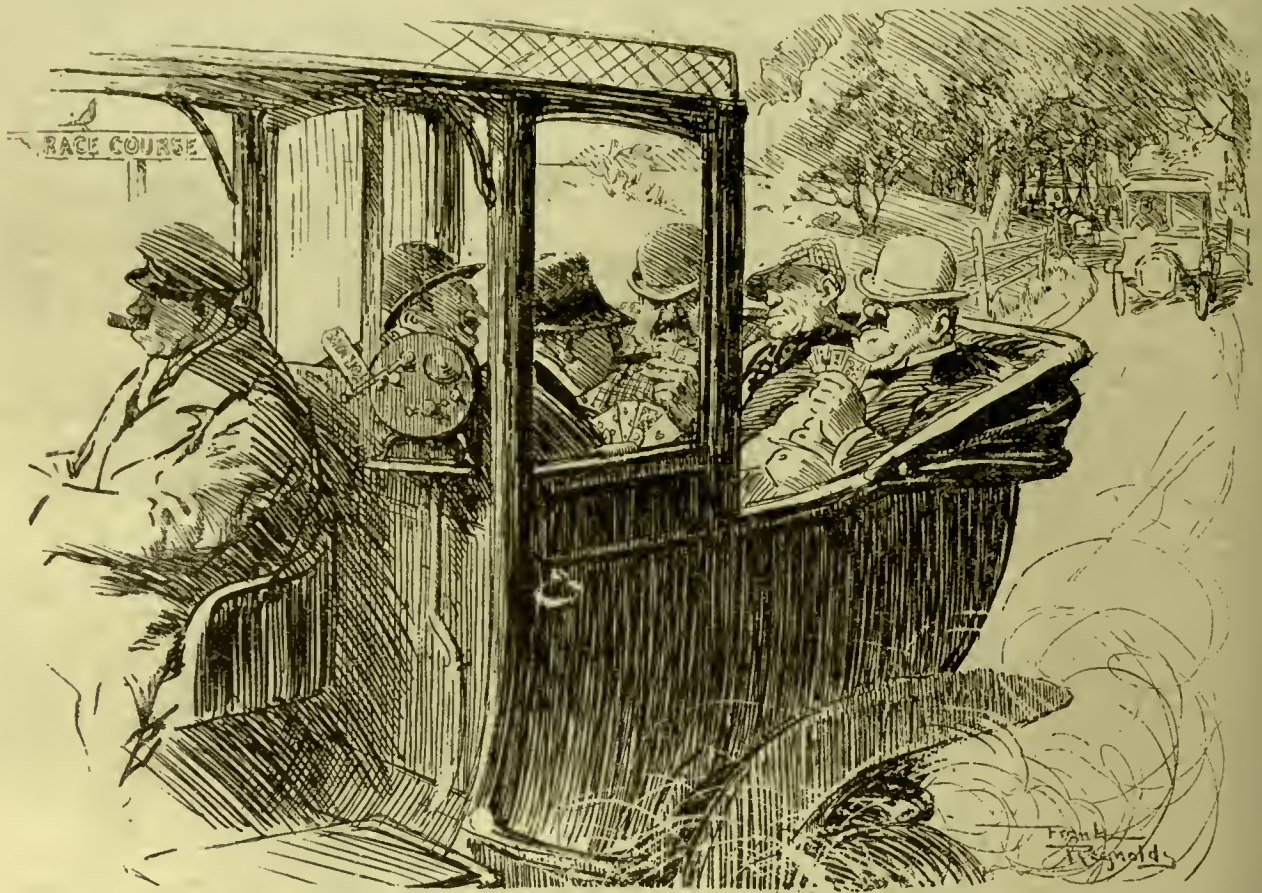
I glanced at him quickly and he flushed crimson to the ears.

"What I mean to say—oh, hang it!" he stuttered, waving his cane. "Hi, taxi! That's right. Hop in, Betty. We've just about time to get a look in at the Palladium. You know one wants cheerin' up these days. Thinkin' seriously about things is so beastly worryin'."



FROM TRIUMPH TO TRIUMPH.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I'VE MADE PEACE WITH GERMANY, WITH AUSTRIA, WITH BULGARIA, AND NOW I'VE MADE PEACE WITH FRANCE. SO THERE'S ONLY TURKEY, IRELAND AND LORD NORTHCLIFFE LEFT."



OUR NATURE CORRESPONDENT WRITES TO US THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE IS LOOKING ALMOST PERFECT.

ALL FOR JANE.

(With the British Army in France.)

How Jane contrived to inspire affection and bitter rivalry in the hearts of Sergeant Bulter and Chippo Munks is hard to imagine. She was not beautiful or agreeable or even intelligent. And she was certainly fickle and greedy. If Sergeant Bulter persuaded her to accompany him for a walk she was quite likely to return with Chippo; and if Chippo invited her to dine the end of the dinner was usually the signal for her to leave in search of the further hospitality of Sergeant Bulter.

Nevertheless both soldiers wooed her with an intensity that nearly brought them into deadly conflict. The climax was precipitated by an announcement in Battalion Orders that ran:—

"All ownerless dogs straying about the Camp will be secured by the Camp police for destruction. Owners of dogs will therefore ensure that their dogs are provided with collars showing names of owners, and such dogs are not permitted to stray about the lines unattended."

On reading this Chippo laboriously inscribed an old identity disc—

JANE MUNKS,
"B" Coy.,

and sought out Jane in her usual corner near the cook-house. He was threading the disc with a piece of string when Sergeant Bulter appeared.

"What are you doin' to that dawg?" demanded the Sergeant.

"Fittin' 'er with a necklace," replied Chippo.

"Well, you can keep it to hang yourself with," said Bulter triumphantly; "she's already provided."

Chippo perceived, what he had previously overlooked, that Jane's neck was encircled with a collar marked—

JANE BULTER,
SERGEANTS' MESS.

A sick feeling of disappointment came over him, but he dissembled.

"I reckonize the family likeness, Sergeant," he remarked and walked away, whilst Jane, with callous disregard for his sufferings, meditated whether to dine with the Ration Corporal or the Sergeant Cook, or both.

Chippo walked gloomily in the direction of the town. As he approached the place the blaring of cornets and sounds of hilarity reminded him that Quelquepart was holding its annual *foire*. Merry-go-rounds and swing-boats were not in harmony with Chippo's mood, and the performance at the gaudily-painted Guignol struck him as particularly dreary, but the sight of Ferdinand Delauney's Grande Loterie, with its huge red wheel and tempting array of prizes, roused him to animation. Ferdinand was attracting investors by methods of persuasion which Chippo, as an acknowledged "Crown-and-anchor" expert, recognised as masterly.

"Reckon I'll try a franc's-worth of Ferdy's prize bonds," he said. "But I expect it'll just be my luck to win a dog-collar or a muzzle."

In due course the wheel began to revolve, and it had scarcely stopped before Ferdinand jumped from the platform and embraced Chippo with emotion.

"Mon ami," he said, "*mes félicitations! Vous avez gagné le premier prix!*"

Opening a crate he extracted an athletic young cockerel, which he thrust under Chippo's arm, and the latter walked away with a prize for which he had not the slightest use.

Presently the cockerel began to struggle, and Chippo, after considering all methods of transport, took the string intended for Jane from his pocket, attached it to the rooster's leg and marched it before him. He had not proceeded far before he was confronted by the scandalised Sergeant Bulter, with Jane trailing miserably at his heels.

"Hi!" shouted the Sergeant, "what do you mean parading the town like a blamed poultry show?"

"A chap must 'ave a bit o' company when he goes out. I ain't got no dawg now," replied Chippo pathetically.

"Dawgs is one thing," said the Sergeant, "and a mangy wry-necked rooster wot's probably missing from some-one's back-yard is another. It ain't regimental."

"It's as regimental as a yellow flap-eared mongrel wot's bin onticed away from its rightful owner," said the subordinate Chippo. "There ain't no think in *King's Regs.* against it."

"P'raps there ain't," said Bulter; "but it ain't soldierlike."

"One minit, Sergeant. Wot's our regimental mascot? It's a goat. An' what's the Dampshires? A chattering monkey. If monkeys an' goats is soldierlike so 's poultry."

The Sergeant was silenced, and Chippo and his rooster proceeded on their way, giving a finished exhibition of the goose-step.

Thereafter Chippo and his pet ostentatiously paraded the lines, selecting the occasions when the Sergeant was starting out for a constitutional. Though Bulter's feelings were sorely outraged he preserved an air of icy aloofness, which Jane imitated as long as she was on the lead. This apparent indifference should have been a warning to the cockerel, but he did not know Jane's peculiar temperament. The full revelation came one morning when they met in the lines unattended by their respective masters. The rooster quickly fell a victim to feminine duplicity, and Jane carried the mangled bundle of claws and feathers and dropped it at Chippo's feet.

Chippo took the remains to Sergeant Bulter.

"See what your dawg's done," he said with indignation.

"An' a good job too," answered Bulter.

"You 'ear that?" appealed Chippo to another N.C.O. who was standing by. "He was allus jealous of me 'avin' a



Fatuous Person. "ARE YOU A DIVER?"

Cynic. "HO, NO. I'M PAYLOVER'S DANCIN' PARTNER."

pet, so 'e deliberately set 'is dawg on it, an' now 'e's gloatin'."

"See 'ere, my lad," spluttered Bulter, "you'll be for orderly-room to-morrow if you ain't careful."

"Very well, Sergeant," said Chippo meekly; "it'll give me a chawnee to make my complaint to the officer."

"Ow do you mean?"

"Why, against you for flat disobedience of Battalion horders. If you 'adn't let your dawg run about the lines unattended this wouldn't 'ave 'appened."

The Sergeant's face bore the expression of a quack compelled to swallow his own pills. Chippo continued relentlessly and untruthfully—

"I 'ear she's bit the Colonel's groom an' pinched the joint from the Warrant Officers' Mess. She never oughtn't to be at large, she didn't."

Rarely in his career had Bulter shown such visible discomfiture.

"Of course," added Chippo casually, "if Jane was my dawg I'd 'ave no grounds for complaint."

When your strong man is compelled to submit to the inevitable he usually does it ungracefully. Bulter took the collar from Jane's neck and pushed her over with his foot.

"Take the brute," he said, "an' if over I see 'er round this Mess again I'll shoot 'er!"

"Paris, Friday.—The High Court of the Senate resumed in public its hearing of the Caillaux trial. . . . The jury found the prisoner guilty. Mr. Justice Darling postponed sentence."—*Scotch Paper.*

No other journal appears to have noticed this remarkable extension of the *Entente Cordiale.*

SUSSEX GODS.

I HAVE been told, and do not doubt,
That Devon lanes are dim with trees,
And shagged with fern, and loved of
bees,
And all with roses pranked about;
I do believe that other-where
The woods are green, the meadows fair.

And woods, I know, have always been
The haunt of fairies, good or grim;
There the knight-errant hasted him;
There *Bottom* found *King Oberon's*
Queen;

The Enchanted Castle *always* stood
Deep in the shadow of a wood.

But I know upland spirits too
Who love the shadeless downs to
climb;

There, in the far-off fabled time,
Men called them when the moon was
new,
And built them little huts of stone
With briar and thistle over-grown.

The trees are few and do not bend
To make a whispering swaying arch;
They are the elder and the larch,
Who have the north-east wind for
friend,

And shield them from his bluff salute
With elbow kinked and moss-girt root.

There, when the clear Spring sunset dies
Like a great pearl dissolved in wine,
Forgotten stragglers half-divine
Creep to their ancient sanctuaries
Where salt-sweet thyme and sorrel-
spire
Feed on the dust of ancient fire.

And when the light is almost dead,
Low-swung and loose the brown
clouds flow

In an unobscured happy row
Out seaward over Beachy Head,
Where, far below, the faithful sea
Mutters its wordless liturgy;

Then Sussex gods of sky and sun,
Gods never worshipped in a grove,
Walk on the hills they used to love,
Where the *Long Man of Wilmington*,
Warden of their old frontier, stands
And welcomes them with sceptred
hands. D. M. S.

Improving upon Nature.

From an hotel advertisement:—

"Fishing on lake and stream, also 4½ miles
Vyrnwy River, recently redecored."
Provincial Paper.

"SHOT AT DAWN AGAIN.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY."

"*John Bull*" Poster.

This accomplished marksman seems to
have missed his man at the first
attempt.

WHEN THE CHESTNUT FLOWERS.

FAMOUS FOLK WHO VISIT HAMPTON
COURT.

(*Specially contributed by our mendacious
Paragraphical Expert after the best
models.*)

WONDERFUL is the lure that Cardinal
WOLSEY's ancient seat has for all
classes of Londoners, especially now
when the spires of pink and yellow
blossoms rise amidst the dark foliage
of Bushey Park, but it is not gene-
rally known how many celebrities of
the day are attracted to Hampton
Court Palace unobserved by anybody
but me, who make a habit of noticing
this kind of thing. Leaders in the
worlds of politics and art wander on
the closely-shaven lawns or through
the stately chambers, where our Eng-
lish kings made their home and in most
cases left their bedsteads behind for
posterity to admire. It is as if some
irresistible compulsion drove the great
minds of the present to commune with
the mighty shades of the past. Either
that or because the return fare from
Waterloo is comparatively cheap.

* * * * *
Paying my penny to visit the Great
Vine the other day, I found myself
alone in the conservatory with none
other than the CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER himself, who was regarding
this magnificent specimen of horticul-
ture with evident interest through his
monocle. After mentioning to him
that its record output was twenty-two
hundred clusters, I could not resist the
temptation of asking him whether he
thought the manufacture of home-
grown wines would be stimulated by
the provisions of the present Budget.
Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, returned
an evasive reply and went out to join
Sir EDWARD CARSON, who was pacing
up and down in front of the Orangery.

* * * * *
Other well-known politicians whom I
have noticed here lately have been Lord
BEATTY and Lord FISHER strolling arm-
in-arm beside the Long Canal, and
Mr. JACK JONES looking contemptu-
ously at the Kynge's Beestes; and the
other day, owing to identical errors in
our choice of routes, I bumped into Sir
ERIC GEDDES no fewer than five times
during one afternoon in the Maze. The
LORD CHANCELLOR is another frequent
visitor. For one who has the mitiga-
tion of the harsher features of our
marriage laws so much at heart, these
Courts, where "bluff KING HAL" cele-
brated so many of his cheeriest wed-
dings, have a special charm. It is true
that the eighth Henry was a little one-
sided in his ideas of reform, but that
was the fault of his age rather than

himself, and, like the present National
Party, he had, as the LORD CHANCELLOR
put it, the great heart of the people
behind him.

* * * * *
Nor is it only statesmen who haunt
the great palace. Nowhere else but
here, where JAMES I.'s company of
actors, including WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
performed, can Mr. HENRY AINLEY
obtain the requisite atmosphere which
inspires his swift variety of impersona-
tions, and I am told that his sudden
remark of, "Oh, pardon me, thou
bleeding piece of earth," made to one
of the attendants who had been for
many years in the army, was nearly
the cause of a slight fracas. Mr. H.G.
WELLS has sometimes been seen staring
open-mouthed at the painting of the
Olympian cosmogony which adorns the
ceiling and walls of the Grand Staircase,
and in the wych-elm bower Sir J. M.
BARRIE tells me that he often thinks
out the titles of his new plays. It was
here, in fact, whilst he was weighing
the delicate question, "Why did Alice-
Sit-By-the-Fire?" that the sudden
happy answer occurred to him, "Be-
cause Mary Rose."

* * * * *
P.S.—I forgot to say that Lady
DIANA DUFF-COOPER frequently comes
down here. Or, at any rate, if she
doesn't, I shall say she does, because I
always mention her in my paragraphs.
V.

MY STRONG SUIT.

Not for me the profiteer's
Lucky hauls,
But a prospect of lean years
That appals;
Yet, although I dimly grope
On an ever downward slope,
I espy one gleam of hope—
Overalls.

When the experts prophesy
Further squalls,
And my income, never high,
Falls and falls,
Then the twenty-guinea suit
Is to me forbidden fruit,
But I cordially salute
Overalls.

Not to mention other woes,
Other calls,
Paying tailors through the nose
Greatly galls;
So farewell, expensive tweeds,
Though my manly bosom bleeds,
For the situation needs
Overalls.

"NURSERY Governess (not over 40) wanted
for three children, girl 10 years, twins (boy 2,
girl 8)."—*Times*.
Oh, gemini!



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE HARDENING EFFECTS OF WAR.

IF THE BRONTOSAURUS CAME TO LONDON.

ELIZABETH AND HER YOUNG MAN.

THE study door burst open and one end of Elizabeth—the articulate end—was jerked into view.

"Wot will you 'ave for lunch?" she demanded breathlessly. "Lamb or 'am?"

Abruptly recalled from the realms of fiction-writing, I (her mistress) looked up a little dazed. "'Lamb or 'am,'" I repeated dully, "lamorram? Er—ram, I think, please, Elizabeth."

Having thus disposed of my domestic obligations for the day I returned to my writing. I was annoyed therefore to see the other end of Elizabeth travel round the doorway and sidle into the room. Her pretext for

entering—that of dusting the roll-top desk with her apron—was a little thin, for she has not the slightest objection to dust. I rather think it cheers her up to see it about the place. Obviously she had come in to make conversation. I laid down my pen with a sigh.

"I yeerd from my young man this morning," she began. A chill foreboding swept over me. (I will explain why in a minute.)

"Do you mean the boiler one?" I asked.

"'In wot belongs to the Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers," she corrected with dignity. "Well, they've moved 'is 'eadquarters from London to Manchester."

There was a tense silence, broken only by Elizabeth's hard breathing on a brass paper-weight ere she polished it with her sleeve.

"If 'e goes to Manchester, there I goes," she went on; "I suppose I'd quite easy get a situation there?"

"Quite easy," I acquiesced in a hollow voice.

She went out leaving me chill and dejected. Not that I thought for one moment that I was in imminent danger of losing her. I knew full well that this was but a ruse on the part of the young man to disembarass himself of Elizabeth, and, if he had involved the entire Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers in the plot, that only proved how desperate he was.

I have very earnest reasons for wishing that Elizabeth could have a "settled" young man. You see, she never retains

the same one for many weeks at a time. It isn't her fault, poor girl. She would be as true as steel if she had a chance; she would cling to any one of them through thick and thin, following him to the ends of the earth if necessary.

It is they who are fickle, and the excuses they make to break away from her are both varied and ingenious. During the War of course they always had the pretext of being ordered to the Front at a moment's notice, and were not, it appears, allowed to write home on account of the Censor. Elizabeth used to blame LLOYD GEORGE for these defects of organisation. And to this day she is extremely bitter against the Government.

You will now understand why I was dejected at the perfidy of the follower belonging to the Boilermakers' Society. I saw a dreary period of discomfort ahead of me. And worst of all I was expecting the Boscombes to dinner that very week. They had not before visited us and Henry was anxious, for business reasons, to make a good impression on them. I will not elaborate the case. All I can say is that there is no earthly possibility of making a good impression on any living thing if Elizabeth is in one of her bad moods. And it would be no use explaining the situation to Mrs. Boscombe, because she has no sense of humour; or to Mr. Boscombe, because he likes a good dinner.

Finally, the Domestic Bureau failed me. Hitherto they had always been able to supply me with a temporary waitress on the occasion of dinner-parties. Now it appeared these commodities had become pearls of great price which could no longer be cast before me and mine (at the modest fee of ten shillings a night) without at least fourteen days' notice.

The Bureau promised to do its best for me, of course, but reminded me that women were scarce. I asked, with bitterness, what had become of the surplus million we heard so much about. They replied with politeness that, judging from the

number of applications received, they must be the million in search of domestics.

Returning home from the Bureau I found Elizabeth studying a time-table. "I see it's a hundred and eighty-three miles to Manchester," she commented, "an' the fare's 15s. 5½d."

"That's an old time-table you've got," I hastened to remark; "it is now £2 6s. 4½d.—return fare."

"I shan't want no return ticket," said Elizabeth grimly.

Sickening outlook, wasn't it?

* * * * *
The day of my dinner-party dawned fair and bright, but Elizabeth was raging. Things got so bad in fact that about mid-day I decided I must telephone to the Boscombes and tell them Henry had suddenly been taken ill; and I was just looking up the doctor's



Mrs. Smythe de Willoughby. "WAS THE GROCER'S BOY IMPUDENT AGAIN THIS MORNING, CLARA, WHEN YOU TELEPHONED THE ORDER?"

Clara. "'E WAS, MUM! BUT I DIDN'T 'AVE GIVE 'IM WOT FOR. I SEZ, 'WHO D'YER BLINKIN' WELL THINK YOU'RE A-TALKIN' TO? I'M MRS. SMYTHE DER WILLOUGHBY!"

In fact, she is bitter against everyone when her love affairs are not running smoothly. The entire household suffers in consequence. She is sullen and obstinate; she is always on the verge of giving notice. And the way she breaks things in her abstraction is awful. Elizabeth's illusions and my crockery always get shattered together. My rose-bowl of Venetian glass got broken when the butcher throw her over for the housemaid next-door. Half-a-dozen tumblers, a basin and several odd plates came in two in her hands after the grocer's assistant went away suddenly to join the silent Navy. And nearly the whole of a dinner service was sacrificed when LLOYD GEORGE peremptorily ordered her young man in the New Army to go to Mesopotamia and stay there for at least three years without leave.



*Lady (tendering half-crown). "I'M SO SORRY, I HAVEN'T A PENNY."
Conductor. "DON'T YOU WORRY, MISS—YOU'LL SOON 'AVE TWENTY-NINE."*

book to find something specially virulent and infectious for Henry when Elizabeth came in. Amazing to relate, her face was wreathed in smiles.

"They've sent from the Domestic Boorow," she began.

"What!" I exclaimed, "did they get me a waitress after all?"

She smirked. "They've sent a man this time. A footman 'e was before the War, but since 'e's been demobbed 'e's been out of a job. That's 'ow it is 'e's takin' temporary work and——"

"He seems to have told you quite a lot about himself already," I interposed.

She smirked again. "I 'adn't been talkin' to him ten minutes before 'e asked me wot was my night out. 'E isn't 'arf a one."

"It seems he isn't," I agreed. And I sent up a silent prayer of thankfulness to Heaven and the Domestic Bureau. "But what about the amalgamated boilermaker?"

"Oh, 'im!" She tossed her head. "I can go to—Manchester."

A Legacy of the War.

No one will lightly forget the noble services rendered by the Y.W.C.A. to our troops and those of our Allies during the War, and many of Mr. Punch's friends must have given practical expression to their gratitude. But we are liable to forget that the end of the War has not brought an end either to the work of the Y.W.C.A. or to the claim which that work has upon our recognition. There is pressing need of accommodation and protection and healthy environment for the large army of girls who have been demobilized and are now engaged in, or seeking for, civilian employment. The funds of the Y.W.C.A. do not admit of the establishment and maintenance of sufficient hostels for this good purpose. At the moment a chance is offered to them of purchasing a large, suitable and perfectly-equipped house—rented during the War, and after, by the Y.W.C.A.—in a densely-populated district in South London. The offer holds good for only a few days, and, if it is not

taken, over two hundred girls will be turned adrift to wander in search of lodgings. The price is thirty thousand pounds. It is difficult to think of any cause to which money could be more usefully subscribed. Mr. Punch begs his readers to send to the promoters of this good work some token of their sympathy and appreciation. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 4, Duke Street, W.1.

"UNITED STATES AND ARMENIA.

It would be grossly misleading to say that Congress, in its present frame of mind, would accept actual responsibility for a country whose place on the map of Europe is not even known to the average citizen."—*Daily Paper*. Even we ourselves were under the impression that it was still in Asia.

"The Conference of San Remo is virtually over, but the caravanserai of peace must make yet another journey before its goal is reached."—*Irish Paper*.

Forthcoming song by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: "Where my caravanserai has rested."



Reveller. "So it's YOU WHO'RE TURNING THE STREET ROUND, IS IT?"

THE TOW-ROPE GIRLS.

Oh, a ship in the Tropics a-foaming along,
With every stitch drawing, the Trade blowing strong.
The white caps around her all breaking in spray,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day.

(And it's "Haul away, girls, steady an' true,
Polly an' Dolly an' Sally an' Sue,
Mothers an' sisters an' sweethearts an' all,
Haul away, all the way, haul away, haul!")

She's logging sixteen as she speeds from the South,
The wind in her royals, a bone in her mouth;
With a wake like a mill-race she rolls on her way,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day.

The old man he stood on the poop at high noon;
He paced fore and aft and he whistled a tune;
Then put by his sextant and thus he did say,
"The girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

"Of cargoes and charters we've had our full share,
Of grain and of lumber enough and to spare,
Of nitrates at Taltal and rice for Bombay,
And the girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

"She has dipped her yards under, hove-to off the
Horn;

In the fog and the flocs she has drifted forlorn;
Becalmed in the doldrums a week long she lay,
But the girls have got hold of her tow-rope to-day!"

Oh, hear the good Trade-wind a-singing aloud
His homeward-bound chantey in sheet and in shroud;
Oh, hear how he whistles in halliard and stay,
"The girls have got hold of the tow-rope to-day!"

And it's oh for the chops of the Channel at last,
The cheer that goes up when the tug-hawser's passed,
The mate's "That'll do," and a fourteen months' pay,
For the girls have got hold of our tow-rope to-day.

(And it's "Haul away, girls, steady an' true,
Polly an' Dolly an' Sally an' Sue,
Mothers an' sisters an' sweethearts an' all,
Haul away, all the way, haul away, haul!") C. F. S.

A Political Prodigy.

"Mr. Runeiman is one of the coming men in British politics. As statesmen go, he is a young man. He is just under 5." *Provincial Paper.*

From a recent novel:—

"... had bought the long-uninhabited farmhouse . . . and was converting it into a little *ventre-à-terre* for his widowed mother." It looks as if the old lady intended to go the pace.

"COOK-GENERAL Wanted; all nights out; piano, well furnished sitting room; month's holiday with wages each year; three days off per week; washing sent out; wage, one guinea per week." *Northumbrian Paper.*

With another three days off and the cooking put out as well as the washing, the Cook-General's Union would, we understand, be almost disposed to recommend the situation to the notice of their less experienced members.



THE RECKONING.

GERMANY. "YOU REMEMBER ME? I MADE THIS MY HEADQUARTERS SOME TIME AGO—BUT HAD TO LEAVE RATHER HURRIEDLY."

BELGIUM. "I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN. I'VE KEPT YOUR BILL FOR YOU."

[A Conference of the Allies, to which representatives of Germany have been invited, is to be held at Spa, the late G.H.Q. of the German Army.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 26th.—Among the many Members of the House who have held His Majesty's commission there are, no doubt, some rather eccentric persons, but that hardly justified Mr. PALMER in suggesting that they should be deprived in debate of the customary prefix "gallant." The SPEAKER gave no encouragement to the idea, and was still more shocked by Mr. DEVLIN's proposal that all these courteous expressions should be dropped, and that Members should "call each other by own names." It would certainly add to the pungency but not to the peacefulness of debate if the Nationalist Leader were allowed to refer to "Sir EDWARD-R-D CAR-R-SO-N," instead of to "the right honourable gentleman the Member for Duncair-r-n."

At Question-time Lord ROBERT CECIL was informed that a report on the state of Ireland was being prepared and would shortly be circulated. But a further crop of outrages so moved him that he could not wait for the facts, and forthwith moved the adjournment. The ensuing debate was not very helpful. Lord ROBERT demanded the restoration of law and order in tones so vigorous that an hon. Member called out, "A New Cromwell!" He did not seem to like the comparison and later on took most un-Cromwellian exception to the Government's methods of "coercion." Mr. BONAR LAW's speech could in the circumstances be little more than an elaboration of "Do not shoot the pianist; he is doing his best."

Tuesday, April 27th.—On the report of the Budget resolutions there was, of course, the usual attempt to get rid of the tea-duty. As Colonel WAHD sarcastically pointed out, opposition to this particular impost has been for years the "by-election stunt" of every party in turn. To-day the rejection was moved by the Labour Party, and when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER asked if in exchange they were prepared to extend the income-tax downwards Mr. J. H. THOMAS boldly declared that for his part he was quite ready. But as it appeared that his idea of the exemption-limit was £325 a year Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thanked him for nothing.

Among the varied and ingenious arguments adduced by Colonel GUINNESS against the increased tax on sparkling wines the one that he evidently thought most likely to soften the heart of the CHANCELLOR was that it would reduce consumption, since at cur-

rent prices it would be an offence against good taste for anyone in this country to be seen drinking champagne. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could not agree. In his view the larger the taxation on the



"The Hon. Member says I am like OLIVER CROMWELL."—Lord ROBERT CECIL.

bottle the greater the patriotism of the consumer.

In advocating a slight relaxation of the cigar-duty Mr. HURD quoted Mr. BONAR LAW for the *dictum* that the excellence of a dinner largely depended upon the quality of the cigar that

followed it, and went on to remark that he did not on this matter expect the support of the Labour Party. Mr. JACK JONES stentoriously resented this slur upon their taste. "We like a good cigar as well as anybody," he shouted, adding somewhat superfluously, "Who has a better right to a good dinner?" This outburst may have shaken the CHANCELLOR's conviction that Havana cigars are indubitably of the nature of luxuries.

Wednesday, April 28th.—According to the Duke of RUTLAND, who made an eloquent plea for the better protection of wild birds, their worst enemy is the village schoolmaster, whose motto seems to be, "It's a fine day; let us go out and collect something." I cannot help thinking that his Grace must have some special dominion in his mind and was arguing from the particular to the general.

The story of Lady Aston's seat is beginning to resemble a ponnynovelleto. Evicted by the bold bad Baronet below the Gangway the heroine has been enabled by the courtesy of one of Nature's noblemen, in the person of Mr. WILL THORNE, to find a new home in the precincts of the Labour Party, and seems quite happy again.

Since the American Senate takes so kindly an interest in our affairs as to pass resolutions in favour of Irish independence, Mr. RONALD McNEILL thought it would be only friendly if the House of Commons were to reciprocate with a motion in support of the Filipinos' claim to self-determination. Mr. BONAR LAW fought shy of the suggestion and preferred Sir EDWARD CARSON's idea that it was better for each country to leave other countries alone. "I would be very thankful,"

he added rather wistfully, "if Ireland would leave us alone." But his appeal fell on deaf ears, for, at the instance of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, the House spent most of the evening in discussing the threat of the Irish dock-labourers in Liverpool to paralyse the trade of the port unless the Government released the hunger-strikers at Wormwood Scrubs.

The rest of the time was spent in getting the House to agree to the expansion of the Excess Profits Tax. This was largely secured by the special pleading of Mr. BALDWIN. His argument that to call the tax "temporary," as his chief did last year, was quite compatible with maintaining and even increasing it, was more ingenious than convincing, but his promise that, if the shoe really pinched the small business and



"Who has a better right [than the Labour Party] to a good dinner and a good cigar?"—Mr. JACK JONES.



Betty (hearing the cuckoo's call the first time). "MUMMY, DEAR, DO ALL THE OTHER DICKY-BIRDS HAVE TO GO AND FIND IT NOW?"

the new business, the CHANCELLOR would do his best to ease it, combined with an urgent "whip" to secure a big majority for the impugned impost.

Thursday, April 29th.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL gave an account of the Easter riots in Jerusalem, where Jews and Moslems have been breaking one another's heads to the glory of God, for all the world like Irishmen in Belfast. He also promised to give further information as soon as Lord ALLENBY's report should be received. Lord ROBERT CECIL, who has lately developed an un-lawyer-like tendency to jump to conclusions ahead of the facts, made what sounded distinctly like a suggestion that the British officers on the spot had been remiss in their duty, and thereby earned from Mr. CHURCHILL a dignified castigation which pleased the House.

Crowned with olive-branches plucked from San Remo the PRIME MINISTER celebrated one of his now familiar peace-triumphs. Everybody knows the procedure on these occasions—the crowded House, the cheers raised by the faithful Coalitionists as the victor is seen making his way to the Table, and then the speech, so unvarying in its construction that I fancy there must be a sealed pattern for it in the archives of No. 10,

Downing Street. First comes a recital of the immense difficulties of the problems to be solved—in this case including a really serious difference of opinion with our good friends the French; then a little comic relief at the expense of his arch-critic in the Press, who on this occasion had surpassed himself in "simian clatter"; next a summary of

the wonderful results achieved—chiefly the establishment of direct relations with the hitherto boycotted Governments of Russia and Germany; and lastly a declaration that all differences and difficulties had melted away, and that henceforward the Allies would be a band of brothers.

Once more Mr. ASQUITH disappointed his more impetuous supporters and displayed his statesmanship by a speech in which he practically said ditto to the PRIME MINISTER; the only suspicion of a sting being contained in his suggestion that the Supreme Council had now outlived its usefulness and should promptly be replaced by the League of Nations.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY, on the contrary, was all sting and no statesmanship. I gather that he has been conducting an unofficial conference on his own, and as the result of his conversations with distinguished but anonymous foreign statesmen has arrived at quite different conclusions from those of the PRIME MINISTER. The fact that he was kept waiting on the pier at Boulogne while the British Delegation went off in a special steamer, on which he was not invited to embark, may have imparted an extra spice of francour to his strictures



COLONEL WEDGWOOD PROTESTS AGAINST MINISTERIAL "IMPERTINENCE."

HIGH-BROWS, LTD.

WHENEVER we spend a week in London we never seem to find time for the things we really want to do. After dinner, on our last night at home, I say to Angela, "Let's see—have we any engagements this trip?"

And Angela answers, "Don't you remember? We're dining with the Hewetsons on Thursday, and on Saturday the Etheridges are taking us to a symphony concert. Then there's your sister."

"Oh, ring her up, and suggest we come to dinner on Sunday. We don't want to waste a proper night on Nellie."

"All right. That leaves us four evenings for ourselves. I suppose you want to see the Quartermasters' Exhibition at Olympia?"

"What's that?"

"I can't think which part of the newspapers you read. Why, they've had columns and columns about it."

"Ah, that's how I missed it. I only look at the 'late news.' It seems a waste of time to read the rest."

"Well, it's an exhibition showing the wonderful work done by Quartermasters in the War. There are Quartermasters checking stores—"

"Are they shown wondering where they ought to stand on a battalion parade?"

"I don't know about that; but we see them indenting for coal—"

"And regretting their inability to issue same?"

"Very likely. Anyhow, everything is arranged practically under the actual conditions. The exhibition started in an Army hut in St. James's Park, but proved such a success it had to be moved to Olympia. Why, Mr. CHURCHILL was there one day this week."

"Did he make a speech?"

"He either made a speech or left by a side-door. I can't remember now, but I know he was there."

"Why can't we go in the afternoon?"

"They say it's better at night, because the whole place is lit up by hurricane lanterns and looks like fairyland."

"Oh, very well. That leaves us three evenings. We—"

"There's this French season at the Central. The papers say that no one who appreciates good acting can afford to miss that. It's packed, I believe. . . Besides, one finds one's French comes back very easily. By the end of the evening I can generally follow most of what they say."

"H'm. We shan't be able to see RONEY and BERRY and GRAVES and LESLIE HENSON and DELYSIA in two nights."



Customer. "I SEE CORONODORAS ARE GOING TO BE FIVE SHILLINGS EACH NOW."

Barber's Assistant. "WELL, WE SHALL AVE TO SMOKE 'EM NEARER THE END, THAT'S ALL."

"No—o. . . Besides, everybody says one ought to see this Japanese man in *Romeo and Juliet*. I hear the way he swarms up the creeper in the balcony scene is quite too wonderful. They made him do it four times the first night."

Thus we are left with six evenings of duty and one of enjoyment, unless Angela happens to hear that there is a 'cellist from Spitzbergen or a Bolshevik soprano whom it is social death not to be able to discuss. In that case we get no fun at all.

The Hewetsons, who live in London and can enjoy all these opportunities for improvement and still have time for Mr. ROBEX and the rest, think me a terrible Philistine. But, as I pointed out to Hewetson, he suffers just as acutely when he has a holiday and goes to Paris. Hewetson holds that there is only one theatre in Paris, the

Variétés. But by the time he has accompanied Mrs. H. to the Français, the Opéra, the Opéra Comique and the Odéon, to say nothing of the Théâtre des Arts, he is due back at the office. When I explained this to him, his whole attitude changed at once, and he implored me to accept his subscription for shares in my company. But his heart-rending account of his last visit to Paris, before the War, when he and Mrs. H. spent two days hunting round the Louvre (Musée) under the impression that the ROBINS were kept there, suggested a wider scope for my schemes, and it seemed to me that the only fair way of acknowledging this was to make Hewetson a director.

And now I must tell you about my company, for, although we are in danger of becoming over-capitalised, there are still one or two shares we are willing to sacrifice, practically at par. The

company is known as High-brows, Ltd., and is "designed to meet the requirements" of the countless thousands who detect a familiar note in the conversation with Angela just recorded. The idea is simple and, like all simple ideas, great. We buy a house in each of the chief capitals of the civilised world, and to this house the visitor hurries as soon as he has left his luggage at the hotel. Each house will be arranged in the same manner, so that no knowledge of the language of the country is required to enable the stranger to find his way about.

The ground floor will consist of one large hall or room, combining the functions of waiting-room and Fine Art Gallery. Reproductions of the principal pictures and statues of the national museums will occupy two walls and the centre carpet, the remaining walls being hung with the more astonishing examples of contemporary painters. (We are not anticipating any inquiries for contemporary sculpture). A minimum of ten minutes is allowed for this room. When your turn arrives you mount to the first floor, which you find divided into two parts. In each of these a cinematograph is installed, one "featuring" prominent artists in the standard dramas of the particular country—works like *Le Cid*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, or *Peer Gynt*; while the other runs through the more discussed scenes of any current entertainment which conceivably one "ought to see."

The first of these programmes is designed primarily for foreigners, and is meant to save them the fatigue of a visit to national or subsidised theatres, where these exist. The second is intended to meet the requirements of natives. Each bill will last an hour, and, though clients are entitled to see both performances, full-time attendance at either carries with it the right to proceed to the next floor. Here again are two more rooms. In the first of these a gramophone renders in turn the leading vocalists and instrumentalists (serious) of the country. (Say half-an-hour.) So far you will have been put to a minimum expenditure of one hour and forty minutes, and, as only five minutes is allowed for the last room, the time total cannot be considered excessive.

In this last room is nothing but a row of desks. You wait your turn before one of these; then you hand in your name and receive a pass. On this is printed a certificate that you, the above-mentioned, are acquainted with the masterpieces tabulated overleaf. Thus in less than two hours (inclusive of possible delay in the waiting-room) you are free to spend your holiday exactly as you choose. It is hoped

that in time these certificates may come to be accepted as carrying complete immunity, for at least a month, from every form of intellectual treat.

Hewetson wanted the certificates to be issued in the waiting-room. He said it would save time. But I decided that, if the prestige of the institutions and their certificates is to be kept up, unscrupulous people must have no chance of obtaining a pass and slipping away without going up-stairs. Indeed, I am adding an elaborate system of checks, by which it will become impossible to reach the Discharge Bureau without spending the requisite time in each room. The first room is the danger. In the crush people might escape to the cinemas before their ten minutes is up. My idea is to hand to each entrant a lump of High-brow stickjaw, guaranteed not to dissolve in less than the stipulated period, and to station a lynx-eyed dentist at the foot of the stairs . . .

Hewetson in his simple-minded way also wanted the company to be called the Holiday-makers' Enjoyment League, or the Society of Art-Dodgers, or some such name. He even thought the houses should be painted in bright attractive colours. I pointed out to him that they should be uninviting and dull in appearance, and that a uniform sobriety, a suggestion of yearning and uplift, in every feature of the company's appeal would not only allow thousands of hypocrites, like Angela, to seek relief at our doors, but would actually confer on people like Hewetson and me a stamp of that same intellectual passion from whose manifestations we are engaged in escaping.

"SWANSEA AND DISTRICT RUGBY LEAGUE. CUP FINALS.

Admission: 1s.; Grand Stand, 1s. extra.
(Including Tax).

All Seats Free. No Collection.
Please bring your Bible for reference.
Welsh Paper.

The Welsh may not, like the English, take their pleasures sadly, but are evidently expected to take them seriously.

"PARTNERSHIP.—Ex-Regular officer, owing hotel at fashionable spa, desires to meet lady or gentleman, with capital."—*Daily Paper*.

Before replying we should like to know the amount of the bill he owes.

From a short story:—

"Unconscious of the waiter at her elbow with pad and pencil poised for her order, unconscious also of her husband, now her happy tête-à-tête, she spoke aloud: 'One never knows!'"—*Monthly Magazine*.

How they must have enjoyed their cosy vis-à-vis.

BIRD CALLS.

II.

I WOULD not be the tomtit's mate,
For, even if I were not late,
It seems as though he'd gird at me,
Saying, "Quick, quick," eternally.

The chaffinch you would never think
Was much addicted to strong drink,
Yet all the Spring you'll hear him say,

"Oh,
There's cheaper beer in County Mayo."

The jay, whatever he is after,
Makes the woods ring with ribald
laughter;

"Hee, hee, ha, ha," he says, and then
"Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha," again.

The plover over fields brown red
Weeps for her children who are dead;
Still day and night she cries to you,
"*Mes pauvres petits! La grande
charrue!*"

So silently the screech-owl flies
You sometimes scarce believe your eyes,
Until you start to hear him shout
To timid mice, "Come out! Come out!"

Are baby martins in the nest
With extra-loving parents blest?
That they should inurmur sleepily,
"Oh cuddle me, oh cuddle me."

When first the chiff-chaff comes your
way

You're glad, it means Spring's come to
stay;

But soon you wish he'd change his
song

With his "Chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff" all
day long.

Those white-throats in the raspberry
canes!

They never take the slightest pains
To hide from you how much they steal,
But say, "Thief, thief," throughout
their meal.

Commercial Candour.

"Your £20 at —'s buys £25 worth elsewhere."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper*.

A Humane Edict.

"Notice is hereby given that the washing of motor cars and vehicles, and the washing of widows, etc., by hose has been prohibited."
Tasmanian Paper.

"Accountant wanted for Motor Companies in West End; must have experience in Book-keeping."—*Weekly Paper*.

Not perhaps an unreasonable stipulation in the circumstances.

From "Books Wanted":—

"Orlando Furioso. 4 vols. 1773. Fine binding."—*Publisher's Circular*.

We dare say it is. But what we are looking out for in this connection is ADDISON'S works.



A USE FOR MODERN ART.

Jongusse



"LOOK 'ERE, 'ERE, IF YER CAWN'T BE TIDY THEN FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE TRY AN' LOOK AS IF YER WERE!"

ROMA REDIVIVA.

(A Classical Revel, after the Press accounts of last week's Italian ball).

ANCIENT history became luminous at Covent Garden last week, when the great ghosts of the past, from ROMULUS to NERO and from EGERIA to AGRIPPINA, were seen one-stepping gaily in *toga* and *stola* at the great Roman ball. It was the night, not of the Futurists, but the Prætoritists, and right royally did they avail themselves of their chance.

Perhaps the most arresting of all the costumes were those worn by Lord CURZON as TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS and Mr. LANSBURY as SPARTACUS. The former was garbed in a magnificent *toga purpurea*, elaborately adjusted so as to show the laticlave on his *tunica*. Over this was a sumptuous *lacerna* of silver tissue fastened over the right shoulder with a diamond *fibula*. On

his head he wore a *petasus* of hyacinthine hue, out of which sprang three peacock's feathers. He was shod with curule shoes, or *mullei*, fastened with four crimson thongs. Mr. LANSBURY's costume was simpler but not less striking, consisting of scarlet *braccæ* or barbarian pantaloons, a jade-green *synthesis*, buckskin *soleæ* and an accordion-pleated *pileus*. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN as MÆCENAS attracted general attention by the lustre of his amethystine *tunica* and the crimson heels of his *crepidæ*, which may not have been archæologically correct, but were certainly a happy thought. Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who personated CATO of Utica, wore hygienic sandals, a white *toga* and a brown felt Jaeger *pileus*. Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE as MARCELLUS, the best boy of ancient Rome, formed an agreeable contrast to the numerous Messalinas, Poppæas and Cleopatras

who lent a regrettably Pagan element to the assembly. But Lady ASTOR as CORNELIA, mother of the GRACCHI, was an austere and dignified figure in her panniered Botticelli *stola*, with pearl-embroidered red wings, and a *flabellum* (or fan) of albatross feathers with gold bells attached. The grandeur that was Rome, again, was revived in Mr. JOHN, who assumed the rôle of his namesake, AUGUSTUS, and in Mr. BOTTOMLEY, who as HORATIUS FLACCUS imparted a Sabine simplicity to the scene.

It is a pity that a good many of the guests had indolently taken advantage of the fact that ancient Roman dress was not obligatory, and yet it must be admitted that some of them looked the Roman part to perfection. The unadorned rigours of evening dress only throw into greater relief the truly Casarian lineaments of Lord RIDDELL, the stoical independence of Mr. CHARLES TREVELYAN and the aquiline dignity of Mr. TICH (Parvus).

It may be added that the use of Latin was not compulsory, but that one of the guests, who appeared as Phylus, the Etrurian Bacchus, and partook freely of the excellent neo-Falerian supplied by the firm of LEONES, expressed the pious hope that he would not suffer too much from *calida æra* on the morrow.

"Mr. Pim Passes By."

OUR Mr. A. A. M.'s play is now comfortably settled in its new home (No. 3) at The Playhouse. A correspondent informs Mr. Punch that since the opening night Mr. DION BOUCICAULT's popular part has been developed to the slight disturbance of the balance of things; not so much by new dialogue as by deliberate iteration and portentous pauses. That on his first entrance he now studies a photograph with his nose close up to the glass, forgetting that, if he is as short-sighted as all that, the protracted gaze which he had previously directed upon the ceiling must have been fruitless. That Miss IRENE VANBRUGH has dispensed with whatever serious element there was in her part and relies for her brilliant effects almost completely on its irresponsible frivolity. That Mr. BEN WEBSTER has come on remarkably; and that the part of the flapper is now played according to nature by the right person.

Mr. Punch's advice to any who have hitherto passed by is to go in and see Mr. Pim doing it.

"Now one just hates to drag in personal experiences, because it looks as if one were trying to pose as a nero, which thing I hate."

Illustrated Paper.

We heartily share the writer's dislike of the character.



Works Manager (to applicant for post as night-watchman). "HAVE YOU ANY PARTICULAR QUALIFICATION FOR THIS JOB?"
Applicant. "ONLY THAT I'M A VERY LIGHT SLEEPER, SIR. I WAKES AT THE LEAST NOISE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FEW will deny that, in writing *The Life of Lord Kitchener* (MACMILLAN) so soon after the death of the great Field-Marshal, Sir GEORGE ARTHUR has at least displayed the courage of his affection, since to publish such a work in a time of controversy like the present is inevitably to trail a coat of many colours, each a challenge to some particular prejudice. If, however, one can avoid any such attitude of *parti pris* and regard these three dignified volumes simply as the record of a great man by one who best knew and admired him, they will naturally be found of compelling interest. The three main chapters, so to say, of the story, Africa, India and Whitehall, will each call up vivid associations for the reader; each has been told carefully, with just sufficient detail. Perhaps circumstances made it unavoidable that Sir GEORGE ARTHUR should, if anything, rather overdo the discretion that is the better part of biography; certainly in the result one gets what might be called a close rather than an intimate study of a figure that in life was already almost legendary. If any man of our time was fittingly named great this was he—alike in his single-minded patriotism, his success and that touch of austerity which no anecdotes of exceptions can wholly disprove. In surveying his career of merited triumphs one remarks how often it was given to him—as at Ondurman and Pretoria—to redeem early disaster, and one feels again the pity of it that he might not live to see his noblest task accomplished at Versailles. No doubt the last word upon KITCHENER OF KHARTUM cannot be written yet awhile; in the meantime here is a book that will have its

value as history hereafter, and is to-day a grateful tribute to one who nobly deserved gratitude.

Personally speaking, I could find it in me to wish that Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT would consult a good man about the Saga habit, which appears to be growing upon him, to the loss (or so I think) of all those who were lovers of his more human and companionable fiction. But I repeat that this is no more than individual prejudice, based on the fact that these Norse chronicles (of unpronounceable people in prehistoric times) leave me singularly cold. This apart, however, *The Light Heart* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) may be admitted an excellent sample of its kind. It is all about the friendship of *Thorgar* and *Thormod*, with the former's untimely death, and the punctilious attempts of the latter to fulfil his social obligation in the matter of exterminating the slayers of his friend; also, as second theme, the love of *Thormod* for *King Olaf*, and the ending of both of them—and of the tale also—in the heroic battle of Sticklestead. One way and another, indeed, you seldom saw a short book that contained more bloodshed, or in which love-making (oh, Mr. HEWLETT!) played a smaller part. There was a "slip of a girl" in the early chapter of whom I had hopes, but sterner business caused her to be too soon eliminated. Skill and learning *The Light Heart* has in plenty, and an engaging suggestion of the early artistic temperament in the character of *Thormod*, fighter and song-maker. But I fall back on my old complaint of being left cold; and that I should suffer that way from the work of Mr. HEWLETT gives you the measure of our loss.

In his last grim and terrible work, *Realities of War*

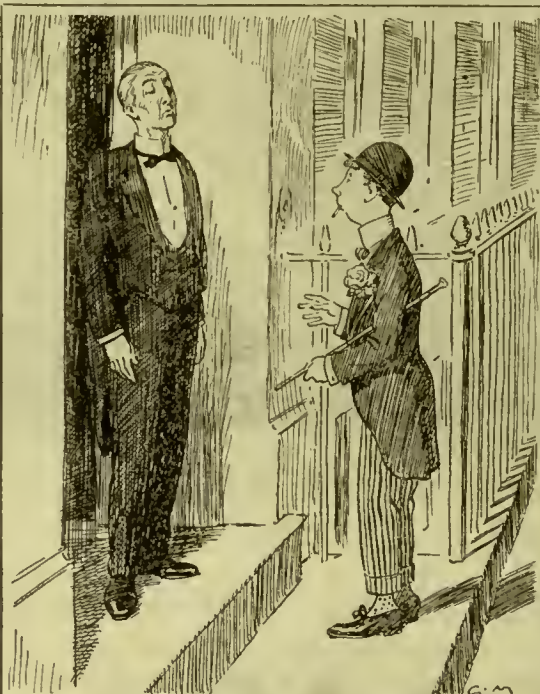
(HEINEMANN), Sir PHILIP GIBBS has fairly flung aside the restraint, enforced or self-imposed, that marked his despatches from the fighting fronts, to present war, the horrible, senseless nightmare, as it really appeared to him. His work as a correspondent emphasised for him the accumulated miseries of thousands rather than any individual's share, and his point of view is as remorselessly gloomy as can be imagined. He is detailed in disgust; he is passionate in pessimism. He presents not only the soldier's distaste for trenches and machine guns, and his desire for the things of familiar life, but also, with surprising vehemence, his hatred of generals who give blundering orders from comfortable billets in the rear, or of munitioners in England who keep optimistic in spite of bad news from the Front. He does not pretend to be quite fair in his criticisms, for obviously the higher command had to keep out of the firing-line and somebody had to work—and hard too—to supply the torrent of munitions demanded. Sir PHILIP admits all that, but in a kind of agony calls on God and man to realise the meaningless horror of it all and forbid, at any price, the possibility of its recurrence. If sometimes unjust and nearly always tragical, the book none the less is free from anything like hysteria.

Mr. WARD MUIR writes with one eye on the evening papers, and the very title (not to mention the wrapper) of *Adventures in Marriage* (SIMPKIN) lures us without any sense of difficult transition from the news of the day to the realms of romance. Fifteen stories are contained in this book, of rather unequal length and merit, nearly all of them dealing with a tense situation between husband and wife, several of them calculated to lift the hair, and one or two sufficiently ingenious in mechanism. I should think, to raise a curtain. The adventures are not all unhappy, and the author would seem on the whole to balance the scales fairly evenly between those who desire to reform the Divorce Law and those who would rather reform the world. With the exception of the first the tales are all effectively told and, if the machinery is fairly obvious, it does not creak too much. The last on the list is much lengthier than all the others, belonging to the classic magazine school, which ransacks the bowels of the earth for a new and terrible setting. Here the heroine, a beautiful Chinese girl, is discovered by the hero, a missionary, in the cinnabar caverns of Hang Yiu, where the workers have never seen the light of day, are mostly blind and spend the intervals of labour in opium sleep. I like this yarn and recommend it to the attention of anybody who feels that marital squabbles are beginning to pall.

An excellent purpose will have been served by *German Spies at Bay* (HUTCHINSON) if it is carefully digested by those scaremongers who during the War insisted that spies were as plentiful as sparrows in Great Britain. Mr. FELSTEAD tells us the truth, and, though it may offer too

little of sensationalism for some tastes, it is very comforting to read. The fact is that the spies of the enemy were pounced upon so promptly and had such a harrowing time that both their quantity and quality gradually sank to something very like zero. It is no exaggeration to say that most of the miserable creatures who came spying to this country never had a dog's chance from the word "Go." One cannot waste one's sympathy upon those who for mercenary motives consented to be spies, but I am glad that Mr. FELSTEAD pleads on behalf of such men as CARL LODY. "Some day," he writes, "when the nations of the world grow more sensible, there will be two methods of treating spies. Those who can prove patriotism as the inspiring motive will be dealt with as prisoners of war; the hirelings will be condemned to the death they richly deserve."

The rules, as they stand, decreed that LODY had to be shot, but, if he could have received the treatment which brave men have a right to demand all the world over, I do not believe that even the most rabid Germanophobe would in his heart have been sorry.



THE HOUSING SHORTAGE.

[It is suggested that those who occupy houses containing more accommodation than they need should be compelled to allow their superfluous rooms to be occupied by less fortunate people.]

Visitor. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'VE CALLED TO SEE MISS SPRIGGINS—THIRD FLOOR BACK. I'M 'ER FEEDENCY. YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO KNOW IF SHE'S AT 'OME?"

Hand-in-hand we must thrill with a single rapture—"le cœur en fleur et l'âme en flamme." For myself I am well content (whether he addresses me in the second person singular or plural, or both—as here) to have vicariously achieved such heights in the person of so admirable an agent.

"A 'CÆSAR' COMMENTARY.

'The Trial Scene' from 'Julius Cæsar,' as given at the Coliseum this week, struck me as somewhat dull, or should we say out of place? Detached from the body of the play, the scene must have perplexed some of the audience unfamiliar with the written word."

"The Rambler" in "The Daily Mirror."

Possibly he would have preferred the "Tent Scene" from *The Merchant of Venice*.

"WILD ANIMALS.—I have been told that when men are attacked and eaten by wild animals there is no sensation of pain. Can anyone who has had experience confirm this?"—*Weekly Paper*.

Referred to Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are pleased to note that the King's yacht *Britannia* is about again after being laid up since August, 1914.

Smoking and chatting periods have been introduced in some Massachusetts factories. Extremists in this country complain that, while this system may be all right, there is just the danger that working periods might also be introduced.

We are pleased to report that the eclipse of the moon on May 3rd passed off without any serious hitch. This speaks well for the police arrangements.

"Audiences at the music-halls," writes an actor to the Press, "are more difficult to move on Saturdays than on other days." This is not our experience. On a Saturday we have often withdrawn without any pressure after the first turn or two.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS, says a contemporary, has been asked to investigate the mutton glut. What is wanted, we understand, is more glutton and less mutt.

Mme. LANDRU, the wife of the Parisian "Bluebeard," has been granted a divorce. We gather that there is something or other about her husband which made their tastes incompatible.

It appears that Mr. JERRY McVEAGH is of the opinion that the Home Rule Bill is quite all right except where it applies to Ireland.

A visit to the Royal Academy this year again encourages us to believe that, though we may be a bad nation, we are not so bad as we are painted.

According to a morning paper a commercial traveller who became violently ill in the Strand was found to have a small feather stuck in the lower part of the throat. If people will eat fresh eggs in restaurants they must be prepared to put up with the consequences.

The report that no inconvenience was experienced by any of the passengers in the South London train which collided with a stationary goods-engine now turns out to be incorrect.

It transpires that a flapper complains that she dropped two stitches in her jumper as a result of the shock.

A water-spaniel was responsible last week for the overturning of a motor-car driven by a Superintendent of the Police near Norton Village in Hertfordshire. We understand that the dog has had his licence endorsed for reckless walking.

According to a Manchester paper a new tram, while being tested, jumped the lines and collided with a lamp-post. It is hoped that, when it grows more accustomed to street noises, it will get over this tendency to nervous excitement.

A serious set-back to journalism is reported from South Africa. It appears

the announcement has caused widespread consternation among building contractors.

An American contemporary inquires why Germany cannot settle down. A greater difficulty appears to be her inability to settle up.

A shop at Twickenham bears the notice, "Shaving while you wait." This obviates the inconvenience of leaving one's chin at the barber's overnight.

"Life and property," writes a correspondent, "are as safe in Hungary today as they are in England." It should be borne in mind that there is usually a motive underlying these alarmist reports.

"It is ten days," writes a naturalist, "since I heard the unmistakable 'Cuck, cuck, cuck' of the newly-arrived cuckoo at Hampstead." Not to be confused with the "Cook, cook, cook!" of the newly-married housewife at Tooting.

A weekly paper has an article entitled "The Lost Haggis." We always have our initials put on a haggis with marking ink before despatching it to be tailor-pressed.

At the annual meeting of the National Federation of Fish-fryers the President asked whether it was not

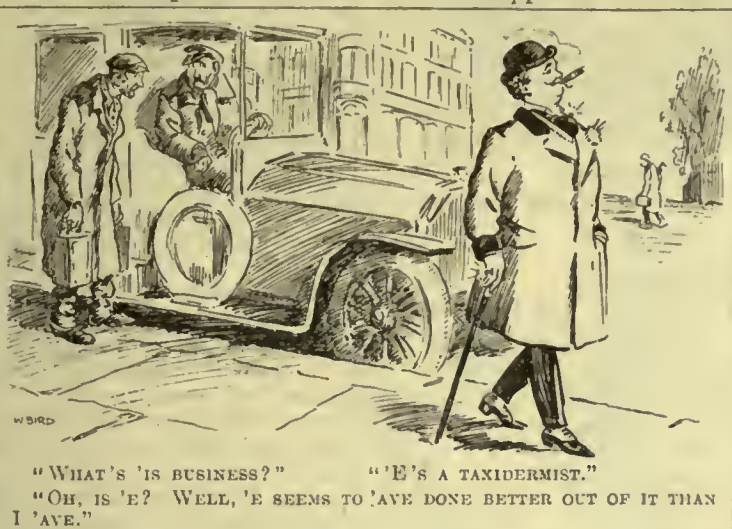
possible to make fried fish shops more attractive. It appears that no serious attempt has yet been made to discover a fish that gives off an aroma of violets when fried.

The Directors of the Underground offer a prize of twenty pounds to their most polite employee. We have always felt that the conductor who pushes you off a crowded train might at least raise his hat to you as he moves out of the station.

After considering the Budget very carefully some people are veering round to the theory that we didn't win the War, but just bought it.

The Scarecrow Profession.

"WANTED, Youth of sixteen for one of the healthiest jobs in the world, most of the time spent basking in the sun, listening to skylarks and thrushes; wages 35s. guaranteed to smart youth. Lots of weaklings have been set on their feet and prepared to face the world at this situation."—*Provincial Paper.*



that the Army aviator who flew from England to his home at Johannesburg, after an absence of four and a-half years, deliberately arranged to see his parents before being interviewed by reporters.

In a London Police Court the other day a defendant stated that he was so ashamed of his crime that he purchased a revolver with the intention of shooting himself. On second thoughts he let himself off with a caution.

Apparently the clothing of the Royal Air Force is not yet complete. Large headings announcing an R.A.F. Divorce Suit appeared in several papers recently, although its design and colouring were not mentioned.

Builders have been notified that the prices of wall-paper are to be raised forty to fifty per cent. In view of the vital part played by the wall-paper in the construction of the modern house,

TO A BRICKLAYER IN REPOSE.

Rest from your work awhile, my son,
And let a mug of beer replace
The moisture—sign of duty done—
That oozes from your fonest face;
Your tale of bricks,
A long hour's task, already totals 6.

Our goose that lays the bars of gold
Must not incur too big a strain;
Nor need you, as I think, be told
To keep a check on hand and brain,
Lest you exceed
Your Union's limit in respect of speed.

For homes a homeless people cries,
But you've a principle at stake;
Though fellow-workers, lodged in styes,
Appeal to you for Labour's sake

To fill their lack;
Shall true bricklayers waive their Right to Slack?

Never! You'll lay what bricks you choose,
And let the others waste their breath,
These myriads, ranged in weary queues,
Who desperately quote *Macbeth*:—

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he that first cries 'Hold, enough'!"

Your high profession stands apart;
By years of toil you've learned the trick
(Like *PHEIDIAS* with his plastic art)

Of slapping mortar on a brick;
Touched too the summit
Of science with your lore of line and plummet.

And none may join your sacred Guild,
Save only graduates (so to speak),
Experts with hod and trowel, skilled
In the finesse of pure technique:

And that is why
No rude untutored soldier need apply. O.S.

KING'S REGULATIONS, PARA. 1696.

I HAVE been in the Army for over five years; I have wallowed in Flanders mud; I have killed thousands of Huns with my own hand; I have seen my friends resume the habiliment of gentlemen and retire to a life of luxury and ease; and yet I am still in the Army.

I am informed that I am indispensable and that, although I shall be allowed to go in due course, the fate of the nation depends on my sticking to my job for a short time more. It would be against the best interests of discipline for me to tell you what my job is.

Last week I yearned for a civilian life and decided that not only would I leave the Army but immediately and in good style.

I laid my plans accordingly and proceeded to Mr. Nathan's. There for the expenditure of a few shillings I purchased the necessary material for my guile.

I retired to my office, that is the desk that I sit at in a room with two other officers, and I armed myself with a file which would act as a passport to the Assistant of a Great Man, who in turn is Assistant to a Very Great Man. They all reside at the War Office. I went there and was conducted to the Assistant of the Great Man. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

I found him, after the manner of Assistants, working hard. He did not look up, so I laid my file before him.

It was entitled "Demobilization, letters concerning," and this was followed by a long number divided up by several strokes. Within the file were some letters that had nothing to do with my plan and still less to do with demobilization, but I hoped that the Assistant of the Great Man might not delve too deeply into their mysteries.

My hope was justified. "A personal application?" he asked as he glanced at the reference number.

"Undoubtedly, Sir," I replied, and something in the soldierly timbre of my voice arrested his attention.

Carefully replacing his teacup in its saucer he raised his eyes towards me. As he did so he started as though he had received a shock; a look of perturbation came over his features; his cheeks assumed an ashy tint and for a moment my fate trembled in the balance. But gradually I could see his years of training were reasserting themselves; the moral support of the O.B.E. on his breast was restoring his courage; he muttered to himself, and I caught the words "Superior Authority."

Still muttering he rose and retired into the next room. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

In less than a minute he reappeared and beckoned me to follow him. I then knew that I should soon be in the presence of the Great Man himself.

I stood in front of an oak desk and noticed the keen but suppressed energy of the wall-paper, the tense atmosphere of war vibrating through the room, the solid strength of England incarnate behind the oak desk.

The Great Man spoke. His opening words showed that his interest was centred rather in me personally than in the file that lay before him. He spoke again, rose from his seat and disappeared. And as he went I caught the words, "Superior Authority." In less than a minute he returned and beckoned me to follow him. I then knew that I should soon be in the presence of the Very Great Man himself. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

I stood in front of a mahogany desk and noticed the keener but more suppressed energy of the wall-paper, the tenser atmosphere of war vibrating through the room, the solid strength of the Empire incarnate behind the mahogany desk.

The Very Great Man spoke. His opening remarks showed that his interest was centred in me personally. He spoke again, and these are his exact words: "Mr. Jones," he said, "I perceive that you are a student of King's Regulations, and that you conform your actions to those estimable rules. You will be demobilised forthwith, and in view of your gallant service I have pleasure in awarding you a bonus of two hundred pounds in addition to your gratuity; but please understand that this exceptional remuneration is given on the condition that you are out of uniform within two hours."

With my feet turned out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, my knees straight, my body erect and carried evenly over the thighs, I saluted, about turned and marched to the door. Everything had proceeded according to plan.

As I reached the door the Very Great Man spoke to the Great Man. "You will draft an Army Order at once," he said, "in these words: King's Regulations. Amendment. Para. 1696 will be amended, and the following words deleted:—'Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length.'"

I am still in the Army. The truth of the matter is that what I have described did not really happen. My nerve failed me at the door of Mr. Nathan's. But I believe that whiskers, detachable, red, can be obtained from Mr. Nathan for a few shillings.

Motto for the Anti-British *Écho de Paris*: "*Ludum insolentem ludere PERTINAX.*"



EXPERT OPINION.

FIRST BRICKLAYER (*pausing so as not to exceed his Union's speed limit*). "BOUGHT ANY OF THESE 'OUSING BONDS, MATE?"

SECOND BRICKLAYER (*ditto*). "NOT ME; THEY'LL NEVER GET NO 'OUSES BUILT, NOT IF THINGS GO ON THE WAY THEY'RE GOING."



Incoming Batsman (to Deep Field). "ER—AM I GOING RIGHT FOR THE WICKET, PLEASE?"

DENMARK TO HAVE A MANDATE FOR IRELAND.

SENSATION IN POLITICAL CIRCLES.

DASHING round to Downing Street on our motor-scooter we were just in time to catch Sir PHILIP KERR by one of his coat-tails as he was disappearing into the door of No. 10 and to ask him whether the strange rumour as to the PRIME MINISTER's latest project was true.

"Perfectly," replied the genial Secretary, gently disengaging us. "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been greatly struck by Mr. JACK JONES's comparison of Lord ROBERT CECIL to OLIVER CROMWELL, and has been studying the whole Irish Question anew from an historical standpoint. He has decided that the mandate for Ireland ought never to have been undertaken for the Papal See by HENRY II. STRONGBOW—"

"Let's see, wasn't he a Marathon runner?" we asked.

"You are thinking of LONGBOAT," he replied. "The Earl of PEMBROKE was invited to enter Ireland by DESMOND MACMOROGH, and between you and me and the lamp-post DESMOND was a

bad hat. Look at the way he stole DEVORGHAL, the wife of TIGHEIRANACH O'ROURKE."

"Quite, quite," we replied. As a matter of fact, if he had mentioned "The Silent Wife" we should have felt a bit more at home with the situation.

"Now take the Danes," said Sir PHILIP. "Do you ever hear an Irishman complain of the injustice done to Ireland by the Danes? After that little scrap at Clontarf they accepted the Danish invasion quite naturally. Anyhow, the Danes got there first, and the PRIME MINISTER's view is 'first come first served.'"

"But will Denmark undertake the mandate?" we asked doubtfully.

"Why not? They have Iceland already, and there is only one letter different."

Scooting thoughtfully away, we went to visit Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, feeling sure he would have some light to throw on the situation. We found him overjoyed with the proposal.

"Ireland and Denmark are simply made for each other," he pointed out; "both are butter-producing countries and, welded together, they will form

one homogeneous and indissoluble pat. Peace will reign in Ireland from marge to marge."

Mr. DEVLIN was less optimistic. The rule of Dublin Castle under OLAF TRYGVESSON was, he declared, not a whit better than the rule of Dublin Castle to-day. It was true that TURGES the Dane was King of All Ireland in 815, but it was not until that chieftain had been very rightly and carefully killed by MELACHLIN that the Golden Age of Ireland began. He was doubtful whether Mr. EDMUND DE VALERA would consent to be a toparch under Danish suzerainty. As for himself, he held by the Home Rule Bill of 1914 or, failing that, BRIAN BORU.

When we asked Sir EDWARD CARSON how he viewed the prospect of becoming a Scandinavian jarl, he adopted a morose expression reminding us not a little of the "moody Dane."

"If the PRIME MINISTER's proposal becomes law," he said firmly, "I shall have no alternative but to hand over Ulster to Holland."

We scooted slowly back to the office, forced to the conclusion that the Irish Question is not settled even yet.

GENIUS AT PLAY.

SHALL I ever see again
In the human head a brain
Like the article that fills
That interior of Bill's?

Never a day can pass but he
Makes some great discovery;
His inventions are so many
That you cannot think of any
Realm of science, wit or skill
That is not enriched by Bill.

To relieve the awful strain
Of possessing such a brain
William always used to play
Eighteen holes each Saturday.
But he scarce could see at all,
And he often lost his ball,
Plus his temper and his pelf,
So he made a ball himself,
Which, if it should chance to roam
Out of sight, played "Homo, Sweet
Homo"

On a small euphonium he
Had inserted in its tummy.

Next he wrought with cunning hand
Round its waist an endless band,
An ingenious affair
Such as tanks delight to wear;
And, inside, a little motor
Started every time you smote or
Even when you topped your shot;
And, once started, it would not
Stop, for if it came within
Half a furlong of the pin,
Then it was designed to roll
Straight and true towards the hole.
This is scarcely strange, because
It was bound by Nature's laws,
And a magnet was the force
(Hidden 'neath its skin, of course)
Which, thought he, would make it
feel

Drawn towards a pin of steel.

When he practised first with it
William almost had a fit,
For the ball with sudden whim
Started madly chasing him!
"That's a game that I'll soon settle,"
William said; "my clubs are metal;
Spoons and other clubs of wood
Will be every bit as good."

Then he found to his dismay
Every time he tried to play
That the ball with sundry hoots
Chased the hob-nails in his boots.
Finally he had to use
On his feet a pair of shoes
Of a most peculiar shape
Made of insulating tape.

So the final test arrives
When once more he tees and drives.
Joy! As soon as he has hit he
Sees it toddling down the pretty,
Never swerving left or right
Till it waddles out of sight,



Best Man. "'OW MUCH?"

Parson. "WELL, THE LAW ALLOWS ME SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE."

Best Man. "THEN 'ERE'S 'ARF-A-CRAHN. THAT MAKES IT UP TO 'ARF-A-QUID."

Plodding through a bunker and
Braying like a German band.

Reader, possibly you'll guess
That the ball was a success.
'Twas in fact a super-sphere,
But—I shed a scalding tear
On these verses as I write 'em—
He forgot just *one* small item
Which (as small things often will)
Simply put the lid on Bill:
*For the hole proved far too small
To accommodate his ball.*

"WANTED Situation by respectable middle-aged Girl; working housekeeper, can cook, bake; would not object to milk one cow (Protestant)."—*Ulster Paper.*
As distinct from a Papal Bull.

Singular Coincidence.

"Having successfully towed the disabled American steamer Tashmoo 1,200 miles, the Fort Stephens, a Cunard steamer, arrived at Queenstown on Saturday."—*Daily Paper.*

"Having successfully towed the disabled American steamer Tashmos, with which she fell in last Monday, 200 miles, the Fort Stephen, a Cunard steamer, arrived at Queens-town on Saturday."—*Same paper, same day.*

"The King has notified his intention to command the attendance of Lieutenants of Counties and the Lord Mayors and the Lost Provosts of Great Britain, at Buckingham Palace on the 15th instant."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Mr. Punch hopes that this additional publicity will lead to the recovery of the missing magistrates.

THE AUTHOR-MANAGERS.

LITERATURE is becoming so commercialised that it is to be expected that before long popular authors, who already surreptitiously practise the tradesman's art, will go a step further and write their own advertisements. No longer will they be content to get themselves interviewed on the subject of their next book, their new car and their favourite poodle, or to depend on the oleaginous eulogies of the publishers.

For instance :

MR. DOUGLAS DORMY
begs to announce that he is
NOW SHOWING
his new Novel,

THE HIDDEN HAND OF HATE,
and confidently recommends it to
his Customers.

It contains no fewer than 92,563 of the
BEST WORDS
in the English Language
and is guaranteed
FREE from Split Infinitives.

Or again :—

Are you one of the
mentally alert men, the wistful women,
who have filled up an application form
to-day for

PATTERNS OF CHAPTER ONE
of
SEPTIMUS POSHER'S

Now great romance of love and mystery
THE SICKENING THUD?

If you have not already done so, lose
no time, but write asking for sample of

OPENING CHAPTER

(where the **PINK-EYED WOMAN** prevents
the marriage of **ETHEL** and **LUDOVIC**) ;
of

CHAPTER NINETY,
with its nine **SUPERB-QUALITY MURDERS** ;
or

CHAPTER TWO HUNDRED
(the last), where **ETHEL** and **LUDOVIC**
at last set out through the

FAIRYLAND OF LIFE.

You incur NO RISK in asking for these
exquisite samples.

Write direct to **SEPTIMUS POSHER.**

Or yet again :—

MR. BOREAS BINKS
has pleasure in announcing that his
new volumes of

RECOLLECTIONS

is now showing at all Libraries. He
can confidently claim that this work,
entitled

**PEOPLE I HAVE MET AND
WHAT IS WRONG WITH THEM,**
is absolutely the most refined volume

of Scandal on the market. All the ro-
miniscences are novel and tasty.

Or once more :—

KEATS WILLIAMS,
Poet and Critic.

Poems of every description completed
at the **SHORTEST NOTICE.**

Ask to see our choice **SPRING LINES.**
Specimens Free.

EPICS within Two Days.

ODES within a few Hours.

Sonnets, Rondeaux, Triolets, Quatrains
while you wait.

*A well-known Judge writes : "I should very
much like to give you a trial. I am sure you
deserve it."*

DER TAG ONCE MORE.

["One hundred Diplomats' Writing Tables,
Cupboards, etc., for immediate delivery.—
Office Furniture Manufacturers, — and Co.,
—, Berlin."—*The Times "Business Oppor-
tunities" column.*]

LIGHTLY loose the silken cable,
Swell, ye sails, by zephyrs kissed,
Bearing me the walnut table
Thumped by **BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S**
fist ;

Steering, not by course erratic,
Safe to the appointed wharf,
Bring, O bark, the diplomatic
Kneehole desk of **LUDENDORFF.**

Softly now, ye dockers, pardie,
Cease your wrangling for a bit,
Dump the seat whereon **BERNHARDI**
Bowed his dreadful form to sit ;
Make no scratch however tiny
When the circling crane-arm sags
On the chair that rendered shiny
HINDENBURG'S enormous bags.

Blotting-papered, india-rubbered,
Good as new, with pencils piled,
Bring me the immortal cupboard
Where the Hymn of Hate was filed ;
Who can say how oft, when brisker
Beat the heart behind his ribs,
TURPITZ wiped upon a whisker
Pensively these part-worn nibs ?

Here are *Kultur's* very presses,
Calendars that marked The Day,
MAX VON BADEN'S ink-recesses,
DERNBERG'S correspondence-tray ;
Gone the imperial years, and cooler
Counsels on the Spree are planned,
Still one may acquire the ruler
Toyed with by a War Lord's hand.

Waft them then, ye winds, let Fritz's
Office furniture be mine ;
Each one of these priceless bits is
Salvage from a Junker shrine ;
Breathing still the ancient essence,
They shall give me, when I speak,
Something of the German presence
And the blazing German cheek.

EVOR.

MANUAL PLAY.

ONE point emerges very clearly from
the murky chaos of the industrial
situation to-day ; and that is that the
brain-worker will not for ever be content
to be merely a brain-worker, thinking
and thinking, hour after hour, day after
day. He is beginning to realise his
latent capacity for manual labour ; and
he demands as his right a larger oppor-
tunity for self-development, so that he
too may escape from the drudgery of
brain-work and rise at last to the higher,
freer life of muscular exertion. There
must already be many brain-workers
who are well-fitted to take their place
in the ranks of manual labour ; and
the cry goes up with increasing force
that, given only that *opportunity* which
is every man's due, millions of their
fellows are capable of lifting themselves
to the same standard.

In my house the cry goes up with
peculiar force about Easter-time, when
I repaint as much of the house as I am
allowed and whitewash the rest, and
can appreciate what I am missing in
my everyday calling. It is astonishing
to think that one used actually to pay
people money to paint and whitewash,
and looked on with meek wonder, for
six weeks, while they did it. Bour-
geois I may be, but I have put aside
that folly. The Easter holidays now
are to me the best holidays of the year,
because for four whole days I can do
almost unlimited decorating. I begin
with the conservatory ; I do it a deli-
cate pale blue, and it looks very lovely.
The vine in the conservatory no longer
yields her increase as she used to do,
but I can't help that. After the con-
servatory I start on the basement, and
the opportunities in the basement are
endless. It is a curious thing that
brain-workers who do much decorating
in their spare time do most of it in the
basement and not in the rooms they
have to occupy themselves. The base-
ment is fair game. Another curious
thing is that the people who do have to
occupy the basement never seem to
appreciate what you are doing for them.
They appear to think you are merely
amusing yourself.

The best day for doing the basement
therefore is Easter Monday, when you
can legitimately send the whole staff
(if any) away for a holiday, and com-
mandeer the entire kitchen equipment.
This point is more important than you
may suppose ; since if the staff are at
home and you want to use the base-
ment bucket or the soft broom (both of
which are essential for efficient white-
washing) it is almost certain that they
will at the same time want to put them
to some preposterous use of their own ;

**MANNERS AND MODES.**

OWING TO THE SHORTAGE AND PROHIBITIVE PRICE OF SILK STOCKINGS, THE LADIES MAYFAIR DECIDE TO DO WITHOUT THEM AND HAVE RECOURSE TO PAINT.

and this causes either delay or friction, probably both. Besides, they keep bustling about behind you and saying, "T't, t't," or "*Busy to-day!*" in a surprised voice. This is most irritating, and an irritated painter always goes over the edges.

When you have got rid of the staff (if any) you can get to work on the seallery and whitewash the ceiling. Whitewashing is much superior to painting.

Painting looks lovely while you are doing it, but is very horrible when it is dry, being streaky or blistery or covered with long hairs. Whitewash looks horrible while you are doing it, but marvellous when it is dry, which is much more satisfactory. In a life of average prosperity and no small public distinction, including an intimacy with a professional tenor and two or three free lunches with noblemen, I can recall few moments of such genuine rapture as the one when you creep down to the basement to find the whitewash dry at last and brilliant as the driven snow.

The other thing about whitewashing is that it is done with a broom, not with a finicking brush and a small pot, but a good fat bucket and the housemaid's soft-broom. In this way you can really get some *bravura* into your work. And, except perhaps for watering the garden with a hose, there is no quicker way of making a really good mess. Whitewashing by this method, I find that it takes much longer to remove the whitewash from the floors and other places where it is not intended to go than it does to put the whitewash on the places where it is intended to go; but the charwoman does the removing on Easter Tuesday, and I still think that that method is the best. Especially, perhaps, for outside walls, because in one's artistic frenzy it is usual to cover most of the rose-trees with whitewash; they look then like those whitewashed orchards, and visitors think you are a scientific gardener, combating Plant Pests.

Personally I don't pay too much attention to the rather arbitrary rules on painting laid down by the Painters' Union. Life is too short. For instance,

I don't put my brushes in turpentine when I have finished for the day; and if I do I put the green brush and the light-blue brush and the black brush and the white brush in the same pot, and terrible things happen. I don't like my art to be hampered by petty notions of economy, and if brushes persist in crystallising into tooth-brushes when left to themselves for an hour or two I simply use a new brush.

is one thing the staff enjoy more than tea-cups coming away in the 'and, it is really rubbing themselves against wet paint and wandering round muttering complaints about it. Without a driers or some drier or whatever it is, the basement remains wet for ever, and all work ceases while the staff amblo about, eestatically rubbing themselves against the doorposts and saying "T'tt, t'tt," in a meaning way.

It is a sad quality of oil-paint that when it is dry it no longer looks so lovely and shiny as it looks when it is wet. It was found that the sense of disappointment which this produced was greater than the Painters' Union could bear; so someone, in order to prevent industrial strife, invented some stuff called varnish, by which, at the very moment of disillusion, the maximum of shininess can be again produced with the minimum of effort. It is one of the few inventions which make a man grateful for the advance of science.

Well, that is all there is about painting. The only difficulty, once you have begun, is to know when to stop. Painting is a kind of fever. The painting of a single chair makes the whole room look dirty; so the whole room has to be painted. Then, of course, the outside of the windows has to be brought up to the same standard; and if once you have painted the outside of a window you are practically committed to painting the whole house.

The only thing that stops me painting is a turpentine crisis, which usually occurs just before church on Sunday morning, when one has three workmanlike coats of glossy enamel or pale-green on one's hands. Week-end painters should keep a close eye on the situation, and cease work while there is yet sufficient turpentine to cope with the workmanlike coats; for I find that in these days the churchwardens look askance at you if you put in a penny with a pale-green hand.

The extraordinary thing is that this painting fever doesn't seem to afflict professional painters; they know exactly when to stop. But then they don't appreciate the luxury of their lot. They don't realise that theirs is one of



J.H. DOWD-20.

Mistress (to maid who has just served boarders' breakfast). "WHAT WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT, JANE?"
Jane. "YOU, MUM."

Nor do I insist on "cleaning thoroughly the surface before the paint is applied." Anyone who sets out in practice to clean thoroughly the surface of the basement before applying the paint will find that the Easter holidays have slipped away long before any paint is applied at all. Besides, one of the main objects of paint is to hide the dirt, so why waste time in removing it?

On the other hand, I am not content with mere painting; I go in thoroughly for all the refinements like driers and varnishes and gold-size. Driers and gold-size are extremely necessary when painting the basement, because if there



Young Lady (making conversation). "HOW PERFECTLY SWEET! I'M SURE I MUST HAVE BEEN THERE. I REMEMBER THOSE GLORIOUS PINES."

Real Artist. "I CALL THAT 'THE FERTILISING INFLUENCE OF THE SUN'S RAYS ON THE MIND OF A POET LOST IN THOUGHT.'"

Young Lady. "HOW PERFECTLY SWEET! NO WONDER HE LOST IT, POOR DARLING."

the few forms of labour in which a man has some tangible result (well, not tangible, perhaps) to show for his work at the end of the day. There is nothing more satisfactory than that. It is true, no doubt, that the professional painter would rather have a windy article like this to show; all I can say is I would rather have a bright-blue basement or a middle-green conservatory.

A. P. H.

THE EVE OF GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

In a Press sighing deeply over the various Labour crises there is the glad news that Mr. CLEM EDWARDS, M.P. (barrister), of the National Democratic Party, has made a match with Mr. JAMES WALTON, M.P. (miner), of the Labour Party, to "hew, fill and train two tons of coal in the shortest time for fifty pounds a side." The contest is to take place at Whitsuntide.

We hope that more Members of

Parliament will follow suit, and challenge each other to feats of wholesome toil, to the great benefit of the nation.

In time no doubt the idea would take on with the masses and an immense amount of useful work would be performed disguised as sport. August Bank Holiday might become the great yearly fixture for a sort of Gentlemen v. Players bricklaying competition, and we may one day read of huge crowds being attracted to the East India Docks on Easter Monday to watch stockbrokers, flushed with their victory of Boxing Day, playing a return match with the dockers at unloading margarine. The movement might expand until even on Labour Day work would be in progress.

All this is, however, remote, but the solid fact remains that during Whitsuntide of this very year work will actually be done in a coal-mine. So far the miners themselves have expressed no official views on the contest, but there is a general feeling of amazement among

them that anyone should work so hard on the chance of winning a mere fifty pounds. For the public at large there is the gratifying thought that Messrs. EDWARDS and WALTON are very nearly matched, and they should therefore produce between them in their friendly struggle the best part of four tons of coal, an unexpected windfall for the nation.

"POST OFFICE TREASURY BONDS."

It should be noted that, as regards the Post Office issue, dividends on registered bonds will not be deducted at the source."—*Daily Paper*. Nor, we understand, has the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER any present intention of confiscating the capital.

"AMERICA'S FIRST FLOATING BAR-ROOM, THE CITY OF MIAMI.—300,000 dols. has been spent in fitting up this vessel for thirsty American citizens. She will ply between Miami, Fla. and Havana, Cuba. A special bilge keel is being fitted to steady ship and passengers."—*Shipping Journal*.

A very necessary precaution.



Fond and resourceful Mother. "IT'S BABY'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. HE'S TOO YOUNG TO INVITE CHILDREN, SO I'M HAVING FIFTEEN PEOPLE IN TO PLAY BRIDGE."

TO A COMING CHAMPION.

THE exodus was ended; stilled the urging
To "wait and let the passengers off first;"
I and my fellow-sufferers were surging
Along the gangway in one short sharp burst,
Clutching the straps so thoughtfully provided,
Stamping on any feet that lay about,
And, Lady, it was then that you decided
This was where you got out.

I noted with an awestruck admiration
The gallant way in which you faced the press,
What force, what vigour, what determination,
What almost everything but politesse;
And then I gave back several hasty inches
Before your menad rush; I felt alarmed
Lest you should use a hatpin in the clinches
While I was all unarmed.

So in a more or less intact condition
You made your exit through the trolliced gate,
And (this, I must admit, is mere suspicion)
Asked of a porter was your hat on straight;
And lo! the bard, left dreaming *suo more*,
Mused upon things the future hid from view;
He looked adown the years and saw the glory
England would win through you.

For in my morning sheet I'd seen it bruted,
Mid talk of Jazz and Fox Trot, plaids and checks,
That boxing was a sport precisely suited
To what it quaintly called the gentler sex;

I thought about the coming day when bebies
Of beauty would be found inside the ropes,
And saw you, eminent among the "heavies,"
The whitest of white hopes.

I saw—and at the vision England's stock ran
High above par—how in the padded strife,
Beneath the auspices of Mr. COCHRAN,
You'd whip the world, or should I say his wife?
Our land once more would boast the champion thumper,
The doughtiest dealer of the hefty welt,
The holder of—but no, by then a jumper
Will have replaced the belt.

"OFFICERS' HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Final: Lt. W. R. Nicol (R.F.A.) knocked out Lt.-General Lord Rawlinson, Commanding at Aldershot."—*Sportsman*.
That's more than LUDENDORFF could do.

"Some years have passed since I last saw Mr. —, and last evening I found him considerably aged. His one black hair is very grey."
Provincial Paper.

Probably the result of depression caused by loneliness.

"The Prince of — has returned recently from England where he was educated. He is to marry several wives, as is the custom of —. His education is to continue."—*North China Daily News*.
We can well believe it.

"The Chester Vase resolved itself into a contest between a four-year-old and some three-year-olds, but in this case the four-year-old was Buchan, a Trojan among minnows."—*Provincial Paper*.
The writer seems to be a student of "classic" form.



EXIT THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

DR. BONAR (to Nurse DEVLIN). "MUST YOU GO, NURSE? (Resignedly) WELL, WE SHALL HAVE TO DO OUR BEST WITHOUT YOU."

[Nationalist Members have decided to take no further part in the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 3rd.—The PRIME MINISTER being confined to his bed and Mr. BONAR LAW being engaged elsewhere in inaugurating the Housing campaign the House of Commons was in charge of the HOME SECRETARY. Consequently Questions went through with unusual speed, for Mr. SNORRT has a discouraging way with him. The most searching "Supplementary" rarely receives any recognition save a stony glare through his inseparable eye-glass, as who should say, "How can So-and-so be such an ass as to expect an answer to his silly question?"

People who consider that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT is too much of "a railway man" will, I fear, be confirmed in their belief. In his opinion the practice of the Companies in refusing a refund to the season ticket-holder who has left his ticket behind and has been compelled to pay his fare is "entirely justifiable." He objected, however, to Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE's interpretation of this answer as meaning that it was the policy of H.M. Government "to rob honest people," so there may be hope for him yet.

It is wrong to suppose that the class generally known as "Young Egypt" is solely responsible for the anti-British agitation in the Protectorate. Among a long list of deportees mentioned by Lieut.-Colonel MALONE, and subsequently referred to by Mr. HARMSWORTH as "the principal organisers and leaders of the disturbances" in that country, appeared the name of "MAHMOUD PASHA SULIMAN, aged ninety-eight years."



THE SPRING-CLEANING (INDEMNITY) BILL.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The process of cleaning-up after the War involves an Indemnity Bill. Sir ERNEST POLLOCK admitted that there was "some complexity" in the measure, and did not entirely succeed in unravelling it in the course of a speech lasting an hour and a half. His chief argument was that, unless it passed, the



"TOO MUCH OF A RAILWAY-MAN."

*SIR ERIC GEDDES.

country might be let in for an additional expenditure of seven or eight hundred millions in settling the claims of persons whose goods had been commandeered. An item of two million pounds for tinned salmon will give some notion of the interests involved and incidentally of the taste of the British Army.

Lawyers and laymen vied with one another in condemning the Bill. Mr. RAE, as one who had suffered much from requisitioners, complained that their motto appeared to be *L'état c'est moi*. Sir GORDON HEWART, in mitigation of the charge that there never had been such an Indemnity Bill, pointed out that there never had been such a War. The Second Reading was ultimately carried upon the Government's undertaking to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, from which, if faithfully reflecting the opinion of the House, it is conjectured that the measure will return in such a shape that its own draftsman won't know it.

Tuesday, May 4th.—The Matrimonial Causes Bill continues to drag its slow length along in the House of Lords. Its ecclesiastical opponents are gradually being driven from trench to trench, but are still full of fight. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY very nearly carried a new clause providing that it should not be lawful to celebrate in any church or chapel of the Church of England the marriage of a person, whether innocent or guilty, whose pre-

vious union had been dissolved under the provisions of the Bill. His most reverend brother of York spoke darkly of Disestablishment if the clause were lost, and eleven Bishops voted in its favour, but the Non-Contents defeated it by 51 to 50.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN wanted to know whether swords still formed part of the uniform of Royal Air Force officers, and, if so, why. He himself, I gather, never found any use for one in the "Side Shows" which he has described so picturesquely. Mr. CHURCHILL's defence of its retention was more ingenious than convincing. Swords, he said, had always been regarded as the insignia of rank, and even Ministers wore them on occasions. But the fact that elderly statesmen occasionally add to the gaiety of the populace at public celebrations by tripping over their "toasting-forks" hardly seems a sufficient reason for burdening young officers with a totally needless expense.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is all for a quiet life. When the Dublin postal workers announced their intention of stopping work for two days in sympathy with a Sinn Féin strike, did he dismiss them? Not he. You can't, as he said, dismiss a whole service. No, he simply gave them two days' leave on full pay, a much simpler plan.

Thanks to the Irish Nationalists, who have announced their intention of taking no part in the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill, Mr. BONAR LAW was able to drop the scheme for closing it by compartments. The new Irish doctrine of self-extermination has given much satisfaction in Ministerial circles. Mr. CHURCHILL'S



"L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI."

*THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



THE PROFITEER'S CIGAR.

Spokesman of Club Deputation. "WE TRUST, SIR, THAT YOU ARE NOT DELIBERATELY WEARING THAT BAND ON YOUR CIGAR, AS IT IS THE DESIRE OF YOUR FELLOW-MEMBERS THAT YOU SHOULD OBLIGE THEM BY REMOVING IT."

gratitude, I understand, will take the form of a portrait of Mr. DEVLIN as *Sydney Carton* under the shadow of the guillotine.

On the Vote for the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Colonel BURN suggested that a new Department should be set up to deal with the harvest of the sea. Dr. MURRAY approved the idea, and thought that the Minister without Portfolio might give up loafing and take to fishing.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Apparently it is not always selfishness that makes Trade Unionists unwilling to admit ex-service men to their ranks, but sometimes solicitude for the welfare of these brave fellows. Take the manufacture of cricket-balls, for example. You might not think it a very arduous occupation, but Dr. MACNAMARA assured the House that it required "a high standard of physical fitness," and that leather-stitching was as laborious as leather-hunting. It is true that some of the disabled men with characteristic intrepidity are willing to face the risk, but the Union concerned will not hear of it, and the MINISTER OF LABOUR appears to agree with them.

Even on the Treasury Bench, however, doctors disagree. Dr. ADDISON seems distinctly less inclined than Dr. MACNAMARA to accept the claims of the Trade Unionists at their own valuation. The bricklayers have agreed to admit a few disabled men to their union—bricklaying apparently being a less strenuous occupation than leather-stitching—but exclude other ex-service men unless they have served their apprenticeship as well as their country. Upon this the MINISTER OF HEALTH bluntly observed that the idea that it takes years to train a man to lay a few bricks was in his opinion all nonsense.

Thursday, May 6th.—Possibly it was because to-day was originally assigned for the opening of the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill that Members in both Houses drew special attention to the present state of lawlessness in Ireland. If their idea was to create a hostile "atmosphere" it did not succeed, for, owing to Mr. LONG's indisposition, the Bill was postponed. Besides, the fact that every day brings news of policemen murdered, harracks burned, tax-collectors assaulted and mail-bags stolen, while to one class of mind it

may argue that the present is a most inopportune moment for a great constitutional change, may to another suggest that only such a change will give any hope of improvement.

It is, at any rate, something to know that Irishmen have not in trying circumstances entirely lost their saving grace of humour. Thus the writer of a letter to Lord ASKWITH, describing with much detail a raid for arms, in the course of which his house had been smashed up and he himself threatened with instant death, wound up by saying, "I thought I would jot down these particulars to amuse you."

The Commons had a rather depressing speech from Mr. McCURDY. His policy had been gradually to remove all food-controls and leave prices to find their own proper (and, it was hoped, lower) level. But in most cases the result had been disastrous, and the Government had decided that control must continue. Sir F. BANBURY complained of the conflict of jurisdiction between the Departments. It certainly does seem unfair that the FOOD-CONTROLLER should be blamed because the Board of Trade is "making mutton high."



Auctioneer (selling summer "grass-keep"). "Now THEN, HOW MUCH FOR THIS FIELD? LOOK AT THAT GRASS, GENTLEMEN. THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF NEBUCHADNEZZAR WOULD HAVE GIVEN TEN POUNDS AN ACRE FOR."

WANTED—A BOOK SUBSIDY.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, the famous publisher, has recently given a representative of *The Pall Mall Gazette* some interesting facts and figures bearing on the impending crisis in the publishing trade. It is a gloomy recital. Men doing less work per hour with the present forty-eight hour week than with the old fifty-one hour week, and agitating for a further reduction of hours; paper rising in price by leaps and bounds. "Between the two they are forcing up the price of books to a point when we can only produce at a loss." In other words, we are threatened with not merely a shortage but an absolute deprivation of all new books. The horror of the situation is almost unthinkable, but it must be faced. We can dispense with many luxuries—encyclopedias and histories and scientific treatises and so forth—but among the necessities of modern life the novel stands only third to the cinema and the jazz. It is possible that in time the first-named may reconcile us to booklessness, but that time is not yet.

What amazes us in Mr. JOHN MURRAY's pessimistic forecast is his failure to recognise and advocate the only and obvious remedy. By the reduction of the Bread Subsidy fifty millions have been made available for the relief of national needs. We do not say that this would be enough, but if carefully laid out in grants to deserving novelists, so as to enable them to co-operate with publishers on lines that would allow a reasonable margin of profit, it might go some way towards averting the appalling calamity which Mr. JOHN MURRAY anticipates.

The Ministry of Information is closed, but should be at once reorganised as the Ministry of Fiction, with a staff of no fewer than five hundred clerks, and installed in suitable premises, the British Museum for choice, thus emancipating the younger generation from the dead hand of archæology. Similarly the utmost care should be taken to exclude from the direction of the Ministry any representatives of Victorianism, Hanoverism, or the fetish-worship of rotience or restraint. But no time should be lost. The duty of the State is clear. It only needs some public-spirited and

respected Member of Parliament, such as Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY or Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, to promote the legislative measures necessary to secure a supply of really nutritious mental pabulum for the million.

For Prospective Centenarians.

"Salary, £50 per annum, rising upon satisfactory service by annual increments of £5 to a maximum of £890."—*Welsh Paper*.

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of 10/- from Liverpool.

The charge for announcements in the Personal Column is 7/6 for two lines (minimum), and 3/6 for each additional line."—*Times*.

Any large outbreak of conscientiousness on this scale will mean ruin for the country.

"A band of armed ruffians disguised as soldiers held up a train near Parghelia, in Calabria, and carried off the contents of two vons, consisting chiefly of sausages."

Scotch Paper.

This is an abbreviated way of speaking. By "the contents of two vons" the writer evidently means the contents of the baggage of two German noblemen.

CONSPIRACY.

It all happened so naturally, so inevitably, yet so tragically—like a Greek play, as Willoughby said afterwards.

Willoughby is my younger brother, and in his lighter moments is a Don at Oxford or Cambridge; it will be safer not to specify which. In his younger and more serious days he used to play the banjo quite passably, and, when the Hicksons asked us to dine, they insisted that he should bring his instrument and help to make music to which the young people might dance, for it seems that this instrument is peculiarly suited to the kind of dancing now in vogue. Willoughby had not played upon the banjo for fifteen years, but he unearthed it from the attic, restrung it, and in the event did better than might have been expected.

Anyhow, he did not succeed in spoiling the evening, which I consider went well, despite the severe trial, to one of my proportions, of having to perform, soon after dinner, a number of scenes "to rhyme with *hat*." Indeed, when I was finally pushed alone on to the stage, any chagrin I might have felt at the case with which the audience guessed at once that I represented "fat" was swallowed up in the relief at being allowed to rest awhile, for "fat" proved to be correct.

It is not of dumb-crambo, however, nor of hunt-the-slipper (a dreadful game), nor of "bump" (a worse game) that I wish to speak, but of that which befell after.

It was a very wet night, and when the hour for our departure arrived there arose some uncertainty as to whether we could find a taxi willing to take us home.

"I will interview the porter," said Willoughby (the Hicksons live in a flat), and he disappeared, to return in a few minutes with something of the air of a conspirator.

"Get your coat on," he said curtly.

"Have you a taxi?"

"No, I have a car. Get your coat on, and be quick about it."

"A car?" I said. "What car? Whose car?"

Willoughby turned upon me. "If you prefer to walk, you can," he said; "if not, get your coat on, as I say, and don't ask stupid questions."

I did not prefer to walk—would that I had!—but proceeded to bid my host and hostess Good-night. Even as I was doing so the porter came to the door.

"Hurry up, Sir," he called to Willoughby in a stage whisper. "He can't wait; he's late already."

As we followed him into the hall the porter went on whispering to Willoughby.

"Friend of mine. Always do me a turn. Going right to your square." He continued to nod his head confidentially.

Willoughby turned to me.

"Got half-a-crown?" he grunted.

I had. The porter's head-noddings redoubled.

Arrived at the door, we found a resplendent car, a chauffeur of the imperturbable order seated at the wheel.

"I'm very much obliged—," Willoughby began.

"That's all right, Sir," said the man. "I'm going that way."

We stepped in, drew the fur rug over our legs, and the car glided off.

"It's a nice car," said Willoughby.

"I understand that the chauffeur is a friend of the hall porter?" I commented.

"That is so."

"And the owner of the car is—?"

"Some person unknown."

"Where ignorance is bliss—"

"I am a little doubtful if the chauffeur will mention our ride to his master, if that is what you mean," said Willoughby.

"Have you considered the bearing of the law concerning Conspiracy on this case?" I asked.

"I have not, nor do I intend to," said Willoughby airily. "The law concerning Bribery and Corruption has a much more direct bearing. Got two more half-crowns?"

I was searching for them as we turned into the square in which we live and the car slowed down.

"Tell him it's at the far corner," I said.

And then suddenly a rasping voice sounded on the night air:—

"Here, Rodgers! Where are you off to? You're very late, you know—very late."

The car had stopped with a jerk before a house which was certainly not our house. A stream of light from the open door flooded the pavement. On the steps stood Percival, the man I had that row with about the Square garden. On the pavement, his hand outstretched to open the car door, was he of the rasping voice.

"This is the owner," said Willoughby, and he laughed quietly to himself. He always giggles in a crisis. I could have kicked him. But at the moment I was hurriedly debating whether I could possibly escape by the door on the far side without being seen. "A small thin man might have done it," I thought. But, alas! I am neither small nor thin.

Then the door of the car opened and

Willoughby stepped forth into the lime-light, as it were. During the evening the dumb-crambo and such had rather dishevelled his hair, and a wisp of it now appeared from beneath the brim of an elderly Homburg hat pushed on to the back of his head. Under his arm was the banjo. On his face was that maddeningly good-natured smile of his.

"What are you doing in my car?" demanded the rasping voice.

Willoughby did not answer for a moment, but simply stood there smiling.

Then he said, "Entirely my fault. Your chauffeur is in no way to blame. The fact is we couldn't get a taxi, and my brother being rather delicate—"

"What, another?" barked the rasper.

There was nothing for it. Acutely conscious as I was how emphatically my countenance, flushed by the exertions of the evening, belied Willoughby's description of "delicate," it was impossible for me to remain in the car, and I stepped heavily out.

"It rhymes with *hat*," said Willoughby softly.

* * * * *

As we slunk off down the Square, after as painful a five minutes as I care to remember, Willoughby kept repeating, "Very unlucky—very unlucky," till we arrived at our own door. Then he began to laugh.

"And what is the joke?" I asked.

"There is no joke," he said—"no joke at all."

"Indeed there is not," I said bitterly. "You must remember that, unlike yourself, I live here permanently."

"I realise it," said Willoughby. "But do you not think, on consideration, that that really gives you the advantage? I mean, you have thus the opportunity of living down the unfortunate accusation of inebriety that has been brought against us, which I shall not be in a position to do."

I hate living things down.

Commercial Candour.

From a restaurant bill-of-fare:—
"Develled Leg of Foul and Curly Bacon, 2/6."

"WORMWOOD SCRUBS'S ILL-HEALTH.

RELEASED TO PRIVATE HOSPITAL.
Mr. Kelly, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, has released Wormwood Scrubs owing to his health."—*Australian Paper*.

Some trouble in the cellular system, we gather.

Mr. JAMES SEXTON, M.P., who was howled down at a meeting at St. Helens recently, said he refused to bow the knee to a lot of body-snatchers who wanted him to sacrifice his manhood and conscience to satisfy their inclinations. A self-respecting sexton could do no less.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



A SPIRITED REPRESENTATION OF "CA' CANNY" ON THE KENTISH COAST DURING THE INITIAL WORK ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL, *circ.* B.C. 200.



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

AN AGED COUPLE, THEIR FEATURES DISFIGURED BY MOSQUITO BITES, BRAVELY CONTINUE TO SIT FOR THEIR PORTRAITS.



THE KITTEN WHICH ALL WHO KNOW AND LOVE THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE ACADEMY WOULD EXPECT TO FIND IN THIS PICTURE HAS EVIDENTLY STRAYED INTO



THIS ONE. WE DRAW ATTENTION TO THIS SO AS TO PREVENT VISITORS FROM WASTING THEIR TIME IN SEARCHING FOR IT ALL OVER THE GALLERIES.



SEE BELOW.



THE FAMOUS MARIONETTE SHOW AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

MUCH INTEREST IS SURE TO BE TAKEN IN THIS PICTURE, AS MANY PEOPLE MUST HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THESE WORLD-FAMOUS STATESMEN LOOKED LIKE.



THE STOUT GENTLEMAN APPEARS TO FEEL SOME DISCOMFORT FROM THE HEAT. THAT IS WHY THE HANGING COMMITTEE HAVE THOUGHTFULLY SUSPENDED SOME ICE OVER HIS HEAD.



HERE WE HAVE A SCENE OF DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS IN A SCOTTISH HOME. THE GOOD WIFE IS SCANDALISED BY HER HUSBAND'S LEVITY IN DANCING ON THE SABBATH.



Navy on Girders (soliloquising). "EAVEN 'ELP THEM POOR PERISHERS UNDERNEAF IF THIS 'ERE CHAIN BREAKS!"

THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.

(After ANN and JANE TAYLOR.)

HIGH on a mountain's haughty steep
Lord Hubert's palace stood;
Before it rolled a river deep,
Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale
A peasant had his cell;
Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling
gale
And graced his garden well.

But proud Lord Hubert's house and
lands,
Of which he'd fain be rid,
Long linger on the agents' hands—
He cannot get a bid.

On sauces rich and viands fine
Lord Hubert's father fed;
Lord Hubert, when he wants to dine,
Eats margarine and bread.

How diff'rent honest William's lot!
He's cheerful and content;
He always lets his humble cot
At thrice its yearly rent.

His dapple-cow and garden-grounds
Produce him ample spoil;
His lodgers pay him pounds and pounds,
He has no need to toil.

Lord Hubert sits in thrall and gloom
And super-taxes grim
Pursue him to his marble tomb,
And no one grieves for him.

But, when within his narrow bed
Old William comes to lie,
They'll find (I mean when William's
dead)
A tidy bit put by.

ANOTHER HONOUR LIST.

(From an Oxford Correspondent.)

THE list of the recipients of honorary degrees to be conferred by the University of Cambridge has already been announced. We are glad to be able to supplement it by information, derived from a trustworthy source, of the corresponding intentions of the University of Oxford.

The Oxford list is not yet complete, but the following names and the reasons

for which the distinction is to be conferred may be regarded as certain and authentic:—

The Right Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., for his strenuous efforts to brighten Sunday journalism.

Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, for unvarnished portraiture and the stoical fortitude exhibited by him in face of the persecution of the Royal Academy.

Mr. LOVAT FRASER, for his divine discontent with everything and everybody and his masterly use of italic type.

Lady COOPER, the wife of the LORD MAYOR, for conspicuous gallantry in advocating the taxing of cosmetics.

Sir PHILIP GIBBS, for his generous recognition of the services of British generals during the War, and for promoting cordial relations between all ranks in the Army.

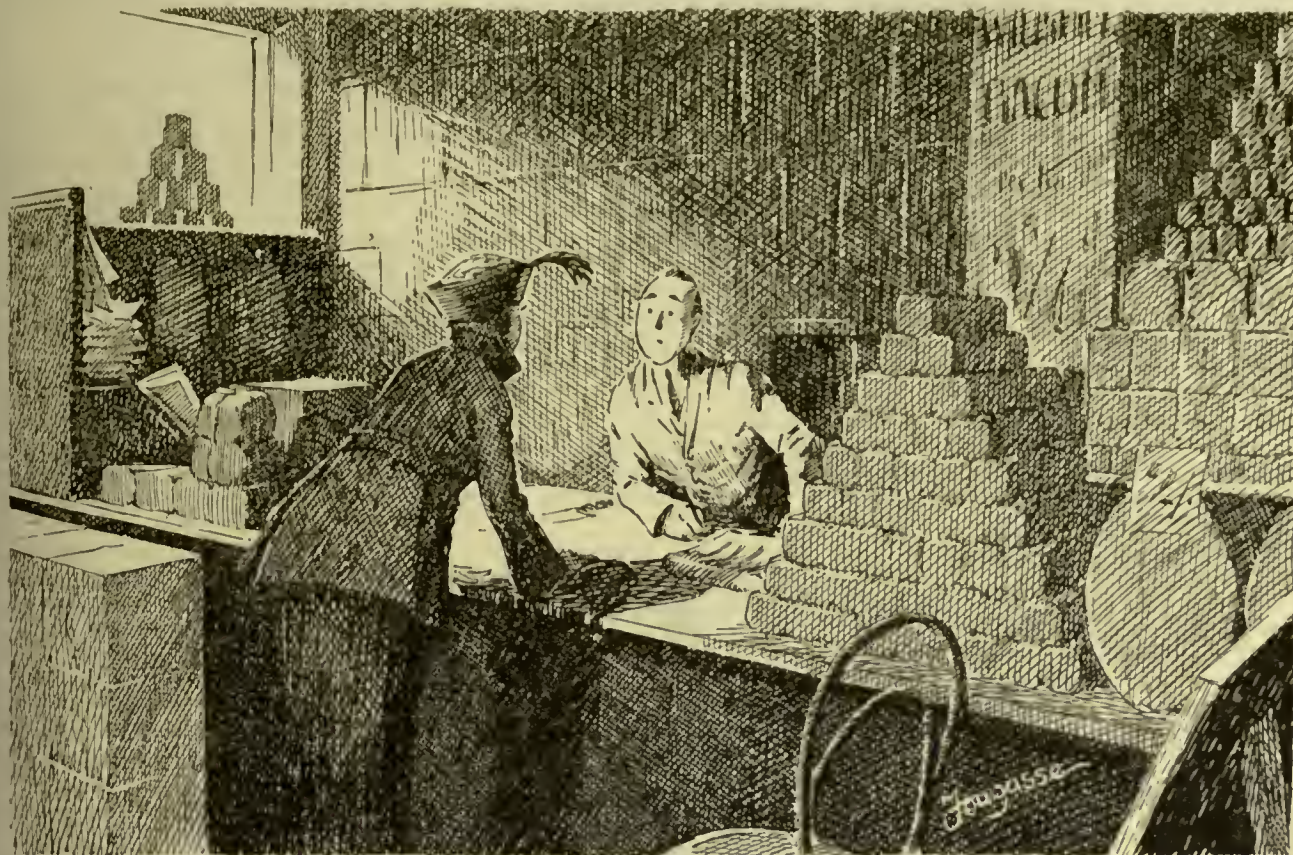
Mr. WICKHAM STEED, for his invaluable and untiring exertions in familiarising the public with Jugo-Slav geography.

All the above will receive the D.C.L. It is also proposed to confer the degree of Honorary Master of Arts on the entire body of Oxford road-sweepers, for their disinterested patriotism in accepting a wage on a par with that received by many tutors and demonstrators of the University.

Anna Pavlova.

Since I first saw her this year she has been a Sleeping Beauty (very wide awake) and a Chrysanthemum and many other lovely things. In *Autumn Leaves*, where her bloom is blown away by the fierce ardour of the Wind, and she is left to die forsaken, she recalled a little the moving sadness of her Dying Swan. It was a "choreographic poem" of her own making—to music of CHORIN—and I think I have never seen anything more fascinating than the colour and movement of the *Autumn Leaves* and the "splendour and speed" of the *Autumn Wind*. This was danced by Mr. STOWITTS, and it couldn't have been in better hands or feet. M. VOLININE is largely content to be a source of support and uplift to his partner, but in *The Walpurgis Night* he gave us an astounding exhibition of poise and resilience. In *The Magic Flute* (not MOZART's but DRIGO's), Mlle. BUTSOVA had a great triumph. She has all the arts and graces of her craft that can be taught, and to these she adds one of the few gifts that no training can confer—the natural joy of life that comes of just being young. O. S.

"Food prices were coming down. Soap had already been reduced 1d. a lb."—*Daily Paper*. We tried it in 1917, but found it deficient in protein.



"YOU'RE SURE THIS IS WILTSHIRE BACON?"
 "WHERE DO YOU GET IT FROM, THEN?"

"ER—I WOULDN'T LIKE TO GUARANTEE IT, MADAM—NOT ABSOLUTELY."
 "WELL, IT COMES FROM AMERICA, MADAM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PROBABLY one of your first, and abiding, impressions of *The Third Window* (SECKER) will be that of almost extreme modernity. Certainly, ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (Mrs. BASIL DE SELINCOURT) has produced a story that, both in its protagonists—a young war-widow and a maimed ex-officer—and in its theme—spirit-communication and survival of personality—is very much of the moment. It is a short book, not two hundred pages all told, and with only three characters. You observe that I have given you no particulars as to the third, though (or because) she is of the first importance to the development. To say more of this would be to ruin all, since suspense is essential to its proper savouring; though I may indicate that it turns upon the question whether the dead husband is still so far present as to forbid the union of his widow and his friend. The thing is exceedingly well done, despite a suggestion now and again that the situation is becoming something too fine-drawn; I found myself also in violent disagreement with the ending, though for what reasons I must deny myself the pleasure of explaining. Perhaps the cleverest feature of an unusual tale is the idea of Wyndwards, the modern "artistic" house that is its setting—a house rather over-deliberate and self-conscious in its simplicity and beauty, lacking soul, but swept and garnished for the reception of the seven devils of bogiedom. The atmosphere of this is both new and conveyed with a very subtle skill.

It must be admitted that Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES's young ladies enjoy singularly poor luck, as is shown notably by

their habit when in foreign parts of picking up the worst people and generally surrounding themselves with a society that it would be flattery to call dubious. The latest victim to this tendency is *Lily*, heroine of *The Lonely House* (HUTCHINSON). It was situate, as you might not expect from its name, at Monte Carlo, and *Lily* had come there as the paying guest of a courtesy uncle and aunt of foreign extraction, about whom she really knew far too little. They had tried to postpone her visit at least for a couple of days, the awkward fact being that the evening of her arrival was already earmarked for an engagement that Auntie euphemistically called "seeing a friend off on a long journey." If you know Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES at her creepiest, you can imagine the spinal chill produced by this discovery. Gradually it transpires (though how I shall not say) that whenever the *Count* and *Countess Poldo* were in want of a little ready cash they were in the habit of "seeing off" some unaccompanied tourist known to have well-filled pockets. So you can suppose the rest. If I have a criticism for Mrs. LOWNDES' otherwise admirable handling of the affair it is that she depends too much on the involuntary eavesdropper; before long, indeed, I was forced to conclude either that *Lily* possessed a miraculous sense of overhearing, or that the acoustic properties of the lonely house rendered it conspicuously unsuited for the maturing of felonious little plans. But this is a trifle compared with the delights of such a feast of first quality thrills.

The extraordinary cleverness of *A Woman's Man* (HEINEMANN) is the thing which most impresses me about this life story of a French man of letters, at the height of his fame somewhere in the eighteen-nineties. He is made to

tell his own story, and pitfalls for the author must have abounded in such a scheme, but Miss MARJORIE PATTERSON seems to have fallen into very few of them. *Armand de l'aucourt* is a self-deceiving sensualist who justifies his amours as necessary to literary inspiration and neglects his wife only to find, too late, that she has been his guardian angel, her love the source of all that was worth while in his life and work. There have been such characters as *Armand* in fiction who yet made some appeal to the reader's affection; it is the book's worst defect that *Armand* makes none. His recurring despairs and passions grow tedious; his final but rather incomplete change of heart left me sceptical as to how long it would have lasted had the book carried his history any further. *Armand* as a study of a certain type of egoist is supreme; my difficulty was that I had no desire to study him. Even *Maria-Thérèse Colbert*, the decadent wife of his publisher, a very monster among women, is more interesting. Miss PATTERSON is on the side of the angels, but she makes her way to them through some nasty mire, calling spades spades with a vigour which seems to have prevented her from paying much attention to some beautiful and hopeful things which also have everyday names.

Germany's High Sea Fleet in the World War (CASSELL), which is Admiral SCHEER's addition to the entertaining series, "How we really won after all," by German Military and Naval commanders, gives you, on the whole, the impression of an honest sailor-man telling the truth as he sees it and only occasionally remembering that he must work in one of

the set pieces of official propaganda. To a mere layman this record is of immense and continual interest; to the professional, keen to know what his opposite number was doing at a given time, it must be positively enthralling, especially the chapter on the U-boats, with its discreet excerpts from selected logs. Incidentally one can't withhold tribute of reluctant admiration for the technical achievements of the submarines and the courage, skill and tenacity of their commanders and crews. Most readers will find themselves turning first to the account of the Jutland battle. The tale is told not too boastfully, though the Admiral claims too much. Perhaps that may be forgiven him, as he certainly took his long odds gamely and fought his fleet with conspicuous dexterity. Also the German naval architects and ordnance folk proved to have a good thing or two up their sleeves, and the gunnery, for a time at any rate, was unexpectedly excellent. Naturally perhaps Admiral SCHEER may be claimed as supporting the Beattyites rather than the Jellicoeists. But he is biased and goes further than the most extreme of the former school. For his real grievance against the British Navy, constantly finding vent, is that it did not ride bravely in, with hands playing, to the perfectly good battleground prepared with good old German thoroughness under the guns of Heligoland.

No pioneer work was ever more persistently attacked by the weapons of ridicule and contempt than that of the Salvation Army, and I suggest that all who sat in the hostile camp should read *William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army* (MACMILLAN), and see for themselves what ideas and ideals they were opposing. Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE has done his work well, and the only fault to be found with him is that his ardour has sometimes beguiled him into recording trivialities; and this error strikes one the more as BOOTH, both in his strength and in his weakness, was not trivial. When this, however, is said, nothing but praise remains for a careful study both of the man and of his methods. The instrument upon which BOOTH played was human nature, and he played upon it with a sure hand because he understood how difficult it is to touch the spirit when the body is suffering from physical degradation. To this must be added a genuine spiritual exaltation and love of his fellow-man and also an indomitable courage. Few men could have emerged with hope and enthusiasm unquenched from such a childhood as BOOTH's; but we know

how he lived to conquer all opposition and to promote and organise what is perhaps the greatest movement of modern times. In paying our tribute to him for his successful crusade against misery and evil we are not to forget his wife, whose unfailing love and devotion were his constant support.

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY's short stories and studies in *Tatterdemalion* (HEINEMANN) are divided into "of war-time" and "of peace-time." I think the greater part of the author's



Dear Old Soul. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR BRINGING ME ACROSS. I DO SO HOPE YOU'LL GET SAFE BACK AGAIN."

faithful company of readers will prefer the latter. Mr. GALSWORTHY has less than most men the kind of mind that can put off the burden of the suffering of war or submit easily to the difficult need for us all to think one way in a time of national crisis. But "Casard," study of a *poilu* in the despairing depression that comes of the fatigue and horror of long fighting, who is lifted back to courage by a little frightened beaten mongrel whose confidence he wins, so forgetting his own trouble, was written, one can feel, because the author wanted to write it, not because he felt it was expected of him. Of the peace-time sketches "Manna," with the theme of a penniless and eccentric parson charged with stealing a loaf of bread and acquitted against the evidence, is as admirable as it is unexpected in flavour. For the rest there is good GALSWORTHY, if not of the very best, and but little that one would not praise highly if it came from an author of lower standards.

Three members, quite immune to scowl or snub,
Disturbed the quiet of the selfsame club;
The first in resonance of snore surpassed,
The next in raucousness, in both the last.
Patience, exhausted, heaved a futile sigh;
No force can cure them and they will not die.

CHARIVARIA.

A SWEDISH scientist has invented a new building material called sylvense-losit. It is said to cost one-fifth the price of the building material in use in this country, which is known to the trade as wishyumnagetit.

A folding motor-car is said to have been invented which has a greater speed than any other car. The next thing that requires inventing is a folding pedestrian to cope with it.

Berlin manufacturers are experimenting in making clothing from nettles. This is a chance that the nettle has long been waiting for.

A business magazine suggests that a series of afternoon chats with business men should be arranged. Our war experience of morning back chats at the grocer's is not encouraging.

The capture of General CARRANZA, says a Vera Cruz message, was a mistake on the part of General SANCHEZ. We trust this does not mean that they will have to start the thing all over again.

Those who understand the Mexican trouble say it is doubtful whether America can deal with this war until the Presidential election is over. On war at a time is the American motto.

We gather from a contemporary that people who have been ordering large stocks of coal in the hope of escaping the new prices will be disappointed. Still, they may get in ahead of the next advance.

The inventor of the silent typewriter is now in London. We seem to know the telephone which gave him the idea.

A man at Bow Street Court complained that the Black Maria which conveyed him there was very stuffy. Some prisoners say that this vehicle is so unhealthy as to drive custom away from the Court.

Fruit blight threatens to be serious this year, says a daily paper, and drastic action should be taken against

the apple weevil. A very good plan is to make an imitation apple of iron and then watch the weevil snap at it and break off its teeth.

One North of England workman is said to be in a bit of a hole. It seems that he has mislaid his strike-fixtured card.

Immediately after a football match at Londonderry, one of the players was shot in the leg by an opponent. The latter claims that he never heard the whistle blow.

Dr. EUGENE FISK, President of the Life Extension Institute, promises by scientific means to prolong human life

his Livery has resolved to drink no champagne at its feasts. Meanwhile other predictions as to the end of the world should be treated with reserve.

After the statement in court by Mr. Justice DARLING people contemplating marriage should book early for divorce if they want to avoid the rush.

"Why Marry?" says the title of a new play. While no valid reason appears to exist many declare that it is a small price to pay for the satisfaction of being divorced.

Three-fourths of the public only buy newspapers to read the advertisements, says a contemporary. It would be interesting to know what the others buy them for.

"Few people seem to realise," says a cinema gossip, "that Miss S. Eaden, the American film actress, is fond of tulips." We are ashamed to confess that we had not fully grasped this fact.

It appears that one newspaper has decided that May 24th shall be the opening date for ceasing to notice the cuckoo. Will correspondents please note?

"Things are unsettled in Ireland," says a gossip writer. We think people should be more careful what they say. Scandal like this might get about.

A certain golf club has petitioned the local Council for permission to play golf "in a modified form." Members who recently heard the Club Colonel playing out of the bunker at the seventh declare that no substantial modification is possible.

A new invention for motorists makes a buzzing sound when the petrol tank is getting low. This is nothing compared with the motor-taxes invented by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which make the motorist himself whistle.

In the opinion of a weekly paper no dog can stand the sound of bagpipes without setting up a howl. This only goes to prove, what we have always contended, that dogs are almost human.



Visitor. "WHY DOES YOUR SERVANT GO ABOUT THE HOUSE WITH HER HAT ON?"
Mistress. "OH, SHE'S A NEW GIRL. SHE ONLY CAME THIS MORNING, AND HASN'T YET MADE UP HER MIND WHETHER SHE'LL STAY."

for nineteen hundred years. If this is the doctor's idea of a promise we would rather not know what he would call a threat.

Wood for making pianos, says a weekly journal, is often kept for forty years. "And even this," writes "Jaded Parent," "is not half long enough."

With reference to the man who was seen laughing at Newport last week, it is only fair to point out that he was not a ratepayer, but was only visiting the place.

LARRY LEMON, says *The Sunday Express*, is considered to be better than CHARLIE CHAPLIN. As he is quite a young man, however, it is possible that he may yet grow out of it.

The Clerk of the oldest City Company writes to *The Times* to say that

THE LIBERAL BREACH.

(As viewed dispassionately by a
looker-on.)

WHEN dog with dog elects to fight
I take no hand in such disputes,
Knowing how hard they both would bite
Should I attempt to part the brutes.

So in the case of man and wife
My rooted habit it has been,
When they engage in privy strife,
Never to go and barge between.

Nor do I join the fighting front
When Liberal sections disagree,
One on the Coalition stunt
And one on that of Freedom (Wee).

Though tempted, when I see them tear
Each other's eyes, to say, "Be good!"
As an outsider I forbear,
Fearing to be misunderstood.

Fain would I use my gift of tact
And take a mediatorial line,
But shrewdly recognise the fact
That this is no affair of mine.

Yet may I venture to deplore
A great tradition cheaply prized,
And yonder, on the Elysian shore,
The ghost of GLADSTONE scandalised.

But most for him I mourn in vain
Whom Fate has dealt so poor a fist
(Recalling SHAKESPEARE's gloomy Dane,
That solid-fleshed soliloquist)—

O cursed spite that he was born
(As QUITH, I mean) to close the
breach

And save a party all forlorn
By mere rotundity of speech.

O. S.

A LIAR'S MASTERPIECE.

My friend Arthur's hobby is the stupendous. He conceives himself to be the direct successor of the mediæval travel-story merchants. War-tales, of course, are barred to him, for nothing is too improbable to have happened during the War, and all the best lies were used by professionals while Arthur was still serving. Once, however, in his career he has realised his ambition to be taken for a perfect liar, and that time he happened to be speaking the simple truth. I was his referee and he did it in this wise.

When ALLENBY was making his last great drive against the Turk, he was no doubt happy in the knowledge that Arthur and I were pushing East through Bulgaria to take his adversary in the rear. We pushed with speed and address, but just when it looked as if we should exchange the tactical for the practical we stopped and rusticated at the hamlet of Skeetablista, on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier.

Skeetablista was under the control of Marko and Stefan and an assorted following of Bulgar cut-throats. Although the mutual hatchet had been interred a bare three weeks we found ourselves among friends. Thomas Atkins was soon talking Bulgarian with ease and fluency, while his "so-called superiors," as the company Bolshevik put it, celebrated the occasion by an international dinner in Marko's quarters. The dinner consisted chiefly of rum (provided by us) and red pepper (provided by Marco and Stefan).

These latter were bright and eager youths from Sofia military academy, and while the rum and red pepper passed gaily round they talked the shop of their Bulgarian Sandhurst in a queer mixture of English and French. They made living figures for us of the KAISER, who had inspected them not long before, of FERDIE and of BORIS his son, and told moving tales of British gunfire from the wrong end. We countered with KITCHENER, LLOYD GEORGE and the British Navy, while outside in the night the Thracian wolves howled deservingly at both alike.

"I should like plenty to travel away and see the other countries," said Marko, rolling us cigarettes after dinner. "This is a good country, but *ennuyant*. 'Ow the wolfs make plenty *brouhaha* to-night, *hein*? Stefan, did you command the guard to conduct our frien's 'ome?'"

Stefan wagged his head from side to side in assent.

"Yes," continued Marko, "to see Italie, Paris, Londres. Particulierly Londres."

"I live in London," Arthur remarked.

"You live?" said Marko with interest.

"Tell me, 'ow great is Londres?"

"How great?" repeated Arthur, doubtful what kind of greatness was indicated, moral or material.

"*Oui*, 'ow great? From one side to the other side?"

"Oh, I see," replied Arthur, and took thought. "About twenty-five kilometres, I suppose."

"Twenty-five!" Marko's eyes rounded with astonishment. "*Écoute, Stefan; vingt-cinq kilomètres.*"

"But—but," demanded Stefan, "'ow many people is there?"

"About six millions," replied Arthur, swelling with pleasure. At last he had found his incredulous audience.

"But that is a nation! I do not know if there are so many in all Bulgarie," cried Marko. "'Ow do they travel? No droski could go so far—it is a day's march. But perhaps you 'ave tramway? In Sofia we 'ave tramway," he added, not without pride.

"There are trams, but most of the people travel in buses——"

"Bussesse?" interjected Stefan. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est, bussesse?*"

"Lorries—*camions*. Big automobiles containing many people. And there are also underground railways, railways under the ground in a tunnel. You know tunnels?"

"*Oui, galleria*. But a railway under a town—*mon Dieu!*" said Marko, appalled. "'Ow do the people descend to it?"

"In lifts—*ascenseurs*. From the street."

Stefan nodded assent. "I 'ave seen *ascenseurs* at Sofia," he said.

"In these tunnels," continued Arthur, visibly warming to his work, "trains go to all parts of the town every three minutes, and the cost is only twenty *statinki*. The streets above are paved with wood."

"With wood! *Kolossal!*" said Marko, forgetting our prejudice against Bosch idiom in his wonder at this crowning marvel.

To what lengths of veracity Arthur would have gone I never knew, for at that moment a trampling of feet and a hoarse command outside announced the arrival of our escort, and Marko, still in a sort of walking swoon of amazement, went out to give them their orders.

Stefan regarded us with twinkling eyes.

"Ah, *farceur!*" he remarked, shaking his finger waggishly at Arthur. "I know all the time you make the joke, but poor Marko, you 'ave deceived 'im *absolument*. Railway under the ground, streets of wood, 'e swallow it all. Oh, naughty *Baroutchik!*"

The wolves did not come near us and our escort on our way home, but they could have had Arthur for the taking. At the moment he had nothing left to live for.

"Johannesburg tramway men started a lightning strike on Thursday owing to the suspension of a conductor."—*Daily Paper*.

It seems a logical reason.

"Do not waste any time in entering for our 'Hidden' Geography Competition."

Daily Paper.

Thanks for the advice; we won't.

"LINACRE LECTURE.—Dr. Henry Head, F.R.L., 'Aspasia and Kindred Disorders of the Speech.'"—*Cambridge Calendar*.

Yet this is the lady who is supposed to have inspired the most famous of PERICLES' orations.

"Furnished Railway Carriage in Surrey garden to Let; 3 beds; company's water, gas-cooker, and light: 2gs. weekly."

Daily Paper.

Miss DAISY ASHFORD seems to have foreseen this development when she wrote of *Mr. Salteena's* "compartments."



THE RELUCTANT THRUSTER.

MR. ASQUITH (performing the function of a battering-ram). "I CONFESS THAT AT MY TIME OF LIFE I SHOULD HAVE PREFERRED A MORE SEDENTARY IF LESS HONORIFIC SPHERE OF USEFULNESS."



Profiteer (after trying a variety of patterns without success). "WELL, IT LOOKS PRETTY 'OPELESS WHEN THEY WON'T 'AVE A GOLD FLY. WHAT DO THEY EXPECT—DIAMONDS?"

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

(By our tireless Political Penetrator.)

For some time past, I understand, the Government has been considering steps to bring the personalities of Cabinet Ministers more prominently into the public eye. "We are not sufficiently known," said Sir WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, who has the matter in hand, "as living palpitating figures to the man in the street. We do not grip the nation's heart. We lack pep."

I told him that it was a pity about pep. I felt that the Government ought to have pep. and plenty of it. If possible they ought to have vineg. and must. too.

"You are right," he said. "Occasional paragraphs in the Press, snapshots which take us very likely with one leg stuck out in front as if we were doing the goose-step, rare provincial excursions and bouquets from admiring mill-girls are all very well in their way, but they are nothing to constant personal appearances at stated times and in stated places before an admiring mob. The heroes of sport are overshadowing us,"

he continued with a sigh, pushing me over a box of cigars.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked, lighting one and putting another carefully behind my ear.

"You must remember first," he replied, "that this is quite a modern difficulty. Statesmen of the past used to make their leisurely progress through the town surrounded by retainers on horseback, or in sedan-chairs, beautifully dressed and scattering largesse as they went. THOMAS À BECKET, the great Primate and Chancellor, used to have poor men to dine with him and crowds thronging round to bless him. To-day, I suppose, JOE BECKETT in his flowered dressing-gown would be a more popular figure than Lord BIRKENHEAD and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, if you can imagine them rolled into one. In CHARLES II.'s reign, when politicians used to play *pêlé-mêle* where the great Clubs are now, anyone could rub shoulders with my lord of BUCKINGHAM and, if he was lucky, get a swipe across the shins with the ducal mallet itself. That is the kind of thing we want now.

"I had thoughts of running popular

excursions down to Walton Heath, but I am not sure that the people would care to go so far even to see Sir ERIC GEDDES carrying the home green and Lord RIDDELL—the Riddell of the sands, as we call him affectionately down there—getting out of a difficult bunker. So I am trying to arrange for a few putting greens in railed-off spaces in St. James's Park near the pelicans, and we also propose to hold there on fine summer days the breakfast parties for which the PRIME MINISTER is so famous. We shall make a point of throwing not only crumbs to the birds, but slices of bread and marmalade to the more indigent spectators. We shall also try to get two or three open squash racket courts in Whitehall, so that on hot summer days the most carping critic who watches a rally between Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR will have to admit that we are doing our utmost to eliminate waste-products."

"But what about the clothes and the stately progress and the largesse?" I asked; the largesse idea had struck me with particular force.



Farmer. "DEAR ME! C-CAN I DO ANYTHING?"

Airman. "THANKS, BUT REALLY I THINK I'VE DONE ALL THERE IS TO BE DONE."

"We are thinking of goat carriages and overalls for economy," he said, "and the largesse cannot, I am afraid, be allowed for in the Treasury Estimates. But we shall certainly scatter a handful or two of O.B.E.'s as we go."

"And how will you deal with the country and the outer suburbs?" I asked when my admiration had partially subsided.

"Ah, there you have the Cinema," replied Sir WILLIAM enthusiastically. "We are going to make great strides with the Cinema. Our first film, which is now in preparation, deals with the Leamington episode and has been very carefully staged. It has been necessary, of course, in the interests of art to elaborate the actual incidents to a certain extent. Coalition Liberals, for instance, were obliged to board the train in the traditional manner of the screen, leaping on to it whilst in motion and climbing, some by way of the brakes and buffers, some along the roofs of the carriages, into their reserved compartment. Then again we could not reassemble the actual gather-

ing of Wee Frees to represent the enemy, but we secured the services of actors well trained in Wild West and "crook" parts, capably led by those two prominent comedians, Mr. Mutt and Mr. Jeff. The film ends, of course, with the second meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, when Messrs. Mutt and Jeff again appear as comic and objectionable interrupters, and are ignominiously hurled into the street.

"Very soon we hope to have all important Parliamentary debates filmed. It will be essential, of course, to provide some comic relief, and we are relying confidently on certain Members to practise the wearing of mobile monstaches and to take lessons in the stagger, the butter slide, the business with the cane and the quick reversal of the hat."

"In short you think politics should be more spectacular?"

"That's it," he said. "HOBBS the mammoth hitter and a little less of the Leviathan."

Greatly impressed I bit off the end of his second cigar and went back to the office to look up Leviathan. V.

An Optimist.

"The pastor of the — Congregational Church has been ordered by his medical adviser to take a rest. The rev. gentleman is therefore spending a fortnight's holiday in Ireland."—*Provincial Paper*.

"During the period of waiting before the bridal party appeared, the organist played Wagner's 'Bridal Chorus,' and 'Cradle Song' (Guilman)."—*West Country Paper*.

The organist seems to have been rather a forward fellow.

With the Polo-season imminent we feel that we must not withhold from intending players the admirable and disinterested advice given in an Indian Trade circular:—

"The skill of a polo player lies in his well management of horse in the turmoil of Play. Ill-weighted Pole sticks make the situation worse if the horse is not so kept.

We try our best to construct Polo sticks in such a way as may help the player in the blur of game and put him in a more progressing mood.

Make a real pleasure of your game and not labour as other sticks than ours would tend to make it. A fond player would like to give anything for a good stick."

HOME-SICKNESS;

OR, THE SINN FEINER ABROAD.

(After "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," with sincere apologies to Mr. W. B. YEATS.)

I WILL arise and go now to Galway or Tralee
And burgle someone's house there and plan a moonlight
raid;

Ten live rounds will I have there to shoot at the R.I.C.
And wear a mask in the bomb-loud glade.

And I shall have great fun there, for fun comes fairly fast,
Bonfires in the purple heather and the barracks burning
fine,

There midnight is a shindy and the noon is overcast
And evening full of the feet of kine.

I will arise and go now, for always in my sleep
There comes the sound of rifles and low moans on the
shore;

I see the sudden ambush and hear the widows weep,
And I like that kind of war. EVOE.

AURAL TUITION.

THE only other occupant of the carriage was a well dressed man of middle age, clad in English clothes, but from many slight signs palpably a foreigner of some sort.

Soon after the train started I noticed that his mouth and throat were twitching and I surmised that he was about to speak. But speech is no term in which to describe the queer animal, vegetable and mineral sounds which issued from him. First his mouth opened slightly and he seemed about to sneeze. Next I was conscious of a scraping noise in his throat, accompanied by a slight ticking. It appeared that he was going to have a fit and I regretted that we were alone. The noise grew louder, took on speed and rose in a crescendo almost to a screech. Then a few more scrapes, as of a pencil on a slate, and I began to detect that he was speaking. His lips did not move, so that his voice had a curiously distant sound. Nevertheless the words were clearly audible.

The following is what he said in a low, metallic monotone: "Good morning, Sir. I am very pleased to meet you. Can you tell me what o'clock it is? I am much obliged. I wish to descend at Manchester. At what hour do we arrive there? There are few passengers to-day. The weather is fine. I beg your pardon if I do not make myself clear. I do not speak English perfectly as yet. No doubt I have need of much practice. Can I send a telegram from the next station? Is there a good hotel at Manchester? Will you do me the favour—"

"Stop," I cried, after having several times opened my mouth to answer one or other of his questions.

As soon as I spoke the words ended with a sudden click; the voice descended and became a scrape; at last silence.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I shall be happy to give you any information I can if you will ask one question at a time. You evidently speak English very well indeed."

His face lighted with approval of the compliment and then the whole performance began over again. Once more the wheeze, the scrape, the screech, the tick and all the rest of it. I became terrified at these painful impediments in his speech.

I remembered that somebody had once told me what to do on such occasions. It was either to throw the patient upon his back and move his arms up and down in a travesty of rowing or to slap him violently on the back. Seeing that the stranger was several times larger than myself I chose with diffidence the latter course. Rising to

my feet I turned him round and thumped his back vigorously. He received the treatment with amiable smiles. Next he produced from his pocket a booklet, which he handed to me with a polite bow, desisting entirely from his menagerie noises.

I am of a nervous temperament and needed some minutes' rest in which to collect myself. Then I began to examine the stranger's gift.

It was a well-printed pamphlet, obviously an advertisement:—

"HOW TO LEARN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

The One Truly Scientific Method.

The only way to acquire the real accent of the native is to listen repeatedly to the language spoken by a native. With our phonograph No. 0034 and a selection of suitable records the student may listen for as many hours daily as he chooses to the voice of a native speaking his own language."

Lower down I saw: "Contents of Records. No. 1, At the Hotel; No. 2, At the Railway Station; No. 3, In the Train." Ah! there it was—the whole monologue:—

"Good morning, Sir. I am very pleased to meet you. Can you tell me —?"

The explanation relieved me; I turned to my fellow-traveller.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I congratulate you on being the perfect pupil. Your teacher, could it feel such emotions, would be proud of you. Only to an exceptional student can it be given so faithfully to reproduce "His Master's Voice."

FIGURE-HEADS.

"You never see a decent figure-head,
Not now," Bill said;

"A fiddlin' bit o' scrollwork at the bow,
That's the most now;

But Lord! I've seen some beauties, more'n a few,
An' some rare rum uns too.

"Folks in all sorts o' queer old-fashioned rigs,
Fellers in wigs,
Chaps in cocked 'ats an' 'elmets, lords an' dukes.
Folks out o' books,
Niggers in turbans, mandarins an' Moors,
And 'eathen gods by scores;

"An' women in all kinds o' fancy dresses—
Queens an' princesses,
Witches on broomsticks too, an' spankin' girls
With streamin' curls,
An' dragons an' sea serpents—Lord knows what
I've seen an' what I've not!

"An' some 's in breakers' yards now, thick with grime
And weathered white wi' time;
An' some stuck up in gardens 'ere an' there
With plants for 'air;
An' no one left as knows but chaps like me
How fine wi' paint an' gold they used to be
In them old days at sea." C. F. S.

"Bag and Baggage."

"According to present arrangements the Turkish Peace Treaty will be presented to the Turkish delegation on May 11 at 4 p.m. in the Cloak Room of the French Foreign Office."—*Times*.

These ceremonies are usually conducted in the Salon de l'Horloge, but the new venue was doubtless thought more appropriate for disposing of the Turkish impedimenta.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE STRIKE AGAINST THE PRICE OF CLOTHES IS SPREADING.

[*Fashion Note.*—Lady Germanda Speedwell was seen walking in the Park looking sweet in a rhubarb-leaf hat, the stalk worn at the side. Her corsage was of clinging ivy leaves, in contrast to the fuller effect of her banana-skin skirt. Her companion wore the usual morning-coat and kilt of grass, but struck a new note with a pumpkin hat.]

THE MAKING OF A CRISIS.

[We are privileged to-day to publish an unwritten chapter from Mr. H. G. WELLS' *History of the World*. It is entitled "The Slime Age," and has a topical interest since it outlines the methods of production of the Crisis, the only article of which the supply to-day exceeds the demand.]

OUT of all this muddle and confusion and slipshod thinking there arose one man with a purpose, one man who fixed his eyes on a single inevitable goal and walked straight at it, not minding what or whom he trod upon on the way. His purpose was the mass-production of crises, and he created crises as rabbits create their young, nine at a time. In those fuddled incompetent days before the Great War the crisis was a little-known phenomenon. Here and there in the drab routine of peaceful corpulent years there flashed in the prosperous firmament the baleful light of a great anxiety. Agadir was one; CARSON and his gun-runners was another. But they were few; they came like rare comets and were forgotten.

Then in the Great War a new habit was born in the minds of the people, the habit of crises. Even then at first they came decently, in ordered succession—Mons, Ypres, the Coalition, Gallipoli. But the people's craving was insatiable; the people cried for more crises.

Then this man stood up and said to the people, "I will give you crises."

And he did. Instead of a casual crisis here and there, to every year a crisis or two, he gave them a crisis every month, every week, every day, and still they were not satisfied. And so, at last, out of all the muddle and waste and pettifogging stupidity this man created crises as men create matches, by the gross. And this was how he created them:—

Extract from "The Slime," April 3rd, a paragraph in the Foreign Intelligence:—

"BOBADIG, April 1st.

"A party of French mules, passing to their quarters in the vilayet of Arimabug, were to-day attacked by an Australian sheep on the staff of the British Military Mission. It is feared that many of the mules were injured. Feeling runs high among the peasantry, incensed already by the failure of the British Government to provide mosquito-nets for the sacred goats."

Extract from a leading article in "The Slime," April 6th, on Land Tenure in Wales:—

"... Parliament to-day will be occupied with the preposterous Budget proposals, but we hope our legislators will find time to press the PRIME MINISTER for an explanation of the outrageous incident at Bobadig reported in our columns last week. There is only too good reason to fear that the policy of alternate violence and inertia, against which we have so often protested, has at last inflamed the law-abiding animals of Bobadig..."

From "The Slime" Special Correspondent:—

BOBADIG, April 8th.

"Since my last message (much mutilated by the Censor) events have moved rapidly. Two of the mules have died

of Arimabug has been dangerously inflamed by the obtuse procrastination of the British Government. These unfortunate mules. . ."

"SCRATCHIPOL, April 10th.

"Communications with Bobadig have broken down, but it is reported that a mule was buried there on Sunday in circumstances of great popular excitement. A large crowd followed the body to the cemetery and made a demonstration after the ceremony outside the house of the local veterinary surgeon, who is alleged to have treated the animal for mumps instead of sheep-shock, with fatal results."

From "The Slime," April 14th.

"GRAVE CRISIS.

ARMENIAN ANGER.

THE MURDERED MULES.

"As we feared, a serious crisis has arisen in Anglo-Armenian relations. At Bobadig a third mule has perished and his interment was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration against the policy of Great Britain. In diplomatic circles no one is attempting to conceal that the situation is extremely grave. The PRIME MINISTER has returned to Downing Street from Le Touquet. Shortly after his arrival the Armenian Minister drove up in a motor-cab and was closeted with the PREMIER for a full ten minutes. After lunch, Lord



TRUE POLITENESS.

'Party in Check Cap. "WILL YOU HAVE MY PLACE, SIR?"

of their injuries in hospital; three others lie in a dangerous condition at Umwidi, four miles away, where they fled for refuge from the wanton onslaught of the Australian sheep. This sheep, it now transpires, was the personal attendant of General Riddlecombe, Head of the Military Mission, a circumstance which is not calculated to allay the local animosity which the incident has aroused. The situation will require all the tact that the British Government can command."

Extract from the Special Crisis Column of "The Slime," April 11th:—

"ANGLO-ARMENIAN RELATIONS.
GRAVE WARNING.

"In a telegram which we print in another column our Special Correspondent in Armenia confirms to-day the serious fears to which we gave expression in our issue of April 6th concerning the possibility of a crisis in Anglo-Armenian relations. The incident of the Bobadig mules is already bearing fruit, and we can no longer doubt that popular feeling in the vilayet

Wurzel arrived in his brougham. At tea-time the Minister of Mutton-Control dashed up in a 24 'bus, followed rapidly by the Secretary of State for War on his scooter. Mr. Burble wore an anxious look. . ."

Extract from a leading article in "The Slime," April 16th:—

"SPIT IT OUT.

"We trust it is not already too late to appeal to the Government to extricate the Empire from the perilous position in which their wilful stupidity has placed it. The news from Bobadig is exceedingly serious. Another of the affronted mules has perished in circumstances of the foulest indignity; it only remains for the other two to die for the triumph of British statesmanship to be complete. These wretched creatures are being slowly sacrificed for the foolish whim of a British Prime Minister. No doubt remains that they have been subjected to sheep-shock by the savage bites of the Australian animal. The Government, blinded by



House-hunter (after another fruitless day). "WHAT ABOUT TAKING THIS? WE COULD AT LEAST HANG OUR PICTURES."

its own infatuate folly and deaf to the storms of popular indignation in this country, continues to treat them for mumps. . . . By this test the Government will be judged at the forthcoming election. They must realise that the time for trifling is past. If the resources of the British Empire are unable at this date to combat the menace of sheep-shock among the loyal mules of Bobadig, then indeed. . . . At least we are entitled to ask for an explanation of the presence of an infuriated sheep on the staff of a British General. THE PRIME MINISTER. . . ."

From "The Slime," April 17th.

"AT LAST.

The situation in Bobadig is easing rapidly. The Government has at last carried out the instructions of *The Slime*, and we understand that a Ministerial expert in sheep-shock has been sent to the assistance of the surviving mules. But while we may congratulate ourselves on the lifting of the clouds in that direction matters in West Ham give ground for the gravest anxiety. The wood-lice of West Ham are pro-

verbially of an irritable nature, and the attitude of the Government has been calculated for some time to inflame. . . ."

From "The Slime," April 19th.

"BOBADIG CRISIS OVER.

PREMIER YIELDS.

We are glad to report. . . ."

From "The Slime," April 20th.

"WEST HAM CRISIS BEGINS.

WOOD LICE IN REVOLT.

GRAVE WARNING.

Once again we must warn the Government. . . ."

And so on.

A. P. H.

"Three swift fierce rounds between Beckett and Wells and the 18,000 spectators at Olympia last night witnessed the close of yet another great ring drama."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Beckett. . . bowed more by instinct than of set purpose to the shouting, over-wrought people who from the floor of Olympia shot up to the ceiling."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We had no idea until we read those paragraphs that the spectators took such an active part in the proceedings.

THE FAIRY BALL.

"I AM asked to the ball to night, to-night;

What shall I wear, for I must look right?"

"Search in the fields for a lady's-smock;
Where could you find you a prettier frock?"

"I am asked to the ball to night, to-night;

What shall I do for my jewels bright?"

"Trouble you not for a brooch or a ring,

A daisy-chain is the properest thing."

"I am asked to the ball to night, to-night;

What shall I do if I shake with fright?"

"When you are there you will understand

That no one is frightened in Fairyland."

R. F.

"WIT AND HUMOUR.

Ashton and District Undertakers' Association have advanced the prices of hearse and carriages for funerals."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

If this is the kind of humour that appeals to our contemporary it should alter the heading to "Grave and Gay."



THE LUXURIES OF THE RICH.

Club Member (owner of thirty thousand acre estate). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS—I MUST REALLY GET MY HAIR CUT. DASH IT, I'VE GOT THE MONEY."

COMMUNISM AT CAMBRIDGE.

[Bolshevism and Communism claim many adherents among the young intellectuals at our ancient Universities.—*Vide Press.*]

I AM a Socialist, a Syndicalist, an Anarchist, a Bolshevist—whatever you like to call me; if you wish to be precise, an International Communist.

Anyhow, as such I am opposed tooth-and-nail to the iniquity of the existing Competitive System. It is my intention to devote my life to its eradication, in whatever form it may be disguised, and to inaugurate an era of loving-kindness, peace, leisure and plenty, similar to that now enjoyed by the people of Russia.

But my duties do not lie only in the distant future; they are here, in the present, facing me in the University. For never, I think, was the unclean thing, Competition, so prevalent and unabashed as at Cambridge to-day.

Both in work and in sport is the evil rampant. Take as an example the reactionary custom of dividing the Tripos Honours List into three classes. Can you imagine anything more inductive to competition? Worse, it is a direct invitation to the worker—often, I am

proud to say, unheeded—to exceed the one-hour-day for which we Communists are striving.

Even more deplorable is the competitive spirit in sport; more deplorable because more insidious. Even those whom we are wont to regard as our comrades and leaders are not always proof against the canker in this guise. I remember paying a visit to Fenner's, that fair field corrupted by competition, to raise my protest against inter-collegiate sports. To my indescribable grief and amazement I beheld one whom I had always followed and revered—a man of mighty voice oft lifted in debate—preparing to compete (mark the word) in a Three-Mile Race. "Stay, comrade," I cried. "He heeded me not; moreover, it certainly appeared to me that he attempted—thank God, unsuccessfully—to win the race. Maybe I go too far in ascribing to him this desire to come in first, with a resultant triumph over his fellows; but was not his very entrance a countenancing of evil? Had he considered the feelings of bitter enmity inspired in the many who toiled behind him? And the encouragement to College rivalry!

—a rivalry in no way differing from that between nations, save that College distinctions are, of course, less artificial.

It becomes obvious, I think, to every unprejudiced observer that most of the games now unfortunately so popular at the University—rowing, cricket, football and the like—*must go*. But let it not be assumed that the Communist is averse from recreation properly conducted; far from it. There is no possible objection to diabolio or top-spinning, for instance, and, though competitive marbles must not be played (whether on the Senate House steps or elsewhere), solitaire may be permitted as in no way provoking the deplorable spirit of rivalry.

Of other games the Communist will discard bridge, billiards and "general post"; and even "hunt-the-slipper" and "hide-and-seek" are not altogether free from the competitive taint. But an excellent game is open to him in "patience," while there is no pastime more indicative of the true Communist spirit than "ring-a-ring o' roses," so long as proper care be taken that at the last "tishu" all the players collapse simultaneously.



HOMAGE FROM THE BRAVE.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (to Member of the Royal Irish Constabulary). "WELL, MATE, I HAD TO STICK IT AGAINST A PRETTY DIRTY FIGHTER, BUT THANK GOD I NEVER HAD A JOB QUITE LIKE YOURS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 10th.—But for the presence of a handful of Irish Peers and of Sir EDWARD CLARKE (looking little older than when he pulverised GLADSTONE's second Home Rule scheme in 1893) you would never have thought that this was the first day in Committee of the Bill "for the better government of Ireland." The Ulstermen were on duty in full force, but the bench on which the Nationalists are wont to sit was, like their beloved country, "swarming with absentees."

LORD HUGH CECIL, like *Harlequin*, smote everyone impartially, one of his most telling strokes being the remark that the PRIME MINISTER could not distinguish between the art of winning an election and the art of governing a country; but otherwise his performance was about on a par with that of Mr. JACK JONES, who spoke against the Amendment and voted for it. Mr. BONAR LAW's declaration that the Bill, however unacceptable to Ireland at the moment, furnished the only hope of ultimate settlement, coupled with the Ulster leader's promise that, much as he loathed the idea of a separate Parliament, he would work it for all he was worth, carried the day. Mr. ASQUITH's Amendment was knocked out by 259 to 55.

In subsequent Amendments other Members attempted to emphasise the idea of ultimate union by calling the

statutory bodies "Councils" instead of "Parliaments," and by setting up a single Senate to control them both. But they did not meet with acceptance. Captain ELLIOTT thought the first as absurd as the idea that you could make two dogs agree by chaining them to-

gether, and the lion, and gallant Member does repeat it I shall not allow it to appear on the Notice-paper."

Another hon. Member wanted to know why, if we were not helping the Poles, we kept a British mission at Warsaw. "Among other things," replied Mr.

CHURCHILL, "to enable me to answer questions put to me here." A third sought information regarding the expenditure of the Secret Service money, and was duly snubbed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with the reply that if he answered the question the Service would cease to be secret.

The rejection of the Finance Bill was moved by Mr. BOTTOMLEY. In his view the CHANCELLOR was making a great mistake in trying to pay off debt, especially if it meant the taxation of such harmless luxuries as champagne and cigars. "Let posterity pay," was his motto. Still, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was determined to persist in his foolish course, let him give him (Mr. BOTTOMLEY) a free hand and he would guarantee to raise a thousand millions in a month. The best comment on this oration was

furnished by Mr. BARNES, who strongly advocated a tax upon advertisements.

Wednesday, May 12th.—The prevalent notion that the only road a Scotsman cares about is that which leads to England cannot be maintained in face of Lord BALFOUR's vigorous indictment of the Ministry of Transport for its neglect of the highways in his native Clackmannan. The Duke of SUTHER-



HARLEQUIN'S OFFENSIVE.
LORD HUGH CECIL.

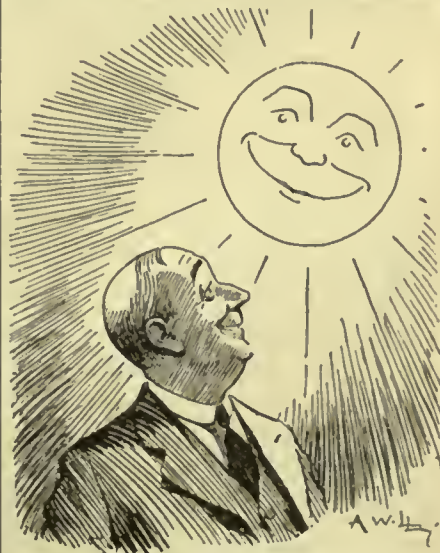
gether, and Mr. LONG dismissed the second with the remark (which shows how rapidly his political education has advanced since the Parliament Act) that he was in great doubt as to whether a Second Chamber was in itself a protection for minorities.

Tuesday, May 11th.—LORD LONDON-DERRY moved the second reading of the Air Navigation Bill. An important part of the Bill relates to trespass or nuisance by aeroplanes. The rights of the property-owner *usque ad cælum* will obviously have to be considerably modified if commercial aviation is to be possible; but Lord MONTAGU entered a caveat against accepting the provisions of the Bill in this regard without close examination. Constant flying over a man's house or property might, as he said, constitute a serious nuisance. Imagine an "air-drummer," if one may so call him, hovering over a Royal garden-party and showering down leaflets on the distinguished guests.

The little coterie that is so nervously anxious lest this country should do anything to assist the Poles in their attacks on the Bolsheviks was particularly active this afternoon. Even the SPEAKER's large tolerance is beginning to give out. One of the gang announced his intention of repeating a question already answered. "And I give notice," said Mr. LOWTHER, "that



A PROTESTING CONVERT.
SIR EDWARD CARSON.



"SUMER IS Y-CUMEN IN."
SIR ROBERT HORNE WELCOMES A USEFUL ALLY.



Sergeant, "'Old yer 'eads up! ALL THE FAG ENDS WAS PICKED UP LONG AFORE YOU — 'ERE, WHAT THE —?"

Old Soldier (who has produced a small note-book). "ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I'M ONLY KEEPING A RECORD OF THE 'FAG END' JOKE. I'VE NOW HEARD IT TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN TIMES."

LAND was equally eloquent about the deplorable state of the Highlands, where the people were not even allowed telephones to make up for their lack of transport facilities. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and there was real danger that the Highlanders would vote "Wee Free" at the next General Election. Appalled by this prospect, no doubt, Lord LYTON hastened to return a soft answer, from which we learned that three-quarters of a million had already been allocated to Scottish roads, and gathered that the dearest ambition of Sir ERIC GEDDES was to share the fame of the hero immortalised in the famous lines:—

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made
You would hold up your hands and bless
General WADE."

Only Mr. KIPLING could do full justice to the story of the abduction, pursuit and recapture—all within thirty-six hours—of an English lady at Peshawar. Even as officially narrated by Mr. MONTAGU it was sufficiently exciting.

The most curious and reassuring fact was that all the actors in the drama, abductors and rescuers alike, were Afridis. It is to be hoped that this versatile community includes a cinematograph operator, and that a film will, like the lady, shortly be "released."

The miners' representatives made an unselfish protest against the increase in the price of coal. Although it would justify them in demanding a further increase in their present inadequate wage they did not believe it was necessary or, at any rate, urgent. Sir ROBERT HORNE assured them that it was, and that the present moment—the season in happier days of "Lowest Summer Prices"—had been selected as the least inconvenient to the public.

Thursday, May 13th.—Ireland maintains its pre-eminence as the land of paradox. Among the hunger-strikers recently released from Mountjoy prison were (by an accident) several men who had actually been convicted. The House learned to its surprise that these men cannot be re-arrested, but are out for

good (their own, though possibly not the community's); whereas the untried (and possibly innocent) suspects may be re-arrested at any moment.

The new Profiteering Bill, which, to judge by the criticisms levelled against its exceptions and safeguards, will be about as effective as its predecessor, was read a third time. So was the Health Insurance Bill, but not until a few Independent Liberals, led by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, had been rebuked for their obstructive tactics by Mr. MYERS and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN of the Labour Party. As the small hours grew larger this split in the Progressive ranks developed into a yawning chasm, and the Government got a third Bill passed before the weary House adjourned at six o'clock.

"It has been arranged that the Speaker shall make the presentation of plate [to Miss BONAR LAW], and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith will take part."—Daily Chronicle.

It is hoped that they will leave a substantial portion for the bride.

A SMALL FARM.

To all of you who have begun to gaze pensively at railway posters, to furrow your brows over maps and guide-books, or hover sheepishly about the inquiry offices of Holiday Touring Agencies, I would whisper: "Go to a small farm and bask."

You will note that I say a *small* farm. A large farm has much that is pleasant and pungent about it, but to my mind you cannot bask properly on a large farm. You are too much in the way. The medley of barns, byres, styes, rods, poles and perches is a hive of restless energy. Unless you are walking about with a bucket or prodding something with a stick you feel you have no right to be there. On a large farm you are expected to accompany your host across a couple of ten-acre fields to look at his young wheat. Some people can tell what is the matter with a field of young wheat by merely leaning on a gate and glancing at it. Unless I can feel its pulse or take its temperature I cannot tell whether young wheat is suffering from whooping-cough or nasal catarrh. All I can do is to nod my head sagely and say that, considering the sort of Government we have got, it looks pretty flourishing. Then my host remarks that he has got a young bull in Bodger's Paddock (about three miles across country) that it will do my heart good to see. That is the worst of a large farm; anything you want is sure to be several fields away from you.

Now at the small farm which I recommend, but the address of which I am not going to give away, you may lie and bask by the duck pond and be quite in the picture. Further, if a sudden irresistible desire for something—a hoc or a cow, for example—should come over you, you have only to put out your hand and grab it. There is a compactness about the place. They do not put the cattle in odd fields five miles apart, but leave them to lounge round the duck pond or sit in the front garden, where they can be collected without effort. There are no energetic squads of farm-labourers; no bustling battalions of land-girls with motor-plough attachments. The outdoor staff is generally to be found sitting on a bucket by the duck pond rubbing at a bit of harness and looking decently rural. When he has rubbed the harness he stands up and looks at the young wheat. Then he turns round and glances at the mangel-wurzel field. If the appearance of it displeases him he reaches out for a rake and puts it right. Then he sits on the bucket again and has lunch.

When you go to bed at this farm you



Shopman. "ARE YOU SURE ONE WILL BE SUFFICIENT?"

Member of the New Plutocracy. "WELL, I'VE ONLY ONE NECK, AIN'T I?"

knock your head against the lintel of the sitting-room with a force corresponding to your height and vitality. Then you hit your head a second time when ascending the stairs and again on entering the bedroom. If you are a heavy breather you sweep the ceiling clear of flies and cobwebs while you sleep. At dawn, or possibly an hour or so before (for he is a nervously conscientious bird), the farm cock steps off the roof of the cow-shed on to your window-sill and bursts into enthusiastic admiration of himself and things in general. Some people of an egoistic and unimaginative temperament get up at once, in order that they may spend the rest of the day telling you how

much they enjoyed the sunrise and what a fool you were to miss it. The true basker, on the other hand, declines to be a party to a procedure which destroys the whole poetry of dawn and reduces the proud chanticleer to the sordid status of an alarm-clock. He simply pushes the bird off the window-sill with his foot, turns over and goes to sleep. And later on, when the sound of other people knocking their heads against various portions of the building arouses him, he goes to sleep again.

"COUNTRY JOINER Wanted."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

To work on the Channel Tunnel?

BRIDGING THE LITERARY GULF.

(Famous Publisher's Great Scheme of Reconciliation.)

HEARING on good authority that Mr. Blinkingham, the well-known publisher, was about to launch an enterprise of a magnitude only comparable with that of the *Eney. Brit.* or the *D.N.B.*, Mr. Punch hastened to headquarters for confirmation of the report, was graciously admitted to his presence and furnished with the following interesting details. Mr. Blinkingham, it may be mentioned, is at all points a finely equipped representative of his class, handsome, well-groomed and wearing his monocle with distinction. His sanctum is furnished with delightfully catholic taste—Louis Quinze furniture, a Japanese embossed wall-paper, pictures by BOTTICELLI and Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS and statuettes of PLATO, VOLTAIRE and Mr. WELLS (the Historian, not the Bombardier).

After some preliminary observations on the deplorable condition of the pulp industry, Mr. Blinkingham unfolded his colossal scheme. "By way of preface," remarked the great literary impresario, "let me call your attention to the momentous statement made by the Editor of *The Athenæum* in the issue of May 7th: 'We doubt whether there has ever been a generation of men of letters so startlingly uneducated as this, so little interested in the study of the great writers before them.' The Editor of *The Athenæum* takes a most gloomy view of the situation, which is fraught with an atmosphere of hostility and suspicion inimical to a revival of criticism. Yet he sees in such a revival the only way of salvation, the only means of healing the internecine feud which is now convulsing the young literary world.

"For my own part I am convinced that a better way is to lure back the modernists to a study of great writers by presenting them in a more palatable form, not by compressing or abridging them—for that has been tried before—but by having them re-written in conformity with present-day standards by eminent contemporary writers. This notion had been germinating in my head for some time past, but I did not see my way clear until I read the luminous and epoch-making remark of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, that he would sooner have written *Tom Jones* than any book published these two hundred years. In a moment, in a flash, my scheme took shape. 'He shall write it, or rather re-write it,' I said to myself, and I have already submitted to this eminent man of letters my rough *scenario* of the lines on which FIELDING's novel should be brought home to the Georgian mind. In reply he has made a counter-sug-

gestion that the characters should be rearranged on a Victorian basis, CHARLOTTE BRONTË replacing *Sophia*, THACKERAY Mr. *Allworthy*, while the title-role should be assigned to an enterprising publisher. But I am not without hope that he will adopt my plan.

"The revival of interest in the works of RICHARDSON, the other great eighteenth-century novelist, is, I think I may safely say, a foregone conclusion. Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON has enthusiastically welcomed the proposition that she should reconstruct the romances of her illustrious namesake, and confidently expects, on the basis of the method employed by her in *The Tunnel*, that she will be able to excavate at least a hundred volumes from the materials supplied in *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa Harlowe*.

"Nor shall we overlook the earlier masters. Professor CHAMBERLIN, whose thrilling lectures on QUEEN ELIZABETH and Lord LEICESTER have been the talk of the town for the last fortnight, has kindly undertaken to organise a new *variorum* version of the Plays of SHAKESPEARE, with the assistance of Mr. LOONEY, the writer of the recently-published and final work on the authorship of the plays. MILTON will be presented in both verse and prose, Mr. MASEFIELD having promised to re-write his epic in six-lined rhymed stanzas, shorn of Latinisms; while a famous novelist, who does not wish her name to appear at present, has consented to recast it in the form of a romance under the title of *The Miseries of Mephistopheles*.

"Returning to the eighteenth century, I am glad to be able to say that a brilliant reconstruction of POPE's *Dunciad* is promised by the SITWELL family, in which the milk-and-water school is held up to ridicule, with TENNYSON in the place of dishonour formerly occupied by THEOBALD. With a magnanimity that cannot be too highly commended, the staff of *The Times* has undertaken to adapt another forgotten work under the title of *Grey's Eulogy*, with special reference to the work of the League of Nations.

"I confess to feeling rather doubtful as to the possibility of reviving any interest in the works of SCOTT, DICKENS and THACKERAY. They are at once too near and too far. Still I hope to persuade Miss REBECCA WEST to try her hand at *Vanity Fair*. Then there is GEORGE ELIOT, another uncertain quantity, though perhaps something might be made of *The Mill on the Floss* if it were renamed *Tulliver's Travels*, and given an up-to-date industrial atmosphere by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. I have my eye on Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY as the man who could make a fine

modern version of *Tom Brown's School-days*. At the moment he is too busy with his *Life of Queen VICTORIA*, but I feel sure he will not lightly abandon so splendid an opportunity of unmasking the pedantry and pietism of Dr. ANNOLD and throwing the white light of truth on 'Rugby Chapel.'

BIRD CALLS.

III.

THE robin helps to brighten Winter days

And, if you listen carefully, he says,
"Oh please, oh please do leave some crumbs for me;"

It's greed, but still he says it cheerily.
The starling rolls his "r's" with unctuous joy

And, preening, wonders whom he may annoy,

Then imitates a hen, a water-fowl
And next the "Be quick" of a white barn-owl.

The heron has a fierce and yellow eye
And eats up all our fishes on the sly;
There seems to be but one he deigns to like,

For all I hear him say is simply "Pike."

Tree-creepers, like some busy brown field-mice,

Unwearying chase the furtive fat woodlice,

Then round the oak-tree's bole they slyly peep

And tell you what you thought you knew—"We creep."

This is the way the sparrow calls his mate;

He says it early and he says it late,
He says it softly, but he says it clear:
"Come unto me, come unto me, my dear."

Dress at the Curzon Wedding.

"Princess — wore a black hat, a cloak of tailless ermine, and a black and silver toque."
Daily Telegraph.

"Then came Mrs. — in a dull golf hat."
Daily Graphic.

As a protest, we suppose, against the other lady's extravagance in wearing a couple of hats.

"John —, a coloured man, was charged with using obscure language in Maria Street. The magistrates fined him 5s."—*Welsh Paper.*

Most unfair! Lots of men do the very same thing in Parliament and get paid four hundred pounds a year for it.

Heading from pp. 516, 517 of *Punch's* official rival, *The Telephone Directory*:

"SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD NOT ENGAGE ***** THE TELEPHONISTS IN CONVERSATION."

We should ourselves have placed the asterisks after the word "THE."

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



STUDY OF A CHILD, SOME GOATS AND A HORSE. THE HORSE IS FULL OF FIRE AND LOOKS AS IF HE HAD JUST SPRUNG FROM HIS ROCKERS.



"DOUBLE OR QUIT." A SPORTING OFFER BY A PROFITEERING LANDLORD.



Fair Rosamond. "OH, MY GOODNESS! IS THAT A DAGGER?" *Queen Elinor.* "QUITE RIGHT, BUT IT'S ONLY TO HEIGHTEN THE DRAMATIC EFFECT. I KNEW YOU WOULD PREFER POISON."



THE EXHAUSTED SITTER AND THE INEXORABLE ARTISTS.



PREHISTORIC PRIZE-FIGHTERS REMOVING A HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION AFTER HIS DEFEAT.



WINDOW-DRESSING IS NOW ONE OF THE FINE ARTS. A CHARMING GROUP OF WAX FIGURES MADE TO THE ORDER OF MESSRS. WHITERIDGE.



Excited Bather. "SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THESE ROCKS. ONE OF THEM IS TICKLING ME ON THE BACK!"

AT THE PLAY.

"WHY MARRY?"

THIS is a protracted discussion of a venerable topic and takes place in a sun-parlour, which I regret to say is the brightest thing about it.

John is a dollar-snob—it is John's parlour—and has two sisters, Jean and Helen. John is easily the heavy-weight champion in stage brothers. Sister Jean, who is entirely dependent on John, loves a poor man, but under John's guidance traps a rich one. Sister Helen (who has a job) also loves a poor man, but thinks marriage not good enough. This was, I imagine, due chiefly to living with John and Mrs. John. She may have got a touch of the sun-parlour. Her man is a terrific young scientist, who once with four colleagues deliberately let a dangerous Cuban mosquito nibble his arm. The colleagues died while Ernest survived, which I regretted. However he became demonstrator at the Institute of Bacteriology, with Helen as his assistant, and in the excitement of the imminent discovery of his new bacillus the two spend the night in the laboratory totally unchaperoned. The discovery saved thousands of American babes, but it ruined Helen's reputation.

Here the narrative becomes confused, but anyhow John, who was a trustee of the Institute, spent the three Acts in alternately sacking and reinstating Helen and Ernest, in thinking of a salary, doubling it, adding thousands of dollars to it and taking away the salary first thought of, together with the additions (and so *da capo*), according as he wished to prevent the marriage because of Ernest's poverty, or bring it off because of Ernest's disposition to take Helen to Paris (France) and dispense with empty rites, or postpone it to gain time, or, on the contrary, have it celebrated between the dressing and the dinner gongs in order to announce it to important members of the family, who, if I understood the butler aright, had already fallen on their food while host and hostess, two pairs of lovers, Uncle Everett and Cousin John were bickering in the sun-parlour.

Cousin Theodore, a guileless and dollarless clergyman, padded about on the outskirts of the discussion, making obvious remarks about the sanctity of marriage and enunciating the highest

principles, which he promptly swallowed. But it was Uncle Everett, the judge (the only human figure in the bunch), who grasped the fact (long after I did, but let that pass) that the two principal young egotists simply loved being talked over at such gross length. To put an end to the business he used a trick whereby, apparently according to the law of the unnamed State in which the parlour was situate, the two were legally married without intending it. They had the tact to accept this solution, and this softened my heart towards them for the first time.

It was amusing to see Mr. AUBREY SMITH wondering how on earth he had



"WHY MARRY?"

Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH (Uncle Everett). "DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?"

Miss HENRIETTA WATSON (Lucy). "THERE ARE A GOOD MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS PLAY THAT I WOULDN'T CARE TO HAVE TO ANSWER."

got into this play, and Mr. A. E. GEORGE prowling about the stage intent apparently on showing how many ways there are of uttering "Pshaw!" and "Tut-tut!" or noise to that effect. It isn't as easy as it ought to be to do justice to players playing impossible parts; to Miss HENRIETTA WATSON struggling pluckily and skilfully with her Mrs. John; or to Mr. COWLEY WRIGHT or Miss ROSA LYND, so perfectly appalling did Ernest and Helen seem to me and so anxious was I to get them off to Paris respectably or otherwise. They never, by the way, gave me the faintest impression that they could ever have done work of any value in their laboratory.

I have no idea what the moral of this modern mystery play may be, but I did gather that the authoress was seriously perplexed, not perhaps in any startlingly new way, about the diffi-

culties of marriage and the conventional hypocrisies that hedge round that honourable institution, but just forgot that serious argument cannot easily be conveyed through the medium of fantastically impossible and uninteresting people in an extravagantly farcical situation. The play was kindly received. T.

THE MADNESS OF THE MACNAMARA.

(From the Gaelic—with apologies to BON GAULTIER.)

WEEFREES swore a feud
Against the clan McGeorgy;
Marched to Leamington
To hold a pious orgy;
For they did resolve
To extirpate the vipers
With thirty stout M.P.s
And all the Northsquith
"pipers."

"Lads," said HOGGE and BENN
To their faithful scholars,
"We shall need to fight
To retain the dollars;
Here's MHIC-MAC-NAMARA
Coming with his henchmen,
HEWART, KELLAWAY
And several Front-Bench
men."

* * *
"Coot-tay to you, Sirs,"
Said MHIC-MAC-NAMARA
In a voice that reached
From Leamington to Tara;
"So you'd drum us out
To enjoy your plunder,
Adding to a crime
Suicidal blunder."

But the brave Weefrees,
Heedless of his hawling,
Drowned him with the storm
Of their caterwauling;
So MHIC-MAC-NAMARA

And the valiant KELLAWAY

Gave some warlike howls
And in haste got well away.

In this sorry style
Died ta Liberal Party,
Which in days of old
Had been strong and hearty;
This, good Mr. Punch,
Is ta true edition;
Here's your fery coot health
And—bless ta Coalition!

Another Impending Apology.

"We are glad to be able to state in reference to our Pastor that, though much improved in health, he is still unfit to resume his work amongst us."—*Congregational Magazine*.

"This should bring joy to the heart of every revolutionary Socialist."

The Workers' Dreadnought.

All the Socialists we have met answer to this description.



ADVENTURES OF A POST-WAR SPORTSMAN.

P.-W.S. (otter-hunting for the first time). "TIRED? COOKED TO A TURN! I WOULDN'T 'AVE COME SO FAR BUT ONE OF YOUR CHAPS TOLD ME YOU 'AD A STRONG DRAG UP THE RIVER AND I THOUGHT WE MIGHT ALL GO 'OME IN IT. AND NOW 'E SAYS IT'S ONLY A SMELL 'E MEANT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHOULD certainly call Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE our first living expositor of London in fiction. Indeed the precision with which, from his Italian home, he can recapture the aspect and atmosphere of London neighbourhoods is itself an astonishing feat. In *The Vanity Girl* (CASSELL) he has happily abandoned the rather breathless manner induced by the migratious *Sylvia Scarlett*, and returns to the West Kensington of *Sinister Street*, blended subsequently with that theatrical Bohemia in which *Jenny Pearl* danced her little tragedy. There is something (though by no means all) of the interest of *Carnival* in the new stage story; that the adventures of *Dorothy* lack the compelling charm of her predecessor is inevitable from the difference in temperament of the two heroines and the fact that Mr. MACKENZIE with all his art has been unable to rouse more than dispassionate interest in what is really a study of successful egotism. From the moment when, in the first chapter, we encounter *Dorothy* (whose real name was *Norah*) washing her hair at a window in Lonsdale Road, an eligible *cul-de-sac* ending in a railway line, beyond which a high rampart marked the reverse of the Earl's Court Exhibition panorama, to that final page on which we take leave of her as a widowed countess, sacrificing her future for the sake of an Earl's Court of a different genre, her career, sentimental, financial and matrimonial, is told with amazing vivacity but a rather conspicuous lack of emotional

appeal. It is perhaps an unequal book; in parts as good as the author's best, in others hurried and perfunctory. One of our more superior Reviews was lately debating Mr. MACKENZIE's command of the "memorable phrase." There are a score here that I should delight to quote, even if the setting is not always entirely worthy of them.

So long as "BERTA RUCK" will write for us such pretty books as *Sweethearts Unmet* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), we need never feel ourselves dependent on America for our supply of sugary novels. This home-grown variety is just as sweet, and really, I think, may be guaranteed not only harmless but positively beneficial. The authoress has evidently a tender pity for the young men and women whom our social conditions doom either to have no companions among their contemporaries or only the wrong ones. Her heroine represents the too-much-sheltered girl alone in an elderly circle, her hero the lonely young man who has no means of getting to know people of his own sort (I can't say class, because the authoress seems rather uncertain about that herself). Her story is written in alternate instalments by "the boy" and "the girl," a method which encourages intimacy in the telling as well as a sort of gushing attention to the reader not so pleasant. Miss NORA SCHLEGEL has drawn a pretty picture of *Julia* and *Jack* to adorn the wrapper, and I can assure everyone who cares to know it that they are just as nice as they look; *Jack's* passion for abbreviation ("rhodos" for rhododendrons) being the only ground of quarrel I have with them or their creator.

In *Passion* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. SHAW DESMOND desperately wants to say something terrific about love, money and power. His violence makes one feel that one is reading under a shower of brickbats, and it is the effort of dodging these which perhaps distracts the mind from his message. (Is he a Marinettist, I wonder?) There are not enough words in the language for him, so he invents fresh ones at will; while as for grammar and syntax he passionately throttled them in Chapter I.; nor did they recover. I will own that notwithstanding all this the author has a way of making you read on to find out what it is all about. You don't find out; but there, life's like that, isn't it? The author's ideas of the operations of high finance are ingenuous. The *Mandrill* (do I rightly guess this to be a portrait distorted from the life?), who is out to corner copper and "do down" the *Squid* (head of the opposing copper group), is, if you are to judge by his passionate exuberance at board meetings, about as likely to corner the green cheese in the moon. I imagine the author saying, "*Mandrills* mayn't be like that, but that's how I see 'em. It's my vision and mood that matter. Take it or leave it." Well, on the whole I should advise you to take it, first putting on a sort of mental tin hat. You'll at least have gathered that Mr. DESMOND is a lively writer.

Of a war-story reviewed in these pages some months ago I remember taking occasion to say that the author had damaged his effect by a too obvious wish to injure the reputation of a certain cavalry brigade (or words to that effect). Well, a book that I have just been reading, *The Squadron* (LANE), might in some sense be regarded as a counterblast to the former volume, since its writer, Major

ARDERN BEAMAN, D.S.O., has admittedly intended it as a vindication of the work of the cavalry in the Great War. I can say at once that the defence could scarcely have found a better advocate. Major BEAMAN (who, I think superfluously, figures in his own pages in the fictional character of Padre) has written one of the most interesting records that I have read of personal experience on the Western Front. Partly this is explained by his fortunate possession of a style at once sincere, sanely balanced and always engaging. Also his story, apart from the matter of it, reveals in the men of whom he writes (and incidentally in the writer himself) a combination of just those qualities that we like to call essentially British. Cavalrymen of course will read it with a special fervour; but I am mistaken if its genial temper does not disarm even so difficult a critic as the ex-infantry Lieutenant—than which I could hardly say more. In short, *The Squadron* is a belated war book in which the most weary of such matters may well recapture their interest.

Written in the last great ebb and flow of the War, when

the censorship still prevented anything like carping criticism of matters near the battle-front, *The Glory of the Coming* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) naturally resolves itself into a pæan of praise of the French and British armies in general and the American troops in particular, both white and black. Mr. IRVIN S. COBB brings good credentials to his task, for he saw the advance of the German army through Belgium in 1914, and in this book he describes the combined resistance to their last great effort before defeat. The accident, if we may so call it, to the Fifth Army has had nowhere a more eloquent apologist. "They were like ants; they were like flies," he says of the Germans; "they left their dead lying so thickly behind that finally the ground seemed as though it were covered with a grey carpet." There are interesting strictures in the later chapters on some of the quaint semi-official delegations and personages who persuaded the United States Government to let them come over and visit the War; and there are a number of quite good

yarns of the Yankee private, related in the Yankee style. But better than all the American stories I think I like that of the Bedfordshire soldier who, when asked by the writer to direct him to Blérincourt during the chaos of the great retreat, replied, "I am rather a stranger in these parts myself." Perhaps by the way I ought to make it quite clear that the title refers to the coming of the American troops, and that, although the line, "He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored," is also quoted in the prefatory stanza, there is nothing in the book about Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON.

I suppose the War did throw up a great number of worthy pomposities genuinely eager to serve their

country in some conspicuous and applauded way, and old Mr. Thompson; the principal figure in *Young Hearts* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), may be taken, on the authority of J. E. BUCKROSE, as an East Riding variant of the type. He had always some patent scheme for winning the War or improving the Peace, and no doubt deserved all the ragging he got, though I lost my zest in the matter before the author did. Mr. Thompson had two daughters: a minx (almost too minx-like for belief) and a never-told-her-love maiden of sterling worth. The latter marries the good-young-man-under-a-cloud (the cloud was, of course, a misapprehension or, alternatively, had a silver lining), though the minx shamelessly tried to "bag him," as she did every eligible male, the good sister tamely submitting under the impression apparently that the other was a perfect darling. I indeed seemed to be the only person who really understood what a little beast she was—and possibly the author, who finally allotted to her the beautiful unsatisfactory young man with the emotional tenor. Commended for easy seaside reading.

To RECALCITRANT HOUSE-OWNERS: Let and let live.



"[I hear of a seaside hotel whose proprietors have instructed their staff never to correct the pronunciation or use of a word by a guest. If it is necessary to use the same term in the conversation the guest's form of it is the one to be used; it saves a lot of irritation, if not actual humiliation."—*Daily News*.]

Waiter (with anticipative tact) to holiday customer. "ANY HORSE DOOVERS, SIR?"



Sportsman. "WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO THE FAVOURITE?"
The Jonah Man. "I PUT SOME MONEY ON HIM."

CHARIVARIA.

BOHEMIA has decided to have a Coalition Government. Several London morning papers are prepared to offer them one in good going condition, providing they pay cost of transit.

According to a contemporary, "rabbits are worth less when they are skinned by the shopkeeper." So is the customer.

"It is of greater advantage to know the Welsh language," says Professor Trow, "than to know French." That is, of course, if you wish to use it for defensive purposes.

Sir GORDON HEWART has declined to "make any attempt to consider what is to happen after the next election." The fact of the matter is that *The Daily Mail* itself has not yet decided.

It is reported that an opposition League of Nations is to be started among countries addicted to war. The League will take cognisance of all outbreaks of peace.

A peculiar incident is reported from a large town in the South of England. It appears that one day last week a bricklayer lost count of the number of bricks he had laid, with the result that a recount had to be made to enable him

to ascertain whether he had finished for the day or not.

The Post Office Workers' Union Conference at Morecambe declared last week that the Government was "without capacity, courage or principle." Apart from these defects they have no fault to find with it.

Sir JAGADIZ CHUNDER BOSE, lecturing at Westminster School, said that plants, like human beings, are sensitive to pain. Some of the war-time allotment marrows we heard so much of must have suffered badly from obesity.

Most actors, in the opinion of an official of the Actors' Association, are better off than they used to be. But what we want to see is an improvement when they are on.

American shipping circles deny the rumour that they are building a liner measuring thirteen hundred feet in length. We felt at the time that this vessel must have been a Canarder.

Although a heavy safe was bodily removed from a small house in Wolverhampton during the night, not one of the four persons sleeping in the next room was awakened by the burglars. Such thoughtfulness on the part of the intruders deserves the greatest credit.

"A single greenfly," declared a speaker at a meeting of the R.S.P.C.A., "may have fifteen thousand descendants in a week." This almost equals the record of the Chicago millionaire who recently died intestate.

A motor-cyclist who was thrown from his machine as a result of colliding with a car near Birmingham was asked by the occupants of the latter why he did not look where he was going. This in our opinion is a most difficult thing to do, as one's destination is so uncertain until the actual landing takes place.

On being sentenced to six months' imprisonment at a London Police Court last week a burglar threw his boot at the magistrate and used insulting language towards him. We understand that in future only law-abiding criminals will be allowed inside the court.

A Hackney boy has dug up a Queen Anne shilling. We understand that, on hearing the price of sugar, the shilling asked to be put back again.

The old gentleman who, after reading in the daily papers that all hairy caterpillars should be destroyed at sight on account of their destructive powers, tried to crush a Society lady's pet Pekinese in Hyde Park with his foot is now supposed to be short-sighted.

THE VIRTUE THAT BEGINS AWAY FROM HOME

(as illustrated by an American sample of missionary zeal).

In Europe's hour of darkest night
That daunts the faith of sage and seer
I long to share the morning light
Diffused in yonder hemisphere;
There all is joy and radiance (just
As when on Eden first the sun rose),
Thanks to the Power that holds in trust
That legacy of Colonel MONROE'S.

But out of those so haleyon skies
Chill blasts of disillusion blow
When I observe with pained surprise
The state of things in Mexico;
And "Why," I ask, "in Heaven's name,
Can't 'God's own country' (U.S.A.) go
And, by the right none else may claim,
Put it across the dirty Dago?"

Then I reflect: "'Tis not so strange;
Some virtues best begin at home,
But others, of superior range,
Prefer to start beyond the foam;
There are who mend the ills at hand,
But those whose aims are even bigger
Seek out a far and savage land
There to convert the godless nigger.

"This chance, no doubt, distracts the Yank
From sinners at his very door;
No local cure, he feels, can rank
With efforts on a distant shore;
His heart to Sinn Fein's gospel wed,
And by its beauty deeply bitten,
He sends his dollars forth to spread
The fear of hell in heathen Britain." O. S.

THE BEST PICTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

LET me see. I must have been battling my way through the Galleries step by step for an hour and three-quarters, and I haven't yet decided which is the best picture.

But then it's no easy matter to make up one's mind when there are so many, many pictures—and so many, many people. . . .

And some of them, I'm sorry to say, are not quite so considerate as they might be. For instance, I had nearly chosen Mr. CLAUSEN'S *Shepherd Boy: Sunrise*. I was imagining the hush, the solitude. Suddenly two inexorable hats were thrust between me and the canvas, while two inexorable voices carried on a detailed discussion about what Doris (whoever Doris may be) was wearing at the wedding yesterday.

It wasn't fair to me; and it wasn't fair to the *Shepherd Boy*. I know he hasn't got a face, poor fellow. But is that a reason for putting ideas into his head?

It seems to me the crush is fiercer than ever in front of the picture over there. Probably I shall find that to be the best of all; No. 274: Mr. J. J. SHANNON'S *Sir Oswald Stoll*. Ah, I see. These ladies are simply using the unfortunate gentleman as a looking-glass to tidy their hair in.

But oh, Sir OSWALD, do I really look as tired as all that? Yes, you're right; I am tired. I'll go and sit down.

Not a vacant seat anywhere. . . . Yes, there is—quick! At the far end of the Galleries. Now isn't it just like the *Supreme War Council* to have left that one chair empty for me at their table?

No, it's a trick! The artist knew I should never have the effrontery to sit there, right under the PRIME MINISTER'S nose. Very well, Mr. OLIVIER, exhausted though I am, I shall not vote for you either.

There's a dull pain all down my spine. My feet are like lead. Give it up? Never! I will not leave until I have found the masterpiece.

But I can stem the tide no longer. I surrender myself to the mob and let it bear me whither it wills. . . .

Where am I? Oh, the Architectural Room. Thronged this afternoon, like all the others. And yet, once upon a time, before I grew old and weary—heavens, how weary!—I remember this room with only one other person in it, and she—

Why, here! Right in front of me; No. 1235: *London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, Ltd.: Bridesbury branch*. That's it. That's the best picture in the Academy!

Not so much because of its chiaroscuro, not because of its romantic associations, but because, immediately opposite that branch-bank, there's a place where at last, at long, long last—ah!—I can sit down.

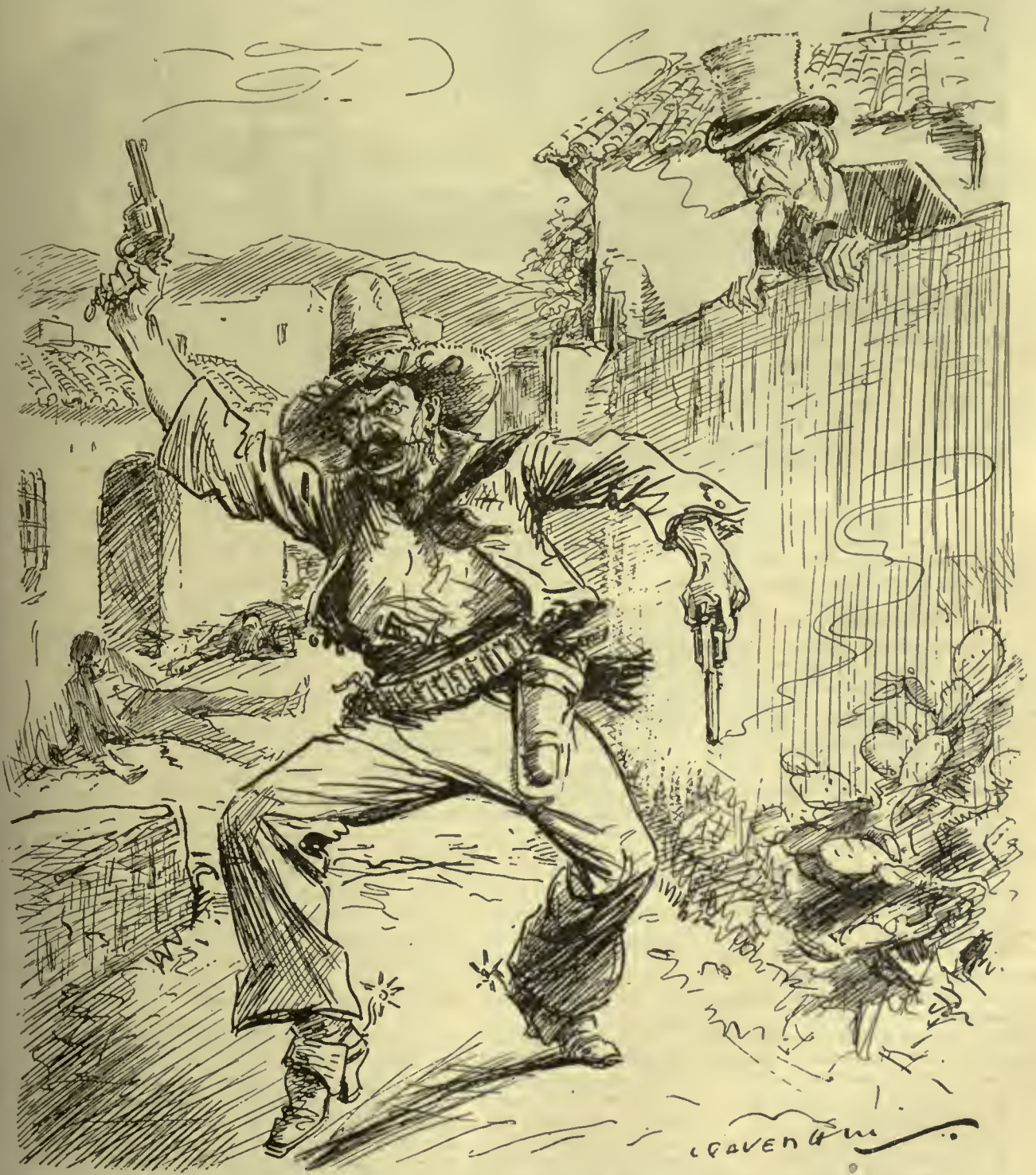
OPEN DIPLOMACY.

STUNG to the quick by the accusation of secrecy hurled at him by a portion of the Press in connection with the conference at Lympe, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has arranged with M. MILLERAND, we understand, to make the next encounter, on French soil, a vastly different affair. As a delicate compliment to the Welsh blood shared by the PRIME MINISTER and the greatest of our Tudor kings, and through the courtesy of Sir PHILIP Sassoon who has kindly promised to defray the whole of the expenses, the *mise en scène* will be arranged to resemble, almost to the minutest detail, the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The place of meeting will be between Ardres and Guisnes. Hundreds of skilful workmen, if they do not happen to be on strike, will be employed in erecting the pavilions that are to lodge the two statesmen, who will meet in open field, but not be allowed, either of them, to visit the camp of the other lest they be suspected of secret diplomacy. M. MILLERAND and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will first meet riding on horseback, and each wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as can possibly be put upon their backs. Mimic jousts and mock combats will be held. Lord DERBY, Lord RIDDELL and Mr. PHILIP KERR will all encounter chosen French champions. Six days will be given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broadsword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will wrestle with M. MILLERAND.

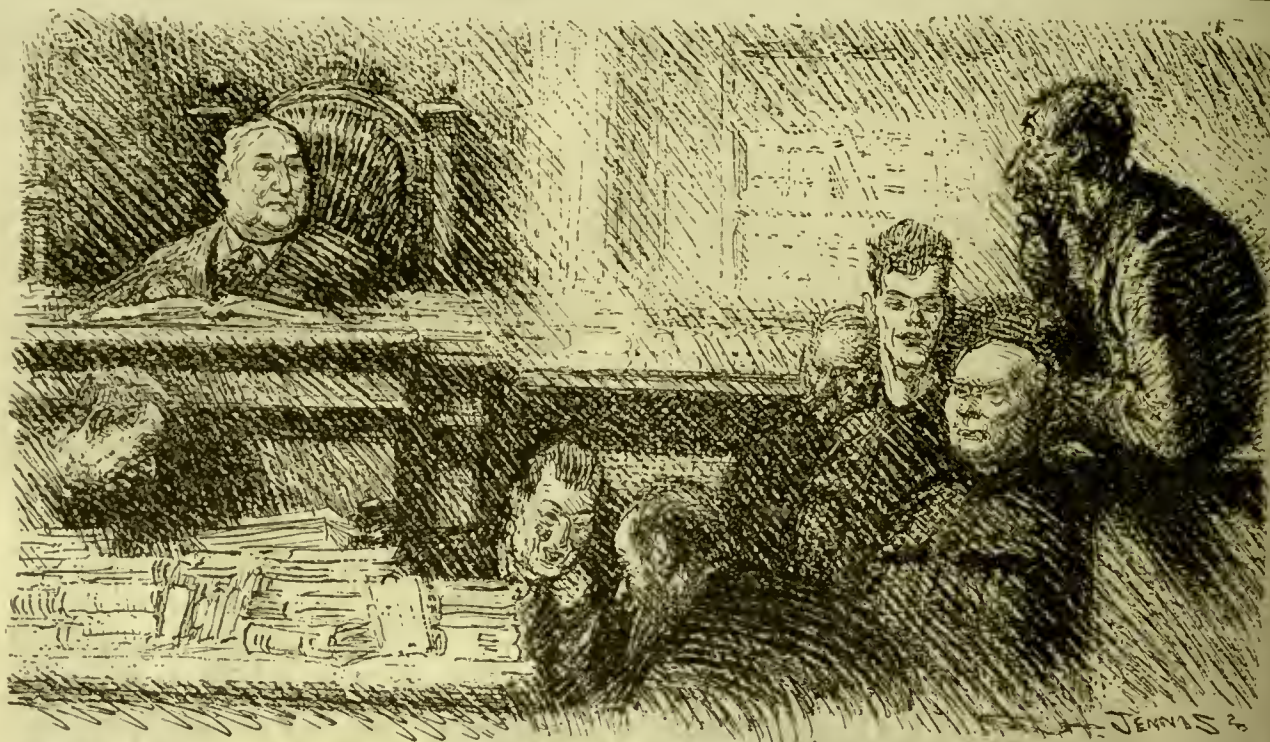
On the last day there will be a gorgeous masque, at which the PRIME MINISTER will appear accoutred as Hercules, wearing a shirt of silver damask, with a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves on his head, and in his hand a club with fourteen spikes. His Nemean lion skin will be of cloth of gold, and his buskins of the same material. Fountains of French wine will play in the British marquee. M. MILLERAND'S chief pavilion will have a magnificent dome, sustained by one huge mast, covered with cloth of gold and lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top outside a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. All the Press, but particularly those representing Lord NORTHCLIFFE'S papers, will be not only allowed, but entreated and cajoled, to go everywhere and see everything, to play about with the ropes of the tents and take snippets of cloth of gold for souvenirs.

Oh, how different from Lympe (pronounced "mph")!



HIS OWN BUSINESS.

UNCLE SAM. "IF I WEREN'T SO PREOCCUPIED WITH IRELAND I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO GIVE MYSELF A MANDATE FOR THIS."



Magistrate (to incorrigible vagrant on his thirteenth appearance). "I'M TIRED OF SEEING YOU, AND DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO SEND YOU TO GAOL OR THE WORKHOUSE."

Vagrant. "MAKE IT GAOL, MY LUD, AS THERE YOU DO GET A ROOM TO YERSELF, WHEREAS IN THE WORK'US YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOU RUB SHOULDERS WITH."

HAMPSTEAD.

The trouble about Hampstead is that it is so very much further from Kensington than Kensington is from it. Every day, I believe, there pass between Kensington and Hampstead telephone conversations something like this:—

Kensington. When are you coming to see us?

Hampstead. Why don't you come here instead?

Ken. It's such a fearfully long way.

Hamp. I like that. Do you know that a bus runs the whole way from here to Kensington?

Ken. I don't blame it. But I'm jolly sure it doesn't go back again.

Then Hampstead rings off in a rage and nothing is done about it.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING must surely have known of this regrettable estrangement or he would never have sung—

"North is North and West is West, and never the twain shall meet

Except in the Tube at Leicester Square or the corner of Oxford Street."

Anyhow you will find that people living in Hampstead tend more and more to regard themselves as dwellers in the mountains, and take defiantly to wearing plaid shawls and big hobnail brogues, and carry alpenstocks in the Underground with them. They acquire,

moreover, the keen steady gaze of those who live in constant communion with the silent hills, so different from the Oriental fatalism in the eyes of the Kensingtonite, which comes from the eternal contemplation of the posters of *Chu Chin Chow*.

It is possible, however, to visit Hampstead, if you are sufficiently venturesome, by bus, tube, tram or train. If you are very rich the best way is to take a taxi-cab as far as Chalk Farm, where London's milk supply is manufactured. You cannot go further than Chalk Farm by taxi-cab, because the driver will explain that he is afraid of turning giddy, having no head for heights. You have then the choice of two courses, either to purchase the cab outright and drive it yourself, or to finish your journey by the funicular railway.

Let us suppose that you have done the latter and emerged on the final peak which surmounts the Hampstead range. On your way upwards you will have been charmed by the number of picturesque houses which seem to have been thrown at the side of the hill and to have stuck there, and also by the luxuriant groves of cocoanut palms and orange and banana trees which the L.C.C. has thoughtfully planted to provide sustenance for London on its Whit-suntide Bank Holiday. It is indeed a pleasant thought that so many hard-

working people are able on this day to snatch a little leisure in the good old English fashion on the swings and roundabouts and forsake the weary routine of watching American films. These great crowds picnic also on the greensward, bringing their food in paper wrappers, so that a student of such matters can easily gauge the proportionate circulation of our principal morning dailies by taking a walk round Hampstead Heath early on Whit-Tuesday morning.

When you have reached the last summit you will find yourself confronted by a frowning Gothic pile known as Jack Straw's Castle, and a large flag-staff on which the flag is only flown when the castellan is in residence. There is also a pond where the inhabitants of Hampstead, both old and young, swim their dogs after sticks and float a great variety of boats. On fine mornings there is such a confusion of boats and sticks and barking dogs that, if you are lucky, you can come up with an Irish terrier and an ash plant and go down rather proudly with a Newfoundland and the latest model of *Shamrock XIV*.

Looking downwards from the top you will discern on the open slopes and twinkling amongst the vegetation a vast multitude of white poles. On Saturday afternoons, I believe, there

are more poles on Hampstead Heath than in the whole of Kieff. Each pole is attached to a boy scout, and it has been calculated that, if all the boy scouts in Hampstead were to set their poles end to end in a perfectly straight line from the flagstaff, pointing in a south-easterly direction, they would be properly told off by their scout-masters for behaving in such an idiotic manner.

Next perhaps in interest to the boy scouts, both because of their quaint mediæval costume and the long lances which they carry in their hands, are the rangers of Hampstead Heath. Feudal retainers of the L.C.C., they sally over and anon from their lairs with lances couched to spear up the pieces of paper which the people of London have left behind; and this paper-sticking is really the best sport to be enjoyed now on Hampstead Heath, unless one counts fishing for dace in the ponds, which I take to be the most contemplative recreation, except coal-mining, in the British Isles.

Amongst the very many famous people who either live or have lived at Hampstead may be mentioned Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, CONSTABLE, Lord BYRON, Lord LEVERHULME, JOHN MASEFIELD, JOE BECKETT, the younger PITT, Miss MARIE LLOYD, KEATS, Madame PAYLOVA, ROMNEY, CLAUDE DUVAL and RICHARD TURPIN, the last of whom, I believe, bequeathed his spurs to the borough in grateful memory of all that it had done for him. There are no highwaymen to be met at Hampstead Heath now, but the solicitor and house-agent of the man from whom I am trying to lease Number—— but there, perhaps I had better not go into that just now. I cannot however omit to say a few more words about KEATS, because the nation is trying to buy his house, although it has not yet been decided which of them is to live in it if they get it. In the garden of this house the poet is said to have written his celebrated "Ode to a Nightingale," and the nightingale may still be heard on Hampstead Heath in June. Presumably it is the same bird, and the lines,

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird;
No hungry generations tread thee down,"

must be taken as a remarkable instance of literary foresight, for crowds of people have for years been trying in vain to trample the brave bird down and have evidently been hungry, or they would never have left so much sandwich-paper about.

Oh, and there is yet one more notable resident of Hampstead, as you have doubtless just gathered, and that is myself, or will be if those accursed—— but another time, perhaps. EVOR.



J. H. DOWD-20

Conductor (to alighting passenger, who has rung the bell several times). "THAT'LL DO, MY BANANA QUEEN. ONE RING IS SUFFICIENT—NOT 'THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.'"

A PLEA TO THE EXCHEQUER.

Less gifted souls may seek an earthly mate;

Lonely for ever I am doomed to be,
For all my life to Art is dedicate;
Yea, Art for mine or (speaking English) me.

I've put away the commonplace delights

Of humbler folk to brood on things sublime;

Rapt and aloof I ever tread the heights,
Thinking great thoughts and getting words to rhyme.

Maidens have passed before me, but no bride

Among them all have I essayed to choose;

Sternly I've put the thought of love aside,

An austere poet "wedded to the Muse."

But now of one small guerdon I am fain
(A poet's solace for the love he lacks)—

That this may qualify me to attain
The married man's relief from income-tax.

Commercial Candour.

"AMAZING SHOE OFFER.

LAST SEVEN DAYS."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We know this kind of shoe.

"PARROT, splendid talker, South African grey, in perfect condition; good reason for selling; does not swear."—*Provincial Paper.*
Tastes differ, of course; but personally we should not call this a "good" reason.

THE TARTAR PRINCESS.

SHE was staying at a Finnish hydro near Helsingfors. I asked for her on the telephone and her old mother answered.

"Is it you, Monsieur Anatole? Fancy ringing up so early—twelve o'clock! Of course Tatiana is in bed. One can see you have been away from your native country a long time. We left Petersburg three months ago. Come and see us at a reasonable time—say three o'clock—and we'll tell you all about it."

My two years' sojourn in England had accustomed me to English ways. I had certainly committed an indiscretion in ringing up my former clients (I was their legal adviser in Petersburg) at such an unconscionable time.

I found Tatiana, in a smart black glacé gown, reclining on a sofa and smoking a cigarette in a dull sitting-room, surrounded by other Russian *émigrés*. She jumped up when she saw me.

"At last, Monsieur Anatole," she said. "You remember when you left Petersburg in 1918 I told you that you would be submarined, but here you are back again safely. I'm *so glad*." Her eyes shone and she held out her little white hand. "You have brought it with you?"

"What with me?"

"The soap, of course. Surely you remember. I asked you to buy me some Savon Idéal in Paris. It is the only kind that suits my skin."

"But I haven't been to Paris."

"You haven't brought my soap! Why haven't you been to Paris?"

"I have been to London."

She pouted. "Why stay in London instead of Paris? What silliness!"

"And how did you get here?" I asked.

"By sledge. It was terribly exciting and illegal, of course, and dangerous. Petersburg's awful. All the pipes have burst and there are no Russians there."

"No Russians!" I exclaimed.

"Because the best people—I mean, of course, the people who won't work—have all adopted other nationalities. We are—what are we, Mother?"

"I think it's Adgans, my dear," the old lady chimed in.

"Adgans," I repeated.

"Something of that sort," said the Princess. "It doesn't matter about the name, but it's more convenient. You are under the protection of your Government and then your property benefits."

"Do you mean Azerbaijanians?" I asked.

"Oh, I daresay."

"But what claim have you to become Azerbaijanians?"

"Every claim," she answered with asperity. "Somebody had a property there once—either one of our family or a friend. Why don't your family become Estonians? You'd find it much more convenient. Your father could leave Petersburg."

"But he's never been to Estonia."

"That's nonsense," said Tatiana; "he must have travelled through Reval at some time, and besides I remember he went to Riga once to fight a case for the Government."

"But Riga's in Latvia," I protested.

"What does that matter? Anyhow we escaped with two hundred thousand roubles and one small trunk. The first few weeks we had a great time here and spent all our money, but after that we had to 'put our teeth on the shelf.'"

"But how did you manage without money?"

"Well, we sell our things—jewellery and clothes. I think you might at least have come back through Paris; I can't understand how you forgot about the soap. You've no idea what had manicurists the Finns are; they've torn my fingernails to bits."

"But, when you've sold all your clothes and jewellery what do you intend to do?" I asked.

Tatiana laughed. "Then there's the house in Petersburg that will fetch quite a lot of money, and there are a number of people here who want it."

"How can you sell a house to people who can't get to it?" I asked.

Tatiana shrugged her shoulders. "Of course I can sell it all the better because they don't know the state it's in. I think England must have made you rather silly. You wrote and asked me to lunch without my husband and you know it's not done in Petersburg; you've become quite English."

"But last time we met you were just divorcing the Count and I wasn't quite sure of your relations with your new husband."

Tatiana kissed the tips of her fingers. "He's lovely!" she cried enthusiastically. "A real Cossack officer. Why, there he is! Dmitri, this is Monsieur Anatole, our family lawyer. He'll sell the house for us, and he's promised me some Savon Idéal from Paris. You'll go to Paris, won't you?" she said, putting a very seductive face close to mine.

I parried. "It's difficult for Russians—"

"Oh, that's all right; you can become a Czecho-Slovak. I can give you a letter; you need only stay there half-an-hour when you're passing through."

I felt my cherished Russian nation-

ality slipping away and my only safety seemed to lie in an instant departure. I caught her hand and kissed her polished finger-tips. She bent forward and kissed my forehead.

"Good journey," she said.

"A happy time at home," I answered, and, saluting her husband, I hurried to the door.

"I'm glad there's a little bit of Russian left in you," she called after me. "And by the way you might bring two boxes of the soap; it doesn't last long."

ONE SPORTSMAN TO ANOTHER.

You that I fancied my prey

(Mine was the blunder)—

Three pounds I'd back you to weigh,

Not an ounce under—

Are you, like prices to-day,

Rising, I wonder?

Triton were you among trout,

Jaw tough as leather;

I put it over your snout

Light as a feather—

Splash! and the line whizzing out

Linked us together;

Till, ere your fate I could seal,

Me you eluded;

Back came the line to the reel

(Cast not included);

Oft 'twixt the weed and the reel

Fish slip—as you did.

So, since all winter, alack!

I have bemoaned you,

Give me a chance to get back

Some of my own due

Interest earn'd on the black

Gnat that I loaned you.

Then we'll be for it, we two

(Luck to the winner!);

Meanwhile be careful what you

Take for your dinner;

Fancy confections eschew—

Blue, dun or spinner.

Scorning (you'll grant me the boon?)

Other folk's gay fly,

Under the willow till June

Sheltered and safe lie;

I shall be after you soon,

I and my May-fly.

"I should be very glad to have a movement started to put an end to the extravagant, unseemly and disedifying length to which ladies in this country have gone in adopting fashions of dress."—*Irish Paper*.

Hitherto it had been supposed that the objection to the modern modes was their excessive brevity.

"Coopers Wanted, dry or tight; only Society men need apply."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

Inebriation is no longer popular among Society men.



MANNERS AND MODES.

QUEERING HIS PITCH. WHAT OUR ARTIST POSER HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

MUCH THE BETTER HALF.

"THEN you mean that neither of you is coming to the concert?" said Margery.

"Speaking for myself," said John, "the answer is in the affirmative—or negative, just as you prefer. Any way, I'm not coming. Your worthy brother must decide for himself."

"Our worthy brother-in-law has spoken for me, Margery," I said; "I also regret my inability to assist at the revels."

"Then all I can say is I think you're a couple of pigs."

"Margery, Margery," said John, "really your language—I shall have to write to the papers about you."

"That's the idea," I joined in. "'The Modern Flapper,' by 'Broad-minded but Shocked.' You'd better look out, Margery, or you'll never marry. The papers are full of letters about people like you. There's a beauty this morning. Half a minute; I'll read it to you."

"Don't trouble yourself, please," said Margery, curling her lip up somewhere over her right eyebrow.

"No trouble at all, it's a pleasure," I said, turning over the pages.

"Ah! here we are. This is signed 'Disgusted Ex-Soldier.' Listen:—

"SIR,—Speaking as one but recently returned to so-called civilisation after the horrors of two years of war ["Conscript!" said John], may I venture to give you my opinion of the Modern Girl..."

"That's you he means," said John.

"Pah!" said Margery.

"And bah! to you twice," said John.

"Shush, both of you," I said; "listen to 'Disgusted Ex-Soldier':—

"What was it kept up our hearts and spirits during the terrible days and nights in the trenches?"

"The Rum Ration," cried John. "Hear, hear. Loud cries of 'Down with Pussyfoot!'"

"Nothing of the sort," I said. "'It was the thought of the sweet simple girls at home in England that nerved us during those frightful days.'"

"Was it? So it was. Of course," said John feebly, "I forgot."

"It was for them that we suffered as we did."

"Did we? I mean was it? So it was," said John, growing enthusiastic. "Good old 'Ex-Soldier!' What's he say next?"

"And when we return at last from the toil and stress of war [Grunts of appreciation from John], what do we find?"

"Pork and beans," said John.

I looked at him severely.

"John," I said, "this is no matter for idle jesting. Listen what the poor fellow goes on to say, "'What do we find?'"

"Boiled be—I don't know, Alan," he finished hurriedly as I looked at him again. "I—I don't think I found anything."

"We find," I continued, treating him with contempt, "'a laughing, giggling, smoking, jazzing, frivolous and slangy crowd of ill-mannered flappers, devoid of all interest in the higher aspects of life and thinking only of the latest fox-trot. What hope have I of finding among such as these the woman who will look after my home and bring up my children?'"

"Hooray!" said John, "that's the stuff to give 'em."

Margery squeaked with indignation.

"Look after his home, indeed," she choked. "The impertinence of it! The conceited ape! Who does he think he is?"

"Margery," said John in his special deep tone, "you are too young to understand these things."

"Understand them! I should just think I am. I didn't believe such conceit existed in a man nowadays."

"It isn't conceit, my dear Margery; it is the Right Attitude to Adopt," said John, speaking in capitals. "Personally, I admire the man. Begin as you mean to go on, I say."

Margery snorted.

"I should just like to see you beginning then," she said.

"That is precisely what I am going to do," said John, leaning back in his chair and stretching his legs. "I see now that I have always been too easy-going with Cecilia. From now onwards, however, there will be a difference. I shall be master in my own house. In short—*cr— nous avons changé tout cela!* Am I right, Alan?"

"Nothing to speak of," I said; "but the idea's good. Carry on, John."

"Ah, well, the idea's

the thing, as SHAKESPEARE said. Anyway, the point is that 'Ex-Soldier' has awakened my sense of manhood. In future I shall, as I say, take my rightful position."

"Indeed," said Margery; "and how are you going to set about it?"

"Well, here's a case to begin with," said John. "I have said that I won't be dragged round to your beastly village revels to-morrow, and I stick to it. What Alan does is his own concern. For my part I shall spend to-morrow evening having a quiet million up on the table."

"I'm with you," I said; "we will bash the globules together."

Margery decided to change her tone.

"Don't be beastly, John," she said; "you know Cecilia expects you to come with us."

John laughed softly.

"Precisely, my dear Margery," he said, "and that's a very good reason why I shouldn't go. Cecilia always does expect me to do everything she wants. And I'm so good-natured I have always given way. But never again, Margery; I shall *not* come to the concert. I shall say to Cecilia, 'Cecilia, I am not coming to your concert,' and that will end the matter."

"Then I think you're a selfish beast," said Margery.

Just then Cecilia came into the room.



Fish Hawker (reading a book of Natural History he has bought for his son's birthday). "LIZ, I BIN SWINDLED. I'VE READ ALL PROO THE INDEX OF FISHES, AN' KIPPERS AIN'T EVEN MENTIONED."



WHITSUN AUCTION AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

Ruffled Veteran (whose partner has not led her suit against a "three no-trumps"). "NOT HAVING (realises the enormity of her offence)—ER—ER—PLAYED THE GAME BEFORE, PARTNER?"

"And who's a selfish beast?" she asked.

"Not me, Cecilia," I said. Cecilia is my elder sister, and I have known her for many years.

"It's John," said Margery. "He's talking the most awful rot, and now he says he won't come to the concert."

"Won't come to the concert?" said Cecilia, lifting her eyebrows. "Of course he's coming. Alan's going to sing and John will probably have to say something."

I sat up straight and swallowed hard.

"No, Cecilia," I gasped, "I really can't sing. I'll turn up if you like and cheer and all that sort of thing, but really I can't sing."

"Of course you can. You must. I've told them to put your name down. Everybody has got to do something. It's for St. Dunstan's, you know, and everyone for miles round is turning up."

I subsided, murmuring feebly.

John was gazing moodily at the fire.

"So that's that," said Cecilia cheerfully, resting her hand softly on his shoulder. "And you'd better be thinking what to say to make the jolly old farmers stump up, my dear."

John cleared his throat.

"I've—er—decided not to come to the concert, dear," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous, John," said Cecilia, cooing like a dove (or whatever it is) of doves. "Of course you're coming. I've arranged it all."

"I think I'd rather stop at home, dear," he said; "I can—er—look after Christopher and—er—there's a bit of work I have to finish."

"Christopher will be in bed, and your old work can wait, just as it always has to."

"Well, you know, darling," said John, looking furtively at

Margery and me, "I'm not much use at these social affairs. I always say the wrong thing."

"I know you do, dear," said Cecilia sweetly; "but they've all heard you before, and nobody minds."

She paused a moment while John gulped.

"So that's settled, isn't it?" she said.

John gulped again.

TO A DENTIST.

[*"Dry champagne is an excellent mouth-wash."*—*Dr. SIM WALLACE, at a Conference on Prevention of Diseases of the Teeth.*]

WHILE in your dismal *salle d'attente* I wait

And with forgotten *Punches* idly toy,

How it will reconcile me to my fate

To muse upon the mouth-wash you employ.

Or, squirming in the plush-upholstered chair,

How shall I thrill with valour to observe

Among the implements of torture there

A magnum of the best, to brace my nerve.

Not the hooked probe nor hum of whirring file,

The fearful forceps nor the needled lance

Will wholly banish my expectant smile

That greets "the foaming grape of eastern Franco."

E'en in that pass whereat the boldest blench,

The "aching time" will quickly turn to bliss,

When, having borne the devastating wretch,

I hear you murmur, "Rinse your mouth with this."

I thank you, Dr. WALLACE, for that word;

My teeth, I'm sure, require attention soon;

Ah! Widow CLICQUOT, how my heart is stirred!

Appointment? Right. To-morrow afternoon.



AT THE OPERA.

First Patroness of Art. "BUT WHY COME HERE IF IT BORES YOU SO?"

Second ditto. "MY DEAR! ONE MUST OCCUPY ONESELF SOMEHOW AFTER DINNER TILL IT'S TIME TO GO SOMEWHERE."

MEETING THE COUNTESS.

"COULD you find time to meet the Countess of Aire?" inquired the Vicar's wife with her gracious smile, after we had chanced together at a corner of our village street. "At five o'clock," she added, "at the cross-roads."

"I shall be charmed," said I. "But what a funny meeting-place."

"It seems to me very natural," said the Vicar's wife.

"Is there going to be speech-making?" I asked.

"How absurd!" she answered. "But of course there will be a discussion."

"Who else will be present?" I asked.

"No one," she said.

I was never so puzzled in my life.

"It really seems rather odd," said I, "that we should meet alone at the cross-roads. And it seems so romantic too. At five o'clock, you said? I always think that is such a sentimental hour."

A bewildered look now crept into the Vicar's wife's face.

"Are you joking or serious?" she said. "Perhaps I have not made myself clear. I am simply asking if you

could kindly meet the Countess of Aire in place of the Vicar."

"And I say I shall be charmed," I repeated; "and I think the prospect is most alluring, and I shall endeavour to do the occasion all honour. I shall put on my best mustard-coloured suit and my new green Tyrolean hat—the one with the feather in it."

"I don't see why you should, simply to meet the Countess of Aire."

"But think of the romance of the meeting," I urged. "Just fancy! It is to be at the cross-roads, perhaps above the nameless grave of a suicide. There I shall be waiting at five o'clock, all dressed up in my mustard suit and tremulous with excitement. And at last there will dash up to the trysting-place some splendid equipage, a silver-plated car, or the family coach with prancing and foaming horses. And there, at the cross-roads, we shall have our little discussion; no speech-making, all quite informal. Oh, I wish it could have been moonlight!"

The Vicar's wife began to look quite scared.

"Are you going mad?" she asked.

"I think so," I said. "Do you know,"

I went on wildly, saying just anything by way of preserving my sanity, "I remember that once, when I was quite little, I half promised I would marry this highly exalted person; we were playing together as boy and girl in a garden."

"But the Countess of Aire," cried the Vicar's wife, "never was a girl."

"And never was a boy either," I cried.

"The Countess of Aire," screamed the Vicar's wife—yes, she was fairly screaming by now—"is a he."

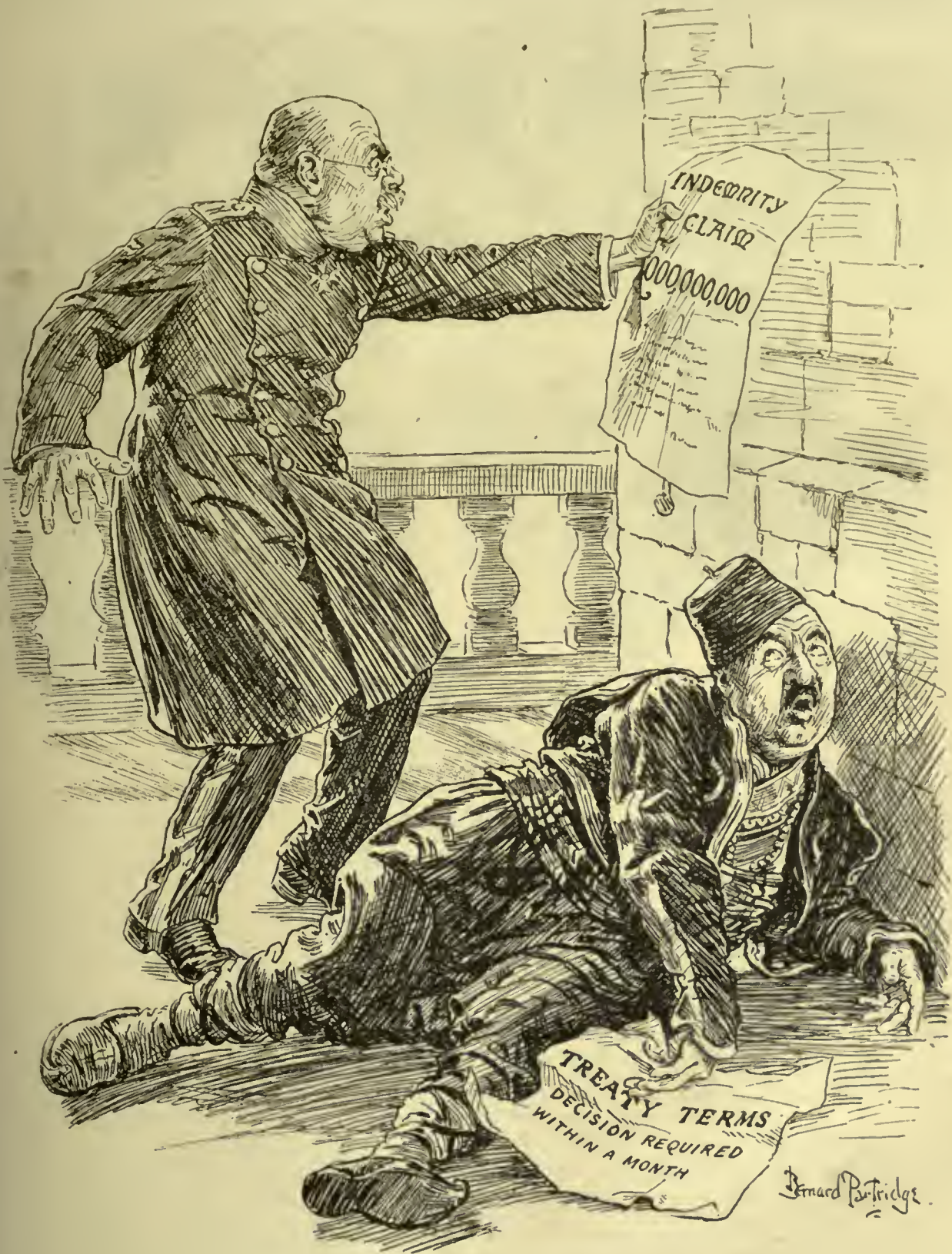
"Now that is absurd," I said.

It was the Vicar, coming round the corner in his usual hurry, as if every day were a Sunday, who saved the situation by bumping into us both.

"The Countess of Aire," shrieked his poor wife, frantically clutching him by the coat-tails, "is a man, isn't he?"

"Certainly," said the Vicar. "It is a terrible age, but thank Heaven for this," he added piously, "we have yet to learn of a female County Surveyor."

"NURSERY GOVERNESS WANTED. Three children, 7, 6, and 2 ears."—*Daily Paper.*
Plenty of stuff to box.



THE LIMIT—AND BEYOND.

GERMANY. "THEY TELL ME I'VE GOT TO MAKE UP THIS COLOSSAL SUM."

TURKEY. "IT'S WORSE FOR ME. I'VE GOT TO MAKE UP MY MIND!" (Swoons.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN.

PORTER LAW. "SOME OF THIS STUFF WILL HAVE TO BE LEFT FOR THE RELIEF TRAIN—IF WE HAVE ONE."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT SO LONG AS YOU CAN CARRY MY LITTLE LOT."

Monday, May 17th.—In theory the business of a Second Chamber is to revise calmly and dispassionately the legislation which has been scamped by the First. In practice what happens in our Parliament is that the Peers, after killing time with academic debates for two or three months, are suddenly called upon, whenever a Recess is in contemplation, to pass three or four Bills through all their stages in as many days. At the invitation of Lord CRAWFORD (Lord SALISBURY perfunctorily protesting) they entered upon one of these legislative spasms this afternoon, and within less than an hour gave a second reading to two Bills, and a third reading to two others, besides listening politely while Lord NEWTON (with him Lord LAMINGTON) bewailed the sad fate of certain German "Templars" (a species of Teutonic Quaker and quite harmless, we were told) who, having been evicted from Palestine, are now threatened with compulsory deportation to a Fatherland which they have no desire to visit. "Some hustlers, your Peers," remarked a visitor fresh from Washington.

That distinguished seaman, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, would never think, I am sure, of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, but he has no compunction in abusing the Poles. He regards their recent advance into the Ukraine as an unprovoked assault upon the poor innocent Soviet Government, and is shocked to think that it should have even the negative approval of His Majesty's Ministers. Mr. BONAR LAW's assurance that the military stores despatched to Poland from this country were the Poles' own property, and that the fact that they were embarked upon a vessel called the *Jolly George* had no ulterior significance, quite failed to convince him.

According to Sir ROBERT HORNE the price of a best quality worsted suit, as made by a high-class tailor in this country, is approximately sixteen to eighteen guineas, and is still rising, though he thinks it should not be more than twenty guineas next winter. His remark that quite good suits could be procured at much lower prices prompted Sir F. HALL to call attention to the wares of a fellow-Member, upon which

Mr. WHITLEY who was occupying the Chair, observed, with a touch of Mr. SPEAKER's humour, that Question-time must not be used for advertisement.

The approach of the holidays gave point to Mr. FORREST's complaint of the inefficiency of the present arrangements for conveying passengers' baggage by rail. Mr. NEAL expressed a rather faint hope that the system of "luggage in advance" might be re-introduced. There are signs, however, that the Parliamentary train is already overloaded and that a good deal of Ministerial *impedimenta* will have to be left behind.

Tuesday, May 18th.—Our ancestors, generous fellows, considered British citizenship such a fine thing that they sought to extend its benefits as widely as possible. Under the existing law the child of British parents born in Canton and the child of Chinese parents born in Stopney are equally entitled to boast "*Civis Britannicus sum*." Lord STANHOPE, regarding this as an objectionable anomaly, brought forward a Bill designed to restrict British nationality to persons of British blood, But,

though he did this with the object of enabling the Government to fulfil one of their election pledges, "Britain for the British," he received scant sympathy from the LORD CHANCELLOR, who declared that, far from making for simplicity, the Bill would produce a state of things "partly overlapping and partly contradictory."

Although close upon a hundred Generals have been demobilised since the Armistice, there is no immediate danger of this interesting race disappearing altogether. Twenty-six of the finest specimens are specially maintained at the War Office, at the comparatively trifling cost of sixty-two thousand pounds a year.

Viscount CURZON has many times both on sea and land shown himself the possessor of a fine nerve, but never more so than this afternoon, when he contrasted the activity of the police in apprehending infringers of the Motor-Car Acts with their alleged failure to capture really dangerous criminals. Mr. SHORTT gave the figures of the motor-car prosecutions, and resisted the temptation to point out the extent to which they had been swollen by the noble Lord's own delinquencies.

A listless House resumed the discussion of the Government of Ireland Bill. Mr. FISHER declined to accept a proposal to include nine counties, instead of six, in the Northern Parliament, the view of the Government being that they must cut their legislative Ulster according to their Protestant cloth. Mr. CLYNES announced the intention of the Labour Party to wash their hands of the Bill, which he regarded as a sheer waste of time. Undeterred by the prospect of this calamity the House passed Clause I. by a majority of 152.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Mr. BOTOMLEY obtained leave to introduce a Bill to create a Public Defender, in spite of an attempt by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to strangle the bantling at its birth. He did not succeed in making clear his objection to the measure, and it is thought that he may have confused it with Sir ROBERT HORNE'S Bill to regulate the Supply of Gas.

When the Committee-stage of the Home Rule Bill was resumed the subject of debate was the Irish Council, the pivot on which all hopes of unity

are centred. Exactly fifty Members were present to listen to this epoch-marking discussion, carried on entirely by a few English enthusiasts and the Members from Ulster. They differed profoundly on most of the details of the Council's constitution, but were unanimous in expressing the belief that nothing much mattered since it would never work. Lord WINTERTON indeed prophesied that if it is composed, as seems probable, of a solid bloc of Sinn Féiners from the South and another of Unionists from the North there would

UNIVERSAL "TRAINING."

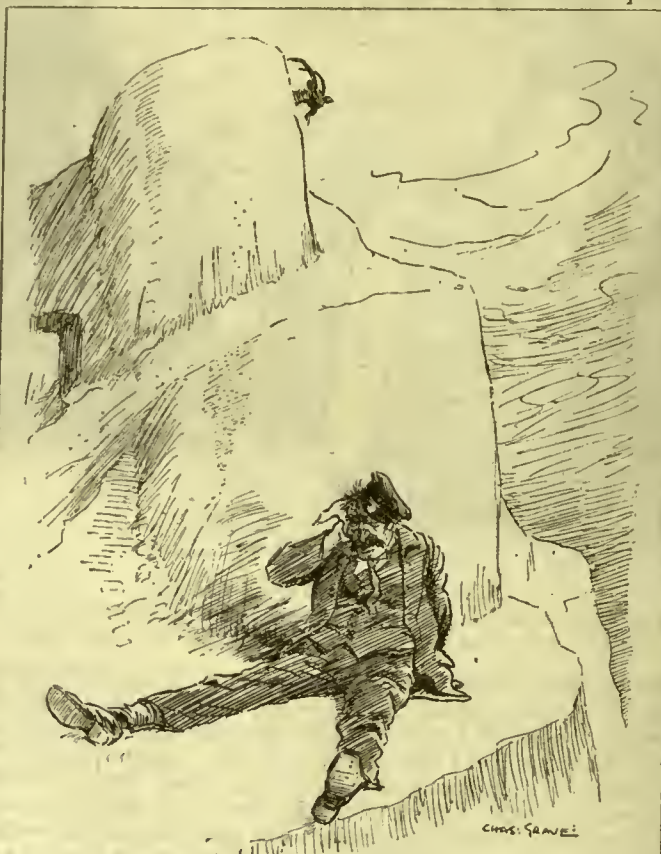
THE Great Eastern have inaugurated a new plan for helping food-producers. They are sending out an instructional train, manned by experts and full of live stock—poultry and rabbits and goats—which is to traverse their system for two months. The contents will be on view and lectures will be given to cottagers, artisans, clerks—to all in fact who are interested in the breeding of the lesser live-stock, apple-growing, etc. The plan is so excellent that we feel

sure it is bound to lead to further developments in regard to the industries and pursuits that really matter.

The rural districts, it may be safely assumed, already know something about agriculture. But many areas are still in a state of benighted ignorance about the results of intensive culture applied to the arts. There are parts of the Cornish Riviera, for example, in which you may travel for miles and miles without hearing a syncopated orchestra. Here is the opportunity of the Great Western—to equip and despatch a train band or band train, with a personnel carefully selected from the best negro performers (of whom there are now several thousands in London), with the view of brightening and enlightening the existence of those unfortunate villagers hitherto beyond the range of the beneficent dominion of din. As an antidote to agricultural discontent we can conceive nothing more salutary.

Again, there are portions of the Black Country where the very names of the leading Georgian poets are unknown.

A troupe of poets, personally conducted by Mr. EDWARD MARSH or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, or both, should without delay be organized and sent forth by the North-Western and Midland Railways to give recitations over every portion of both systems. The effect on the output would be instantaneous. London should not be allowed to monopolize this stimulant to activity. Minstrelsy should be mobilized. It is true that a small group are interested in rotary motion, but we want to see all the Georgian poets on "Wheels." If we cannot have a free breakfast-table, at least we ought to be in a position to indulge without any control the appetite of our people for free verse.



Keeper at the Zoo (exhausted with efforts to catch refractory ibex).
"WELL, THEY CAN HAVE THEIR FANCY MAPPIN TERRISSES. A CAGE FOR ME EVERY TIME."

be a free fight at every meeting. In that case it may become a popular body after all.

Commercial Candour.

"Dry Old Chickens, 50s. to £4 4s. per doz."
Local Paper.

Our Musical Athletes.

"Double-action Gothic Harp (by Erard), suitable for a lady in perfect condition."
Provincial Paper.

For Domestic Interiors.

"For the Blood, Stomach, and Liver, there is nothing to compare with
CORK LINOS. 800 rolls to choose from."
Provincial Paper.

Buttered rolls, we trust.



Delia Gane

"I'VE JUST 'EARD, MRS. 'UNTABLE, AS 'OW MY NED IS BEHAVIN' SO WELL THAT 'IS SENTENCE IS BEIN' REDOODCED BY SIX MONTHS."
 "YOU DON'T SAY SO! WELL, REELLY, MRS. 'ARRIS, WOT A COMFORT IT MUST BE TO YOU TO 'AVE A SON WHAT DOES YOU SO MUCH CREDIT."

Lastly, the plan of the instructional train might be applied with the most beneficial results to spreading the taste for the Russian Ballet. We do not hope to detach such bright particular stars as PAVLOVA or KARSAVINA from the London stage, but at the present moment, according to the latest statistical returns, there are several hundred Russian *premières danseuses* and thousands of *coryphées* of all grades congregated in the Metropolis, many of them without engagements, and reduced to giving dancing lessons to the daughters of profiteers, Crypto-Semites and other unpropitious persons. The organisation of a Russian Ballet train would therefore serve the double purpose of freeing these gifted performers from an ignoble use of their talents and at the same time initiating the provinces in the poetry of motion.

"OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—First Innings.
 R. H. Bettington, dun out . . . 12"
Daily Paper.

The batsman himself, we understand, expressed the opinion that he had been "done in."

HIGH FINANCE.

[Lines written at Geneva, with the rate of exchange standing at about twenty francs to the pound in Switzerland and about fifty francs to the pound in France. French and Swiss franc-pieces are good currency in both countries.]

Now here's a thing which makes me laugh

And in a bitter way:
 The egg, that once was twopence-half,
 Is fivepence net to-day.

It needed but this final woe
 To fill the wretched cup,
 That Hecuba, the hen, should go
 And put *her* prices up.

This Hecuba, her pride is such
 She'll only do her job
 For pay in francs; she will not touch
 The honest British bob.

Thus I, who have not got the dash
 To borrow, steal or beg,
 Have first of all to buy the cash
 Wherewith to buy the egg.

And when I go to buy some francs
 To see the matter through
 I find that hereabouts the banks
 Have raised their prices too. . . .

The farm is Swiss; but then, suppose
 You place yourself by chance
 Upon the southern edge, your nose
 Is trespassing in France.

'Tis here that Hecuba, the hen,
 In solitude sublime
 Does business every now and then
 At half-a-franc a time.

Then ought she not (of course she ought)
 To pause and shift her ground,
 And lay my egg where francs are bought
 At fifty to the pound? HENRY.

From a music-hall advertisement:—

"IMPORTANT NOTICE!
 OWING TO THE
 ENORMITY OF THIS PRODUCTION,
 FIRST HOUSE COMMENCES. 6.15."
Provincial Paper.

The licensing authority seems to have been caught napping.

"The interesting announcement is made that Finchale Priory has been handed over to the care of the Society for the Prevention of Ancient Monuments."—*Provincial Paper.*
 It is suggested that some of the London statues might profitably be handed over to the same body.

THE PERFECT SCULLERY.

I WAS more than interested in the article "About Bathrooms" which appeared in the columns of *Punch* of March 31st last, because I too always smoke a pipe in a hot bath, to which I add the habit of reading, not books—they are too sacred to risk—but newspapers. I also frequently indulge in a further luxury at this time, a cup of coffee, which rests on the sponge and soap bridge between sips. Of course the soap sometimes falls into the coffee, and if this is undetected in time a slight frothing at the mouth occurs, but no really serious harm ensues.

I tried the effect of pictures round the bath—pictures with a shiver in them that made me pull the water up closer round my neck. But I found that they were being ruined by the steam, so I removed them and am now looking for some undraped but respectable statuettes that will give the same result.

I have not tried the rich rug stunt. The only rug we possess which might be so described is a Persian one, and is on our cat at present. When she has done with it I intend to spread it over the only part of the bathroom floor which is permanently dry. And, suffering as our bathroom does from that lack of space which the writer on bathrooms so justly laments, the "profound chair" is out of the question.

While his views on bathrooms are sound it seems evident to me that the writer of the *Punch* article lives in pre-war style—with servants. We don't. Our last maid left us to be a Waac and has not been seen since in the precincts of domestic servitude. I did hear something about her approaching marriage to a Colonel of Hussars, but don't know whether it came off or not.

It seems to me that what is chiefly wrong with houses, at any rate with our house, is the scullery. It is smaller than most bathrooms, and, though it is anything but bare, the furnishings of it are not intriguing to one who, like myself, spends therein such an undue proportion of the twenty-four hours.

Our present char comes three days a week, about eleven o'clock, has a look round with a duster in one hand till thirteen o'clock, then lunches and (probably) has a cigarette. She leaves at fifteen o'clock. This means that I help with the washing-up of the breakfast, tea and dinner things on char days, and of luncheon things as well on non-char days. My share of the task is generally the wiping. This is not such an engrossing occupation as to prevent one from thinking great thoughts at

the same time, thoughts worthy to be committed to paper afterwards. Now, as a song-writer, I ask how can one get inspiration while gazing at a row of saucepans, a cullender, a bottle of metal paste, one ditto knife polish and a plate-rack?

If any room in the house should be luxuriously furnished it is the scullery. But what is even more important, I think, is that the whole game of scullerying should be revolutionised. The implements still in use are worthy of the Stone Age. The rules should be so framed that there should be little or no washing-up, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

Let me put before you a pen-picture of the scullery of my dreams. A cosy pleasant room, the whole length of the house in fact, with a south aspect, full advantage of which is secured by a long window filled with leaded lights of opalescent glass (in order that the Hilary-Tompkins next door, who have two servants, may not grow too ribald). On the western wall is a rich mosaic depicting Hercules cleansing the Augean stable, and below this a fountain of clear limpid water, warmed to at least twenty over grease-proof, gushes forth and flows in a pellucid stream, between banks of marble, to the eastern end of the chamber. At the fountain head reclines Euphemia, my wife, arrayed and fructed proper, who leisurely drops the crockery into the stream. At the other end of the room, seated in a "profound chair" by the estuary, where the waters of the River Plate fall into the Sink Basin, behold me lazily watching the cups and platters as they glide gently down the rippling flood towards me, dexterously fishing out each fresh arrival and depositing it in a hot-air receptacle conveniently placed for its accommodation.

Such, I say, is the scullery of my dreams, in which the washing up of a nine-hole-course dinner would be as pleasant as a round of golf. No unsightly pots, pans, brooms, tins or other junk pollute the apartment; they are in the dream ante-chamber, to be hereinafter described or not, if the Editor sees fit. [Ed.—He does not see fit.]

Shakspeare and Mr. Charles Chaplin.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN writes from Los Angeles protesting against the allegation, made in our issue of March 31st, that "he does not like SHAKSPEARE." Mr. Punch cannot accept responsibility for a statement quoted from the report of an interview, but he has no hesitation in expressing his profound regret for any wrong that he has inadvertently done both to Mr. CHAPLIN and SHAKSPEARE.

THE GREAT DIVORCE QUESTION.

WHEN I week-end with people I like them to be tactful. I thought Mrs. Benham lacked the tact essential to a hostess when she said, "We breakfast at half-past nine on Sundays. That will give us all ample time to get to church." She never seemed to contemplate the possibility of my having a Sunday morning indisposition.

Now there is no virtue in compulsory church-going, but as I was for it I accepted my fate cheerfully. I walked with Benham across the park to the church. He is the adopted Candidate for the division, and he took the opportunity of rehearsing to me a speech he was preparing which showed up Bolshevism in its true colours. Though no Sabbatarian I have the deepest objection to political speeches on a Sunday, and it was really a relief when I reached the gracious refuge of the church.

The family pew was a little too near the pulpit, but it was most comfortable. When the sermon came on I settled myself in a restful corner to listen to the Archdeacon. After a moment or two I felt he was on sound orthodox lines and needed no supervision of mine. I leant back and gradually dozed off.

Then in my sleep I became aware of a stern voice disapproving of something. It seemed to me that Benham was at a public meeting denouncing Bolshevism to a very lethargic audience. It was my bounden duty to support my host. "Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" I said most emphatically.

I woke up just as the last "Hear" left my lips. The choir-boys were sniggering—you can always trust them to do that. A large curate was eyeing me as if I were something between a leper and a dissenter. Mrs. Benham was looking indignantly down the pew at me; Benham was tactfully but ineffectively pretending not to have heard anything.

I went hot all over. What could I do? Should I be prosecuted for brawling in church? Could I possibly explain to the Archdeacon that I spoke in my sleep, and therefore was not responsible? There are some explanations that aggravate an offence.

There came a terrible moment when the service was over. The Archdeacon stepped deliberately towards our pew. I was tempted to bolt through a stained-glass window. And then, as he came near, he beamed on me.

"Don't apologise, my dear Sir, don't apologise. If you were so moved by the picture I drew of the inroads the new Divorce Law would make on the sanctity of our homes why should you



TRAGEDY OF A CIGAR-ASH.



Farmer. "SO YOU WANT A JOB OF WORK, EH?"
Applicant. "I SAID A JOB. I NEVER SAID A JOB O' WORK."

not express your indignation? Enthusiasm is far better than lethargy."

"Mr. Johnson feels very strongly on the subject," said Mrs. Benham. I had never said a word about it before her in my life.

That night she surveyed me carefully. "I can see you've a headache, Mr. Johnson," she said. "You had better not go to church; there is nothing worse than a hot church for headache."

After all, Mrs. Benham is not without tact.

Another Impending Apology?

"The Bank now gives employment to 6,000 persons, 2,000 of whom are women. In order to accommodate them outside premises have been acquired from time to time. The chief of these new establishments is St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics."—*Sunday Paper*.

MAGNANIMOUS MOTTOES.

A WRITER in *The Evening Standard* calls attention to the latest ornamentation of the fine old Elizabethan Hall of Gray's Inn, in the shape of the arms of Lord BIRKENHEAD, who as a past Treasurer of the Inn is entitled to this armorial distinction in his lifetime. But, he goes on, "it was not so much the arms as their motto which attracted me—the motto of a man who began his brilliant career as plain Mr. F. E. SMITH. Now the Latin for 'smith,' as an artisan, is *faber* (artificer or fabricator in the primal sense); so, with a fine democratic courage, Lord BIRKENHEAD has chosen as his family motto: '*Faber mea Fortuna*' (Architect of my own Fortune)."

We agree; but it must not be supposed that Lord BIRKENHEAD has an entire monopoly of this frank spirit. Other eminent men who have recently been ennobled or decorated have shown a similar frankness. Thus it may not be known that Lord RIDDELL has adopted a motto which reveals the comparatively modest beginnings of his greatness. Lord RIDDELL was, and we believe still is, the proprietor of *The News of the World*. Now the Latin for news or newness is *novitas* (novelty or unfamiliarity in the primal sense); so with a noble democratic courage he has chosen as his family motto: "*Sæculorum vetustati præstat novitas mundi*" (The news of the world surpasses the antiquity of the ages). It is rather a long motto, but it is eminently Ciceronian in its cadence.

Then there is the case of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who began his brilliant career as simple Mr. HARMSWORTH. Now the Latin for "harm" is *damnum* (loss or sacrifice in the primal sense), and for "worth" *dignus*. So, with a fine loyalty to his antecessors, Lord NORTHCLIFFE has adopted the heroic and pleasantly alliterative motto: "*Per damna ad dignitatem*" (Through sacrifices to worthiness).

Even more ingenious is the motto chosen by Lord BEAVERBROOK, who began his coruscating career as a native of New Brunswick. Now the Latin for "beaver" is *castor* (not to be confounded with the small wheels attached to the legs of arm-chairs), and in Greek mythology Castor was the brother of Pollux, who was famed as a boxer. "Boxer" is a synonym for "prize-fighter"; "prize-fighter" recalls "WELLS"; "wells" contain "water," and "water" suggests "brook." So Lord BEAVERBROOK, with a true allegiance to Canada, coupled with a scholarly mastery of the niceties of Classical etymology, has chosen for his family motto: "*E Castore Pollux*" (Brook from the Beaver).

THE DEVIL IN DEVON.

THE Devil walked about the land
And softly laughed behind his hand
To see how well men worked his will
And helped his darling projects still,
The while contentedly they said:
"There is no Devil; he is dead."

But when by chance one day in Spring
Through Devon he went wandering
And for an idle moment stood
Upon the edge of Dacombe wood,
Where bluebells almost hid the green,
With the last primroses between,
He bit his lip and turned away
And could do no more work that day.

R. F.



THE HEDGER.

"WOT BE GOIN' TO WIN THE TWO-THIRTY RACE, VARMER?"

"WELL, YOUNG FELLER, THERE BE NINE 'OSSSES RUNNIN', AN I 'AS THREE FANCIES AN' FOUR SNEAKIN' FANCIES. BUT, MARK MY WORDS, I SHAN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF ONE O' THEY OTHER TWO DON'T DO THE TRICK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE has recently been a notable output of books of "personalities" and critical appreciations, contemporary, historical and (for the most part) iconoclastic. One may therefore say that Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON is distinctly of the movement in compiling his *Portraits of the 'Eighties* (UNWIN). This is certainly a volume that anyone can dip into with instruction and entertainment, even if (to be quite honest) the former is likely to predominate. The fact is that one has become so used to the satirical method in portraiture, in which the attack is all and the subject emerges only as a beriddled target, that an ordinary pen-picture, however faithful, is apt to seem heavy by contrast. Mr. HUTCHINSON certainly is not of the slingers; he will just "tell you about" the notable persons of his period, setting down nothing in malice, omitting little however banal, and rejecting no aphorism or anecdote as outworn. Perhaps his nearest approach to the popular method is a very occasional touch of gentle irony, as when he permits himself to say of J. W. E. RUSSELL (to whose *Portraits of the Seventies* the present volume is intended as a sequel) that he "used to drive about London in a carriage picked out in colours that did not suggest that he sought seclusion." I have no space for the barest list of the sitters in Mr. HUTCHINSON's crowded picture of a time rich in character, his treatment of which aims rather at covering a wide ground than at

intimacy of detail. To mention but one, it is interesting to compare his General GORDON with the recent presentation of him by another hand. If the result is more creditable to Mr. HUTCHINSON's kindness than to his wit, it may serve as an apt comment on the whole book.

Beauty and Bands (CONSTABLE) is not, as you might excusably suppose, a treatise on syncopation or the decline of Jazz, but takes its title from a verse in the Book of Proverbs. Really what the story most illustrates is the extent to which a clever and experienced writer can clothe a wildly impossible plot with some aspect of reality. Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER assuredly does not lack courage; having thought out a "good situation" (which it certainly is) she was not going to be put off by any considerations of probability. I can't resist some sketch of it, even at the risk of spoiling your pleasure. Suppose a lovely but selfish wife, bored to the point of flight from a well-intentioned husband, then involved in a railway smash which disfigures her beauty, destroys her memory and incidentally reforms her character; let her by plausible circumstance be mistaken for another traveller in the wrecked train and under a new name and personality meet her husband, fall in love with him, but be compelled to reject his suit by the presumption that his vanished wife may still be living—as I hinted, the result in situations is enough to satisfy the most exacting, the only real drawback being that not all Miss FOWLER's pleasantly persuasive efforts can

make me believe a word of it. If she had dared a little more, and inflicted the husband with blindness, impaired hearing and slight mental decay, I would have stretched a point and supposed that, during a protracted courtship, he might never have recognised his own wife. Lacking these concessions I can only report an entertaining but preposterous absurdity.

Those of us who read *With the Persian Expedition* know something about the Hush-Hush Army; enough, at any rate, to whet our appetites for more. Let me then recommend *The Adventures of Dunsterforce* (ARNOLD) to your notice, and assure you that it is a most lively account of as strange an enterprise as any that the War brought forth. Briefly, the object of General DUNSTERVILLE's mission was to prevent German and Turkish penetration in the area of the Caucasus, Baku and the Caspian Sea. In January, 1918, he set out from Baghdad with what he calls "the leading party." Continually hampered by lack of men, the mission failed to achieve its original object; but what it accomplished in most difficult circumstances was of great value to the Allies. The conditions at the time when the author sailed from Enzeli with his "Dunsterforce" to raise the siege of Baku were delightfully cosmopolitan. He describes himself as "a British General on the Caspian, the only sea unploughed before by British keels, on board a ship named after a South African Dutch President and whilom enemy, sailing from a Persian port under the Servian flag to relieve from the Turks a body of Armenians in a revolutionary Russian town." "Let the reader," he adds, "pick his way through that delirious tangle, and envy us our task who may." After pursuing the tricky course of this astounding adventure I confess myself lost, not in its mazes, thanks to an excellent map, but in profound admiration for "Dunsterforce" and its leader.

In *A Merchant Fleet at War* (CASSELL) it takes nearly a hundred pictures to illustrate the fighting effort and experiences of the Cunard Steamship Company. Quite a lot of them are from snap-shot photographs actually taken while in action with submarines, and where through an unfortunate oversight these have not been available someone with vivid brush and imagination has done wonders to fill the gap. Certainly such a subject as the passing of the *Lusitania*, her decks still packed though her great bulk is three-quarters gone, the sea crowded with boats and, presumably, drowning Englishmen, is perhaps a little poignant to be handled in this fashion; but no one can object to seeing a U-boat nose-diving at the instance of S.S. *Phrygia*, or another being messed up by a shell from the *Valeria*;

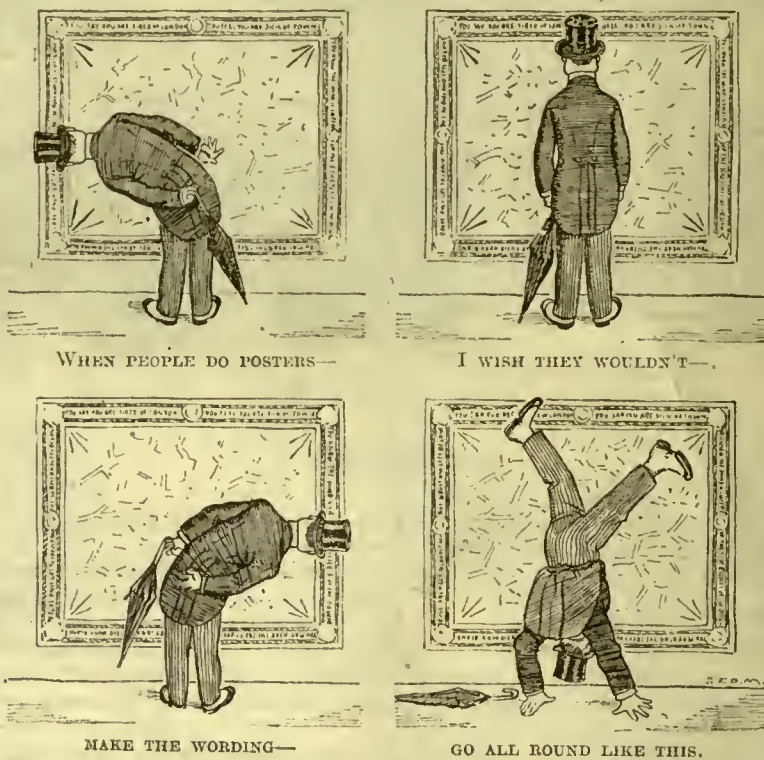
while the historic fight between *Carmania*, in Prussian blue, and *Cap Trafalgar*, mostly crimson, competes for lurid splendour with the *Mauvetania* in "dazzle" costume, staged with a sky to match. Incidentally Mr. ARCHIBALD HURD has acted as showman for the collection. One might have found his exposition rather more substantial but for Sir JULIAN CORBETT's first volume of *Naval Operations*, which has set an uncomfortably high standard in sea history. Frankly, the deeds of the men of our merchant fleets, of the Cunarders no less than others, were so magnificent that a book to be worthy of them must be in itself as modest and unpretentious as they were. This book is not.

The Tall Villa (COLLINS), by "LUCAS MALET," has a strange theme—no less than the deliberate wooing, by a sensitive unhappy woman, of a more unhappy ghost. Lord Oxley had lived in this odd villa on Primrose Hill a hundred

years ago with a noted stage beauty who had finally jilted him. One of his descendants, *Frances Copley*, banished from Grosvenor Square by her husband's financial failure and conscious of the growing rift between them, detaches herself more and more from the world of sense till she is—well, till she is in just the right mood for seeing ghosts. First it is a mere shadow that stands by her piano; next a faceless figure, exquisitely dressed, sits brooding in her chair; then she hears a pistol shot; later—but this will spoil your entertainment. I cannot say I was quite convinced, but I certainly was held to the end by a tale very skilfully, almost too carefully, told, and by the cleverness of the

four portraits—*Frances* herself, the adorable *Lady Lucia* her cousin, *Charlie Montagu* the passionate bounder, and, a little less definite, *Morris Copley* the stockbroking husband.

Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON have beaten up various American magazines and shepherded a few *Waifs and Strays* of short stories by the late "O. HENRY" (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER) into a final volume of their excellent edition of his works. They have also included appreciations by various American and British critics of the author's achievement, together with some sparse biographical details. The stories are of varying value, exercises on a sentimental motive cloaked by humorous or bizarre exaggeration of language, with those unexpected but ingeniously plausible endings which are of the essence of "O. HENRY's" method. Of the criticisms, English readers will be most affected by Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK's "The Amazing Genius of O. HENRY," an analytical appreciation in the most handsome terms, deploring English neglect of this master of one of the most difficult of art-forms—a neglect which we have done something of late to remedy.



CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the heat experienced in this country last week can be deduced from the fact that several bricklayers were distinctly seen to wipe their brows in their own time.

It is all very well for LENIN to talk about Great Britain recognising Russia, while his followers are doing their best to render the place almost unrecognisable.

Normally, says Dr. GEOFFREY KEYNES, a person has fifteen thousand millions of blood corpuscles circulating in his body. People suffering with insomnia might try counting them in bed.

According to a scientific journal, tests recently made show that microbes cannot live long on coins. "Middle Class" writes to say this is nothing new to him, as no germ could live on his salary.

The promoters of the Milk and Dairies Bill hope to ensure clean milk for the public. They seem to have thought out an improvement on the present system by which certain dairy-men are in the habit of washing their milk.

It took nature several million years, says *The New York World*, to make a ton of coal. It looks as if she has arranged to charge us retrospectively by the hour for the stuff.

A gold wedding-ring has been found inside a large doe rabbit which was shot recently in a wheat-field near Wilbury. The question arises, "Do modern rabbits go through the marriage ceremony?"

The latest fad of the American golfer is to have a small painting made of himself in the act of driving. We feel, however, that it will be some time before English golfers will place orders for plaster casts of their language.

Nearly all the extra firemen required for the London Fire Brigade have been engaged. "Clients are assured that arrears of fires will now be worked off with all speed.

According to a daily paper a severe thunderstorm which recently visited Luton was not heard by the audience

in a local concert hall. It is rumoured that a performer was at the time reciting a chapter of Lord FISHER's autobiography.

A strike of incubator-makers is threatened and many grocers who stock break-fast-eggs fear that a lot of chicks may come out in sympathy.

According to an evening paper a young lady who was chased by a bull in a provincial meadow ran a quarter of a mile and jumped a stream sixteen feet wide before gaining safety. Not

in order to obviate a recurrence of this sort of thing a movement is on foot to increase the number of runs in a century to a hundred and fifty.

We are informed that "a man arrested by Dutch fishermen in the belief that it was the Crown Prince making his escape turned out to be a notorious jewel thief." The error seems to have been excusable.

The case of the dock labourer who appeared at a County Court in a tail coat and white waistcoat is now explained. The man's valet, who usually looks after these things for him, had gone on strike for more wages.

Charged with taking one hundred and forty-five pounds of his employers' money a Newcastle office-boy was stated to have been reading trashy novels. It was thought to be only fair to the financial papers that the public should know where he got the idea from.

"I reckon I can drink fifty pints a day, easy," a witness told the Portsmouth magistrates. He may do it for a while, but sooner or later his arm is bound to go back on him.

"Under British guidance," says a contemporary, "Persia's future is bright with promise." We know nothing of its future, but its present seems to be scintillating with performance under Bolshevik direction.

"Cave exploration," declares a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "is a most fascinating sport."

There is always the thrilling possibility that you may find another Liberal principle hidden away somewhere.

Owing to the increased cost of living it is said that burglars will now only book jewel robberies of two thousand pounds and over.

"NEW POLICY IN IRELAND.

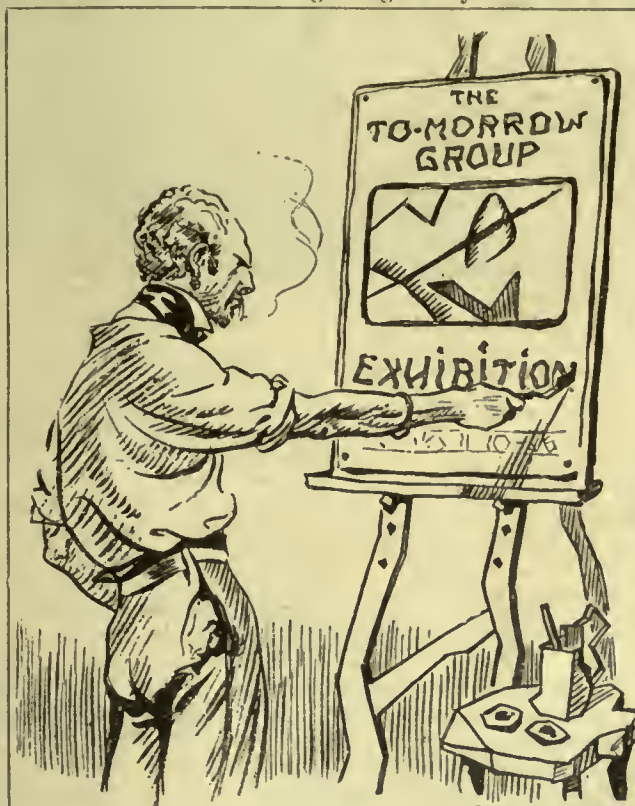
NO TRIALS WITHOUT ARRESTS."

Dublin Paper.

A good idea, but it was anticipated in the matter of juggled hare.

"Register as a regular reader of *The Daily* —, and you at once disqualify for £3 a week during disablement."—*Daily Paper.*

We shall be careful not to register.



CHAGRIN OF MEMBER OF ADVANCED ART GROUP AT NECESSITY OF MAKING THE LETTERING OF HIS POSTER INTELLIGIBLE.

much of a jump, surely, considering the long run she took.

"Whilst motoring between Baldock and Granttham one is struck by the greenness of the growing wheat and barley," states a writer in a motor journal. The regularity with which these cereal grasses adopt this colour is certainly worthy of attention.

Our heart goes out to the American travellers who set foot on our shores at Southampton one day last week just five minutes after closing-time.

In their recent match against Sussex the first four Middlesex batsmen each scored a century. We understand that

ODYSSEUS AT THE DERBY.

[Racing men will not need to be reminded that Polumetis (many-counselled) is named after a common epithet of the hero of the *Odyssey*.]

At times the pulse of memory is stirred
Out of a chronic state of coma
By just a poignant tune, a rhythmic word,
A whiff of some refined aroma,
And lo! the brain is made aware
Of records which it didn't know were there.

So in a sudden moment I was shot
Back to my boyhood and the highly
Instructive works of HOMER, long forgot,
And with the late *Odysseus* (wily)
Ploughed once again the wine-red deep
On drawing Polumetis in a sweep.

Oh, "many-counselled" hero! if a horse
Your attributes may also borrow,
Lend him your cunning round the Derby course,
Teach him a thing or two to-morrow,
That at the end it may be said:
"He did a great performance with his head."

As you contrived by tricks of crafty skill
Ever to down your foes and flatten 'em,
So may he lie low going up the hill,
Secure the inside berth at Tattenham,
And do a finish up the straight
Swift as your shafts that sealed the suitors' fate!

Fortune attend his name, though some deplore
Its pedantry, and I assume it is
Likely, from what I know of bookies' lore,
That on the rails he'll be "Polcometis";
For me, I do not care two pins
How they pronounce him, if he only wins. O. S.

THE SERENE BATSMAN.

It is a common fallacy among cricketing coaches and their pupils that when the young batsman has mastered all the strokes that can be imparted to him at the nets his education is complete. So far from that being the case, it has barely begun. Under the prevailing system, the psychological factor, the most important of all, is entirely neglected. The most trying moment of a cricketer's life is when he first steps forth alone from the pavilion of a public ground. In that moment all that the old pro has taught him of cuts and drives, forward play and back play, will not prevent his knees from weakening as he totters to the wicket, whereas the following hints may enable him to face the occasion with confidence if not contempt.

Remember that for a public performer a good entrance is more than half the battle; the first impression on the spectators is the most lasting.

Nothing looks worse than a batsman hurrying out at a furtive trot, as if he were going to pawn his bat. When your turn comes to go in, take care to be just within the regulation two minutes, but school yourself to emerge from the pavilion at a leisurely stride with more than a suspicion of swagger in it. The bat should not be carried as a shy curate carries a shabby umbrella, but either boldly across the shoulder, like a rifle, or tucked under the armpit, so that you may do up your batting-gloves in your progress across the greensward. An excellent effect will be produced if you pause half-way and execute a few fancy strokes at an imaginary ball. Besides, you may not have another opportunity of displaying your accomplishment.

Having, as it were, reported yourself at the wicket, it is

a good plan to discover that you need a new batting-glove. This will afford you an excuse for a return journey to the pavilion, during which your gait will lose nothing in stateliness if you can manage to adopt the goose-step. On your return to the wicket you will probably find, if the weather is mild and the grass dry, that the fieldsmen are reclining on the ground; it will enhance your reputation for non-chalance and good-fellowship if you can contrive to give one of them a playful pat with your bat in passing, especially if he is a total stranger to you and much your senior.

On your second arrival at the wicket, you might get the wicket-keeper to take his gloves off and adjust the straps of your pads. This is one of many subtle ways of demoralising the fielding side and whetting the interest of the onlookers.

After taking middle with such scrupulous exactitude as to imply that you suspect the umpire's eyesight, take one of the bails and scratch a block deep enough to plant something in. Then beckon to the square-leg umpire to come and replace the bail. In this you will be strictly within the law, and nobody can suspect you of the surreptitious use of a little cobbler's wax.

Your next move should be to summon the other batsman to a whispered conference in the middle of the pitch. It doesn't much matter what you say to him; a new funny story or the plot of a play you saw last week will serve to make him assume an air of thoughtful attention.

After a chat of about five minutes, you will return slowly to your crease, there to scrutinise the slip fieldsmen, and then to gaze all round the ground as if to make sure that the other side is not playing more than eleven men.

When taking your stance you will do well to give full effect to some such mannerism as Mr. WARNER's trick of hitching up the left side of the trousers and tapping the ground seven times. And just as the bowler is about to start his run you can disconcert him by suddenly whipping round to see if they have moved another man over to the leg side while your back was turned.

As soon as the bowler has covered half his course to the wicket you should raise your hand to arrest his career. Then you must stroll about a third of the way up the pitch and give the ground a good slapping with the face of your bat.

If you feel so inclined, there is no reason why you should not repeat this manœuvre. Nothing is more calculated to upset a highly-strung bowler. And when the ball does come down the chances are that it will be a wide, in which case you will have earned one run for your side. If, on the other hand, it should happen to knock your middle stump out of the ground, there is nothing more to be done, but you will have the satisfactory feeling that your little turn in the limelight has not been utterly inglorious.

In Memoriam.

CECIL CLAY.

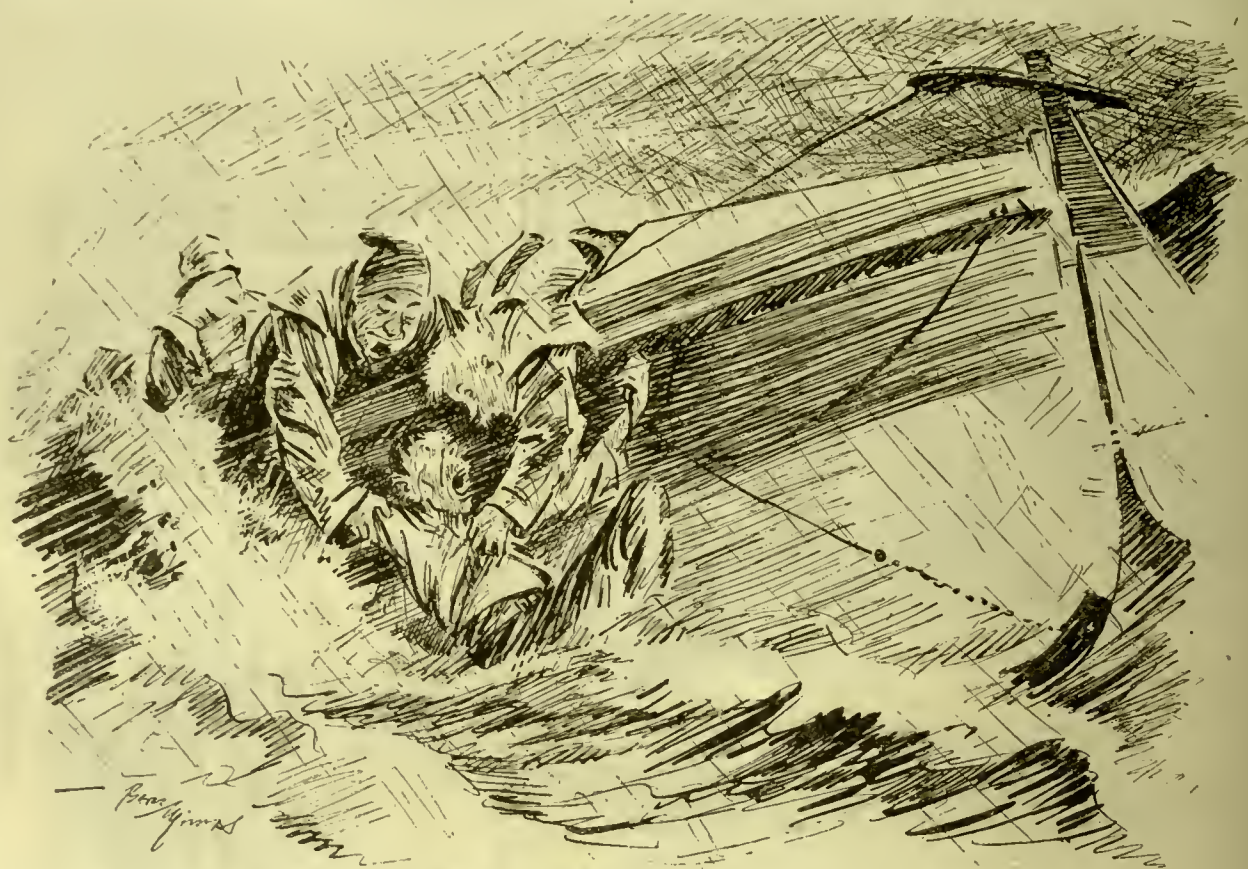
ATHLETE and wit, whose genial tongue
Cheered and refreshed but never stung;
Maker of mirth and wholesome jokes;
Fit mate of dear ROSINA VOKES;
Creator, to our endless joy,
Of priceless *Arthur Pomeroy*—
Light lie the earth above his head
Who lightened many a heart of lead; •
Courteous and chivalrous and gay,
In very truth no common Clay.

WE learn with regret of the death of Mr. A. CHANTREY CORBOULD, whose work as a sporting artist was familiar to an earlier generation of *Punch's* readers.



ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY.

PRIME MINISTER (*to Bolshevik Delegates.*) "HAPPY TO SEE YOU, GENTLEMEN. BUT WOULD YOU MIND GOING ROUND BY THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING?"



Shipwrecked Mariner. "AHoy, Mates! Wot 's won t' DERBY?"

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMATEUR EXAMINER.

THE Nabobs is, I suppose, one of the best girls' schools in England. Anyhow it is perhaps the most exclusive unless you have money enough. But, as the prospectus says, "it commands an extensive view of the English Channel," and I suppose these things have to be paid for. At all events there is no doubt that the principal, Miss Penn-Cushing, has her heart in her work and is a splendid disciplinarian, and so I sent my niece Mollie there to be finished (her mother being in India).

I have an idea at times that it is Mollie who will finish Miss Penn-Cushing, but I try to preserve a benevolent neutrality combined with a regular supply of food parcels to my niece.

Miss Penn-Cushing is LL.A. of one University and LL.B. of another, and, I think, LL.C. of a third, so that she ought to be more than a match for six Mollies.

I have always had the impression that Miss Penn-Cushing regarded me as a humble entomological specimen until the other day when she paid me a staggering compliment. She herself teaches all the English literature in

her academy, and each class in turn goes up to her room to receive its daily dose. Mollie says that when she grows up she is going to give up English literature for ever and read something interesting.

I am glad that the revered Principal is never present to hear Mollie's blasphemies, at which I as an uncle have to shudder. Since the publication of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* Miss Penn-Cushing has been steadily absorbing it, to help her in her daily task, and has apparently reached the chapter in which is suitably acknowledged the debt of English literature to *Punch*.

So at least I judge, for she gave the girls a long serious talk on humour in literature, how to detect it and what should be done about it. One rather sensitive child began to cry, but Mollie, who has never kept a secret in her life and in fact loves to drag her uncle's skeletons out of cupboards, blurted out, "Uncle writes for *Punch*!"

I was somewhat alarmed when I heard of this, for I did not know how Miss Penn-Cushing, who keeps all the girls' uncles in order, might take it. My fears were groundless, perhaps stupid, for the immediate result was an

invitation to examine Mollie's form in literature at the forthcoming Christmas examination. I felt uplifted in spirit; I felt that people were beginning to understand me. I even entertained an hallucination that perhaps Mollie might now treat my intellect with respect and stop calling me "Old dear." Three inches taller I sat down to my desk and, thanking Miss Penn-Cushing for the honour paid me, I promised I would do my best, although it would be my first appearance in the rôle.

I determined, however, not to allow this distinction to make me overbearing to my inferiors at our next speech-day. I would be affable to ordinary uncles, common parents and guardians of the other girls, but I would lead the conversation artfully on to other literary critics and examiners of the past. As a preparation I read up MATTHEW ARNOLD.

It is not easy to be an examiner, I found. I would rather write ten leading articles than one examination-paper. It appeared that I had to set themes for essays as well as questions in literature. We never learnt literature when I was young and I didn't know you could, but I borrowed a text-book from Mollie and did my best.

The result was a crushing letter from the lady principal. She said that "The Ten Points of a good Doll" seemed a preposterous subject for senior students of literature to write about, and "My Favourite Elopement in Fiction" would be outside the purview of any of her girls. She would substitute instead (with my permission), "The Debt of Literature (as well as Science) to Darwin" and "My Favourite Piece of Epic Poetry." In fine, if I did not really mind, she would herself set all the questions and I should examine the answers. She thought that the more fructiferous course.

How to mark was my chief difficulty. How many marks should one give a darling with brown eyes and a musical laugh (Mollie has brought her to tea often) who signs herself "Norah O'Brien," and winds up delightful irrelevances about DARWIN and her abhorrence of reptiles with a personal appeal to the examiner. I do not know what other examiners do in such cases. It was a beautifully worded and most respectful appeal. I decided to give her forty for Norah and forty for O'Brien. Both names have always appealed to me.

This made it necessary for me to give eighty marks to her sister Kathleen, who wrote really an excellent essay on a subject we had stupidly forgotten to set. It was an excellent subject, and she has even browner eyes than Norah, but as an examiner one must be rigid and impartial.

Eunice came next. This name recalled dear memories of the past and of what might have been. But as an examiner I could not let old dreams weigh down my impartial scales, so I refused to give her more than eighty. Finally, for they are really charming girls and know far more about literature than I do, I gave eighty to everybody except Mollie, and for being Mollie I gave her eighty-two.

I forgot. There was one perfectly horrid little girl called Katie de Pinnoek. She never shared her chocolates with anyone; the fact was notorious. She wrote in a copperplate hand sentiments like these: "MILTON awes me; SHELLEY thrills me; BLAKE, the prophet of self-sacrifice, is ever my consolation and my guide. I ask for nothing beyond." I gave her nineteen.

And now comes the tragedy. Miss Penn-Cushing's letter of thanks was icy. She feared I had been "a thought nepotic," and (with my permission) she would revise my marks.

She dealt me the final blow at our Speech-Day. "I have decided," she gave out, "to award the first prize in Literature to Miss Katie de Pinnoek. I



CHAS. GREEN :

Farmer. "EH, LUCY, THESE MOVING STAIRS DO BE VINE THINGS VOR SAVING VOLK'S TIME."

am sure, though, that you will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Marcus O'Reilly, our examiner, was so impressed with the literary excellence of all your papers that he has presented the whole class with consolation prizes. We tender him our heartiest thanks."

Commercial Candour.

Extract from a Canadian business-circular:—

"What intelligent car owners have been looking for is a tire that will give them a minimum amount of service for a maximum amount of expenditure. You can get that tire from us."

"THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

By the RT. HON. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

'Die, thou children of stormy dawn,' cries the Prime Minister to-day, as he stamps out the life of his little land taxes."—*Daily News*. According to his critic Mr. LLOYD GEORGE seems to have done great violence to his syntax as well as to his little land taxes.

"The bride, a tall brunette, looked a vision of golden beauty as she advanced up the aisle on the arm of her father."—*Evening Paper*.

We do not think that this was the right occasion for an exposure of feminine camouflage.

THE ART OF POETRY.

I.

MANY people have said to me, "I wish I could write poems. I often try, but—" They mean, I gather, that the impulse, the creative itch, is in them, but they don't know how to satisfy it. My own position is that I know how to write poetry, but I can't be bothered. I have not got the itch. The least I can do, however, is to try to help those who have.

A mistake commonly committed by novices is to make up their minds what it is they are going to say before they begin. This is superfluous effort, tending to cramp the style. It is permissible, if not essential, to select a *subject*—say, MUD—but any detailed argument or plan which may restrict the free development of metre and rhyme (if any) is to be discouraged.

With that understanding, let us now write a poem about MUD.

I should begin in this sort of way:—

Mud, mud,
Nothing but mud,
O my God!

It will be seen at once that we are not going to have much rhyme in this poem; or if we do we shall very soon be compelled to strike a sinister note, because almost the only rhymes to *mud* are *blood* and *flood*; while, as the authors of our hymns have discovered, there are very few satisfactory rhymes to *God*. They shamefully evaded the difficulty by using words like *road*, but in first-class poetry one cannot do that. On the whole, therefore, this poem had better be *vers libre*. That will take much less time and be more dramatic, without plunging us into a flood of blood or anything drastic like that. We now go on with a little descriptive business:—

Into the sunset, swallowing up the sun,
Crawling, creeping,
The naked flats—

Now there ought to be a verb. That is the worst of *vers libre*; one gets carried away by beautiful phrases and is brought up suddenly by a complete absence of verbs. However at a pinch one can do without a verb; that is the best of *vers libre*:—

Amber and gold,
Deep-stained in mystery
And the colours of mystery,
Inapprehensible,
Golden like wet-gold,
Amber like a woman of Arabia
That has in her breast
The forsaken treasures of old Time,
Love and Destruction,
Oblivion and Decay,
And bully-beef tins,
Tin upon tin,
Old boots, and bottles that hold no more
Their richness in them.
And I—

We might do a good deal more of this descriptive business, bringing in something about dead bodies, mud of course being full of dead bodies. But we had better get on. We strike now the personal note:—

And I,
I too am no more than a bottle,
An empty bottle,
Heaving helpless on the mud of life,
Without a label and without a cork,
Empty I am, yet no man troubles
To return me.
And why?
Because there is not sixpence on me.
Bah!
The sun goes down in the West
(Or is it the East?)
But I remain here,
Drifting empty under the night,
Drifting—

When one is well away with this part of the poem it is almost impossible to stop. When you are writing in metre you come eventually to the eighth line of the last verse and you have to stop; but in *vers libre* you have no assistance of that kind. This particular poem is being written for instructional purposes in a journal of limited capacity, so it will probably have to stop fairly soon; but in practice it would go on for a long time yet. In any case, however, it would end in the same way, like this:—

Mud, mud,
Nothing but mud,
O, my God!

That reasserts, you see, in a striking manner, the original *motif*, and somehow expresses in a few words the poignant melancholy of the whole poem. Another advantage in finishing a long poem, such as this would be, in the same way as you began it is that it makes it clear to the reader that he is still reading the same poem. Sometimes, and especially in *vers libre* of an emotional and digressive character, the reader has a hideous fear that he has turned over two pages and got into another poem altogether. This little trick reassures him; and if you are writing *vers libre* you must not lose any legitimate opportunity of reassuring the reader.

To treat the same theme in metre and rhyme will be a much more difficult matter. The great thing will be to avoid getting *mud* at the end of a line, for the reasons already given. We had better have long ten-syllable lines, and we had better have four of them in each verse. GRAY wrote an elegy in that metre which has given general satisfaction. We will begin:—

As I came down through Chintonbury Hole
The tide rolled out from Wurzel to the sea.

In a serious poem of this kind it is essential to establish a locality atmosphere at once; therefore one mentions a few places by name to show that one

has been there. If the reader has been there too he will like the poem, and if he hasn't no harm is done. The only thing is that locally Chintonbury is probably pronounced Chun'bury, in which case it will not scan. One cannot be too careful about that sort of thing. However, as an illustration Chintonbury will serve.

It is now necessary to show somehow in this verse that the poem is about mud; it is also necessary to organise a rhyme for 'Hole' and a rhyme for 'sea,' and of the two this is the more important. I shall do it like this:—

And like the unclothed levels of my soul
The yellow mud lay mourning nakedly.

There is a good deal to be said against these two lines. For one thing I am not sure that the mud ought to be yellow; it will remind people of Covent Garden Tube Station, and no one wants to be reminded of that. However, it does suggest the inexpressible biliousness of the theme.

I think "levels" is a little weak. It is a good poetical word and doesn't mean anything in particular; but we have too many words of that kind in this verse. "Deserts" would do, except that deserts and mud don't go very well together. However, that sort of point must be left to the individual writer.

At first sight the student may think that "nakedly" is not a good rhyme for "sea." Nor is it. If you do that kind of thing in comic poetry no editor will give you money. But in serious poetry it is quite legitimate; in fact it is rather encouraged. That is why serious poetry is so much easier than comic poetry. In my next lecture I shall deal with comic poetry.

I don't think I shall finish this poem now. The fact is, I am not feeling so inspired as I was. It is very hot. Besides, I have got hay-fever and keep on sneezing. Constant sneezing knocks all the inspiration out of a man. At the same time a tendency to hay-fever is a sign of intellect and culture, and all the great poets were martyrs to it. That is why none of them grew very lyrical about hay. Corn excited them a good deal, and even straw, but hay hardly ever.

So the student must finish this poem as best he can, and I shall be glad to consider and criticise what he does, though I may say at once that there will be no prize. It ought to go on for another eight verses or so, though that is not essential in these days, for if it simply won't go on it can just stop in the middle. Only then it must be headed "MUD: A Fragment."

And in any case, in the bottom left-hand corner, the student must write: *Chintonbury, May 28th, 1920.*

A. P. II.



MANNERS AND MODES.

WHAT OUR PROFITEER'S BUTLER (WHO WAS TAKEN ON WITH THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH:—MASTER'S RELATIONS.

ELIZABETH'S TIP FOR THE DERBY.

"TALKIN' o' the Derby," began Elizabeth.

As a matter of fact I was not talking of the Derby or even thinking of it at the moment. I had just been telling Elizabeth that the omelette which she had served us at dinner was leathery, and her remark struck me as irrelevant.

"Master thinks the omelettes would be lighter if you fried them in more butter," I continued. Of course Master had thought nothing of the kind. But nowadays complaints must be conveyed to domestics in this indirect way.

Elizabeth ignored the omelette. "I'm goin' to win fifty pounds at least," she exclaimed, and in her excitement broke the cup she held—I mean to say the cup came in two in her hand as she spoke. "I've got a bit on an 'orse for the Derby."

I felt slightly shocked. It is always surprising to discover a latent sporting instinct in one's domestics, unless they are highly placed and dignified domestics like butlers or head-footmen; but in a cook-general it seems peculiarly low.

"I shouldn't bet if I were you," I advised; "I think—er—Master thinks," I added involuntarily—"that you might lose money at it."

"But I'm goin' to win money this time," announced Elizabeth triumphantly; "my young man ses so, and 'e knows."

"Which young man?" I inquired.

Elizabeth, I ought perhaps to explain, is uncertain about her young men. She never has any lack of them; but they are like ships that pass in the night (her night out as a rule) and one by one they drift off, never stopping to cast anchor in her vicinity. You know what I mean. Elizabeth can't keep a young man. Perhaps she lacks the charm which BARRIE describes as "a sort of a bloom on a woman." Or if she has any of that bloom it must be swamped in the moist oleaginous atmosphere of washing-up which seems to cling permanently about her.

"It's a new young man," said Elizabeth in answer to my question, "an' 'e's got work in a racin' stable, so that 's 'ow 'e knows wot 's goin' to win. It'll be an outsider, 'e ses, which makes it all the better for me."

"All the better for you?"

"Yes, 'm. You see, the more you puts on the more you wins."

Elizabeth may not have charm but she certainly has simplicity. "You don't mean to say," I cried, a light breaking on me, "that you got your next month's wages in advance just to put it all on a horse?"

"That I did," she replied complacently. "You see, my young man ses that, if you put it on some time before and, you get a better price, so I thort I'd give it to 'im to put on at once. 'E promised 'e wouldn't waste a minnit over it."

"But this is most foolish of you—to trust your money to an entire stranger," I expostulated.

"'E isn't a stranger—'e's my young man," corrected Elizabeth, tossing her head.

For the following few days she was radiant—but then anybody would be

Who Never Came Back." He romped out of Elizabeth's existence on the Sunday preceding the Derby.

"I waited for 'im four-an-'arf 'ours, an' 'e didn't turn up," she informed me next day.

"Perhaps he was prevented from keeping the appointment," I suggested to comfort her, though I felt the outlook was gloomy.

She shook her head. "I'll never see 'im no more. I know 'em," she said, drawing on the depth of her experience of young men who do the vanishing trick. "An' my money gone too. It's 'eartbreakin'. But I might 'ave known that that ther 'orse was a bad sign."

"What horse?" I asked, bewildered.

"The one 'e told me to put my money on. The name alone ought to have set me agen it; it was too true to life."

"And what was the name of the horse?" I inquired as she drifted dismally to the door.

"'E Goes," said Elizabeth mournfully.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(By our Lunatic Contributor.)

THAT the notorious KING BELSHAZZAR

Was noted as the earliest JAZZER;

That, on the contrary, ZERUBBABEL

Was most exclusive and unclubbable;

That ROMULUS and brother REMUS

Were not so tall as Polyphemus;
That the one weakness of Calypso
Was what is briefly known as "dipso";
That CLODIUS, very long ago,
First bore the nickname of "Old Clo";
That the illustrious PALESTRINA
Did not invent the concertina;
That WAGNER's methods in *Tannhäuser*
Never appealed to Mrs. Poyser;
That the Albanian PRENK BIB DODA
Prefers his whisky minus soda;
That good Professor FLINDERS PETRIE
Did not discover SACHA GUTTRY.

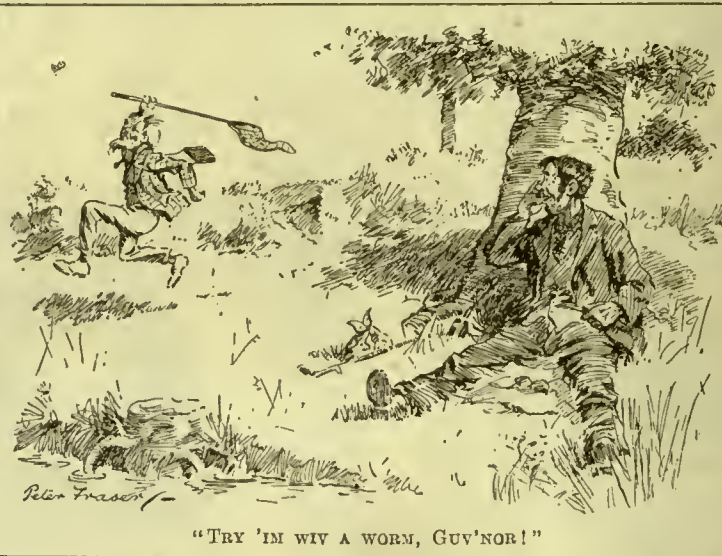
Our Journalistic Sleuths.

"The circumstances under which the deceased came by his death are shrouded in mystery. From the gun shot wounds it is surmised that he either shot himself or somebody had shot him."—*Indian Paper*.

"Would Persons present in Restaurant in Shiprow on Saturday Night, when dispute arose with regard to sixpence, please communicate with No. 798 Express Office?"

Scotch Paper.

Who heard the bang?



"TRY 'IM WIV A WORM, GUV'NOR!"

who was certain of the winner of the Derby a week before the race. In addition to this she had got a young man. Those brief periods when Elizabeth's young men are in the incipient stages of paying her attention are agreeable to everybody. Elizabeth, feeling no doubt in her rough untutored way that God's in His heaven and all's right with the world, sings at her work; she shows extraordinary activity when going about her duties. She does unusual things like remembering to polish the brasses every week—indeed you have only to step into the hall and glance at the stair-rod to discover the exact stage of her latest "affair." I remember that, when one ardent swain "in the flying corpse" went to the length of offering her marriage before he flew away, she cleaned the entire house down in her enthusiasm, and had actually got to the cellars before he vanished out of her life.

The follower from the racing stable might aptly be described as "The Man



[Week-end hostesses are now giving "Lend-a-hand" parties, at which every guest is expected to do some household service.]

Wife. "I'M ASKING DOLLY DITCHWATER THIS WEEK-END. BIT DULL, BUT SHE DOESN'T DROP THE CHINA."

Husband. "DON'T FORGET BERTIE BUNT. BIT OF A BOUNDER, BUT HE'S AN ACE AT CLEANING BOOTS."

AMERICA AGAIN.

A SITUATION of extreme international delicacy has recently arisen. We understand, with regard to the impending strike of Italian organ-grinders and ice-cream merchants in the Metropolis, that Signori Rimbombo Furioso and Fagiuolo Antico, representing the Amalgamated Society of Itinerant Instrumentalists and the National Union of Refrigerated Tuck Sellers, have lately been invited to a conference with Dr. MACNAMARA, and their economic grievances are now under the consideration of the MINISTER OF LABOUR. These, briefly, are as follows:

- (1) The high price of sugar.
- (2) Restricted hours and insufficient emoluments.
- (3) Undue interference by the police.
- (4) Inadequate supplies of monkey nuts.

It now appears that in order to make a bid for the large Italian vote in the forthcoming Presidential elections in the U.S.A. a violent anti-British pro-

paganda campaign is raging on the other side of the Atlantic, and that an enormous amount of spurious sympathy is being manufactured on behalf of the purveyors of rotary music and frozen confectionery in Soho. Beautiful Italian girls are daily besieging the British Embassy at Washington with placards bearing such inscriptions as—

SHOULD HOKEY POKEY SUFFER?

ENGLAND COERCES HER TRAVELLING ORGANISTS.

AMERICANS! HELP THE DUMB APE!

The agitation is the more uncalled for since, as a matter of fact, both Signor Furioso and Signor Antico, like most of their compatriots in this country, are pronounced Irredentists and filled with aspirations for a larger Italy, so that they have little or nothing in common with anti-Imperialistic America. Nevertheless, so bitter is the feeling which has been aroused that large subsidies are being sent overseas and Black Hand gangs organised to resist the London

police. All over the outer suburbs organ-grinders are refusing to move on, and insist on playing well into the early hours of the morning. Deleterious substances of an explosive nature are being mingled with the ice cream, or else it is being supplied in such a watery condition that it is impossible for customers to lick it out of the receptacle without ruining their shirt fronts and waistcoats. Monkeys are being trained to give violent manifestations of ferocity, and, should the present heat-wave continue, rabies is anticipated.

The latest development is a rumoured suggestion from the U.S.A. Government that a representative should be sent over to take part in the Conference, and the names of Mr. JOE DEMPSEY and Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN have been put forward as possible mediators.

V.

"All is not piano sailing yet for the German in search of foreign markets."—*Evening Paper.* But wait till their flying bagmen get to work.



Hairdresser in Ancient Assyria. "DON'T GO, SIR. I SHALL BE FINISHED WITH THIS NOBLEMAN IN THREE OR FOUR HOURS."

PRACTICAL ZOOLOGY.

THERE is nothing which distinguishes your true Briton so much as the systematic study of the ways of wild animals, and there is no kind of instruction which an English child so eagerly accepts.

"The addax or Nubian antelope," how frequently one may hear a father say to his small son in the schoolroom, "has horns very similar to those of the Indian antelope, but is a larger animal." "Yes, father," responds the boy brightly, "it has a tuft of long hair on the forehead and large broad hoofs, adapted for treading on fine and loose sands."

But it is easier perhaps to make these nice points in natural history in the comparative calm of the home than in the more frenzied atmosphere that reigns in the Zoological Gardens themselves. It is for that reason that I have put together the few notes which follow, hoping that they may assist the reader to adopt a definite system in dealing with this great national institution and educate the young mind on a reasoned and scientific plan.

Take the order of visiting the cages first. I do not complain of your natural wish to begin with the giraffe, because it has such an absurdly long neck and may possibly mistake Pamela's straw-hat for a bunch of hay and try to eat it,

and because you will be able to see the hippopotamus on the way. As a matter of fact you will find that the giraffe is not standing near the bars at all, but close to its stable, where it is mincing and bridling exactly like a lady in a Victorian novel, and as for the hippopotamus you cannot see the pretty pink part of him because he is giving his famous imitation of a submarine. But never mind that. Your difficulty now will be, "What shall we do next?" and in order to assist you I have constructed a logical order for visiting the various cages. Here it is:—

1. The lions, because you can hear them already roaring most horribly fiercely.

2. The sea-lions, because they are saying "Ock, ock."

3. The lions, because the tiger may be roaring too this time.

4. The Elephant House. No, Pamela, I don't know why he is swaying about like that.

5. The lions, because Tony did not really see the black panther, which was asleep in one corner of its cage.

6. The Monkey House. I suppose we must.

7. The lions, to wait there till they are fed.

The only trouble about this order is

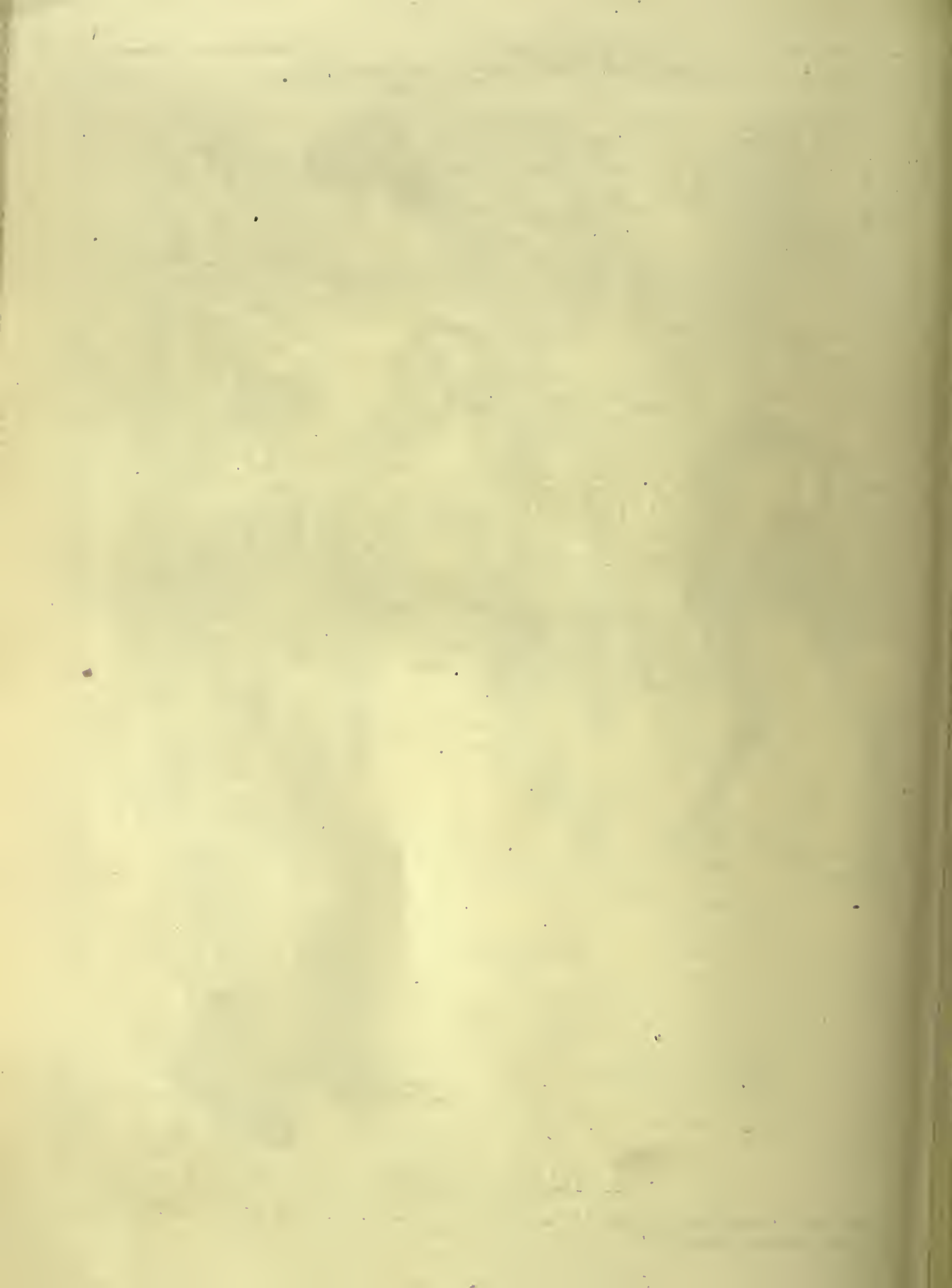
that you may not have much time to visit the Mappin Terraces, and it is of course very important that you should go there because of the bears. The bears by rights should be fed on umbrellas, because they suck the stick and the ribs of the frame for all the world as if they were pieces of asparagus, and tear the silk part very carefully into tiny little shreds. But umbrellas are very expensive just now and the keeper does not think they are very good for the bears either. It is better to give them oranges, but oranges are expensive too, so you must make quite certain that you do not waste them on the grizzlies which are not on the Mappin Terraces at all. It is no use giving an orange to a grizzly bear, because it goes down with one quick motion, like the red into the right-hand top pocket. But if you give it to one of the Himalayan bears he opens it and scoops out all the inside and guzzles it up and then sits down and licks his paws exactly like a Christian, and while he is doing that the other Himalayan bear comes up and is so annoyed at not having an orange too that he lies down and groans with rage and flaps himself with his paws. So you have to get another orange.

Another thing that you have missed all this time and ought to see if pos-



A DARK HORSE.

PROFITEER. "‘ECONOMY’? NEVER HEARD THE NAME. LOOKS AS IF HE MIGHT SPOIL MY BOOK, THOUGH."





THE NICETIES OF CLOTHES ECONOMY.

"GOOD LORD! THAT FELLOW'S ACTUALLY HAD HIS OVERALLS PATCHED!"

"DARNED LITTLE FOP."

sible is the Antelope House, where the telephone is. I don't know why the antelopes want a telephone more than all the other animals, but they do. Of course if they knew how bad the telephone is they would realise that with their long legs they could get there and back again in much quicker time than it takes to get a call through.

And then there are the Small Birds. It is not known to everybody, least of all, I think, to poets, that the nightingale sings best of all in a cage in broad daylight and amongst a lot of other birds, all twittering away like anything. We should like to take Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES to the Small Birds' House. We should like to take Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE there too, and introduce him to the bird just underneath the nightingale, which is called the Talking Mynah.

But you are not very much interested in coal or poetry, and will probably like the Sugar Birds best, for, if there is anything more delightful than being a bird, especially a tiny little bird, blue

or green underneath, it must be living on sugar and having grapes stuck in the bars of your cage.

The snakes of course are slimy sort of creatures and their house is a long way off, and, though we fully agree with you that the monkeys were just like real persons, we think we really ought to be starting home now.

No, there is no time to see the lions again. . . . Evoc.

THE CAP THAT FITS.

"Gerald, dear," said my wife the other evening, "I wish you'd write and order some more notepaper; we've hardly any left."

"All right, Margaret. What sort do you want? The last lot was beastly—too thick to make into spills and not large enough for drawing up the fire."

"Well, here's a list of the different kinds they have in stock at Jones and Robinson's."

I took it from her and glanced through it. "What do you say to 'Cream Laid,' Margaret? I like the sound of that.

It will make me feel so nice and cool in the hot weather to think of the rows of fresh-faced country girls, in their spotless white overalls, pouring the cream delicately over the paper. I wonder how they get it to stop exactly at the edge?"

"It wants a very cool head and steady hand, I expect," said Margaret; "they'd all be picked cream-layers, of course. But how would you like 'thick hand-made paper with deckle edges'? What are deckle edges, I wonder; and how is paper hand-made?"

"Rather like treading grapes, I fancy, only that's done by foot. I mean they smash up the pulp with a very heavy pestle in a huge—"

"Mortar!" cried Margaret triumphantly.

"Yes; but am I telling this story or are you? Well, and then they put it through a mangle—"

"Wurzel," said Margaret.

"Wrong—just a mangle, and roll it out flat, after which they deckle the edges."



Peter Meyers
Sandy (viewing doctor's bill). "BUT THE BILL IS NO RICHT, SIR. YE'VE CHAIRGED ME FOR SEVEN DAYS INSTEAD O' SIX. DINNA YE MIND I WAS DELEERIOUS ONE DAY AN' WAS NOT AWEER OF YOUR PRESENCE?"

"But how do they do that, Gerald?"
"Oh, they just call in the edge-deckler and say, 'See to 't that yon edges be deckled ere set o' sun,' and he sees to 't. His is a most important post, I believe."

Margaret came and sat on a tuffet by my chair.

"Sorry about wurzel," she said. "Now tell me all about machine-made paper, there's a dear. It will be so nice to be able to explain all this to Nat when he's older."

"Paper-making by machinery, my dear," I said graciously, "is a most complicated process. I won't puzzle you with all the details, but roughly the idea is to pulp up the—er—rags and so on in a huge sort of—er—bowl, and then to roll it out thin in the rolling-out machine."

Margaret thought this over. "It sounds just the same as the hand-made," she said.

"Oh, no," I said quickly; "it's all done by machinery, you see. Pistons and rollers and—er—mechanical edge-decklers and so on."

"And what does 'Linen Wove' mean?"

"They employ people to thread the paper with linen threads, my dear. A very delicate performance; that's why

Linen Wove is so expensive. Azure Wove is, of course, done with blue flaxen threads. Silurian Bond is made by a fellowship of geologists, and for Chelsea Bank they have a factory on the bank of the Thames at Cheyne Walk. That's all I need tell you, though I know a lot more."

"I never realised before how awfully interesting paper-making could be," said Margaret gratefully. "Write and order me a good supply of Chelsea Cream Wove, will you, dear? Oh, and some other kind for yourself, to write your stories on. Don't forget."

"Very well; Chelsea Cream Wove for you. And what shall I have?"

Margaret's mouth twitched a little.

"Foolscap, I think, dear," she said.

ANALGESIA.

(With Mr. Punch's best wishes for the speedy recovery of the French PRESIDENT.)

["President Deschanel . . . was compelled to take several analgesia cachets. (Analgesia is a condition in which there is incapacity of feeling pain)."]—*Evening Paper*.

WHEN, haply through excess of cake, In childhood's days of fun and frolic,

I suffered from that local ache Known to the Faculty as colic;

Or if across the foam I fared And was (invariably) sea-sick, How much distress had I been spared Just by a simple analgesic.

In the Headmaster's awesome den, His cane poised o'er me palely bending, A lozenge deftly swallowed then Had eased the smart of its descending.

Thus might I have indulged in "rags," Immune from every sore corrective, Nor need I then have stuffed my bags With notebooks, often ineffective.

Henceforth, in any sort of fuss— Life's little incidental dramas, As when one boards a motor-bus Or leaps from trains in one's pyjamas—

I'll take a tabloid. DESCHANEL! So much to me your agile feat meant; *L'exemple présidentiel* Lends quite a cachet to the treatment.

"59 ACCIDENTS IN 5 YEARS. PROPOSED ROAD WIDENING TO INCLUDE CEMETERY CORNER."

Evening Paper.

The only alternative would appear to be to enlarge the cemetery.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT AT EPSOM.

I am not attending the Derby this year. Nor was it my original intention to go last year, but since my beneficent employers, unasked, offered me a day off, Selina insisted we ought to go. It was a national institution, a sight everyone should see once in a lifetime, and so forth. I protested it was an extravagance; that to be married was really more than we could afford, let alone race-meetings. But Selina was firm. She would pay, if necessary, out of the house-keeping money. Besides it need cost nothing. We might win enough money to cover our expenses.

Thus the idea of betting was introduced. Gambling in all forms is against my principles; and how I came to give in on the point I scarcely know. From the way Selina argued one might have supposed that a bet on the Derby was a prudent investment, something in the nature of a life-insurance which no careful husband would neglect to make. So I yielded, merely stipulating that our stake was not to exceed one pound; and this amount fortunately satisfied Selina's conception of recklessness.

So upon the appointed day we found ourselves at the famous Heath, or is it the Downs? The selection of a horse to bear our fortunes to victory was not made without anxious debate, since Selina's choice was based upon the colour scheme of the jockey's coats, and mine on the romantic associations of the animals' names. In the end we compromised on a horse called Grand Parade.

Next, equally momentous, we selected a bookmaker who was to oblige us by opposing our fancy at the most advantageous rate. I was in favour of picking a man whose abundance of chin and paunch would, should he default, prevent his attaining more than four miles an hour on the flat. I had already discovered one that answered this description. He was soliciting clients in a voice that made one think a vulture might be rending his liver. Selina, who pretends to read character from faces, declared his eyes were too close together for those of an honest man. She had singled out a more suitable individual, and she indicated to me a slender gentlemanly man dressed in a grey frock-coat with a tall hat of the same colour just pathetically beginning to grow shabby. He also invited custom, but in a refined, almost confidential tone which, in comparison with the braying of his rival, resembled the cooing of a dove. His features, which to me denoted weakness of character, Selina asserted to be those of an honourable man struggling with adversity. It was



"SO YOU ABSENTED YOURSELF WITHOUT LEAVE, AND WENT TO EPSOM. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?"

"THAT IT WAS WORTH IT, SIR, EVEN IF IT DO MEAN THE LOSS OF MY PENSION."

to support an ailing wife, she felt sure, that he toiled at his uncongenial vocation. I should have liked to explain, though I knew it was useless, that our object in dealing with him was not to contribute to the support of his wife; that our success, indeed, might mean that the unhappy lady would be deprived for many a week to come of those little delicacies that are essential to the comfort of an invalid.

Against my better judgment I gave in and our little stake was deposited in his hands. I almost felt inclined to apologize for its smallness, but his courtesy in accepting it rendered excuses unnecessary. Nevertheless I should have preferred, when taking up a position to view the race, to have chosen a spot from which we could at the same time have kept an eye on his gentlemanly tall hat. Selina how-

ever poolpoohed the idea. We therefore walked some little distance to a point on the hill whence, some ten minutes later, we had the satisfaction of seeing Grand Parade gallop home a winner.

In the moment of triumph I had almost forgotten my apprehensions as to our bookmaker. Selina however had not, for, as we caught sight of his elegant grey-clad figure on our return, she could not resist exclaiming, "See how wrong your suspicions were."

The crowd, set loose after the tension of the race, impeded our progress, so that by the time we reached him he was alone. Apparently he had paid off all the other winners, and we were the last claimants to arrive.

"Ah, I was waiting for you," he said in his easy well-bred fashion. "You will think it very strange, perhaps, but

for the moment I am unable to pay you. Most absurd. My losses have been rather more than I calculated, and I have unfortunately disbursed all my available cash. You need be under no apprehension, however; if you will kindly give me your address you shall have a cheque by the first post to-morrow."

I tried to recall what one did to welshers. I seemed to remember that one raised a hue-and-cry, that one tarred and feathered them, and rode them on a rail to a pond. I am, however, constitutionally timid about making my voice heard in public, and I was as short of tar and feathers as he was of ready cash. I had therefore no alternative but to draw out my pocket-case and present him with a card.

"Ah, thanks," he said, and with a neat little silver pencil he scribbled on the back a hieroglyph of some sort, doubtless to jog his memory. Then he wished me good-day with many apologies and, politely taking off his hat to Selina, sauntered leisurely in the direction of the railway-station.

I confess that this *contretemps* somewhat dashed my spirits. Nor was my chagrin lessened by observing, during the remainder of the afternoon, my corpulent friend, notwithstanding the closeness of his eyes to each other, paying off regularly, at the end of each race, a host of customers with the greatest good grace, enlivened by coarse jocularities. I followed the rest of the sport with little zest, and my cup of enjoyment was not filled to overflowing when, possessing first-class return tickets, we had to stand, Selina as well as myself, in a crowded third-class smoker.

Selina however preserved both her spirits and her confidence. Book-makers, she had heard, were, as a class, most honourable. Their losses could not be recovered by law, but they regarded them as debts of honour. There were exceptions, of course, but the gentleman in grey was not one of them. Something told her so. I should see that she was right.

At breakfast next morning we scanned our post for a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting. There was none.

"It was really rather early to expect one," said Selina.

On the following morning, however, amongst others there lay a letter in a strange writing, addressed moreover in precisely the same style as the description of me on my visiting card.

"What did I tell you?" said Selina.

"Well?" she asked, as I tore open the envelope and read the letter.

"This must be some mistake," I said.

"It is a demand from the railway for a first-class fare from Epsom to London. They state that I was detected travelling without a ticket. Ridiculous. I shall pay no attention to it."

In the evening, however, as I started home from the City, I thought better. It would save trouble if I looked in at London Bridge.

"You have come to pay?" said the chief clerk, as I showed him the note.

"Indeed I have not," said I. "On the contrary the Company should refund me the difference between first and third-class fare."

"Do you deny, then, that you travelled back from Epsom without a ticket?"

"Indeed I do."

"You will not deny, perhaps, that this is the card you handed the inspector with a promise to pay?"

I took the proffered card. I could not deny it, for the card was mine. I turned it over. There, faintly legible on the back in pencil, was the hieroglyph that the bookie had scrawled on it.

I explained to the clerk. I also explained to Selina when I got home. She, however, sticks to her original contention. She was not deceived. Fundamentally the man was honest. Only the expenses of his wife's long illness had caused him to deviate from the path of probity.

METHODIC MADNESS.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

THE newspapers have recently devoted a certain amount of space to the American millionaire who, while confined in a psychopathic ward of a private lunatic asylum, by his clever financial manipulations added in the course of six weeks five hundred thousand pounds to a fortune "conservatively estimated at three million pounds." In spite of this achievement the misguided millionaire pleaded earnestly for his release. But the verdict of the New York Sheriffs' Court was adverse. The expert "alienists" admitted that he possessed an extraordinary memory and undoubted genius, but held that he was none the less insane. Accordingly he is to remain in the psychopathic ward to which he was consigned "at the request of his aged mother." A simple sum in addition establishes the fact that, if the patient maintains his present average, he will considerably more than double his fortune in a year. Yet none of the newspaper commentators have realised the tremendous possibilities underlying this achievement.

We are threatened with national in-

solveny, and here is an infallible remedy ready to hand. Lord FISHER's panacea for our discontents was to "sack the lot"—to dismiss all our rulers and administrators. But he had only a glimmering of the truth. Our cry should rather be, "Lock up the lot." Experience has taught us that if complete latitude is given to eccentrics and incompetents, if, in the words of Professor SOBBY, F.R.S., the destinies of the country are entrusted to people of archaic mental outlook, the result is bound to be disastrous and chaotic. But if you treat them as lunatics, there is a strong presumption of their mending their ways and proving valuable factors in the economic reconstruction of the Empire and the world.

Grave evils call for drastic treatment, and in view of the hectic condition of the Stock Exchange and the "vicious circle" round which industrialism is now unhappily revolving I cannot but think that the temporary seclusion of the Ministry in a psychopathic ward might be fraught with economic consequences of the utmost importance. Even if they were only able to reduce our indebtedness at the same rate as that attained by the American millionaire, their combined efforts would represent a magnificent total.

Perhaps it would be wiser to proceed tentatively and not commit ourselves for more than six weeks to start with. It is just conceivable that the treatment might stimulate extravagance instead of economy. Financial thrombosis is not unknown as one of the obscurer forms of megalomania. Still, as I have said, the experiment is worth making.

In other spheres of activity the results achieved are most encouraging. For example, an extremely *outré* Cubist who was recently consigned to a psychopathic ward at the instigation of his grandmother, developed a remarkable talent for painting in the manner of MARCUS STONE; while a neo-Georgian composer under similar treatment has produced a series of *études* indistinguishable from the pianoforte music of STERNDALE BENNETT, though he had previously far outstripped the most unbridled and exacerbated aberrations of SRIABINE in his latest phase.

Commercial Candour.

"YE OLDE TEA HOUSE

(Opposite the Church).

HONE-MADE CAKES. ANTIQUES."

Local Paper.

"TO BE SURE.

'Why do you call that performing poodle Sidius?'

'He's a dog star, ain't he now?'

Canadian Paper.

Still we don't see it.

THE PROVISION MERCHANT.

Jougasoe



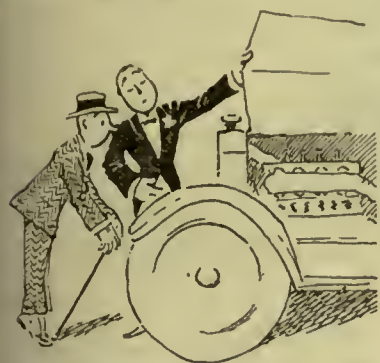
"CAN WE SUPPLY YOU WITH A CAR, SIR? CERTAINLY."



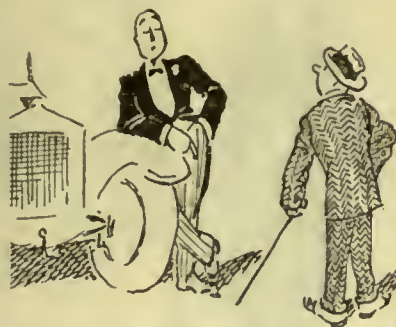
THIS IS OUR 1920 TOURING MODEL—PROVISIONAL, OF COURSE.



BY THE WAY, THE BODY, YOU SEE, IS ONLY A PROVISIONAL ONE.



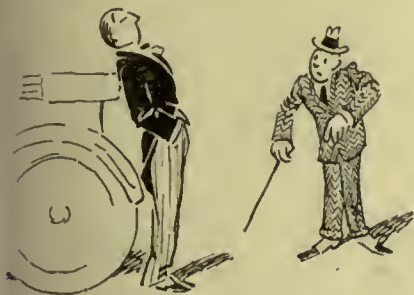
THE ENGINE-DESIGN IS PURELY PROVISIONAL, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND—



AND THE HORSE-POWER IS PROVISIONALLY FIXED AT 12-78.



DELIVERY IS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS—QUITE PROVISIONAL, THAT IS—



AND THE PRICE WE PUT PROVISIONALLY AT £1,200.



WE SHALL REQUIRE, OF COURSE, A DEPOSIT OF £600 BEFORE WE CAN PROVISIONALLY ACCEPT THE ORDER.



I MAY ADD THAT A GUARANTEE GOES WITH EACH CAR—PROVISIONAL, NATURALLY—



AND WE WILL PROVISIONALLY UNDERTAKE TO INFORM YOU OF ANY PROVISIONAL ALTERATIONS—



THAT WE MAY MAKE IN OUR PROVISIONAL DESIGNS IF YOU APPLY TO OUR PROVISIONAL WORKS—



—PROVIDED— No, Sir, I CANNOT TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN HIRE A PUSH-BIKE!!!

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM."

GENTLEMEN of the Press having been tactfully requested not to give away this awesome mystery, I am barred by the fastidious sense of honour which distinguishes our profession from spoiling your pleasure in this matter—a course which otherwise I should naturally have preferred.

Not that I have any too clear idea of what it was all about or why an innocent gentleman should be apparently going to be guillotined for it. For there was no question of anyone having been murdered, the only tangible crime before the Court that I could see being the abstraction of some scientific papers. However don't imagine that this vagueness will deprive you of the pleasures of shock. Only don't go thinking about it. Remember *Rosamund* and her Purple Jar.

I think I am free to tell you that a young journalist possessing (characteristically) "fantastic humour and exuberant gaiety," a famous amateur detective to boot, outwits all the official police, robs the law of its prey and finds a long-lost mother for himself.

If this doesn't excite you sufficiently you can extract fun from subsidiary details. It is always diverting to the unspoilt soul when the principal lady goes to turn up one lamp and the other promptly glows instead; or when, a particularly obvious and commonplace knock assailing the ear, she exclaims in tragic accents, "There's someone at the door;" or when the detective drags from the bottom of the lake a pair of the driest of dry old boots.

Or, if you are superior to this kind of thing, you can amuse yourself by deducing from the practice before you the famous *Rules for Revolvers*, which, *mutatis mutandis*, are as old as the Aristotelian unities and, for all I (or, probably, you) know to the contrary, were laid down at the same time by the same hand.

Rule 1. "All Innocent Characters expecting murderous assault from Particularly Desperate Villains will provide themselves with revolvers. Before retiring for the tragic night they will, grasping the revolver firmly in the right hand, place it carefully (as Professor LEACOCK would direct) on the revolver-stand. The P.D.V. will then know what to do about it. (Note: P.D.V.'s do not carry revolvers. They don't need to.)

Rule 2. "I.C.'s actually attacking P.D.V.'s will on no account fire, but, advancing stealthily, will offer their pistol-wrist to the enemy, who will at once lock it in a deathly grip. After a brief struggle, swaying this way and that,

the P.D.V. will, on the word 'Four,' put on another beard and have the I.C. thrown into prison." And so forth.

I have no serious fault to find with these tactics. On the contrary. But I rather think that in the first Act an incident was introduced (no doubt in the spirit of the little girl's explanation *à propos* of her riddle, "That was just put in to make it more difficult"), which was not quite cricket as it is played by the best people in these stage shockers.

But I am on dangerous grounds. Let me say that Mr. HANNAFORD BENNETT has been distinctly ingenious in his adaptation from M. GASTON'S LEROUX'S hectic feuilleton; that Miss SYML THORN-



Joseph Rouletabille (Mr. ARTHUR PUSEY) to Frederic Larsan (Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL).
"FATHER, I AM A JOURNALIST; I CANNOT TELL A LIE. YOU DID IT!"

DIKE put in a much finer quality of work than is usually supplied with this kind of heroine; that Miss DAISY MARKHAM as her friend played very gaily and prettily as long as the situation allowed it, and that Messrs. FRANKLIN DYALL, LEWIS CASSON, NICHOLAS HANNEN, ARTHUR PUSEY, MAJOR JONES, COLSTON MANSELL and the Prompter all did notable work. T.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"No doubt the inhabitants of the seaside resorts are duly grateful as they turn their faces to the trippers and the sun. Like Niobe, they are all smiles."—*Provincial Paper*.

"It certainly was a heavy swell, but the good ship 'Onward' had, so to speak, got its sea legs, and so had the party aboard; and although we rolled, it was a long steady roll which in time became almost most enjoyable." *Isle of Man Weekly Times*.

It is on occasions like these that the Manxman finds his third leg so useful.

CUTCHERY CATS.

[In order to check the depredations of mice and rats the Government of India have directed the maintenance of cats in every public office ("Cutchery"). Rations do not err on the side of over-abundance, and the cats in consequence are not always the most favourable specimens.]

WHAT time five notes on the cutchery gong

The aged orderly rings,
And he who calleth the waiting throng
Striketh his work and sings,

There cometh a man with broken meats,

Cheerily calling, and him there greets
With wailing of souls that are tried
too long,

A bevy of Fearsome Things.

Ribbed as railings and lank as rods,
Stark as the toddy trees,
Swarming as when from the bursting pods

Scatter the ripened peas,
Flaming pupil and naked claw,
Gaunt and desolate, maimed and raw,
Cats by courtesy, but, ye gods!

Never were cats like these.

Nay, of a verity these he souls
Such as in life were vile,
Risen again from the nethermost coals
To harry the earth a while;
Versed in wickedness, old in sin,
Never was hell could hold them in,
And back they hasten in droves and shoals

To desecrate and defile.

Here where the shadow of Ancient Lies
Falleth athwart the room,
Where the Angel of Evil Council plies
His chariot through the gloom,
Where the Lost Endeavours and Faded Hopes

Cluster like fruit in the mango-topes,
Here is the perfectest paradise
For the damned to work their doom.

And swear will I by the Cloven Hoof
And the name of the Manichees,
By the hair that riseth despite reproof
And the rebel veins that freeze,
That at night, when the graves give up
their dead

And the thunder belloweth overhead,
You would not get me under this roof
For a lakh of the best rupees!

* * * * *

The Magistrate's risen and eke the Sub,
And bicycles homeward spin;
The clerks depart with a shrill hubbub
And the snores of the guard begin;

Ah, lock ye the strong-room sure and fast,
For the night draws down and the day
is past;

Masters, I will away to the Club,
For the hour of the cats is in.

H. B.



Batsman. "I DON'T WANT NONE OF YOUR UNDER'ANDS. BOWL ANOTHER AN' I TAKES THE BAT 'OME—SEE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH *Madeline of the Desert* (UNWIN) is published in the First Novel series, it by no means follows that Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL can be considered a beginner in authorship, his various activities already including some volumes on Egyptology that have made for him a wide circle of appreciative readers. You will therefore be correct in guessing that the *Desert* of the title is Egyptian; also that the story is one in which the setting and the local colour are treated with expert knowledge and an infectious enthusiasm. Of *Madeline* herself I should say at once that nothing in her life, as shown here, became her like the beginning of it. Her entrance into the tale, arriving out of the desert to consult the recluse, *Father Gregory*, whose nephew she afterwards marries, does very strikingly achieve an effect of personality. *Madeline* was a product of Port Said and, when we first meet her, an adventuress of international reputation, or lack of it. Then *Robin* rescues, marries and educates her. It was the last process that started the trouble. *Madeline* took to education more readily than a duck to water; and the worst of it was that she was by no means willing to keep the results and her conclusions therefrom to herself; indeed she developed the lecturing habit to an extent that almost (but not quite) ruined her charm. Mr. WEIGALL is so obviously sincere in all this that, though I cannot exonerate him from a charge of using *Madeline* as the mouthpiece of his own sociological and religious views, I must acknowledge his good intentions, while deploring what seems to me an artistic error. But, all said, the book is very far from being

ordinary; its quality in the portrayal both of place and character is of the richest promise for future stories, in which I hope the author will give us more pictures of the land he understands so well.

I certainly admit that the publishers of *The Strangeness of Noel Carton* (JENKINS) have every justification for speaking of it as "a new note in a novel." Indeed that clever writer, Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, has here sounded as new, original and (for all its surface humour) horrible a note as any I have heard in fiction for some time. My trouble is that I can hardly indicate it without giving away the whole business. Very briefly the tale is of one *Noel Carton*, who has married beneath him for not quite enough money to gild a detestable union, and, being an unstable egoist and waster, presently seeks consolation (and pocket money) by writing a novel founded in part on his own position. One may note in passing that Mr. CAINE seems to have but a modest idea of the mental equipment required for such a task. Still I suppose he knows, and anyway that isn't the point. The point is that, once *Noel* has got himself properly projected into his novel, all sorts of the queerest and most bogie coincidences begin to occur. Again to quote the puff preliminary, "as the book develops the reader has a suspicion which becomes almost a certainty, until the great and astounding climax is reached;" concerning which you may justly remark that no reader with a certainty would regard its verification as "astounding." But this takes nothing from the craft with which, on looking back, you see the climax to have been prepared. I could hardly call the tale altogether pleasant, but it is undeniably new and vastly original.

The good Sioux glories in his scalps, and Mr. ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, of Louisville, must surely be the Great Chief of interviewers. Interviewing, he tells us, is, after all, only a form of reporting, and so are history, poetry and romance. What, he asks, were MOMMSEN and GIBBON, WORDSWORTH and KEATS but reporters, and I can only answer, What indeed? To have been found worthy of tensure by Mr. MARCOSSON it is necessary to be very eminent, and to win his highest praise it is essential also to be a good "impartier," though he has a kind of sneaking admiration for the pale-face who insists on handing him a written statement and declines to speak. Such a one was Sir EDWARD CARSON. Hanging to Mr. MARCOSSON's girdle are the *chevelures* of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Lord HAIG, Marshal FOCH, Sir JAMES BARRIE and Mr. ROOSEVELT, to name no more. Naturally *Adventures in Interviewing* (LANE) is full of side-lights on the recent war. How could it be otherwise when so many celebrated brains are laid bare? One quotation I cannot refrain from giving. Speaking of Lord BEAVERBROOK he says, "He had come to London a decade ago, to live 'the life of a gentleman,' but was drawn irresistibly into politics." I challenge our literature to produce a more beautiful "but."

Miss EDITH DART has grouped against her Dartmoor setting in *Sareel* (PHILIP ALLAN) just the characters to act out the well-worn story of the mutual infatuation of a young man of birth and an ignorant country maid. But though *Sareel*, the little workhouse-reared servant at the farm, falls in love in the accepted fashion with the best-looking of the three

young men who lodge there on a reading tour, and though he duly falls in love with her, the innocence of her soul keeps their passion on the highest plane. What is more, when *Alan*, as such young gentlemen in fiction generally do, changes his mind Miss DART provides a happy ending, without even a suicide to spoil it, and without inconsistency either in her own point of view or in that of her characters. I don't really believe that Devonshire people say that they like things "brave and well" quite as often as Miss DART makes hers, and I wish she had not so great a fondness for the word "such" that she must invent phrases as weird as "though he had not sought such" in order to bring it in; but apart from these trifles *Sareel*, as something like a feminine version of a book by Mr. EDEN PHILLIPOTS arranged for family reading, will certainly please a great many people.

If you would like to see a white lady ride on a white horse to Banbury Cross and elsewhere with a body-guard of men in tin hats, carrying *The Banner* (COLLINS) and proclaiming the League of Youth (against war and other evils) and forcible retirement from all offices of profit or power under the Crown at the age of forty, get Mr. HUGH F.

SPENDER's new and, as it seems to me, rather ingenuous novel. Love is not neglected, for a peer's son, deaf and dumb through shell-shock, so responds to the counter-irritant of seeing this modern JOAN riding through Piccadilly that he recovers both speech and hearing and promptly uses them to put her a leading question and understand her version of "But this is so sudden. However—" There is a people's army; a rose-water revolution with the King accepting it as all in the day's dull work; a fight or rather an arming of a few last-ditchers of the old order, and much else that is not likely to happen outside Ruritania. Also candid expression of the opinions of (I take it) the "Wee Frees" concerning *Glamorgan Jones*.

If Mr. ALAN GRAHAM does not unsettle my conviction that it is easier to begin a story of hidden treasure than it is to finish it, I can nevertheless promise you a good day with the sleuth-hounds, should you decide to *Follow the Little Pictures* (BLACKWOOD).

For some not too lucid reason I went to the meet with a fear in my heart that the command in the title referred to the "movies," and my relief was great on discovering that it was taken from a cipher containing the key to the treasure. The scene of this hunt is laid in Scotland, and the most notable figure among its followers is a certain *Laird Tanish*. The pecuniary fortunes of the *Tanish* clan were at a low ebb, and in his determination to improve them by winning the prize the *Laird* broke all the rules of the game and gave way to terrific outbursts of rage in the manner of those explosive gentle-



Mistress. "NORAH, DO YOU EVER REPEAT ANYTHING YOU HEAR THE MASTER AND MYSELF SAY TO EACH OTHER WHEN WE HAVE A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION?"

Domestic. "THE SAINTS FORBID, MUM!"

men with whom Miss ETHEL DELL has familiarised us. There is both ingenuity and originality in this story, and I should be doing the author and his readers a great disservice if I disclosed the details of the plot. Anyone with a bent for treasure-hunting will be missing a fine opportunity if he refuses to have a day (or a night) with Mr. GRAHAM's hounds.

A Sympathetic Auditor.

"Dr. R. C. Ghostley, of Edmonton, was in the city last week and attended Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture."—*Canadian Paper*.

"W. W. —, the Rugby International forward, won his third success in four days at Chesham Oddfellows' and Foresters' sports yesterday, when he took first prize in the 10 yards open event, with 7½ yards start, in 9 2-5 sec."—*Daily Paper*.

His strong point, we gather, is not speed but staying-power.

À propos of the DE KEYSER case:—

"Unfortunately, the Dora regulations against free speech and printing were never taken before the High Court, and our ancestors will wonder at our timidity."—*Daily Herald*.

We understand that Sir A. CONAN DOYLE has already received several urgent messages on the subject.

CHARIVARIA.

Owing to heavy storms the other day one thousand London telephones were thrown out of order. Very few subscribers noticed the difference.

A camera capable of photographing the most rapid moving objects in the world is the latest invention of an American. There is some talk of his trying to photograph a bricklayer whizzing along at his work.

"Perjury is now rampant in all our Courts and there seems to be no way of preventing it," declares a well-known judge. Surely if they did away with the oath this grievance would soon disappear.

"With goodwill on both sides," said Lord ROTHSCHILD recently, "the Jews will make a success of colonising their own country." There will have to be assets as well as goodwill, it is thought, if they are to be made to feel thoroughly at home.

MR. GEORGE BEER, the man who built the first glass houses in this country, has died at Worthing. The man who threw the first stone from inside has not yet been identified, but suspicion points to Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.

When the police order you to move on, said the Thames magistrate, it is better to go in the long run. Others declare that it is quite sufficient to melt from view at a businesslike waddle.

"The only way to get houses," says the Marylebone magistrate, "is to build them." The idea of knitting a few seems to have been overlooked.

We understand that the Scotsman who was injured in the rush outside the post-office on the last night of the three-halfpenny postage, is now able to get about with the help of a stick.

New motor vehicles to take the place of the "Black Marias" are now being used between Brixton Gaol and Bow Street. Customers who contemplate arrest should book early to avoid the congestion.

Signor MANCONI has failed to get into touch with Mars. At the same time we are asked to deny the rumour that communication has been established between Lord NORTHCLIFFE and the PREMIER.

"Comedians," says a stage paper, "are born, not made." This disposes of the impression that too many of them do it on purpose.

It has been established in the Court

preserve the traditions of the place by holding an annual red herring supper there is not confirmed.

A certain brass band in Hertfordshire now practises in the evening on the flat roof of a large factory. We understand that the Union of Cat Musicians are taking a serious view of the matter.

A vagrant was before the magistrate last week, charged with tearing his clothes and destroying all the buttons on them whilst in a workhouse ward. It is not known at what laundry he served his apprenticeship.

After announcing that the fox which had been causing severe losses to poultry had at last been killed a local paper admits that the wanton destruction of fowls is still going on. It is thought that another fox of the same name was killed in error.

"The Irish will take nothing that we can offer them," say a Government official. Outside of that they seem to take pretty much what they want.

We think that the attention of the N. S. P. C. C. should be drawn to the fact that several stall-holders on the beach of a popular seaside town are offering ices at twopence each, or twelve for one-and-six.

A man was charged at the South Western Police Court with throwing a sandwich at a waiter. Very thoughtless. He might have broken it.

A new instrument for measuring whiskey is announced. The last whiskey we ordered seemed to have been squirted into the glass with a hypodermic syringe.

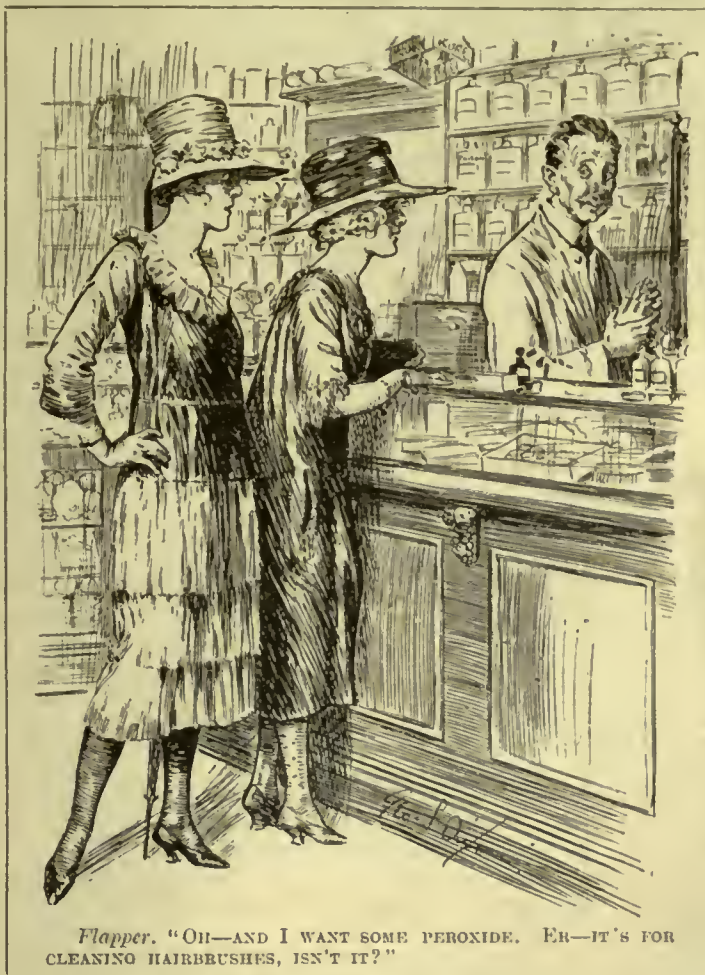
The Bull-dog Breed.

"H. Prew, b Staples, c L. Mitchell, c Ryland, b Rajendrasinhji, 17."—*Daily Paper*. The gallant fellow doesn't seem to have known when he was beaten.

"Wanted, thoroughly capable Woman, to take management of canteen; one with knowledge of ambulance work preferred."

Provincial Paper.

A "wet" canteen, presumably.



Flapper. "Oh—and I want some PEROXIDE. ER—IT'S FOR CLEANING HAIRBRUSHES, ISN'T IT?"

of Appeal that the farther north you go the larger are people's feet. Surprise has been expressed at the comparatively small number of Metropolitan policemen who hail from Spitzbergen.

SYDNEY RICHARDSON, the London messenger-boy who went to America for Mr. DAREWSKI, has just returned. It is said that one American wanted to keep him as a souvenir and offered him a job as a paper-weight for his desk.

The Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich, famous of old for its whitebait dinners, has been turned into a Trades Union Club. The report that the Parliamentary Labour Party has decided to

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE."

["A Skilled Labourer," writing to *The Times*, speaks of "the extremists" among the working classes as "cherishing a belief that the intelligence of educated persons is declining."]

DOUBTLESS, my Masters, you are right
As to the lore which they delight
To teach at Cambridge College;
Contented with a classic tone,
Those useful arts we left alone
By which we might have held our own
Against the Newer Knowledge.

Even if I could still retain
The ethics which my early brain
Imbibed from ARISTOTLE,
It would not serve me much to speak
His views on virtue (in the Greek)
When buying table claret (weak)
At ten-and-six the bottle.

Or when my tailor claims his loot
Of twenty guineas for a suit
Of rude continuations,
I must remain his hopeless thrall,
Nor would it move his heart at all
Could I from JUVENAL recall
Some apposite quotations.

If I engaged a working-man
To mend a leaky pot or pan
Or else a pipe that's porous,
He would not modify his fees
For hours and hours of vacant ease
Though out of ARISTOPHANES
I said a funny chorus.

I am a failure, it appears;
I cannot cope with profiteers
Nor with enlightened Labour;
Too late I see, on looking back,
Where lies the blame for what I lack;
Why was I never taught the knack
Of begging my neighbour?

O. S.

A CONNOISSEUR'S APPRECIATION.

SHARP RISE OF GREAT BRITAIN IN THE
ESTIMATION OF U.S.A.

THE first-class carriage was empty.
I threw my coat into a corner and
settled myself in the seat opposite.
Just as the train started to move, the
door was flung open and a tall lean
body hurled itself into the compartment
and dropped on my coat. He was
followed instantaneously by a leather
bag which crashed on to the floor.

"Say, these cars pull out pretty
slick."

My intelligence at once conjectured
that this was an American, one of the
thousands who have lately taken ad-
vantage of the exchange to spy out the
nakedness of our land.

I must admit that I understand
American only with great difficulty. I
try to guess the meaning of each sen-
tence from the unimportant words which

I can interpret. I surmised somehow
that his speech referred to the bag on
the floor.

So I answered, civilly enough, "I
hope your bag is undamaged. Excuse
me, I will relieve you of my coat." So
saying, I pulled it from beneath him
and with a single movement flung it
on the rack over my own head.

The stranger spoke again after some
moments. He appeared to have spent
the interval in repeating my words to
himself, as though to grasp their mean-
ing. Yet, heaven knows, I speak
plainly enough.

This time he said, "Guess my grip's
O.K. But I ain't plunkin' my bucks
on the guy that says the old country's
in the sweet and peaceful."

After this most extraordinary and un-
intelligible communication he began to
feel his pockets and his person all over,
as though searching for something. I
felt myself at liberty to resume my
study of *The Spectator*.

However, I was not to be left alone.
Again he addressed me. "Guess I
gotta hand it to you."

"I beg your pardon," I observed,
lowering my paper.

"You've got 'em all whipped blocks,"
he went on, his absurd smile still per-
sisting. "You're a cracker jack, you're
a smart aleek. You've done to me
what the fire did to the furnishing
shack. You've dealt me one in the
spaghetti joint. Oh, I gotta hand it to
you."

I could understand little of the words,
but I gathered from his manner that he
was congratulating me on something in
the extravagant but interesting fashion
of the North-American tribes.

"You sure put the monkey-wrench
on me," he continued. "You make me
feel like I couldn't operate a pea-nut
stand. I'm the rube from the back-
blocks, sure thing. I ain't going to
holler any—not me. I'm real pleased
to get acquainted. Shake."

I took his hand with as little self-
consciousness as possible, not yet hav-
ing been able to understand what praise-
worthy act I had accomplished. I must
admit none the less that I felt vaguely
pleased at his encomiums.

"There was a guy way back in
Nevada used to have a style like
yours. They called him Happy Cloud
Sim, and he had a hand like a ham.
See that grip? Well, Sir, Sim 'ud
come right in here, lay his hand some-
wheres about, and that grip 'ud vanish
into the sweet eternal. You could
search the hull of the ears from caboose
to fire-box and nary a grip. He was
an artist. Poor Sim, he overreached
himself in Albany, trying to attach a
cash-register. The blame thing started

ringing a bell and shedding tickets all
along the sidewalk. The sleuths just
paper-chased him through the burg.
He was easy meat for the calaboose
that Fall."

I was at a loss to understand the
relevance of this extremely improbable
narrative. It did not appear, on the
face of it, complimentary to connect
me with a declared thief and gaol-bird.
Still it was my duty to be courteous to
one who was for the time a national
guest.

"A most interesting story," I re-
marked, "and one which has the further
advantage of conveying a moral lesson."

"But you got Sim beat ten blocks,"
he resumed. "The way you threw
your top-coat up made Sim look like a
last year's made-over. I never set eyes
on a dry-goods clerk as could fix a
package slicker. I'll have a lil some-
thing to tell the home town."

He looked out of the window. "Guess
this is Harrow," he remarked, "and
we're pulling into the deepo. I may
as well have my wad back."

So saying he put his hand into the
folds of the coat over my head and
withdrew a roll of notes fastened with
a rubber band. This roll he then
stuffed into his hip-pocket. I began to
see the meaning of his insinuations.

"If you think," said I indignantly,
"that I saw you drop your notes
and deliberately rolled them up in the
coat—"

"Nix on that stuff," he retorted
jovially. "I know them dollar-bills;
they kinder skin theirselves off the
wad and when you come to pay the bar-
tender they've hit the trail and you
stand lonesome with a bitter taste in
your mouth, like Lor's wife."

The train stopped; the man stepped
out with the unnecessary haste of his
kind.

"Well, I'm pleased to have met you,"
he concluded, still smiling amiably
through the window; "if ever you
strike Rapid City, Wis., you'll find me
rustling wood somewheres near the
saloon. I'd like to have got better
acquainted, but I promised the folks
I'd stop off here and get wise as to
how boys is raised in your country.
They sure grow up fine men. I reckon
we're way behind the times in Rapid
City—"

The train passed out leaving me
speechless with indignation.

It took me some moments to recover
my normal balance. Then I confess I
was delighted to notice that the fellow,
in his enthusiasm over the alleged
lightness of my fingers, had left his
precious "grip" behind him.

It travelled with me to my destina-
tion. I hope it is still travelling.



MORE HASTE, LESS MEAT.

The Calf (to the Butcher of the Exchequer). "OH, SIR, IT SEEMS SUCH A PITY TO KILL ME. YOU'D GET SO MUCH MORE OFF ME LATER ON."



WHEN EXPERTS DIFFER.

Junior Partner (in syndicate whose operations on the 2.30 race—six furlongs—have gone wrong). "THERE—DIDN'T I TELL YER DIAMOND'S PRIDE WAS A FIVE-FURLONG 'ORSE?"

ON APPROVAL.

John looked up from his paper.

"Ah!" he sighed loudly, "how the world progresses."

There was silence. John sighed again.

"How the world progresses," he said a shade louder.

Cecilia and I continued reading.

"Can't anyone ask a question?" asked John peevishly.

"Where do the flies go in the winter-time?" murmured Cecilia without looking up.

I was weak enough to laugh. For some reason it annoyed John.

"Go on, go on, laugh!" he spluttered; "you're a good pair, you and your sister. Say something else funny, Cecilia, and make little brother laugh. What a crowd to have married into! Shrieks of laughter at every feeble joke, but as for intelligent conversation——"

"Well, we're reading," said Cecilia; "we don't want intelligent conversation."

"There's no need to tell me that. I know it only too well. I haven't been married to you for all these years without seeing that."

"All these years," repeated Cecilia, aghast. "The vindictive brute."

"And," continued John bitterly, "I say again what I said just now: How the world progresses."

"Well, there's no need to keep on saying it, dear old cauliflower," I said; "we know it progresses. What are we expected to say?"

"I know," said Cecilia brightly. "Why?"

John pulled himself up.

"Because," he said, "they are proposing in the paper here to start a system of temporary marriages which can be dissolved if either party is dissatisfied after a fair trial. I only wish somebody had thought of it—how many?—eight years ago."

Cecilia's jaw dropped. I ehuekled.

"You certainly bought that one all right, Cecilia old dear," I said. "Can't you manage a witty retort? Try, sister, for the honour of the family."

Cecilia pulled herself together.

"Retort?" she said in surprise. "Why on earth a retort, my dear Alan? When my husband makes his first really sensible remark for years I don't retort, I applaud. If only I had known the sort of man he is before I tied myself to him for life! What an actor he would have made! Why, before we married——"

"Nothing was too good for you," I encouraged. "Go on, Cecilia."

"Don't interrupt, Alan—nothing was too good for me. Afterwards——"

"Last year's blouses and a yearly trip to the Zoo. Shame!" I said.

"And what about me?" said John.

"Haven't I been deceived? Didn't you all conspire to make me think she was sweet and good? I remember somebody telling me I was a lucky man. I realise now you were all only too glad to get rid of her."

"Alan! How can you let him?" said Cecilia with a small scream of rage.

"Come, come," I said, "this family wrangling has gone far enough. You are married and you can't get out of it. Make the best of it, my children, and be friends."

"Yes," said John sadly, "it is too late now. I must try to bear up; but it is hard. If only this scheme had been started a few years earlier. If only I could have taken her on approval."

He paused a moment and smiled softly.

"Imagine the scene," he resumed. "'Cecilia, I should say, 'I have given you every chance, but I am afraid you don't suit. For eight long years I have suffered from your rotten cooking, your

... extravagance ... and so on ...
et cetera ... and I regret that I must give you a month's notice, to take effect as from four o'clock this afternoon. You have good qualities. You are honest and temperate and, to some extent, not bad looking—in the evening, anyway. Your idea of keeping household accounts is atrocious, but, on the other hand, you look rather nice in a hammock on a hot summer day. But that is all I can say for you. You have not given me the wifely devotion I expected. Only last week, when I came home feeling miserable, you sat at the piano playing extracts from some boastful revue, when a true wife would have been singing "Parted" or even "Roses of Picardy." Again, you invariably put our child in front of me in all things, such as the last piece of cake or having an egg for tea. I am not jealous of the boy, mind you, but I hate favouritism, and I won't play second fiddle to Christopher or anyone else.

"In fact, my dear Cecilia (I use the phrase in its formal sense only), not being satisfied that you do all that was promised in the advertisement, I have decided to return you without further liability and ask for a refund of the cost of carriage. That will be all, thank you. You may go."

There was a few moments' ominous quiet, and then Cecilia went over the top with a roar of artillery and the rattle of machine guns. John put up a defensive barrage. Cecilia raked him with bombs and Lewis guns. He replied with heavy stuff. The air grew thicker and thicker.

"Shush!" I shouted through the din of battle. "Man and wife to wrangle like this! Think of your good name. Think of the servants. Think of the child."

Cecilia caught the last phrase and the noise subsided.

"Yes," she said, breathless but calm, "there's the hitch in your plans, Master John—the child. If I go I take Christopher with me."

"That you don't. Christopher belongs to me. He is part of my estate—in law. You can't take him."

"Can't I?" said Cecilia. "Am I his mother or am I not?"

"Who pays his school-fee?" said John. "What's his name? Whose house does he live in?"

Cecilia was gathering herself for another offensive when the door opened and Christopher came in.

He looked at him and he paused in embarrassment.

"What are you all looking at me for?" he asked, smiling uneasily; "I haven't done anything."

"He belongs to me," said Cecilia suddenly.



The Wife. "MUST WE ALWAYS 'AVE CHAMPAGNE, 'ARRY? IT DON'T REELEY SUIT ME."
 The Profleer. "OF COURSE WE MUST. THEY MIGHT THINK WE COULDN'T AFFORD IT."

"He belongs to me," said John with decision.

Christopher knows his parents fairly well. "Whatever are you doing?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Come here," said John.

Christopher advanced and stood between his mother and his father.

"I don't know what I'm inspected to do," he said.

"Christopher," said John, "to whom do you belong—to your mother or to me? Think well, my child."

Christopher wrinkled his nose obediently and thought for a moment.

"Why," he said, his face clearing, "we all b'long to each other."

* * * * *
 "The Heart of a Child," I said; "the beautifullest love-story ever told. Featuring Little Randolph, the Boy Wonder."

They took no notice. They were all three busy rehearsing the final reconciliation scene.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a special golf correspondent:—

"I cannot remember the Latin for a daisy, but most emphatically 'Delanda est.'"

O Carthago!

Daily Paper.

"Pol-u-me-tis." The Greek brings back the thundrous verse of Virgil. Echoes from the twilight of the gods.—Daily Paper.

Poor old Götterdämmerung.

Another Sex-Problem.

"White Milking Shorthorn Bull for Sale, £50."—Farmers' Gazette.

"A Good Canvasser wanted for Credit Gentlemen's wear; ready to wear and made to measure clothing."—Daily Paper.

"One," in fact, "that was made a shape for his clothes, and, if ADAM had not fallen, had lived to no purpose."

"To-morrow afternoon, the Dansant, 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Tickets inclusive 8s. 6d. Dansant (only) 2s. 6d."—Provincial Paper.

The "the" seems cheap at a shilling.

THE ART OF POETRY.

II.

In this lecture I propose to explain how comic poetry is written.

Comic poetry, as I think I pointed out in my last lecture, is much more difficult than serious poetry, because there are all sorts of rules. In serious poetry there are practically no rules, and what rules there are may be shattered with impunity as soon as they become at all inconvenient. Rhyme, for instance. A well-known Irish poet once wrote a poem which ran like this:

"Hands, do as you're bid,
Draw the balloon of the mind
That bellies and sags in the wind
Into its narrow shed."

This was printed in a serious paper; but if the poet had sent it up to a humorous paper (as he might well have done) the Editor would have said, "Do you pronounce it *shid*?", and the poet would have had no answer. You see, he started out, as serious poets do, with every intention of organising a good rhyme for *bid*—or perhaps for *shed*—but he found this was more difficult than he expected. And then, no doubt, somebody drove all his cattle on to his croquet-lawn, or somebody else's croquet-lawn, and he abandoned the struggle. I shouldn't complain of that; what I do complain of is the *deceitfulness* of the whole thing. If a man can't find a better rhyme than *shed* for a simple word like *bid*, let him give up the idea of having a rhyme at all; let him write—

Hands, do as you're TOLD,
OR
Into its narrow HUT (or even HANGAR).

That at least would be an honest confession of failure. But to write *bid* and *shed* is simply a sinister attempt to gain credit for writing a rhymed poem *without doing it at all*.

Well, that kind of thing is not allowed in comic poetry. When I opened my well-known military epic, "Riddles of the King," with the couplet,

* Full dress (with decorations) will be worn
When General Officers are shot at dawn,
the Editor wrote cuttingly in the margin, "Do you say *dorn*?"

The correct answer would have been, of course, "Well, as a matter of fact I do;" but you cannot make answers of that kind to Editors; they don't understand it. And that brings you to the real drawback of comic poetry; it means constant truck with Editors. But I must not be drawn into a discussion about them. In a special lecture—two special lectures—Quite.

The lowest form of comic poetry is, of course, the Limerick; but it is a mistake to suppose that it is the easiest.

It is more difficult to finish a Limerick than to finish anything in the world. You see, in a Limerick you cannot begin:—

There was an old man of West Ham
and go on

Who formed an original plan,
finishing the last line with *limb* or *hen* or *bun*. A serious writer could do that with impunity, and indeed with praise, but the more exacting traditions of Limerical composition insist that, having fixed on *Ham* as the end of the first line, you must find two other rhymes to *Ham*, and good rhymes too. This is why there is so large a body of uncompleted Limericks. For many years I have been trying to finish the following unfinished masterpiece:—

There was a young man who said "Hell!
I don't think I feel very well——"

That was composed on the Gallipoli Peninsula; in fact it was composed under fire; indeed I remember now that we were going over the top at the time. But in the quiet days of Peace I can get no further with it. It only shows how much easier it is to begin a Limerick than to end it.

Apart from the subtle phrasing of the second line this poem is noteworthy because it is cast in the classic form. All the best Limericks are about a young man, or else an old one, who said some short sharp monosyllable in the first line. For example:—

There was a young man who said "If—
Now what are the rhymes to *if*? Looking up my *Rhyming Dictionary* I see they are:—

cliff hieroglyph hippogriff
skiff sniff stiff tiff whiff

Of these one may reject *hippogriff* at once, as it is in the wrong metre. *Hieroglyph* is attractive, and we might do worse than:—

There was a young man who said "If
One murdered a hieroglyph——"

Having, however, no very clear idea of the nature of a hieroglyph I am afraid that this will also join the long list of unfinished masterpieces. Personally I should incline to something of this kind:—

There was a young man who said "If
I threw myself over a cliff
I do not believe
One person would grieve——"

Now the last line is going to be very difficult. The tragic loneliness, the utter disillusion of this young man is so vividly outlined in the first part of the poem that to avoid an anticlimax a really powerful last line is required. *But there are no powerful rhymes*. A serious poet, of course, could finish up with *death* or *faith*, or some powerful word

like that. But we are limited to *skiff*, *sniff*, *tiff* and *whiff*. And what can you do with those? Students, I hope, will see what they can do. My own tentative solution is printed, by arrangement with the Editor, on another page (458). I do not pretend that it is perfect; in fact it seems to me to strike rather a vulgar note. At the same time it is copyright, and must not be set to music in the U.S.A.

I have left little time for comic poetry other than Limericks, but most of the above profound observations are equally applicable to both, except that in the case of the former it is usual to think of the *last* line first. Having done that you think of some good rhymes to the last line and hang them up in mid-air, so to speak. Then you think of something to say which will fit on to those rhymes. It is just like Limericks, only you start at the other end; indeed it is much easier than Limericks, though, I am glad to say, nobody believes this. If they did it would be even harder to get money out of Editors than it is already.

We will now write a comic poem about Spring Cleaning. We will have verses of six lines, five ten-syllable lines and one six-syllable. As a last line for the first verse I suggest

Where have they put my hat?

We now require two rhymes to *hat*. In the present context *flat* will obviously be one, and *eat* or *drat* will be another. Our resources at present are therefore as follows:—

Line 1—
" 2— . . . flat.
" 3—
" 4— . . . eat or drat.
" 5—
" 6—Where have they put my hat?

As for the blank lines, *wife* is certain to come in sooner or later, and we had better put that down, supported by *life* ("What a life!"), and *knife* or *strife*. There are no other rhymes, except *rise*, which is a useless word.

We now hold another parade:—

Terumti—umti—umti—umti—wife,
Terumti—umti—umti—umti—flat;
Teroodle—oodle—oodle—What a life!
Terumti—oodle—umti—oodle—eat (or drat);
Teroodle—umti—oodle—umti—knife (or strife);
Where have they put my hat?

All that remains now is to fill in the umti-oodles, and I can't be bothered to do that. There is nothing in it.

A. P. II.

"WILL any gentleman requiring a House-keeper accept two decently brought up boys, ago 12 and 8 years? Excellent cook and housekeeper; capable of full control."

Daily Paper.

Someone really ought to give these young sportsmen a trial.

**MANNERS AND MODES.**

THE DOMESTIC SERVANT SHORTAGE.

HOW THE MISSES MARJORIBANKS DE VERE (WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A PERRUQUIER) UPHOLD THE DIGNITY OF HER LADYSHIP THEIR MAMA'S AFTERNOON "AT HOMES."



The Visitor. "BUT YOU SPOIL THE PLACE BY HAVING THE PUBLIC INCINERATOR ON THAT HILL OVER THERE."

The Town Clerk. "PARDON ME, SIR—THAT IS MY IDEA. IT COMPLETES THE RESEMBLANCE TO THE BAY OF NAPLES, WHICH WE INSIST ON IN ALL OUR ADVERTISEMENTS."

THE LOQUACIOUS INSTINCT.

Don't you ever know the impulse, when you are idly turning the pages of a telephone directory, to ring up some total stranger and engage him in light conversation?

I do, quite intensely. In moments of ennui, when there is really nothing to do in the office, the fear of discovery alone restrains me. I'm not sure that I can rely on the professional secrecy of the girl at the exchange. Has she strength of mind to refuse a righteously indignant subscriber who demands to know (with imprecations) what number has been talking to him?

I could take her into my confidence, I suppose. Only the thing oughtn't to be elaborately premeditated; it should be sudden and spontaneous, the matter of a happy moment. You get your number and say:—

"Hullo! Is that Barefoot and Humpage, the architects? Can I speak to Mr. Barefoot—or Mr. Humpage?"

"Mr. Humpage speaking. Who is that, please?"

"Well, I want you to design me a cathedral. By to-morrow afternoon, if possible."

"To design you a what?"

"A cathedral. C-A-T-H— but I expect you heard me that time. A massive structure, you know, chiefly built of stone. As at Salisbury, and

Ely, and—well, probably you'll know what I mean. Now, as to details—"

"Who are you?"

"I? Oh, I'm a collector of these buildings in a small way. But about this one we're discussing. Something in the pre-Raphaelite manner, do you think—with arpeggios dotted about here and there?"

Of course I don't know what Mr. Humpage would say at this point. Therein would lie the fascination of these experiments—to discover just what different people would say at that kind of point.

Take Mr. Absalom, for instance, who is described in the Directory as a commission agent. How would he express himself, I wonder, if I were to ring him up and request him to dispose, on the most advantageous terms, of my commission in the Army?

Messrs. Wheable Brothers too. Just the people I've been looking for.

"You're the sand and gravel contractors, aren't you?" I should begin.

"Well, I know of some sand that badly wants contracting."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Perhaps I had better explain. You see, I always spend my holidays at Pipton-on-Sea. This year, in fact, I'm going there in two or three weeks' time. Earlier holidays—asplendid movement, what? See railway posters. In June the average snowfall is only— But

the point is that at Pipton there's a belt of about two miles of sand, even at high-tide—several hundred yards, anyhow—and it *does* spoil the bathing so. Now if you could arrange to have this sand contracted to half or a third of its present width? Perhaps you'll quote me terms. Thank you so much."

Then there's the Steam Packet Company at a neighbouring port. One might ask them to supply half-a-dozen small packets of steam for the ungumming of envelope-flaps.

I find also in the Directory two or three gentlemen with the surname of "George." I could profess to be an earnest Liberal opponent of the PRIME MINISTER, accustomed to refer to him by that disrespectful abbreviation:—

"Oh, is that Mr. George? Well, Sir, I wanted to have a word with you on your handling of the European situation. Now, it's surely obvious that the Jugo-Slavs—"

It seems possible that your victim now and then might enter into the spirit of the thing and do his best to make the dialogue a success. Contrariwise, if you were seeking violent excitements, you would ask a retired admiral, let us say, his opinion on the question "Do flappers put their hair up too soon?" or some such urgent problem of the day. How jolly these promiscuous exercises in conversation might be!



Biddy (recovering a spoon the morning after the party). "SURE, ONE AV THE GUESTS MUST HAVE HAD A HOLE IN HIS POCKET."

TO THE NEW POLICEMAN.

[*"Increased remuneration is attracting to the force a more intellectual and better class of recruit. . . . Police administration here is now organised in a more humanitarian spirit than formerly, and a policeman is as much encouraged to prevent the necessity of an arrest as to effect an arrest."*—Sir WILLIAM GENTLE (retiring chief of the Brighton Police Force, unofficially known as "Sir William Gentle's Gentlemen"), interviewed by "The Daily Sketch."]

O Robert, in our hours of crime
Certain to nab us every time,
Or, failing, fill a dungeon cell
With someone who does just as well;

Now you're a gentleman in blue
Provided with a princely screw,
More is expected of you still;
You must prevent us doing ill.

No longer is it deemed enough
To slip the hand within the "cuff,"
To trap road-hogs and motor-bikes,
Or more to arrest *Bill Sikes*.

Thus, when you take position at
The window of an empty flat,
And *Bill* arrives to burgle it,
Urge him his evil ways to quit;

Or, posted in a public bar,
Where men drink too much beer by far,
Before them you might firmly put
The arguments of *Pussyfoot*;

Or, summoned to a scene of strife,
Persuade the fellow with the knife
By means of tactful reasoning
That murder is not quite the thing.

The world would profit if you took
A leaf from out the Parson's book,
Becoming a judicious blend
Of "guide, philosopher and friend."

Discard your truncheon for a tract;
Strive to admonish ere you act;
In Virtue's force enrol recruits
And stamp out Belial with your boots.

ITEMS FROM ANYWHERE.

(*After the model of most of the dailies, by our specially unreliable news service.*)

It is reported that, owing to the present high price of labour, a German Zeppelin is to be loaned to the Government to carry out the demolition of the nineteen unnecessary City churches.

Arrested on a charge of loitering with

felonious intent, Thomas Wrott, aged forty, of Featherleigh, Beds, stated that he was building a house.

Though the titles of all the pictures in a recent Vorticist exhibition were placed by a printer's error opposite to the wrong numbers in the catalogue, none of the visitors discovered the mistake.

Strike action is threatened in Manchester by the Amalgamated Society of Tyldesleys, several Lancashire wickets having been taken by non-union labour.

It is reported that Lord FISHER was recently traversing *The Times* with a belt of Biblical sentences when a cross-feed occurred, causing the action to jam.

A silver salver is to be presented to the Royal Automobile Club in token of gratitude by octogenarian villagers of Sussex.

"Experienced Cook-General Wanted; comfortable home; liberal outings; wages £40; policeman handy."—*Welsh Paper*.

Would it not have been more tactful to say, "Copper in kitchen"?



Disgusted Plutocrat (to partner, who has just missed a fifty-pound putt). "COULDN'T YOU SEE THAT SLOPE AFTER I POINTED IT OUT TO YOU?"

Partner. "AFTER YOU'D DONE WAVING THOSE DIAMONDS ABOUT I COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING."

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

IN stone perdurable and bronze austere
We have bequeathed the memory of the dead
Unto the yet unborn; "their name," we said,
"Liveth for evermore"; each happier year
Shall see, we trust, before the unmossed stone
Love and Remembrance wed."

Though from dim hosts that narrow and recede
Dear unforgotten eyes salute us still,
Look back a moment, make our pulses thrill
With the old music, though the festal weed
Of Spring be cypress-girt, oblivion
Will come, as Winter will.

Ah, not oblivion drowsing love and pain
Into dull slumber; still we can retell
How young blithe valour broke the powers of hell;
We grope for hands that will not stir again
In ours, hear still in every carillon
The cadence of Farewell.

Not these things and not thus do we forget;
But the informing spirit, the dream within
And the high ardour that was half-akin
To ancient faiths and half to hopes not yet
Coherent, unperceived are surely gone,
Like stars that dawnward set.

Though "their name liveth," the dream they died to bring
Unto fruition eludes our fumbling hold;
The Othman riders gallop to their old

Red revels, and the seas are darkening
Round all the Asian shores, while one by one
Depart the sweets of Spring.

O you whom yet we mourn, for whom the song
Of victory and sorrow dies not away,
Well is it with you if beyond the grey
Islands of sleep that you are met among
No world-born memories win. May there be none!
— We have not remembered long.

Yet if beyond the sunset's golden choir,
Instead of one august enduring sleep,
There waits a life where memory shall keep
Her ancient force and hope her old desire,
Now, even now, on altars cleft and prone
Rekindle the pure fire!

D. M. S.

"SCOUNDREL AND MAN OF LETTERS.

One of the Prizewinners in Our Article Competition."—*Weekly Paper*.
But ought an editor to give away his contributors like this?

"M. Deves, the leading French amateur [tennis] of the day, who was beaten in 1914 after 'une lutte à charnè,' as the French say, will be competing."—*Daily Paper*.

The French have a lot to learn about their own language.

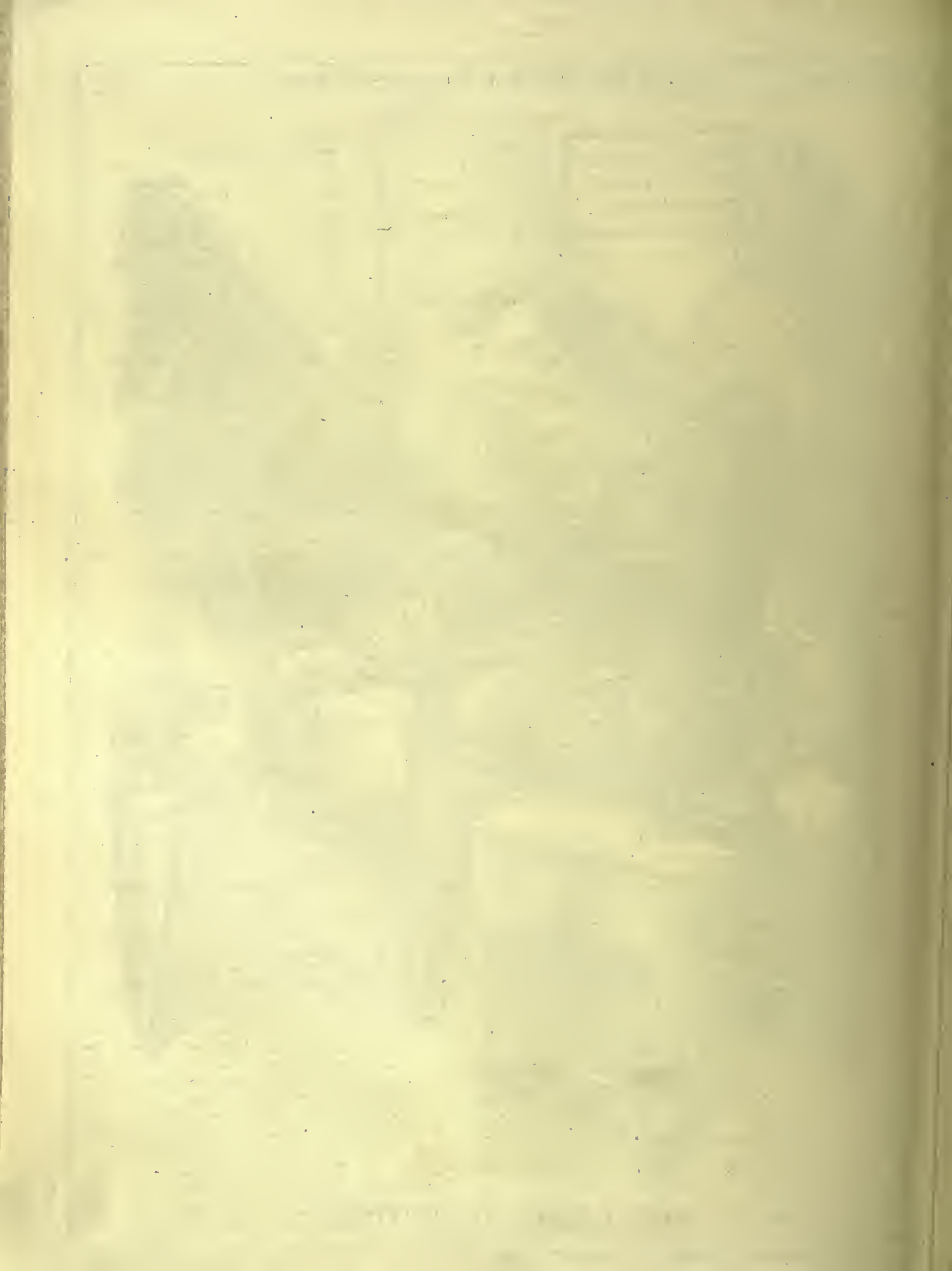
"Dr. — will extract a tooth free from the person who will be kind enough to secure him an office in the Central district."

North China Daily News.

This is presumably meant as an inducement, but it sounds like a threat.



THE GREAT IMPROVISER.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Tempted by the fine weather a good many Members had evidently determined that the country was good enough for them and that Westminster could wait. But Viscount CURZON was not of their number. Was it not on the glorious First of June, a hundred and twenty-six years ago, that his great-great-great-grandfather won victory for his country and immortal fame for himself? On such an anniversary he was obviously bound, no matter at what personal inconvenience, to show a like public spirit. Accordingly, with a full sense of responsibility, he addressed to the appropriate Minister this momentous question: "Whether any fried fish shops are now the property or under the control of the Ministry of Munitions; and if so how many?" The House paused in awed anticipation of the reply, but breathed again when Mr. HORE announced that "No fried fish shops are now nor, so far as is known, were ever conducted by the Ministry of Munitions."

No other episode of Question-time rose to this high level. Next in importance to it were Mr. BALDWIN's revelations on the subject of "conscience-money." It seems that in one particular instance it cost the Treasury eleven shillings to acknowledge the receipt of half-a-sovereign; but that was because the dilatory tax-payer insisted that the depth of his remorse could only be adequately exhibited by a notice in the "agony-column." In ordinary cases no charge is incurred.

Any conscientious Sinn Féiner who may have been fearing lest the recent destruction of Inland Revenue offices in Ireland should prevent the authorities from sending out the usual demand-notes, may now forward his contribution direct to the Treasury without hesitation. Mr. BALDWIN is doubtless relying upon the wide adoption of this practice, for he stated that, although the damage might cause delay in the collection, it was not expected that the ultimate yield of the tax would be seriously affected.

The discussion on the Navy Estimates was chiefly conducted by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who made half-a-dozen set speeches, besides any number of informal interjections. To place them in order of merit would be impossible, but of single passages that which perhaps carried most conviction

matos Rear-Admiral Sir REGINALD HALL, resisting a proposal to hand over the coastguards to the Board of Trade, surprised the House with the apparently reactionary statement that "we do not want to run the Navy in water-tight compartments."

Commander BELLAIRS, on forcing the point that administration must depend upon policy, recalled the fact that in his time "the Mediterranean outlook" had given way to "the North-Sea outlook," and expressed the confident belief that we should next have "the Pacific outlook." Well, let us hope we may. At any rate the House agreed with the FIRST LORD that the best way to ensure it was to keep the Navy strong and efficient, for by half-past eight it had passed all the Votes submitted to it.

Wednesday, June 2nd.—Derby Day and an adjournment of the House of Commons! Mr. BALFOUR might well rub his eyes and wonder if there had been a revival of the Saturnian days when Lord ELCHO used an-

nually to mount his favourite hobby and witch the House with noble horsemanship. But on this occasion the adjournment lasted only half-an-hour, and had nothing to do with Epsom. Chivalry, not sport, was its motive. The House merely wished to do honour to its Leader by assisting at the presentation of its wedding gift to Miss BONAR LAW (now Lady SYKES).

At Question-time Lord CURZON sought information regarding the British Naval Mission recently captured at Baku, and inquired whether the Government intended to continue negotiating with people who were keeping our men in prison. Sir JAMES CRAIG could not say anything on the question of policy, but to some extent relieved the anxiety of the House by stating that the last news of the prisoners was that they were seen playing football.

The complications of the Peace Settlement continue to increase. Thus President WILSON has consented to delimit the boundaries of Armenia, although the United States shows no desire to undertake the mandate for its administration. No doubt it is with the kindly



From left to right:—The Whirlpool of Charybdis; The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; The Rock of Seylla (SIR EDWARD CARSON).

with his audience was the description of the pre-war Navy as "a sort of pleasant service into which the fools of the family could be put."

In the discussion on the Navy Estimates



THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

"No arrests have been made."



"OH, EAST IS EAST."

Mechanical Transport Officer. "I TOLD YOU NOT TO DRIVE FAST THROUGH THE BAZAAR."

Lorry Driver. "BUT, SAHIB, THESE BE ONLY VERY IGNORANT PEOPLES. ME MOTA DRIVER! IF DRIVE SLOW, THESE PEOPLES THINK ME COMMON PERSON."

intention of helping those dilatory Americans to make up their minds that Turkey has asked for an extension of time before signing the Treaty.

The placid progress of the Government of Ireland Bill through Committee was broken this afternoon when Captain COLIN COOTE proposed to hand over the control of the armed forces of the Crown in Ireland to the new Parliaments. His argument was in brief that these bodies must be given serious responsibilities which would compel them to unite. He wanted, as he said, to "infuse blood into their veins" at whatever risk—COOTE *que coûte*.

The idea of providing a probably Sinn Fein Parliament in Dublin with submarines and aeroplanes did not appeal to the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, who was hotly rebuked for his lack of imagination by Captain ELLIOT. The fact that two young Coalitionists should have advocated such revolutionary ideas inspired another of Sir EDWARD CARSON'S gloomy variations on the theme that any form of Home Rule must lead ultimately to separation.

Thursday, June 3rd.—Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, who took his seat on Tuesday, answered Irish questions for the first time. His manner was as

direct and forceful as ever, but his matter, unhappily, consisted chiefly in the admission of unpleasant facts regarding recent attacks upon the police, with the invariable addition that "no arrests have been made."

The hon. baronet who sits for Nottingham, is so much impressed with the necessity for economy that he ought to be known as *Rees angustæ*. But he has no luck. Mr. FISHER offered the "frozen face" to his complaints that the State is giving free education at the Ministries to ex-Service men; and Mr. SHORTT was no more sympathetic to his plea that the new policewomen should be abolished.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, looking delightfully cool in a new grey suit, made a welcome reappearance after some weeks' absence. He gave a version of the KRASSIN negotiations—which, according to his account, had followed exactly the course marked out by the Supreme Council in Paris and San Remo—very different from that presented in a section of the Press, and he implied that the alleged perturbation of French public opinion only existed in the imagination of "certain newspapers which are trying to foment ill-feeling between two countries whose friendliness is essential to the welfare of the world." His most

satisfactory pronouncement was that British prisoners must be released before trade with Russia would be resumed.

In spite of the absence of the regular Opposition the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY is finding the Government of Ireland Bill a rather unhandy vessel to steer. He dares not concede too many powers to the new Parliaments lest he should be putting weapons into the hands of our Sinn Fein enemies; on the other hand, he cannot reduce them overmuch lest the Bill should cease to have any chance of conciliating Irish sentiment.

The dilemma arose acutely over the clause relating to the Irish police. When, if ever, should they be handed over to the new Government? The Bill said not later than three years after the appointed day. An amendment suggested "not earlier." Sir EDWARD CARSON thought the only fair thing would be to allow the police to retire on full pay directly the Bill came into force, instead of leaving them with a divided allegiance and control. Eventually, on the Government undertaking to modify their proposals, the clause was passed; but with so many matters to be adjusted on Report it looks as if it will be a LONG, LONG way to Tipperary.

PERCE MURGATROYD, MASTER BRICKLAYER.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

By the untimely death of the late Mr. Percival Murgatroyd we suffer the irreplaceable loss of our youngest and perhaps most talented master bricklayer. The story of his life is yet another example of genius triumphing over adversity. Perce Murgatroyd was born in a mean street. His father was a poor hardworking physician. Lacking the influence necessary for the introduction of his boy to some lucrative commercial calling he contrived at great self-sacrifice to educate him for the Civil Service.

The long hours of grinding toil and the complete lack of sympathy at home could not extinguish the divine fire of genius in the youthful Murgatroyd. Exhausted and hungry as he often was at the end of the day's work, he devoted his leisure to the study of bricks and mortar, and out of his scanty pocket-money he bought for himself first a trowel and later a plummet.

When I first made his acquaintance he was already, at the age of twenty-five, assisting a bricklayer's helper, and was fairly launched on a career of unbroken success which was to culminate in a master bricklayership at the record age of thirty-eight.

Some of the finest things Murgatroyd did are to be found in and around Tooting, a quarter which is becoming known as Murgatroyd's London; but there is scarcely a district which does not cherish some gem from his trowel. At Wanstead Flats, during some reparations to "Edelweiss Cottage," there was discovered under the plaster a party-wall which proved to be a genuine Murgatroyd. It is one of his early works, executed with his studied reserve of power, and is marred only by suggestions of the conventional haste of the early Georgian School, from which Murgatroyd had not in those days completely broken away. It is also worth while to make a pilgrimage to Walham Green, where all that is best and most typical of the Master—that effect he obtained of deliberate treatment of each individual brick—may be seen in a perfect little poem—an outhouse (unfinished).

The fame of Perce Murgatroyd is founded on the quality rather than the quantity of his output. To our eternal loss he suffered from a temperament. He worked only by fits and starts. He never overcame a superstition that "Monday was a bad day for good work." And he was too conscientious an artist to attempt anything on days when the sky was overcast and the light bad. Often too, when he had actually



Guendoline. "'E AIN'T AGOIN' TO GET UP FOR NO BUN. 'E'D 'AVE SUCH AN ORFUL LOT OF UP TO GET."

made a start, he would stand, smoking furiously, in front of his work waiting for an inspiration.

This habit of his was the primary cause of his premature end. Emerging from some such fit of abstraction he became aware that it was after twelve. Convivial spirit that he was, he hurried to join his colleagues at their dinner, displaying remarkable agility as he descended the scaffold. But the effort caused him to perspire, and he took a chill, from which he never recovered.

The keynote of Murgatroyd's character was simplicity. Unaided he rose to be pre-eminent as a bricklayer, but

in private life he never became accustomed to the exclusive society to which by his genius he had won admittance. He never quite lost the mincing speech of the class from which he sprang, nor could he acquire facility in the vigorous mode of expression proper to his new and exalted station. "Not 'arf" and "Strewf" ever came haltingly to his tongue, and to the last he struggled painfully with the double negative.

But the same indomitable courage which brought him to the top of his profession eventually served him in his adopted social sphere, and in the end he won through.

THE BRAIN WAVE.

I HOPE William likes it, for he brought it on himself. As soon as the sad event was announced to me I discussed the matter most seriously with Araminta. "A situation of unparalleled gravity has arisen," I said, "with regard to the wedding of William. It is going to be carried out at Whittlehampton in top-hats. Picture to yourself the scene. Waterloo Station full of lithe young athletes of either sex arrayed for sports on flood and field, carrying their golf-clubs, their diabolo spools and their butterfly nets, and there, in the midst of them, me with my miserable coat-tails, the June sun glaring on my burnished topper, and in my hands the silver asparagus-server or whatever it is that I am going to buy for William. I tell you it isn't done. They will come round and mock me. They will titter at me through their tennis-racquets."

"Couldn't you wear a common or Homburg hat and carry your other in a hat-box?" she suggested in that bright helpful way they have.

"Amongst the severe economic consequences of the recent great war," I replied coldly, "was, if you will take the trouble to remember, the total loss of my top-hat box."

"Well, why not a white cardboard box, then?"

"No power on earth shall induce me to stand on Waterloo Station platform dandling a white cardboard box," I cried. "Waterloo indeed! It would be my Austerlitz, my Jena. I should never dare to read the works of 'Man about Town' again. Besides, what about my morning-coat?"

"Well, I could pin the tails of it up inside if you like. Or what about wearing an overcoat?"

"Your first suggestion makes me despair of women's future position in the economic sphere. The second I would consider if I could settle the hat problem."

And still thinking hard I rang up William.

"I suppose you couldn't possibly cancel this wedding of yours?" I asked when I had explained the *impasse*. Self-centred as usual, he flatly declined.

"Honestly, I don't see the difficulty at all," he went on. "I expect you'll look a bit of a mug anyhow, and probably there'll be lots of people on the platform dressed in morning-coats and top-hats."

"Nobody leaves London on a Saturday morning wearing top-hats," I assured him, "nobody. If I were coming in to London it would be quite a different matter. I might be an officer in the Guards, or M. KRASSIN proceeding

to a deputation in Downing Street; but going out—no. Look here, why not make it a simple country wedding—sports coats and hayseed in the hair, and all that sort of thing?"

"Spats and white vest-slips will be worn by all the more prominent guests," he replied firmly.

"Well, hang it, have the thing in London, then," I implored, "and I'll promise to add the price of the return-fare to the cost of your wedding present."

"The bride's parents reside at Whittlehampton, and the wedding will take place from the home of the bride," he answered.

"You got that little bit out of *The Morning Post*," I said. "Couldn't you persuade the bride's parents to take a house in London? There's one just opposite us at only about thirty pounds a week. Stands in its own grounds, it does, and there's a stag's head in the hall. There's nothing like a stag's head for hanging top-hats on."

It was no good. You know what these young lovers are. Immersed in their own petty affairs, they can pay no proper attention to the troubles of their friends.

William rang off and left me once more a prey to harrowing despair. There were only three nights before the calamity took place, and I had terrible nightmares on two of them. In one I attended the wedding in a bowler hat and pyjamas, with carpet slippers and spats. In the other my top-hat was on my head and my vest-slip was all right, but I tailed off into khaki breeches and trench boots. On the third day a gleam of light broke and I rang up William again.

"I haven't quite settled that little hat problem I was talking to you about," I told him. "Look here—can you lend me your old top-hat-box?"

"Haven't got one," he replied. "In the chaos consequent upon Armageddon it somehow disappeared."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

Happily the morning of the wedding was cloudy and dull. I wore my oldest squash hat and coat and went to Whittlehampton carrying my present in my hand. As the train arrived the sun broke through the clouds, and I also emerged from my chrysalis and attended the ceremony in all the panoply that William's egotism had demanded. If it had not been too late to get into the list you would have seen this entry amongst the wedding gifts:—

"Mr. Herbert Robinson: Leather hat-box."

Perhaps if it had been a very full list it would have gone on:—

"Containing unique specimen of

dappled fawn trilby headwear slightly moth-eaten in the crown."

As I explained to William, it is customary to give useful rather than ornamental gifts nowadays, but I could not refrain from adding a small sentimental tribute.

EVOE.

THE WESTERN Lighthouses.

FLASHED Lizard to Bishop,
"They're rounding the fish up
Close under my cliffs where the cor-
morants nest;
The lugger lamps glitter
In hundreds and litter
The sea-floor like spangles. What news
from the West?"

Flashed he of the mitre,
"The night's growing brighter,
There's mist over Annet, but all's clear
at sea;
Lit up like a city.
Her band playing pretty,
A big liner's passing. Ay, all's well
with me."

Flashed Wolf to Round Island,
"Oh, you upon dry land,
With wild rabbits cropping the pinks
at your base,
You lubber, you oughter
Stand watch in salt water
With tides tearing at you and spray in
your face."

The gun of the Longships
Boomed out like a gong, "Ships
Are bleating around me like sheep gone
astray;
There's fog in my channel
As thick as grey flannel—
Boom-rumble!—I'm busy; excuse me,
I pray."

They winked at each other
As brother to brother,
Those red lights and white lights, the
summer night through,
And steered the stray tramps out
Till dawn snuffed their lamps out
And stained the sea-meadows all purple
and blue. PATLANDER.

"Advertiser has Stole Skin, Russian Sables,
for Sale."—*Daily Paper*.

This is what comes of opening up trade
relations with the Bolsheviks.

A provincial firm announces that it
supplies "distinctive clothing for men."
And a very necessary thing, too, in
these days of sex equality.

"Ex-SOLDIER requires Loan of £100. What
interest? No lenders."—*Daily Paper*.

We should have thought "No interest!
What lenders?" would have been more
to the point.



SQUIRE.



ALMSHOUSE INMATE, LATE SQUIRE.



SECOND UNDER TWENNY AT THE HALL
(See Squire).



PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODDING HIS WEARY WAY.



VILLAGE SHOP PROPRIETOR.



OLDEST INHABITANT.



PARSON.



BIRD SCARER (D.S.O., M.C.).

[Among the Americans who will visit us this summer there may be some not familiar with our countryside types. Mr. Punch hopes the above will be useful.]



S. L. STAMP.

The Ex-Plunger. "CHUCK 'ORSSES, MY SON—THEY'LL BE THE RUIN OF YER. I LORST A FORTUNE ON THE DUBBY."

HOW TO PACIFY IRELAND.

(By a Student of anti-Coalition Political Psycho-Analysis.)

THE announcement that a child of ten years old, recently described by the Willesden magistrate as "a remarkable example of a child kleptomaniac," has been handed over to an eminent specialist in psycho-pathology, has not yet received the attention that it undoubtedly demands. It is true that, in the beautifully alliterative phrase of one of our contemporaries, "with the exception of a penchant for petty peculations" the young offender "has always been a model girl, industrious and truthful," thus justifying the belief of the eminent specialist, that he could "wipe out the original sin" in her. But

the child is mother to the woman, and those of us who have been gradually and conscientiously convinced of the total inadequacy of the Government's policy towards Ireland, cannot but recognise in this experiment an example which might be profitably followed in dealing with what—with all due deference to Hibernian susceptibilities—we are reluctantly driven to call the irregular conduct of certain sections of Irish society.

With the exception of a penchant for petty pin-pricks at the expense of the police, Ireland's behaviour has been exemplary in its industry and humanity. So averse were a large number of her sons from the employment of violence in any form that they refused to participate in warlike operations against

the enemy that threatened our common Empire. So magnanimous was their charity that they found it impossible to credit the harsh and unchristian allegations levelled at the KAISER and his countrymen. But it could hardly be expected that so high-spirited and energetic a race could indefinitely pursue a course of inaction. The relentless logic which has always been a distinguishing feature of the Celt has impelled them, since the cessation of formal hostilities, to express their disapproval of a war waged in their interests by indulging in demonstrations—if so harsh a term may be permitted—directed against the régime which has secured them immunity from invasion, devastation and conscription, and at the same time afforded them exceptional opportunities for amassing wealth.

It must be reluctantly admitted that some of these ebullitions have bordered closely on what we may be forgiven for describing as indecorum. But the motive was undoubtedly a generous instinct of self assertion. Ever since the days of CAIN, the first great self-expressionist, there have always been richly-organised natures to whom even fratricide is preferable to the dull routine of agricultural life.

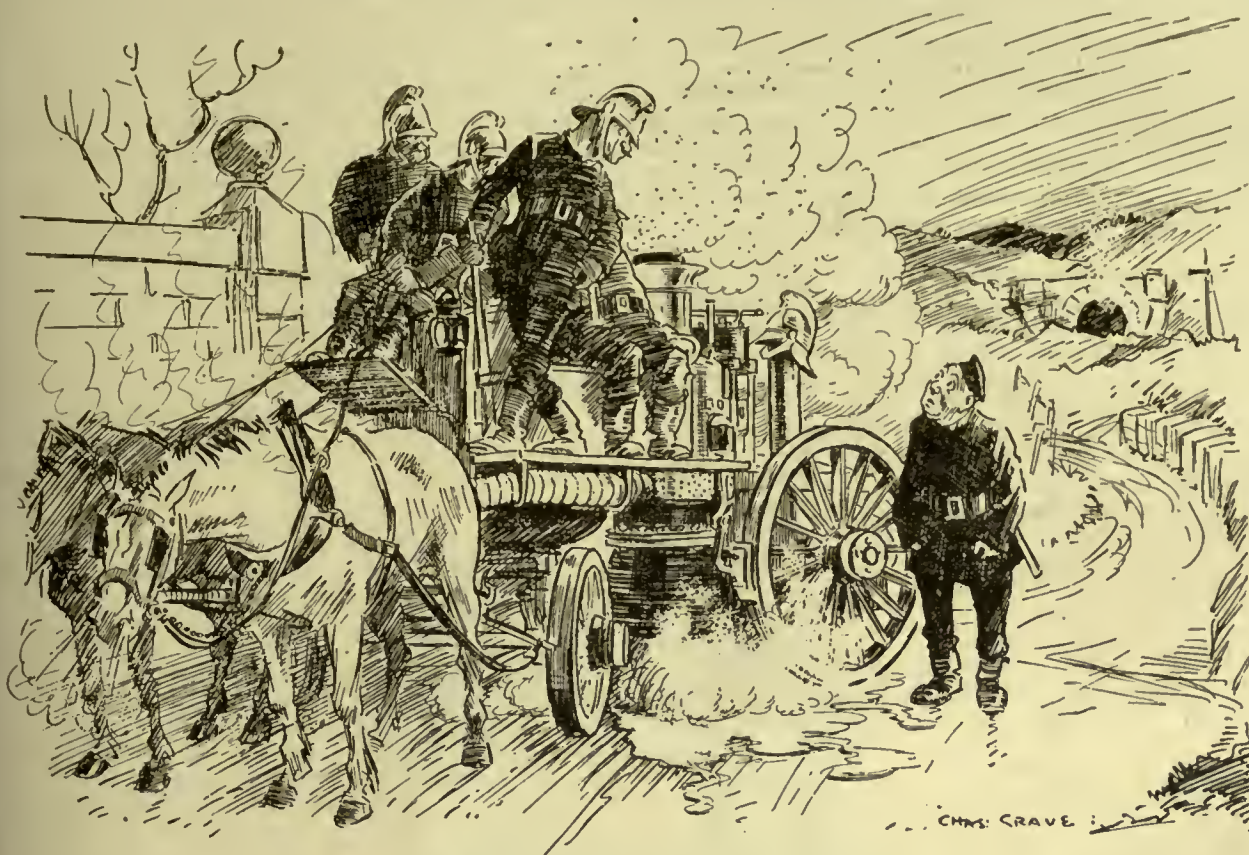
None the less it is at least arguable that an indefinite extension and expansion of the conduct now prevalent in the Sister Isle might be fraught with consequences not altogether conducive to the longevity of the minority. And while sad experience has proved the futility of legislative panaceas there still remain the fruitful possibilities inherent in an application of the principles of psycho-pathological treatment based on the discoveries of FREUD. For our own part we are convinced that herein lies the only solution of Ireland's discontent.

Therefore let the Government at once withdraw all troops and munitions of war from Ireland, disband the R.I.C. and invite the leaders of the Sinn Féin movement and of the I.R.B. to submit to a course of psychiatric treatment conducted by an international board of specialists, from which all representatives of the belligerent Powers should be excluded, with possibly the exception of America. It seems incredible that such an offer should be refused. If it is we can only patiently acquiesce in the optimistic view of the famous Celtic chronicler, GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, that Ireland will be ultimately pacified just before the Day of Judgment—*vis paulo ante diem judicii*.

THE ART OF POETRY.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM ON PAGE 446.

"It comes of my having a sniff."



OUR VILLAGE FIRE BRIGADE.

Amateur Engineer (who has burst the boiler and shouted to the driver to stop). "GET OUT THE HOSE QUICK! THE ENGINE'S AFIRE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FROM what is known of the tastes of Sir IAN HAMILTON it might have been supposed that he wrote his *Gallipoli Diary* (ARNOLD) lest his pen-hand should lose its cunning while wielding the sword. Indeed he tells us of a rumour among his officers "that I spend my time composing poetry, especially during our battles." But that he did not write for the sake of writing must be clear to anyone who reads the book, even if the author had not declared his motive in the preface. Here he admits that, though "soldiers think of nothing so little as failure," it was in fact the thought of possible failure that determined him, at the very start, to prepare from day to day his defence. Perhaps this is not quite the attitude of one who stakes all upon the great chance. In another significant passage of self-revelation he tells us how, on a tour of inspection in Egypt, he met RUPERT BROOKE, "the most distinguished of the Georgians." "He looked extraordinarily handsome . . . stretched out there on the sand, with the only world that counts at his feet." Whether in ordinary times the world of art is or is not the "only world that counts," I cannot say, but I am certain that to a soldier entrusted with an enterprise of so great moment the only world that should have "counted" at that hour was the world of war. If the chapter which describes the failure that followed the landing in Suvla Bay exposes the incapacity of some of his officers to inspire their men with that little more energy which would have ensured a great victory, it seems also to expose a certain want of compelling personality in the High Command. But of the military questions here raised I make no

pretence to judge, and in any case judgment has been passed on them already. The interest of the diary lies in its appeal as a human document. It is the *apologia* of a man who, for all his criticism, often apparently justified, of the authorities at home (there are passages which he must surely have suppressed if Lord KITCHENER had still been living), sets down scarce a word in malice and but few in bitterness of spirit; who appreciates at its high worth the devotion and gallantry of his officers and men; who, whatever qualities he may have lacked for his difficult task, reveals himself as loyal at heart and generous by nature.

Miss RUTH HOLT BOUCICAULT (a name with a double theatrical association) has written, in *The Rose of Jericho* (PUTNAM), a novel of American stage life which I should suppose comes as near to being a true picture as such stories can. She derives her title from the convenient habit of the desert rose of detaching itself from uncongenial or exhausted soil, subsiding into a compact mass and travelling before the wind to more profitable surroundings. It will be admitted that the author has at least hit upon a picturesque metaphor for a touring company, which on this analogy becomes a very garden of (Jericho) roses. Actually, however, she no doubt intended it to apply more to the disposition of her heroine, and in particular to her power of transferring her young affections, flower, leaf and root, from one object to another, with undiminished enthusiasm. *Sheelah's* capacity for being off with the old and on with the new is almost preternatural; her progress from stage-child to leading lady is accompanied by such various essays in unconventional domesticity that the reader may well experience a sense of confusion, or at least feel some

difficulty in sustaining the first freshness of his sympathy. The story is at times almost startlingly American, as when the original betrayer of the heroine is excused on the ground that, being English, his morality would naturally not rise to native level (I swear I'm not laughing—see page 168); and so full of the idiom of the Transatlantic stage as to be a perfect *rade mecum* for visiting mines from this side. For the rest, vivacious, wildly sentimental and obviously written from first-hand experience.

By calling her *Potterism* (COLLINS) "a tragi-farcical tract" Miss ROSE MACAULAY disarms our criticism that she conducts too heavy a discussion from too light a platform. I don't think the author of *What Not* is likely to write anything dull, anything I shan't be pleased to read. She has a keen eye, a candid soul, a sharp-pointed pen. She is deliciously modern. And she dislikes *Potterism*, which is sentimental lack of precision in thought. It is much more (or much less) than this, but I get the definition by inverting a phrase of her dedication. *Potter*, by the way, or *Lord Pinkerton*, as he is now, owns a series of newspapers "not so good as *The Times* nor so bad as *The Weekly Dispatch*" (guileless piece of camouflage this!), and Mrs. *Potter* ("Leila Yorke") is a novelist who might have written *The Rosary*. Two of the young *Potters*, *Jane* and *Johuny*, though they both when up at Oxford joined the *Anti-Potter League*, do not thereby escape being *Potterites*. They cling to materialistic *Potter* values. Whereas an aristocratic clergyman, a woman scientist, a Jew journalist (this last an admirable study) do in varying degrees contrive to avoid the deadly infection. This tract needed writing. I have a feeling that it could be better done and by ROSE MACAULAY. But it makes excellent reading as it is. . . . The pachyderm will wince, shake himself and be left grinning.

Mr. ARNOLD PALMER derives the title of *My Profitable Friends* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT) from a verse, new to me, in which the poet, apparently when launching her wares, concludes,

"But who has pain has songs to sell;
My Profitable Friends, farewell!"

which I take to be the pleasantest way in the world of calling them pot-boilers. But whether they were so intended or not, there can be no question of the very agreeable dexterity that Mr. PALMER brings to the composition of his tales. Save for a few experiments (which I should call the least successful in the collection) his formula is not the episodic "slice of life," with crumbly edges. His choice is for the well-made, with usually some ingenious little twist at the finish, and (so to speak) a neatly tied bow to end all. As an instance of this kind I commend to your notice the admirably shaped little yarn called "Two-penn'orth." Mr. PALMER has a pretty wit (perhaps here and there a trifle thin), shown nowhere to better advantage

than in "A Picked Eleven," one of the most entertaining, and at the same time human, short stories that I have ever read. Further, his tales are essentially of the friendly order, and the public will be in fault if they do not also prove profitable, since we have none too many writers capable of getting such deft results with the same economy of means.

In most stories constructed on the *Enoch Arden* principle one of the husbands or wives (whichever it may be of whom there are too many) is usually a very nasty person. Miss SOPHIE COLE, in *The Cypress Tree* (MILLS AND BOON), makes all three of her entangled characters quite attractive; in fact, though I fear she would not wish me to say so, I really liked the unsuccessful competitor better than the winner. Books made up of the little homely things which might happen to anybody and distinguished by their pleasant atmosphere have been Miss COLE's speciality in the past; this time she has, without abating a jot of her pleasantness, added a touch of the occult in the shape of an old black-letter volume which infects everyone who gets possession of it with a mildly insane determination to keep it. An honourable man steals it and a nice woman smacks her baby for holding it, so you can see how really baleful its influence must have been when you consider that they were both Miss COLE's characters. A very little of the occult will excuse a good deal of improbability, and the small amount that has crept into *The Cypress Tree* does not spoil the effect of a truly "nice" tale.

As an admirer of the *Spud Tamson* books it irks me to have to say that *Winnie McLeod* (HUTCHINSON) contains too much solid sermon to appeal to me. I gather that R. W. CAMPBELL wants to show how dangerous life may be for a poor and beautiful girl, and as a warning *Winnie*

can be confidently recommended. But sound and wholesome as the preaching is it seems to me more suitable for a tract than for a novel. Moreover it is not easy to feel full sympathy with a hero who is frankly called an Adonis, who "played a good bat at cricket," and also in a strenuous rugby match "dropped a beauty through the Edinburgh sticks." Altogether the picture suffers from the prodigious amount of paint that has been spent on it; yet I am confident it will afford edification to many people whose tastes I respect but cannot share.

"Ninety-six per cent. of men employed in the gas undertakings voted in favour of a strike. Four per cent. were against such action and the neutrals formed an infinitesimal number."—*Daily Paper*.

A mere cipher, in fact.

"Required, immediately, man with intimate knowledge of colours, to call on consumers with ochres from the French Alps."

Daily Paper.

Personally, we always prefer to consume raw umbers from the Apennines.



Customer. "BUT IF THESE WATCHES COST TEN BOB TO MAKE, AND YOU ARE SELLING THEM AT THE SAME PRICE, WHERE DOES YOUR PROFIT COME IN?"

Watchmaker. "WE GET IT REPAIRING THEM."

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Bolsheviks," says a gossip writer, "do not always rob Peter to pay Paul." No, they sometimes just rob Peter.

A Yarmouth report anticipates a shortage of herrings. It is said that the PRIME MINISTER has a couple of second-hand red ones for disposal which have only been drawn across the path once or twice.

"One of the Kaiser's mugs," says a news item, "has just been sold in New York for forty pounds." We have suspected for some time that he was a double-faced fellow.

"There should be no temptations to crime in so beautiful a spot," said Mr. Justice COLERIDGE when presented with white gloves at the Anglesey assizes. The sentiment is thought to be as old as ADAM.

"If it is necessary to strengthen the hands of the military in Ireland," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "the Government will certainly do so." Our own view is that they should be protected even if it means sending the Reserve of Special Constables to do it.

According to the Ministry of Transport, there is only one motor-car to every one hundred and twenty people in Great Britain. The necessity of fixing a maximum bag of pedestrians per car does not therefore arise.

A purple-eyed fish, eleven feet long, with a horn on its nose and no teeth, has been caught at San Diego, California. That is the sort of thing that makes Prohibition a secondary issue.

As the result of some remarks let drop by the crew and repeated by the ship's parrot, several hundred bottles of liquor were found on board the S.S. *Curaçao* by the San Francisco port authorities. It is now suggested, in the interests of philology, that the parrot should be put back to hear how the crew takes it.

A young man while fishing on the Wye landed a wallet containing twenty-two one-pound Treasury notes. A correspondent writing from North of the

Tweed inquires what bait the fellow was using.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL points out that five hundred new telephones are to be erected in rural districts. Local residents should at least be grateful for this little friendly warning.

It is reported that M. KRASSIN told the PREMIER all about Russia. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was very interested, as he had often heard of the place.

With the letter postage at twopence,

brought round by whisky. The report that on being informed of this fact he again went off into a faint is happily without foundation.

A man aged seventy-six was charged last week with threatening to shoot a West-End family of six. It is said that his parents intend to plead the baneful influence of the cinema.

The fact that at least seven people have expressed their intention of swimming the English Channel this year draws attention once more to the lack of accommodation on our cross-Channel steamers.

A wheelbarrow has been presented to the parishioners of Hornechurch, Essex. We have maintained all along that the motor-car craze would wear itself out in time.

On April the 21st the Maharajah of BIKANIR shot his hundredth tiger. All efforts to induce him to join the R.I.C. have so far failed.

The case is reported of a hen which lays an egg each morning on her master's bed and then pecks his cheek to wake him up at the proper time for breakfast. Guess where this happens. America? Right.

We understand that in view of the paper shortage the West Drayton man who managed to get through on the telephone last week has abandoned the idea of writing a book about it.

Much annoyance is said to have been caused to one brick-layer last week. It seems that

just before the dinner hour somebody kicked away the brick he had laid and the unfortunate fellow had to start the day all over again.

According to *The Manila Bulletin* the cost of living is going to fall. Not on us, we trust.

The Hire Education.

"Required, an Assistant Teacher (Lady), with option of purchase."—*Australian Paper*.

"Ex-Soldier's Tale.

NOTE TO WAR PRISONER HIDDEN IN CHEESE." *National News*.

We should like to hear more of the prisoner and his novel hiding-place.



'Arry. "THEY'RE TALKIN' ABAHT DOIN' GREEK PLAYS AN' PAGEANTS AN' ALL SORTS O' LOOPY STUNTS AT 'AMPSTEAD ON BANK 'OLIDAYS."

'Arriet. "LUMME! IT'LL GIT THE PLACE A BAD NAME."

we read, it is in many cases just as cheap to telephone. And in some cases just as quick.

"Will Wilde meet Beckett?" asks a headline. We can only say that we do not intend to stand in their way.

General von KLUCK has been telling somebody that he lost the battle of the Marne by a fluke. As we can't have the War over again we must let the matter remain at that.

According to an evening paper a temperance speaker fainted during a procession in a Kentish town, and was immediately carried into a shop and

MAY-WEEK.

[Addressed affectionately to the author of "May-Week Then and Now" in *The Times* of last Wednesday.]

THOUGH forty years have done their worst
To change us to the sere and brown,
Since we in verdant freshness first
Assumed the triple-chevrons gown,
As I perused *The Times* this very day week
Your statement thrilled me through and through—
How people still go gathering nuts in May-week
Much as they used to do.

The courts their dun-grey habit keep,
Their velvet-green the sacred lawns;
The rooks that marred our matin sleep
Still devastate the golden dawns;
Beneath my westward windows still the same bridge
Sags in the centre as of old;
In fact, in all essential matters Cambridge
Preserves its ancient mould.

Slight innovations have occurred
That rudely on your senses strike;
Our innocence had never heard
The hooting of the motor-bike;
And though you might approve, with your rich tresses,
The vogue of leaving off your hat,
I with a crust that loathes the wind's caresses—
I should revolt at that.

But for the rest there's little strange;
Still Cam pursues his torpid way;
'Tis we alone who suffer change
(I could not stick the course to-day);
New generations lash the same old river,
Spurt up the Long Reach, bump and sup;
What if we pass, through weight of years or liver?
Somebody keeps it up.

Time may have weaned us long ago
With even sterner heights to win
Than when the once resilient toe
Was apt to dance the daylight in;
No doubt we've grown in wisdom since we started,
But I would give my head (with brain)
Just to be back there, young and agile-hearted,
Just for one June again.

O. S.

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[In this series Mr. Punch presents a few specimens of the work of his newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature. Terms and simple self-measurement form on application.]

I.—THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF GENIUS.

By Miss Dinkie Devereux, the renowned Film Favourite.

THE Editor of *The Weekly Newsbag* has kindly asked me to write an article on the duty which we denizens of Flickerland owe to the public. This, it happens, is a subject that has long given me "furiously to think," as a witty Frenchman once said in French. It may be of interest, by the way, to state that I am myself partly of Gallic extraction, my mother having been a Lyons girl before she was enabled to open a tea-shop of her own; and, although born and bred in what I am proud to call my native country, I can even now act just as fluently in a French film as in an all-British production.

But I must not let my thoughts run away with my pen, fascinating though such cross-country excursions may be. To return to my appointed topic, heavy indeed is the burden

that is laid on the back of a cinema star. You who know me only as the reigning queen of countless Palaces may possibly imagine that my life is spent in flitting butterfly-fashion from film to film, existing only for the golden moment. But one is not born a butterfly, nor does one remain so without constant effort. The strenuous nature of my labours indeed necessitates frequent periods of recuperation; which I seek either in my Highland fastness, or on my Californian peach-farm, or amid the lotus-bushes of my villa on the Riviera. This, then, is one of my first duties to the public—to preserve that Heaven-sent talent which, in the words of mighty MILTON, "is death to hide." (MILTON, I may say, is my favourite poet next to GEORGE R. SIMS, and "Odont" is my favourite mouth-wash.)

But the intervals between pictures are not all play. When I receive notice of a forthcoming production in which my services are entreated (and I owe it to humanity not to refuse my co-operation provided certain bothersome preliminaries of a financial nature are successfully negotiated), I spend a considerable time steeping myself in the atmosphere of the part I am to fill. One of my most famous rôles, as I need hardly mention, is that of *Lilian the Lift-Girl*, in the great Solomonson six-reeler, *Ups and Downs*. In order to prepare for this momentous undertaking I used to visit Whiteridge's Stores daily and devote an hour or so to travelling in the elevators; only thus could I hope to attain the proper perspective. The attendants of course knew me well and used to ply me with gifts of chocolates, etc.; but after a time I was compelled to refuse these touching offerings because my chauffeur has a tendency to biliousness.

Then there is the sacred duty of looking after what my Press agent is good enough to call my "unearthly charm." I do not agree with the dictum that "we are as Heaven made us," and I am sure no film enterprise could carry on successfully on those lines. Of course you must have something to work upon, and for the bare edifice of my beauty, which in all humility I admit was raised by other hands than mine, I claim no special praise. But I think I may justly take credit for the structural alterations I have effected and for the self-sacrificing labours I have willingly undergone to maintain each of my features at its maximum efficiency; to these the advertisement columns of the papers bear constant testimony.

(In passing let me observe that I have always found Mrs. Phipps's Face-Fodder of invaluable assistance in "that fierce light which beats upon the screen," as dear old TENNYSON—another great favourite of mine—so nearly said.)

Naturally enough the public is always ravenous for information concerning the minutest details of my life, and to prevent disappointment in this respect I send the Press a daily budget of my doings, entitled *Dinkie Day by Day*. That is another burden I cheerfully shoulder, and by this method my admirers are kept fully acquainted with what I may call the real me—with the heart that beats beneath the shadowed counterfeit. Nevertheless at times the most absurd rumours get abroad. Recently, for example, I saw it stated in quite a reputable organ that my favourite jam is blackberry-and-apple; as a matter of fact I find all jams ruinous to the figure, and as a tea-relish I usually limit myself to the more ascetic hloater-paste, with salmon-and-shrimp as an occasional variant.

My pet hobby is collecting precious stones, and my favourites among these are pearls and diamonds, especially of the larger variety. Frequently admirers of my art who know of this harmless foible are good enough to add to my collection, and these spontaneous tributes are among the compensations of a life dedicated at every moment of the day to the public service.



DIRECT REACTION.

LABOUR EXTREMIST. "HE'S A BIT TOO QUICK ON THE REBOUND."

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE gave a very straight answer to the representative of those members of the National Union of Railwaymen who had refused to handle munitions intended for the defence of the Royal Irish Constabulary against murderous attack.]



HOLIDAY GOLF.

Landlady (showing apartments in the vicinity of famous links). "Oh, you'll be quite comfortable here, Sir; you see, we're used to golfers."

ANOTHER DOG DISPUTE.

As far as was revealed by the torn remnants of posters adhering to Farmer Pyke's barn, the only event of importance in Little Spudsey since the letting by auction of fifty-seven acres of summer keeping in April, 1918, was the Rural District Council Election in March, 1920. Conspicuous mention was made of Pyke, Cluttrel and Gedge, Coalition Candidates, who had apparently coalesced to crush one Winch, Independent. I was endeavouring to discover his fate when old William Trimble doddered along.

"Marnin', Mr. Lomax," he said; "you be back at last?"

I could not deny the fact.

"There be only Hosea Bennett an' George Riley to coom now, an' the toll 'll be complete."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"George be in India, or leastways 'e was, an' Hosea's at Cologny. They'm both expected back by Saturday fortnit,

an' th' question which on 'em really owns th' Yorkshire tarrier 'll have to be settled once an' for all. Yon election hinged on it."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten the details, William," I confessed lamely.

"You'll surely remember th' little Yorkshire tarrier as strayed into th' village in the summer o' '14," said William. "Hosea claimed it as his'n by right of hollering it first, but George rackened him givin' it a bit o' bacon-rind from 'is lunch med 'im th' rightful owner. It stayed a few days wi' Hosea, then George 'ticed it away, an' generally it hung to the one as happened to have th' biggest bone. Feeling ran high atween them till, after the harvest 'ad bin got in, Mr. Gedge, at The Chequers, axed George what about j'ining up.

"What, an' give Hosea a free run wi' th' tarrier?" said George. "Not blessed likely."

"Hosea for his part said 'e weren't going to budge while th' village were infested wi' dog-stealers; so Mr.

Gedge 'e says, 'Hand th' dog to me. I'll howd it wi'out fear nor favour, an' when you both cooms back we'll have it properly arbitrated on.'

"So Hosea j'ined the Infantry an' George went into th' Yeomanry. There was some friction when George first coom on leave an' Mr. Gedge let 'im have th' tarrier for a day's rattin'. Th' Bennett family said it were breaking the agreement, but Mr. Gedge said it were a patriotic duty to give th' lads a bit of amusement when they came on leave, an' 'e'd undertake the Rileys 'nd make no objection when Hosea coom home. But it made a lot o' coolness atween th' families, an' when Hosea were wounded in '15 the Bennettses as good as said th' Rileys weren't no better nor pro-Germans in not giving up their claim to th' tarrier. Public opinion were with Hosea at that time, but it veered round to George when 'e won th' Military Medal in '16.

"However, George got orders to go East in '17, an' Hosea had pretty frequent



Host (to guest, who is helping him to make a pergola). "Don't LEAN ON IT, YOU SILLY ASS! YOU 'LL HAVE IT DOWN."

leaves and were allus parading th' dog outside the Rileys' cottage. About the end o' '18 owd Ephraim Riley got tired of it and went to see Mr. Gedge on th' subject.

"'Fair's fair,' he says, 'an' Hosea ain't no right to be worming 'is way into that dog's affections while George can't get home.'

"'There's summat in that,' said Mr. Gedge; an' next time Hosea cooms home 'e finds the dog in pound, so to speak.

"'Very good,' says he; 'I don't coom home again till George is here.'

"In th' spring of '19, 'bout the time as the tarrier—which was getting owd and cantankerous—bit Wilfred Browitt in th' leg, we heerd that George weren't likely to be back for a longish time, an' Hosea wrote to say in that case he'd take on in th' Army for another year. Then we had mower excitement, for it was said that Winch, a new-comer, had put up for th' Council, an' it 'ud mean an election. Fowks were so used to Farmer Pyke an' Mr. Gedge and Mr. Cluttrel setting that they rackened they didn't need to be voted on, but would

go in automatic. However, there were a meetin' in th' parish-room, an' when Chairman axed if anyone 'ad any questions Wilfred Browitt got up an' said:

"'Who owns tarrier, Hosea Bennett or George Riley?'

"It were well known that Wilfred were a mean-speritted crittur as only wanted to know from which one 'e'd be likely to get compensation for th' bite on his leg. So Mr. Gedge 'e rose an' answered:—

"'It's well known Mr. Pyke nor Mr. Cluttrel nor solf can't say anything on the matter, as it is sub-judish till th' lads coom home.'

"'What do you say, Mr. Winch?' persisted Wilfred.

"'I declare for George Riley,' said Winch boldly, 'him being the first to give it sustenance.'

"There were a great sensation at that, an' it showed the cunningness o' Winch. He knew the Rileys were intermarried wi' half th' village and all George's relations 'ud be bound to vote for 'im after he'd declared for them. And so it proved, for, though th' Bennetts rallied everyone they could for th' Coali-

tioners, they weren't strong enough, an' Winch got in in place o' Mr. Cluttrel."

"Still," I remarked, "the question of ownership isn't settled."

"No, that 'll be settled Saturday fortnit. It 'll be a rare set-back for Winch if the verdict goes to Hosea."

"But in any case the terrior is sure of a good home," I said.

"Well, as to that," replied William, "it were the principle o' the thing that were at stake. When th' tarrier bit Wilfred Browitt in '19 he chased it out of th' village wi' his stick, an' nobody ain't seen it since."

Our Modest Advertisers.

"TO BE LET.—Charming Little Gentleman's Pleasure Farm."—*Field*.

"A Northampton Corporation report states that contractor's workmen have applied for permission to work longer hours."

Daily Chronicle.

We understand that the Labour Party will at once order the Ministry of Health to take steps to isolate these cases, and that there is little danger of a spread of the epidemic.

A PRISCILLA DIALOGUE.

THERE is probably some way by which a young female child can be led through easy stages of Socratic dialogue to the idea of ultimate truth in morals as well as art. There is probably some way of talking to such a child without being badly scored off. But I do not seem to have the gift. This is the more unfortunate because the thing usually happens before I have finished my breakfast, and nothing is quite so damaging to my self-esteem as to be soundly snubbed in my own house before the day's work has begun.

Mind you I do not honestly believe that my logic is at fault. I believe that there is usually a flaw in the reasoning of the child. But you cannot very well say to an infant of three, "You are now being guilty of an undistributed middle or a *petitio clenchii* or whatever it is." She would do what I have heard even older women do in like circumstances. She would change the subject at once. Perhaps the MONTESSORI system . . . But let us take a typical case.

I found her sitting at a large table by the dining-room window, in a high chair that left her red shoes eighteen inches from the ground, a complete doll's tea service in front of her and a small stuffed lamb on her right-hand side. The tea-pot appeared to contain real water and the sugar-basin real sugar, and although she was supremely busy watering and sugaring and rearranging her cups and jugs and spoons she greeted me with the composure of an experienced *châtelaine*. Our conversation went something like this:—

She. Will you have any cup of tea?

I (having drunk a small cup of water with a very little real sugar and a large quantity of real grit in it.) Thank you. How delicious! But I must go and have my breakfast now.

She (taking no notice at all and offering me a small fragment of moist toast). Will you have any piece of cake?

I. Thank you. What lovely plum-cake!

She (with infinite scorn). Ho! that isn't plum-cake. There isn't any plums in it. It's *chocolat* cake.

I (humiliated). Oh, well, I don't think I will have any more tea, thank you.

She (coldly). I'm going to give my lamb tea now.

[The method of giving tea to a lamb, in case it is not generally known, is to plaster the lamb's nose with spoonfuls of sugar and then lick off the sugar with one's tongue. At least that is the way Priscilla does it.]

I (reprovingly from the breakfast-

table.) What a funny way to give your lamb tea, Priscilla.

She. My lamb says he likes having his tea like this. (A longish pause.) Please will you draw me a picesher?

I. What kind of a picture?

She. A picesher of a house.

I. What kind of a house?

She (in one long breath). A purple house with a yellow roof and blue curtains and a green door and rose-trees with red roses and hollyhocks and a dear little pussy-cat and a motor-car coming up the drive.

[This is executed in coloured crayons with a rapidity born of hunger and long practice, and passed to the Hanging Committee for inspection.]

She (examining it critically). Ho! that isn't a door.

I. Yes, it is, Priscilla. It's a very nice door.

She. It isn't a door. It hasn't any knocker.

[After all, when is a door not a door? I finish the joinery job and carry on with my bacon.]

She (suddenly). There isn't any sun.

[I sketch in the regulation pattern of circular sun, with eyes, a nose and a smile complete.]

She. That isn't a sun. It hasn't any hair.

I. The sun doesn't have any hair, Priscilla.

She (decisively). Nurse has hair.

[This really seems unanswerable. Having amended Phœbus Apollo I start in with my marmalade. After a lapse of a few minutes a low hammering is heard from somewhere on the floor at the far side of the table.]

I. Whatever are you doing, Priscilla?

She. Soothing my horse.

[She is discovered beating the wheels of a grey wooden flat-backed animal on a stand with a hammer procured from heaven alone knows where.]

I. Well, don't hit him on the wheels, anyhow. (A pause, subdued noises and a sigh.) What are you doing now, Priscilla?

She. Soothing him on his back.

I. Doesn't that hurt him?

She. It hurts him very much, but he doesn't say anything.

[I come round to give veterinary advice.]

I. Don't you love your horse, Priscilla?

She. Yes, he's my friendly horse.

I. Well, don't bang him about like that; all the paint's coming off him.

[The carpet is in fact strewn with small flakes of grey paint from the unhappy creature's flanks.]

She (derisively). Ho! that isn't paint. That's snorts.

I (helplessly). Whatever do you mean?

She. That's snorts. Snorts from his mouf. White snorts.

I. But why is your horse snorting from his mouth, Priscilla?

She. He's snorting from his mouf because I'm soothing him on his back.

Well, there you are, you know; what is one going to do about it? There is a sort of specious plausibility about these replies after all; I am no farrier, but I should think it quite likely that if you shoed a cart-horse long enough on the back with a large enough hammer he would snort white snorts from his mouth; and it's no use telling the girl that she can't jump from realism to romance in that disingenuous manner. Besides she might start hammering the wheels again. Or else she would say that her horse *said* he was snorting, and who am I to contradict a British horse? I used to consider myself pretty good at what are called back-answers and I still believe that with a little practice I could hold my own in White-chapel or the House of Commons, but there are subtle transitions about Priscilla's method of argument with which only a Prime Minister could cope. It carries too many guns for me. It cramps my style. V.

A CORNISH COTTAGE.

BESIDE the clock two spaniels stand,
Two china spaniels golden-spotted;
On a lace d'oyley (contraband)
Beams a red-faced geranium (potted).

Framed portraits rest on woollen mats,
Black-bearded smugglers with their spouses;

The gentlemen wear bowler hats,
The ladies sport their Sunday blouses.

Two pictures decorate the wall,
Vesuvius spouting sparks and ashes,
The brig *Calypso* in a squall,
Full-sailed despite the lightning flashes.

Without, the dark Atlantic flings
Against the cliff its booming surges,
And, as a shell, the snug room rings
With its reverberating dirges.

Against the door the night winds rave
Like outcast dogs, their lot deploring;

Triumphant over wind and wave
Rises my landlord's lusty snoring.

PATLANDER.

"There was one summer when he lived by himself in a lonely old houseboat on the Thames, from which he paddled himself ashore every morning in a top-hat."—*Daily Paper*.
The drawback to this kind of craft is that it only accommodates a single skull.

**MANNERS AND MODES.**

MR. GILEAD P. BLOGGS (U.S.A.) ORDERS FOR HIS NEW DINING-ROOM AT PITTSBURG A COLOSSAL PICTURE REPRESENTING A HOSPITABLE SIDEBOARD, TO KEEP ALIVE HIS MEMORIES OF "WET" AMERICA.



Accused (just dismissed). "MANY THANKS! WHAT SHOULD I HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU?"

Counsel. "OH, ABOUT SIX MONTHS."

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

BILLINGSGATE.

In order to see Billingsgate properly in action it is necessary to get up at half-past four and travel on the Underground by the first train East, which is an adventure in itself. The first train East goes at three minutes past five, and there are large numbers of people who travel in it every day; by Charing Cross it is almost crowded. It is full of Bolsheviks; and I do not wonder. One sits with one's feet up in a first-class carriage, clutching a nice cheap workman's ticket and trying hard to look as if, like the Bolsheviks, one did this every day.

On arriving at the Monument Station one walks briskly past the seductive announcement that "THE MONUMENT is Now OPEN," and plunges into a world of fish. I have never been able to understand why fish is so funny. On the comic stage a casual reference to fish is almost certain to provoke a shout of laughter; in practice, and especially in the mass, it is not so funny; it is like the Government, an inexhaustible source of

humour at a distance, and in the flesh extraordinarily dull.

Over the small streets which surround the market hangs a heavy pall of fishy vapour. The streets are full of carts; the carts are full of fish. The houses in the streets are fish-dealers' places, more or less full of fish. The pavements are full of fish-porters, carrying fish, smelling of fish. Fragments of conversation are heard, all about fish. Fish lie sadly in the gutters. The scales of fish glitter on the pavements. A little vigorous swimming through the outlying fisheries brings you to the actual market, which is even more wonderful. Imagine a place like Covent Garden, and nearly as big, but entirely devoted to fish. In the place of those enchanting perspectives of flower-stalls, imagine enormous regiments of fish-stalls, paraded in close order and groaning with halibut and conger-eel, with whiting and lobsters and huge crabs. Round these stalls the wholesale dealers wade ankle-deep in fish. Steadily, maliciously, the great fish slide off the stalls on to the floor; steadily the dealers recover them and pile them

up on their small counters, or cast them through the air on to other counters, or fling them into baskets in rage or mortification or sheer bravado.

The dealers are men with business-faces, in long white coats, surprisingly clean. Every now and then they stop throwing crabs into baskets or retrieving halibut from the floor, and make little entries in long note-books. I do not know exactly what entries they make, but I think they must all be in for some competition, and are making notes about their scores; one man I watched had obviously just beaten the record for halibut-recovery. He recovered so many in about a minute that the tops of his boots were just beginning to show. When he had done that he made such long notes in his book about it that most of the halibut slid on to the floor again while he was doing it. Then he began all over again. But I expect he won the prize.

Meanwhile about a million fish-porters are dashing up and down the narrow avenues between the fish-stalls, porting millions of boxes of fish. Nearly all of them, I am glad to say, have been

in the army or have had a relative in the army; for they are nearly all wearing the full uniform of a company cook, which needs no description. On their heads they have a kind of india-rubber hat, and on the india-rubber hat they have a large box of fish weighing about six stone—six stone, I tell you. This box they handle as if it was a box of cigars. They pick it up with a careless gesture; they carry it as if it was a slightly uncomfortable hat, and they throw it down with another careless gesture, usually on to another box of fish; this explains why so many of one's herrings appear to have been maimed at sea.

When they have finished throwing the boxes about they too take out a note-book and make notes about it all. This, it seems, is to make sure that they are paid something for throwing each box about. I don't blame them. It must be a hard life. Yet if I thought I could pick up six stone of salmon and plaice and throw it about I should sign on at Billingsgate at once. It is true they start work about five; but they stop work, it seems, about ten, and they earn a pound and over for that. Then they can go home. Most of them, I imagine, are stockbrokers during the rest of the day.

And they are a refined and gentlemanly body of men. I hope the old legend that the fish-porter of Billingsgate expresses himself in terms too forcible for the ordinary man is now exploded; for it is a slander. In fact it is a slander to call him a "porter;" at least in these days I suppose it is libellous to connect a man falsely with the N.U.R., if only by verbal implication. But, however that may be, I here assert that the Billingsgate fish-porter is a comparatively smooth and courteous personage, and, considering his constant association with fish in bulk, I think it is wonderful.

At the far end of the market is the river Thames; and on the river Thames there is a ship or two chockful of fish. Fish-porters with a kind of *blasé* animation run up and down a long gangway to the ship with six-stone boxes of fine fresh whiting on their heads. These boxes they pile up on a chute (carefully noting each box in their note-books), after which an auctioneer auctions the boxes. This is the really exciting part of the show. The dealers or the dealers' agents stand round in a hungry ring and buy the boxes of fish as they slide down the chute. The dealers seem to detail a less cultured type of man for this purpose, and few of the bidders come up to the standard of refinement of the fish-porters. But the auctioneer understands them, and he knows all



Connoisseur (smoking cigarette stump just thrown away by passer-by). "EITHER TERBAKKER ISN'T WOT IT WOS—OR THESE 'ERE TOFFS AIN'T."

their Christian names. He can tell at a glance whether it is Mossy Isaacs or Sam Isaacs. He is a very clever man.

They stand round looking at the boxes of fish, and when one of them twitches the flesh of his nose or faintly moves one of his eyelashes it means that he has bought six stone of whiting for thirty shillings. That is the only kind of sign they give, and the visitor will be wise not to catch the auctioneer's eye, or blow his nose or do any overt action like that, or he may find that he has bought six stone of salmon and halibut for forty-five shillings. At an

auction of fish it is true to say that a nod is as good as a wink; in fact it is worse.

The dealers are silent motionless men; but nobody else is. Everybody else is dashing about and shouting as loud as he can. As each box of fish is sold the porters dash at it and shout at it (of course in a very gentlemanly way) and carry it off in all directions. It is quite clear that nobody knows who has bought it and where it is going. The idea of the whole thing is to impress the visitor with the mobility of fish, and this object is successfully attained. No



Aspiring Solicitor (speaking in telephone with the idea of impressing supposed client). "YES, TELL THE LORD CHANCELLOR I WILL LUNCH WITH HIM, AND SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO GIVE HIM THE BENEFIT OF MY ADVICE IN THE MATTER HIS LORDSHIP MENTIONED. GOOD-BYE. NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?"

Supposed Client. "WELL, I'VE COME ABOUT YOUR TELEPHONE, SIR, WHICH I UNDERSTAND FROM YOUR LETTER TO US HAS BEEN COMPLETELY OUT OF WORKING ORDER SINCE YESTERDAY."

doubt when the visitors have gone away they settle down and decide definitely whom the fish belongs to.

It is now about half-past six. Fish is still rushing in at one end from the ship and is rushing in at the other from the railway-vans. The porters are throwing the fish at the dealers' stalls (registering each hit in their note-books), and the dealers are throwing it on to the floor or throwing it at each other or trying to throw it at a retailer, who always puts on a haughty air and passes on to the next stall, till he too gets entangled in the game and finds that he has bought twenty-four stone of whitening at twopence a pound; then he throws it at some more porters, and the porters dash outside and throw it at the carts, and the carts clatter away to Kensington, and my wife buys a whitening at tenpence a pound, and the circle of fish organisation is complete.

At about this point it is a good thing to pass on to Covent Garden and buy some flowers.

A. P. H.

A Record Crash.

From "Sayings of the Week" in a Sunday paper:—

"With the aerial world at our feet we are making no effort to grasp it.—G. Holt Thomas."

CAPUA.

(A Bolshevik's lament, designed to show that though we may appear to be giving way rather easily to the Russian Government we have a deep purpose in it all.)

SILKEN ways and softer manners
Bend the barbarous victor down;
Woe unto the Soviet banners!
M. KRASSIN is in town.

Hark! the Lydian lute is thrumming;
Roses fall about his feet;
He shall pardon each shortcoming,
Conqueror he shall taste defeat.

Puzzled, maybe slightly baffled,
He shall get to like it all,
Overlook the absent scaffold
At the windows of Whitehall.

Piccadilly, though it warps his
Sense of justice, he shall see
Unencumbered by the corpses
Of a bloated bourgeoisie;

Quite forget the stern aspirants
To a nobler newer world;
Tread the Birdcage Walk with tyrants,
Have his hair by Bond Street curled;

Lulled by scented airs and graces,
Feel the Scythian ardours fade;
Purchase underwear and braees
In the Burlington Arcade;

Losing for a mess of pottage
TROTSKY's wireless apothegms,
Take a little country cottage
And a houseboat on the Thames.

Oh to think that as he lingers
Hour by hour he needs must hook
Round imperial palms the fingers
Of a hand that LENIN shook.

Commerce like an iron girder
Props the new world and the old;
All men know the stains of murder
May be lightly washed with gold.

Ah, but when the bright-eyed vulture,
Fresh from feasting on the slain,
Learns the way of foreign culture
Shall his claws grow sharp again?

So for him we weep, the Tartar
Blood-bedabbled to his wrists,
When his free soul sinks to barter
With abhorred capitalists.

Silken ways and softer manners
Bend the sturdiest victor down;
Woe unto the Soviet banners!
M. KRASSIN is in town. EVOE.



AIR-CRAFTINESS.

BRITISH LION. "HALLO!," STARTED FLYING AGAIN ALREADY?"

GERMAN EAGLE. "OH, PURELY A COMMERCIAL FLUTTER."

BRITISH LION (*to himself*). "I REMEMBER HEARING THAT SAME YARN ABOUT THEIR NAVY. TIME I DEVELOPED MY WINGS AGAIN."

[*"In Germany there are millions of men firmly determined to win back by the air what they have lost by sea and on land."*
General SEELY.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 7th.—"Has the right hon. gentleman any experience of Sunday School treats?" asked Mr. INSKIP after the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT had announced that the railway companies, while conceding reduced fares for these outings, could not extend the facilities to more than one adult for every ten children. Sir ERIC GEDDES admitted that his experience was "many years ago." There must have been "giants in those days" among the Sunday School teachers if one of them was able to "moderate the transports" of ten little ERICS.

The PRIME MINISTER had discarded the jaunty grey suit which he wore last week, and in his "blacks" looked rather like a Scottish elder. Nevertheless, when requested by Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT to interpret the articles of the "Auld Kirk" he declined to rush in where Mr. BONAR LAW had feared to tread, and contented himself with the remark that this was "a very dangerous question for a mere Southerner."

The negotiations with M. KRASSIN caused many inquiries. Mr. WILLIAM SHAW, for example, sought a guarantee that the Bolsheviks should not be allowed to pay for the goods they might now order with the stores that they had seized from His Majesty's Government. One is reminded of PHIL MAY's publican, who took the theft of his pewters philosophically, but was moved to strong protest when the thief brought them back in the form of bad half-crowns.

Coalitionist anxiety in regard to the PRIME MINISTER's flirtation with the Soviet emissary took shape in a motion for the adjournment moved by Colonel GRETTON, who was shocked at the idea of negotiating with a Government that depended on violence, and seconded by Admiral Sir R. HALL, who doubted whether there was anything to be got out of Russia. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE replied that, according to the evi-

country that was misgoverned. What about Turkey? What about Mexico? "You cannot always examine the records of your customers."

Earlier in the day Sir A. GRIFFITH



"MANY YEARS AGO."
SIR ERIC GEDDES AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.

BOSCAWEN had moved the Second Reading of the Agriculture Bill with so much vigour and enthusiasm that one wondered why a Bill so vital to the national well-being had not been in-

plained that the Bill did too much for the tenant-farmer; whereas Mr. CAUTLEY described it as the tenant-farmer's death-knell.

Tuesday, June 8th.—The prevalent belief that Mr. CHURCHILL is always spoiling for a fight, and is mainly responsible for all the wars now going on in various parts of the world, is, I am ready to believe, entirely erroneous. But there is no doubt of his desire to "see red" so far as His Majesty's Army is concerned. The report that the Government intended to spend three millions in putting our soldiers back into the traditional scarlet inspired a multitude of questions to the WAR SECRETARY this afternoon. Mr. CHURCHILL declared it to be grossly exaggerated. Nevertheless, in political circles it is believed that at the next election the Government can rely with confidence upon the nurserymaids' vote.

In resisting the proposal to make a levy on capital Mr. CHAMBERLAIN covered the ground so exhaustively that, as Sir F. BANBURY subsequently observed, the chief complaint to be made of his speech was that it was not delivered three months before, when it would have saved the money-market great anxiety and prevented much depreciation of capital. For, according to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, a levy on war-wealth was never really practicable, and even if it had been would have had no effect upon the

amount of the floating debt, his most pressing problem. But, if so, why not have said it at the start, instead of setting up a Committee to try to find a solution for the insoluble?

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's contention that by the income-tax and super-tax wealth was already heavily conscripted would have perhaps been better left without illustration. His case of the gentleman with £131,000 a year, who after paying his taxes had only £42,500 to spend, left Mr. STEPHEN WALSH quite cold. Sir DONALD MACLEAN, by some odd process of reason-



MR. CHURCHILL SEES RED.

ARMY UNIFORM (1) AS IT IS; (2) AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR AND WILL BE AGAIN; AND (3) AS, TO SUIT MR. CHURCHILL'S MARLBOROUGH TRADITIONS, IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

dence of anti-Bolshevist refugees, there were quantities of grain and raw materials awaiting export, while in regard to the general question he poured much rhetorical contempt on the argument that we were never to trade with a

troduced a little earlier. Later speakers were less friendly. Mr. ACLAND declared that the measure was only necessary because the Government could not keep the country out of international difficulties. Captain FITZROY com-

ing, came to the conclusion that the Government's decision would be welcomed by all the enemies of capital, and announced his intention of joining the Labour Party in the Lobby.

Wednesday, June 9th.—The Air Navi-



Resourceful Spokesman of Picnic Party (anticipating trouble). "DELIGHTED YOU WERE ABLE TO TURN UP! YOU DON'T MIND OUR HAVING STARTED WITHOUT YOU?"

gation Bill passed through the usually serene atmosphere of the Upper House, but not without encountering a certain number of "bumps." Lord MONTAGU, calling to mind the nursery saying, "if pigs could fly," was alarmed by the possibility that "air-hogs" might interfere with the amenities, and might even endanger the lives, of earth-bound citizens by flying over them at unduly low altitudes. He suggested two thousand feet as a minimum. Lord LONDONDERRY resisted the Amendment on the ground that it was difficult to gauge the height at which aircraft flew, and thought few airmen would care to risk the penalties provided in the Bill—a fine of two hundred pounds and six months' imprisonment—by indulging a taste for forbidden stunts.

At first blush you would hardly think it necessary to include the City Corporation among the local authorities who may establish aerodromes. The "one square mile" does not offer much encouragement to the airman who wishes to make a safe landing. But you never can tell what may happen. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," who is said to be contemplating an upward extension of her premises, may perhaps welcome aeroplanes to her hospitable roof, and thereby give a new significance to "banking" in the aviator's vocabulary.

In the Commons the anomalous position produced by President WILSON'S undertaking to delimit the boundaries

of Armenia, although his country has refused to accept the mandate for its administration, elicited from Mr. BONAR LAW the curious explanation that the invitation to delimit was addressed to Mr. WILSON "in his personal capacity." But when Mr. BOTTOMLEY sought further light on this phrase Mr. LAW was unable or unwilling to supply it. He did, however, vouchsafe the information that, whatever America might do, this country would not add Armenia to its existing share of "the white man's burden."

Thursday, June 10th.—It seems a pity that since Count DE SALIS left Montenegro and made his famous secret report the British Government has had no representative in that distracted country. In the absence of official information the most diverse descriptions of its present state gain currency. According to Lord SYDENHAM the Serbians, who wish to incorporate Montenegro in the new Jugo-Slavia, are taking every step to intimidate their opponents (described as ninety per cent. of the population) and have incidentally imprisoned a number of ex-Ministers. Lord CURZON agreed that this was quite probable, inasmuch as ex-Ministers bore a considerable ratio to the whole population, but otherwise challenged Lord SYDENHAM'S allegations. His own information (source not named) was that the Montenegrin majority was in favour of Yugo-Slav union. The debate confirmed the im-

pression that all statements emanating from the Black Mountain should be taken *cum grano de SALIS*.

In the Commons Mr. BONAR LAW was taking a day off, and, as usually happens when the PRIME MINISTER is in charge, "a certain liveliness" prevailed. The renewed offensive of General WRANGEL incited the Bolshevik sympathisers to start one on their own account. An attempt to move the adjournment was nipped in the bud by the SPEAKER. Colonel WEDGWOOD made a gallant effort to usurp the functions of the Chair by declaring that the matter was both definite and urgent; but Mr. LOWTHER replied that unfortunately the decision rested with him and not with the hon. Member.

The House then settled down to business, and gave a Third Reading to two Bills, and a Second Reading to five others. On the Women, Young Persons and Children (Employment) Bill Mr. BARNES took exception, not unnaturally, to a clause permitting "the employment of women and young persons in shifts up to ten o'clock at night," and Major BAIRD undertook to consider the withdrawal of this equivocal piece of draftsmanship.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
'To speak of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.'—(O. Henry).
Free State Paper.

Where did LEWIS CARROLL? Apparently not in the Free State.

THE FUTURE OF APSLEY HOUSE.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

THE possibility of a super-dancing-saloon being erected on the site of Apsley House is, we fear, likely to be relegated to the limbo of lost opportunities.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago London in general and the West-End in particular was excited and delighted by the announcement that Apsley House had been sold to an influential syndicate and would shortly be converted into a massive and monumental block, forty storeys high, crowned with the dancing-saloon and including a concert-hall with the most powerful organ in the world, and a swimming-bath with salt water conveyed by a special pipe from Brighton.

It will also be remembered that Mr. Chumpley Swope, the chairman of the syndicate, issued a powerful manifesto in which he explained the purely humanitarian motives of the enterprise—to obliterate the militaristic associations of the site; to replace an unsightly building by a fabric which would be one of the architectural glories of London, and simultaneously to cheer the patients in St. George's Hospital with the sounds of harmony by night.

Unhappily the realisation of these beneficent and artistic designs seems likely to be indefinitely postponed, to judge from the authoritative statements made to our representative by Mr. Doremus Pomerene, architect to the owners, and by Mr. Chumpley Swope himself.

"There never was any idea," said Mr. Pomerene, "in the minds of the present owners, Mr. Otis Flather and Mr. Virgil Onderdonk, of converting the site of Apsley House to the uses of a super-dancing-saloon. Mr. Flather is a convinced opponent of the dancing mania and President of the Anti-Tarantulation League, while Mr. Onderdonk has always been a profound admirer of the great Duke of WELLINGTON. Subject to the approval of the present Duke it is our intention to re-erect Apsley House on the Playing Fields at Acton, and utilise the site for the building of flats for the New Poor."

"The erection of a Neo-Georgian super-dancing-saloon on the Piccadilly frontage of Apsley House," said Mr. Chumpley Swope, "has long been the dearest dream of my heart. My first negotiations with Messrs. Shumway and Prudden were conducted for the express purpose of facilitating the realisation of this project. Moreover, when Mr. Flather joined me in the purchase of the entire site his representative, Mr. Onderdonk, was fully aware of my



Curate (discussing the drink question). "MIND YOU, I'M FOND OF A GLASS OF BEER, MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T INDULGE. IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME."

Rustic (sympathetically). "DEAR, DEAR! AIN'T THERE NO CURE?"

plans and expressed his cordial approval thereof.

"Eventually my friends and I accepted offers made to us by Mr. Flather whereby the entire site was vested in him, subject to an agreement that the Piccadilly frontage to a depth of two hundred kilowatts should be reserved for the erection of the dancing-saloon, the concert-hall and the swimming-bath.

"Owing however to the difficulties connected with the laying of the pipe from Brighton and the unaccountable and irrational hostility displayed by the Governing Body of St. George's Hospital the plan of erecting this Temple of Terpsichore has fallen into abeyance and the West-End is threatened with the loss of an educational asset of incomparable value. I may add, however,

that negotiations have been opened with the Dean and Chapter of WESTMINSTER and that I do not altogether despair of obtaining an alternative site and making a fresh start with my plans for beautifying and humanising London."

Limitations.

There was a young lady of Clacton
Whose knowledge was wide and exact on
Jazz, jumpers and plays
And the cinema craze;
But she never had heard of Lord ACTON.

"Obregon signed the flag as did others at the convention," said Villa. "He kissed the flag, and cried as he kissed it. Then those who wanted to break the agreement stole the flag with the signatures of the delegates."

American Paper.

This helps us a little to appreciate the confusion of Mexican politics.

PERSISTENCE OF THE MILITARY.

In pre-war days, when one's health was tested at the order of a verbally polite but fundamentally distrustful insurance company, the examination was a pleasant affair, conducted by a benign old gentleman who behaved like one's own family physician.

Now all that is changed. I lately took the liberty of offering to bet a Company that I would not live for ever, in spite of my present rude health. In reply I was invited "to meet our medical advisers at our office."

I arrived obediently at the appointed time and was ushered into a room in which sat behind a table two elderly gentlemen of ultra-military appearance. When, later, they addressed each other as "Colonel" and "Major" I knew that they were civilian dug-outs militarised by the War.

Colonel drew himself up and spoke to me in a C.O. voice: "Well, what is the general state of your health?"

I felt that it was up to me to play the old war-game, even if it ruined my chance of getting insured. I therefore started to enumerate the various minor ailments from which I suffered.

"To begin with," I explained, "I've sprained my wrist rather badly and—"

"That won't prevent your holding a rifle," interrupted Colonel severely.

"Then," I continued, "sometimes I have a headache."

"Ah," said Major, "and I suppose when you run uphill your heart palpitates like a pea in a drum?"

"Yes," I replied quickly, "it does do that. How did you know?"

Major laughed a laugh such as HINDENBURG himself might have delivered. It was cold and mirthless and must have hurt his face.

"Come," said Colonel sharply, "let's have no more of this humbug. Drink and smoke less and keep yourself fit; and don't come whining before us, complaining of this and that. A few route marches will soon set you up."

"But, seriously," I objected, "my health is not of the best and I feel I ought to warn you that there are slight disabilities in my constitution which—"

"Which make you," interjected Major, "of course unfit to do your duty." His voice was like steel wire and I hated him.

"Very well, then," I answered calmly, "I will say no more."

"You'd better not," roared Colonel. "It's no use your thinking you can impose on us. I've marked you down A1. I'm sick to death of you fellows who try to get behind a doctor directly your comfort is threatened. That disposes of your case. About—turn!"

Mechanically I left their presence. . . .

I don't know what the Insurance Company will make of it when they find all their candidates passed as first-class lives. Somebody ought to tell these doctors that the War is over.

ANOTHER POST-OFFICE HOLD-UP.

Our post-office is to be found taking cover in one corner of the village's general shop. Poetically it may be described as between the lard and the lingerie. In prose the most interesting thing to be said of it is that I was there this morning.

It was while I was buying a box of matches that the thought came to me that I might as well enjoy myself thoroughly and have some stamps as well. There was quite a crowd in the shop at the time, and we both moved to the postal counter together. She, however, got in the first word.

"One stamp, please," she demanded, and went on, "You'll never guess what I want it for."

"Isn't it for a letter, then?" asked the post-mistress, as if, for instance, stamps might be used for holding down the butter while the bread is rubbed against it.

"Yes, but who to? That's the point. Our George!"

To me there did not seem much in this to cause a sensation, but it did. Question and answer flew backwards and forwards as thick as reminiscences at a regimental dinner.

"Not young George?"

"Yes, old George. We had a letter from him last week. First we'd heard for six years."

"Lordy, lordy," said the post-mistress, "it only seems yesterday that he went away. I remember—" and she proved it by doing so for ten minutes with a volubility that would have made the fortune of a patter comedian. At the first sign of a pause I found the courage to ask for my stamps, but quite in vain. The conversation was only getting its second wind.

"Young George, to be sure! And how is he? Tell me all about him."

I gathered that George was in the best of health and in America, was unmarried and umpired out in a recent baseball match and wanted—"["A dozen stamps, please." This from me.]—a photograph of the old people and his brothers and sisters. From this the transition was easy to an uncle of the post-mistress's who went—"["A dozen stamps."]—to foreign parts. He always was a rolling stone, he was. Never gathered no moss. On the other hand, there were no flies on him. Did very well for himself, he did, and when he died—"

But it was at this point that the moisture from the margarine cask against which I had been leaning began to make its presence felt, and, stampless, I left the shop.

At the edge of the village I met our policeman.

"Go quickly," I implored him; "there's a hold-up at the post-office."

Perhaps "quickly" is not quite the right word, but, at any rate, he went. I doubt if he will get promotion over the job, but I am sure he too will like to hear about our George, if there's anything left to say by the time he gets there.

SOMETIMES.

SOME days are fairy days. The minute that you wake You have a magic feeling that you never could mistake; You may not see the fairies, but you know they're all about, And any single minute they might all come popping out; You want to laugh, you want to sing, you want to dance and run,

Everything is different, everything is fun; The sky is full of fairy clouds, the streets are fairy ways— Anything might happen on truly fairy days.

Some nights are fairy nights. Before you go to bed You hear their darling music go chiming in your head; You look into the garden and through the misty grey You see the trees all waiting in a breathless kind of way. All the stars are smiling; they know that very soon The fairies will come singing from the land behind the moon. If only you could keep awake when Nurse puts out the light . . .

Anything might happen on a truly fairy night. R. F.

"CRICKET."

Little Snoring Ladies v. Little Snoring Lads.—*Local Paper.* This match was played in Norfolk and not, as you might have expected, in Beds.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUSIC.



A CAST.

Ghillie. "AY, SIR, THE FUSHERS ARE NO WHAT THEY WERE. YE'LL MAYBE NO BELIEVE ME, BUT THERE WAS A MAN HERE LAST MONTH THAT HAD NAETHING BUT A SUP O' COLD TEA IN HIS FLASK TO WET A FUSH WHEN HE CAUGHT YIN!"

THE PARADISE OF BARDS.

(From an Oxford Correspondent.)

CONSIDERABLE resentment has been caused in various centres of poetic activity by the preference recently expressed by the PRIME MINISTER for the products of Welsh minstrelsy. In a letter addressed to HUW MENAI, the working South Wales miner poet, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declares that he has read his poems with the "greatest delight." If the PREMIER had merely said "great delight" no untoward consequences would have ensued, but the invidious use of the superlative threatens to embroil the whole country in that internecine war recently predicted by the Editor of *The Athenæum* in his gloomy survey of Neo-Georgian literature.

Meetings of protest have been held in Hampstead, at Letchworth, Stratford-on-Avon and the Eustace Miles Restaurant, but the most remarkable and orderly of these demonstrations was that which took place at Boar's Hill on Saturday last, under the presidency of the POET LAUREATE. Boar's Hill, we need not remind our readers, is *par excellence*

the fashionable intellectual suburb of Oxford, and has been called the "Paradise of Bards." Dr. BRIDGES in a brief opening address, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, dealt with the statistical side of the question. He pointed out that of the residents at Boar's Hill one in every six was a true poet, and three out of every five were masters of the art of prosody. There were no miner poets on Boar's Hill. Their motto was *Majora canamus*.

Professor GILBERT MURRAY, who followed, laid stress on the perfect harmony which reigned amongst the residents, in spite of the fact that all schools of poetry were represented, from the austere of classicists to the most advanced exponents of Neo-Georgian *vers libre*. They were a happy family, linked together by a common devotion to the Muses, and in their daily output of verse showing a higher unit of production than that recorded of any other community in either hemisphere.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD moved the only resolution, which was carried unanimously, to the effect that Mr. FISHER, the Minister of Education, should be

requested to convey to the PRIME MINISTER the regret of the meeting that he should have overlooked the paramount claim of Boar's Hill to be regarded as the Parnassus of Great Britain. In *Murray's Guide to Oxfordshire* it had been spoken of as "a health resort for jaded students," but that was an obsolete libel. Constitutionally vigorous and daily refreshed by draughts from the pellucid springs of the Pierides, they led a life of exuberant health, as the vital statistics of the neighbourhood would abundantly show. On Boar's Hill people began to write poetry earlier and continued to do so later than in any other spot in the British Isles.

Sir ARTHUR EVANS, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, made the gratifying announcement that Mr. MASEFIELD was already engaged on a companion poem to his "Reynard the Fox," commemorating the *genius loci* under the inspiring title of "The Sticking of the Pig."

A Very Free Translation.

"Have you come to make peace?"
"Nous venons pour cela" ("That is what we have come for"), replied Krassin at once."
Daily Paper.



Martha (to ancient spouse, who has narrowly escaped being run over by passing car). "AN' SERVE YER RIGHT TOO IF IT 'AD A-KNOCKED YER. YER DU GO RACIN' A'EAD—NO SENSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

RECENT developments have given an unexpectedly topical interest to a new book by Professor PAUL MILIUKOV, LL.D., entitled *Bolshevism; an International Danger* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). The whole question of the *de facto* Government of Russia is so fiercely controversial that it is not to be expected that such a work should escape violent criticism from those for whom that Government can do no wrong, though the writer justly claims that (however obvious his own views) he has striven to be strictly fair to those of the enemy. The scheme of his work has been "to trace the evolution of Bolshevism from an abstract doctrine to a practical experiment." One may excusably find the history a grim and menacing one. In the course of it Professor MILIUKOV tells again the tragedy of the great betrayal (which it will do no one harm to ponder upon just now), when the Commander of the 1st corps of the Siberian Army reported: "A brilliant success crowned our efforts . . . there remained before us only a few fortifications, and the battle might soon have taken the character of a complete destruction of the enemy." But the work of M. LENIN had been too thorough; instead of a victory that might have ended the War and saved thousands of lives, we saw this already triumphant army, equipped through British industry, melt into a disorganised rabble. Nor is the writer less interesting on other aspects of his theme; in particular an exposition of the notorious Third International and a survey of the present-moment activities of Bolshevik propaganda, notably in our own country. No one who wishes to read and keep for reference a clearly written and understandable survey of the most urgent problem in modern politics need go further than this short but highly concentrated study.

The March to Paris and the Battle of the Marne, 1914 (ARNOLD), by Generaloberst ALEXANDER VON KLUCK, is more of a soldiers', indeed a staff-officers', book than any that has appeared here from the other side. It deals exclusively with the operations of the German right wing, VON KLUCK's own (first) army and his *liaison* with the second (VON BÜLOW's), during the move forward to the Grand Morin, the allied counter-offensive and the establishment of the line of the Aisne—that is from the twelfth of August to the twelfth of September. The principal army orders are given textually. An admirable map illustrates each day's routes and billets for his first line and second line troops, his cavalry and the extreme right of the second army. VON KLUCK's explanation of his breach of the Supreme Command's orders and the manœuvre which exposed him to MANOURY's stroke was that, while ignoring the letter, he was acting in the spirit of those orders on the information available; that a pause to fulfil them literally would have given the enemy time to recover; that defective intelligence kept him ignorant of the fact that the German left and centre had been definitely held by the French (if he had known this he would not, he says, have crossed the Marne). An examination of the frontispiece portrait suggests that this fighting General would easily find excellent reason for disobeying other people's orders and maintain an obstinate defence of his own decisions once made, however disastrous in result. Notes by the historical section (military branch) of the Committee of Imperial Defence point out inaccuracies and contradictions which the lay reader would be unlikely to discover for himself. He will however, if I mistake not, appreciate a soldierly narrative, unspoiled by "political" parentheses or underestimation of opponents, of what was undoubtedly a great military feat. The German right wing covered the most ground and met perhaps the toughest of the fighting.

I have found in *Lighting-up Time* (COBDEN-SANDERSON) that all too rare thing, a theatrical novel of which the vitality does not expire towards the end of the fourth chapter. Obviously Mr. Ivor Brown knows the life of modern stageland, one would say, with the intimacy of personal experience. More important still, he commands an easy style and a flow of genial, not too esoteric, humour that combine to keep the reader chuckling and curious to the last page. His title is characteristic, *Lighting-up Time* symbolising here that period in the career of an actress when her possibly waning attractions need the illumination of a judicious boom. The two main characters are *Mary Maroon*, the leading lady, and *Peter Penruddock*, the astute publicity agent who engages to set her upon her financial and artistic pedestal. *Peter*, in other words, is *Mary's* tide, taken at the flood in chapter one, and leading her, very divertingly, on to fortune. Both the tour of *Stolen or Strayed* and the company that present it are admirably true to life, while Mr. Brown has even been able convincingly to suggest the atmosphere of theatrical Oxford, when in due course his mummerys descend upon that home of lost comedies and impossible revues. If I have a complaint against the book it is that a tale of such pleasant irony hardly needed the general pairing-off with which the author rings down his curtain; but for this *Noah's Ark* I should have more easily believed in a story that entertained me throughout.

There are some forty-odd bits in *A Bit at a Time* (MILLS AND BOON),

and they embrace a variety of subjects, ranging from crocuses in Kensington Gardens to corpse-boats on the Tigris. They are all, whether sentimental, satirical or pathetic, fiction of the lightest type. Such literature was eminently readable during the War—most of Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP's bits have to do with somebody's "bit"—when a touch of conventional pathos and pretended cynicism and a generous padding of humour, real or forced, provided sufficient relaxation from the strain of anxious hours. But the wisdom of republishing them in book form in these sober days of peace is open to question. When Mr. CALTHROP talks satirically of "perfect officials" or of an earnest young American aviator who writes letters home in a United States dialect that was never heard on land or sea outside Bayswater, or of the war-time adventures of one *Mr. Mason*, skipper, and *Mr. Smith*, his mate, he is tolerably amusing. When he becomes serious, as in "The Prayer of the Classical Parson" and "When the Son Came Home," his limitations become increasingly apparent. Yet it is in this vein that he gives us what is by all odds his best bit, "The Chevalier of Carnaby Row." When he writes of Cupids and fauns and Columbines and rose-leaves and the sort of young females that find this environment congenial (in books) I like Mr. CALTHROP least. Perhaps

it is because the publishers have put his picture on the paper cover. He looks much too stalwart and sophisticated to be toying with such gossamer fantasies.

I doubt whether the complications which attend the devolution of dead men's property were created for the confusion of survivors or for the convenience of novelists. In the case of *The Lost Mr. Linthwaite* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), *Mrs. Byfield* had married *Mr. Byfield*, or at least she thought she had, and *Mr. Byfield* had died, supposedly intestate. Previously *Mrs. Byfield* had married *Mr. Melsome*, or again she thought she had, and *Mr. Melsome* had disappeared and was assumed to be dead, leaving nothing behind him except a brother as vile as himself. The following discoveries were made by her in due sequence: That *Mr. Melsome* was not dead and that therefore she was not *Mrs. Byfield* but *Mrs. Melsome*; that *Mr. Melsome* was already married when he purported to marry her, and that therefore she was not *Mrs. Melsome* but *Mrs. Byfield*; and that a solicitor's clerk was absconding with the bulk of the *Byfield* estate, which,

of course, was what the bother was all about. Her son, bitten with the craze for discoveries, then discovered on his own that the late *Mr. Byfield* hadn't died intestate. I wonder myself if he ever really died at all. . . . These are what Mr. J. S. FLETCHER very aptly calls the mere legalities; the plot, which thickens and thickens from first page to last, concerns the handling of them by the evil but talented *Melsome* brothers, the accidental intervention



LIFE'S LITTLE ANOMALIES.

HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN OFFERED TO CARPENTIER AND DEMPSEY TO FIGHT, AND NOW HERE IS A KIND OLD LADY GIVING TWO BOYS SIXPENCE EACH IF THEY'LL PROMISE NOT TO.

of *Mr. Linthwaite*, and the rescue work of his admirable nephew, *Mr. Richard Bricey*, of *The Morning Sentinel*. Mr. FLETCHER tells his story well, but up to the very last moment I was looking and hoping for a surprise and was suspecting those legalities of being a deception invented to make the surprise all the greater. A first-class adventure, in my opinion spoilt by the sacrifice of originality to technicality.

"The girls, to the number of 116, escaped in their night attire, and displayed great coolness."—*News of the World*.

Very natural.

"Baron Evence Coppee, a Belgian, has been arrested on the charge of furnishing coal to the enemy during the war."—*Daily Paper*.

With a name like that the copper could hardly miss him.

"Sir Robert is now satisfied, I understand, that there is considerable merit in the adage 'all comes to he who waits.'"—*Daily Paper*.

Sir ROBERT seems easily pleased.

"ORCHESTRA (small), or few Instrumentalists, for sea-handling Margarine and Butter in up-to-date style."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper*.

But we fear that some of the stuff met with nowadays would "beat the band."

CHARIVARIA.

KIEFF has been retaken by the Bolsheviks. It looks as if the Poles will have to win the place three times in succession before it becomes their own property. *

Annoyed by a small boy who was sucking sweets and laughing a parson recently stopped in the middle of his sermon and refused to go on with it. We are informed that the boy in question has since received several tempting offers from other parishes. *

A motorist, summoned the other week, admitted to having knocked three people down one day and two people the next. If only this progress can be steadily maintained! *

Traffic in Finsbury Park was considerably delayed the other day by a crowd which collected in the main street in order to watch two bricklayers who had deliberately removed their coats. *

A weekly paper states that the winding up of the Ministry of Munitions will not be completed until next year. After all it is just as well not to rush things. *

"Only the small boy knows the joys of ice cream," says an evening paper. Inside information, we presume. *

A New York writer thinks that a man with a large family of girls is fortunate. On the contrary, in these days, just as he gets the last one married off, the first gets a divorce and comes back home. *

"The secret of health," said Professor DARSONVAL of the French Academy of Science, "is to walk on the toes." This is better than the plan adopted by Tube travellers of walking on other people's. *

At the Business Exhibition there was shown a waistcoat-pocket calculator guaranteed to juggle with figures up to five thousand pounds. This should be just the thing for persons ordering dinner at a London restaurant. *

"In 1924," says a contemporary,

"Mars will be only thirty-five million miles from the earth." It has not yet been decided what can be done about it, but we understand that Lord NORTHCLIFFE has the matter in hand. *

Scotland Yard is warning people against a man who perpetrates fraud by means of the telephone. It is to be hoped he will soon be captured so that the secret of how he gets through can be wrested from him. *

"An expedition in search for gold," says a contemporary, "will leave Glasgow next week." In view of their object no surprise is felt that they have decided to leave Scotland. *



TIME: Monday Morning.

Golfer. "No, I NEVER GO TO THE CLUB ON SATURDAYS OR SUNDAYS. I FIND A MUCH BETTER LOT THERE ON MONDAYS."

The Other (bound Citywards). "REALLY. WELL, YOU MIGHT KEEP A SPECIAL LOOK-OUT FOR A COUPLE OF NEW 'PURPLE DIMPLES' I LOST AT THE FOURTEENTH YESTERDAY."

Mr. ROBERT HYDE, a chemist of Pittsburg, claims to have obtained sugar from sawdust. This is not so very remarkable. Several people in this country have succeeded in obtaining sugar from a grocer. *

"On July 1st," says an official notice, "all banks in the United Kingdom will be closed." To avoid disappointment, holders-up are requested to enter the date in their engagement books. *

Whilst assisting with the repairs to his church a clergyman in the Midlands has had the misfortune to injure his thumb with a hammer. It still remains a mystery what the clergy say on such occasions. *

Although this year the majority of lady-shoppers are practising in private for the summer sales there are still a

few who have again adopted the Underground Railway as their training quarters. *

The principle of the League of Nations has now been accepted by all the Great Powers with the exception of America and Mr. BOTTOMLEY. *

A bargee summoned in Warwickshire for saying what he thought of the Government was acquitted, but was told that if he repeated the offence the fine would be five pounds. We understand that he is saving up for it. *

"We must thank Germany for the present high cost of living," says an evening paper. Personally, at the risk of appearing ungrateful, we shall do nothing of the sort. *

During a recent debate on crime a well-known doctor stated that, although his house was often left empty, no attempt had ever been made upon it. We hear, however, that he has since been visited by the secretary of the Burglars' Union and has agreed to await his turn. *

In reply to several correspondents we have now much pleasure in announcing that it is not necessary to wear kilts whilst taking the oath

in the Scottish fashion.

"SEND TWOPENCE FOR THE LATEST PAMPHLET ON THE EAST:

CARRYING FREEDOM TO TURKEY. DELIVERY MAY BE SLIGHTLY DELAYED."

Muslim Outlook.

We can well believe this.

There was a young man of the Peak
Who had kippers for tea once a week;
As he hated the taste
It was rather a waste,
But it gave him a feeling of chic.

"It was learned yesterday, on enquiry at the offices of the City of Dublin Steampacket Company, that there is no truth in the statement that the officers and crews of the company's boats had been served with six months' notice in into a new contract for the carrying of the Government."—Irish Paper.

We doubted it from the start.

THE ART OF POETRY.

III.

In this lecture I shall deal with the production of Lyrics, Blank Verse and (if I am allowed) Hymns (Ancient and Modern).

First we will write a humorous lyric for the Stage, bearing in mind, of course, the peculiar foibles, idiosyncrasies and whims of Mr. Alf Bubble, who will sing it (we hope). Mr. Bubble's principal source of fun is the personal appearance of his fellow-citizens. Whenever a new character comes on the stage he makes some remark about the character's "face." Whenever he does this the entire audience rolls about on its seat, and cackles and gurgles and wipes its eyes, and repeats in a hoarse whisper, with variations of its own, the uproarious phrasing of Mr. Bubble's remark. If Mr. Bubble says, "But look at his face!" the audience, fearful lest its neighbours may have missed the cream of the thing, splutters hysterically in the intervals of eye-wiping and coughing and choking and sneezing, "He said, 'What a face!'" or "He said, 'Did you see his face?'" or "He said, 'Is it a face?'"

All this we have got to remember when we are writing a lyric for Mr. Bubble. Why Mr. Bubble of all people should find so much mirth in other men's faces I can't say, but there it is. If we write a song embodying this great joke we may be certain that it will please Mr. Bubble; so we will do it.

Somebody, I think, will have made some slighting remark about the Government, and that will give the cue for the first verse, which will be political.

We will begin:—

Thompson . . .

I don't know why the people in humorous lyrics are always called Thompson (or Brown), but they are.

Thompson, being indigent,
Thought that it was time he went
Into England's Parliament,
To earn his daily bread . . .

That is a joke against Parliament, you see—Payment of Members and all that; it is good. At the same time, it is usual to reserve one's jokes for the chorus. The composer, you see, reserves his tune for the chorus, and, if the author puts too much into the verse, there will be trouble between their Unions.

Now we introduce the *face-motif*:—

Thompson's features were not neat;
When he canvassed dahn our street
Things were said I won't repeat,
And my old moth-ah said:—

This verse, you notice, is both in

metre and rhyme; I don't know how that has happened; it ought not to be.

Now we have the chorus:—

"Oh, Mr. Thompson,
It isn't any good;
I shouldn't like to vote for you,
So I won't pretend I should;
I know that you're the noblest
Of all the human race . . ."

That shows the audience that *face* is coming very soon, and they all get ready to burst themselves.

"I haven't a doubt, if you get in,
The Golden Age will soon begin—
But I DON'T LIKE—your FACE."

At this point several of the audience will simply slide off their seats on to the floor and wallow about there, snorting.

The next verse had better be a love-verse.

Thompson wooed a lovely maid
Every evening in the shade,
Meaning, I am much afraid,
To hide his ugly head . . .

Head is not very good, I admit, but we must have *said* in the last line, and as we were mad enough to have rhymes in the first verse we have got to go on with it.

But when he proposed one night—
Did it by electric light—
Mabel, who retained her sight,
Just looked at him and said:—

Now you see the idea?

"Oh, Mr. Thompson,
It isn't any good;
I shouldn't like to marry you,
So I won't pretend I should;
I know that you have riches
And a house in Eaton Place . . ."

(Here all the audience pulls out its handkerchief)

I haven't a doubt that you must be
The properest possible match for me,
But I DON'T LIKE—your FACE."

I have got another verse to this song, but I will not give it to you now, as I think the Editor is rather bored with it. It is fortunate for Mr. Bubble that he does not have to perform before an audience of Editors.

Having written the lyric the next thing to do is to get a composer to compose music for it and then you get it published. This is most difficult, as composers are people who don't ever keep appointments, and music publishers like locking up lyrics in drawers till the mice have got at the chorus and the whole thing is out of date.

By the time that this song is ready Mr. Bubble may quite possibly have exhausted the *face-motif* altogether and struck a new vein. Then we shall have wasted our labour. In that case we will arrange to have it buried in somebody's grave (Mr. Bubble's for choice), and in 2000 A.D. it will be dug up by antiquaries and deciphered. Even a lyric like this may become an Old

Manuscript in time. I ought to add that I myself have composed the music for this lyric, but I really cannot undertake to explain composing as well as poetry.

The serious lyric or Queen's Hall Ballad is a much easier affair. But I must first warn the student that there are some peculiar customs attaching to this traffic which may at first sight appear discouraging. When you have written a good lyric and induced someone to compose a tune for it your first thought will be, "I will get Mr. Throstle to sing this, and he will pay me a small fee or royalty per performance;" and this indeed would be a good arrangement to make. The only objection is that Mr. Throstle, so far from paying any money to the student, will expect to be paid about fifty pounds by the student for singing his lyric. I do not know the origin of this quaint old custom, but the student had better not borrow any money on the security of his first lyric.

For a serious or Queen's Hall lyric all that is necessary is to think of some natural objects like the sun, the birds, the flowers or the trees, mention them briefly in the first verse and then in the second verse draw a sort of analogy or comparison between the natural object and something to do with love. The verses can be extremely short, since in this class of music the composer is allowed to spread himself indefinitely and can eke out the tiniest words.

Here is a perfect lyric I have written. It is called, quite simply, *Evening*:—

Sunshine in the forest,
Blossom on the tree,
And all the brave birds singing
For you—and me.
Kisses in the sunshine,
Laughter in the dew,
And all the brave world singing
For me—and you.

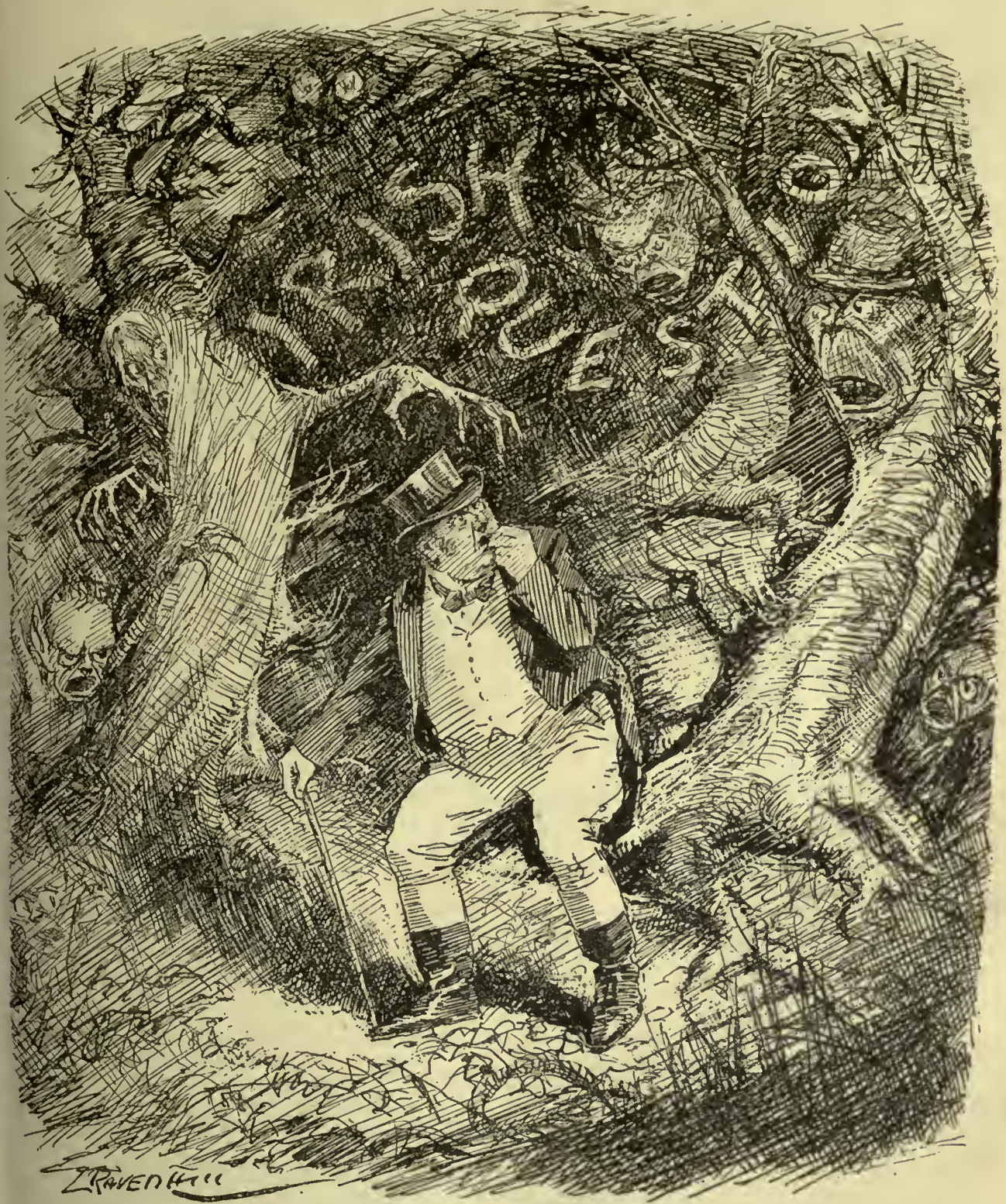
I see now that the dew has got into the second verse, so it had better be called quite simply *The Dawn*.

You notice the artistic parallelism of this lyric; I mean, "The brave birds singing" in one verse and "The brave world singing" in the next. That is a tip I got from Hebrew poetry, especially the Psalms: "One day telleth another and one night certifieth another," and so on. It is a useful trick to remember, and is employed freely by many modern writers, the author of "The King's Regulations," for example, who in Regulation 1680 has the fine line:—

"Disembarkations are carried out in a similar manner to embarkations."

That goes well to the Chant in C major by Mr. P. HUMPHREYS.

But I am wandering. It is becoming clear to me now that I shall not have time



A MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE.

JOHN BULL. "IF I HAD WIT ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THIS WOOD, . . ."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 1.



ELIMINATION.

Stranger. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE MR. TOOLEY LIVES?"

Stranger. "MR. SAMUEL TOOLEY?"

Stranger. "HE IS, I BELIEVE, A CARPENTER."

Stranger. "HIS AGE IS SEVENTY-EIGHT."

Native. "THERE'S FIFTEEN FAMILIES O' TOOLEYS."

Native. "THERE'S TWENTY SAM TOOLEYS."

Native. "TEN ON EM'S CARPENTERS."

Native. "AH, THAT MUST BE ME. WHAT CAN I DO FUR EE?"

to do Blank Verse or Hymns (Ancient and Modern) in this lecture, after all, so I will give you a rough outline of that special kind of lyric, the Topical Song. All that is required for this class of work is a good refrain or central idea; when you have got that, you see how many topics you can tack on to it. But if you can tack on Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL you need not bother about the others.

Our central idea will be "Rations," and the song will be called *Heaps and Heaps* :—

Now Jimmy Brown
(always begin like that)

Now Jimmy Brown
He went to town,
But all the people said,
"We're rationed in our jam, you know,
Likewise our cheese and bread;
But we've lots of politicians
And Ministers galore,
We've got enough of them and, gee!
We don't want any more."

Chorus.

We've had heaps and heaps and heaps of
Mr. SMILLIE (Loud cheers);
We've had heaps and heaps and heaps of
our M.P. (Significant chuckles);

At political carouses

We've had heaps of (paper) houses

But though we wait, no houses do we see
(Bitter laughter).

The khaki-boys were good enough for fighting,
But now we hear the khaki-coat is barred;
If they ration us in Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Why, anyone may have my ration-card!

(Uproar.)

All you have to do now is to work in
some more topics. I don't think I shall
do any more now. The truth is, that
that verse has rather taken it out of me.

In my next lecture I shall deal with
Blank Verse and "The King's Regula-
tions."

A. P. H.

"DEESIDE FOREST FIRE.

Ground game flew from their nesting places
with shrill cries."—*Daily Paper*.

Odd behaviour for hares and rabbits?

Professional Candour.

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN TAUGHT
BALLROOM DANCING

(Privately).

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION. No CLASS."

. Advert. in South African Paper.

"FOR SALE.—A chance for Art Collectors :—
Beautiful Enamel on Gold by Email de
Geneve."—*Singapore Free Press*.

We understand that the advertiser has
also for sale some priceless statuary by
the eminent sculptor, Plâtre de Paris.

"By Lady M—S—.

My favourite quotation is : 'Things are what
they are, and the consequences will be what
they will be; why, then, should we wish to be
deceived?'—*Samuel Butler*."—*Daily Sketch*.

It always looks well, when mentioning
the name of the author of one's favour-
ite quotation, to get it right. There
seems to be an Analogy here between
Lady M—S— and that PHARAOH
"who knew not JOSEPH."

NEW MODES FOR MARS.

THE anti-scarlet fever raging throughout the country is causing the Government the deepest concern, and many schemes for modifying the present khaki uniform of our troops, instead of reverting to the old red and blue for ceremonial wear, have, it is well known, been under consideration by the tailoring experts of Whitehall. Bright and brainy as are most of the projects, we are authorised to state that the following memorandum at present holds the field, being considered to provide the greatest measure of economy and utility, natty and hygiene.

The flat-topped service cap (to begin with the private's head) is to undergo considerable alterations, the crown becoming dome-shaped, the peak disappearing and a brim being added eight inches wide and curving deeply downwards. This detail will be carried out for summer in chip-straw, for winter in crown velours, and completed with a ribbon in the regimental colours (to take the place of the regimental badge), with two streamers in the rear, like those of the Glengarry bonnet, but greater in length and width. The chin-strap will be made of white elastic, but not pipe-clayed, and worn permanently round the chin.

Owing to the expense of brass buttons and the bother of cleaning them the S.D. frock will cease to be worn, a Cardigan taking its place both for winter and summer use. The old shades of grey-brown elephant and mole will disappear, but in deference to the views of the pacifists a pale pink will be substituted for the unpopular red. White facings will surround the collar, cuffs and bottom edge of this garment, which will extend to a depth of eight-and-a-half inches above the knee-cap. If side-arms are worn they will be of a miniature size and suspended round the neck to hang in front by means of a lariat decorated with coral beads. Non-commissioned rank will be indicated by bangles round the right wrist.

Service trousers and puttees are both clumsy in appearance and awkward to put on, and will be replaced by a variant of the Scottish kilt, navy blue in colour and without the sporran or pleats. Under this will be worn pink socks, supporting the motif of the Cardigan, and, instead of the ammunition boot, tan shoes, fastened by means of a single cross strap and button, a mechanism which can be taken down and reassembled with remarkable ease.



Policeman. "YOU SAY YOU SAW THE MAN. WHAT SORT OF A MAN WAS 'E?"
 Lady (giving the information). "OH, A CLEAN-SHAVED BLOKE—SAME AS MY 'USBAND 'ERE."

A small haversack will be carried by a cord attachment in the right hand, and will contain the following items of small kit:—

One housewife.

One hold-all. [This will be filled with the usual toilet requisites, including a toothbrush, to be employed for the first time, in view of the abolition of brass buttons, for the purpose of brushing the teeth.]

One front hair glass.

One back ditto.

Six safety-pins.

One tin shoe-cream.

One tin face-cream.

It will be compulsory to shave the upper lip, but, in order to minimise expense at the barber's shop, the hair will be worn not less than ten inches in length and brushed with a downward and backward movement of the right hand away from the crown, so as to leave the forehead clear and conceal the ears.

White cotton gloves will be worn, one on each hand. V.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Slightly to vary the old Greek proverb, we must beware of the Bishops when they pay us compliments!"—John Bull.

THE ELFIN TUBE.

I know a solemn secret to keep between ourselves—
I heard it from a sparrow who heard it from the elves—
That always after 2 A.M., before the first cock-crow,
The elfin people fill the Tubes just full to overflow.

The grown-ups do not know it; they put the trains to bed
And never guess that magic will drive them in their
stead;

All day the goblin drivers were hiding in the dark
(If mortals catch a fairy's eye they take it for a spark).

Elves patter down the subways; they crowd the moving
stairs;

From purses full of tiddly-winks they pay the clerk their
fares;

A Brownie checks the tickets and says the proper things:
"Come pass along the car there!" "Now, ladies, mind
your wings!"

They're never dull like mortals who read and dream and
doze;

The fairies swing head downwards, strap-hanging by
their toes;

When *Puck* is the conductor he also acts as host
And sets them playing Leapfrog or Coach or General
Post.

I'd love to travel with them! The sparrow says he
thinks

I'd get from here to Golder's Green for three red tiddly-
winks;

Two yellows pay to Euston, four whites to Waterloo;
Perhaps I'll go some moonlight night; the question
is—will you?

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established
Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions
on any subject and over any signature.]

II.—THE MIDDLE-CLASS MOTHER.

By Lady Vi Fitzermine, Leader of Society's Revels.

ARE we growing dull? That is a question which in
these pip-inducing times of peace one is frequently con-
strained to ask; and in the view of many, I fear, there can
be but one answer.

During the late lamented War it was almost impossible
for any rightly constituted woman to experience the pangs
of boredom. When one wasn't making things vibrate in the
hospitals of France and Flanders there was always abun-
dant excitement on the Home Front—flag-days, tableaux,
theatricals, dances and other junketings in aid of this or
that charity. And when the supply of charities threatened
to run dry it was always a simple matter to invent new
ones. All you had to do was to organise a drawing-room
meeting, put the names of the Allied nations in one hat
and of the more or less recognised necessities of life in
another and draw out one paper from each receptacle.
You there and then registered a new charity out of the
result and advertised some thrillingly expensive form of
entertainment in support of the Society for the Supply of
Chewing-gum to the Czecho-Slovakians, or any other equally
pathetic cause.

In those days a charity began at an At Home and usually
ended at the Coliseum or the Albert Hall—or (in a few
unfortunate cases) in the Bankruptcy Court. Nowadays,
however, people are deplorably sceptical on the subject of
new appeals to the pocket, and many folk find time hanging
heavy on their hands in consequence. It is for us who are

of what I may call the organising class to break down the
walls of this growing prejudice, which, if not checked in
time, threatens to add seriously to the general volume of
unrest. Hence it is necessary to scrap a good many of our
old ideas and to realise that for all essential purposes the
exotic form of charity is played out. To-day a Society
woman who wishes to maintain her position as *arbiter*
elegantiarum must tap other sources of inspiration and
supply.

It is in these circumstances that I confidently fall back
upon the Middle-Class Mother. After all, who was always
the chief financial support of my wartime enterprises? The
Middle-Class Mother. It was to her heart that the cry
of the Croat, the moan of the Montenegrin, the ululation of
the Yugo-Slav made its most effective entry. It was she
who lavished her husband's pay or profits on the entrancing
vision of the Countess of Bustover as Britannia or of Lady
Aaronson as England's Girlhood. So I have determined
that she shall now have a show to herself, and we shall
see whether she will subscribe to her own charity as whole-
heartedly as she did to those of our suffering Allies.

Without a doubt the Middle-Class Mother is a very
deserving institution and has done extremely good work in
the past, which I regret that the space at my disposal does
not permit me to particularise. I must perforce content my-
self with announcing that on her behalf a grand Zoological
Fancy Dress Ball will be held next month at Valhalla, which
will be converted for the occasion into a realistic repre-
sentation of a Bear Garden. I myself am appearing as
Queen of the Polar Bears, and by way of augmenting the
takings I propose to sell hugs at a guinea per head. The
whole of the proceeds, after the expenses have been deducted,
will go to the Middle-Class Mothers' Mutual Criticism
Society, an animated body of which I have the privilege
to be founder and hon. president.

MAIDEN'S BOWER ROCKS, SCILLY.

It was an earl's daughter, she lived in a tower
(Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey),

And she was as fair as the loveliest flower

That nods in the girdle of May.

The floor of her bower was strewn with green rushes;

Full many knights' banners hung waving above;

And round her young minstrels stood singing like thrushes
Brave ballads of lovers and love,

Dove-

Wooings and cooings of love.

But over their harping and over their singing,

When twilight came mantled in lilac and grey,

Would sound the sweet clangour of chapel-bells ringing

"Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey,"

From over the hills and away.

It was an earl's daughter, she lived in a tower
(Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey),

But the salt sea arose in a terrible hour

And smothered her singing in spray.

It changed her to rock, and she lies in her chamber,

Her faithful stone minstrels all crouched by her side;

Above her, weed banners of crimson and amber

Wave slow in the sweep of the tide,

Glide

Hither and yon on the tide.

Yet down through the fathoms of twilit green water

Where eerie lights glimmer and strange shadows sway,

The steamer bells ring to the earl's little daughter,

"Ding-dong, ding-a-dong-dey,"

Ring out and sail on and away.

PATLANDER.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE DUCHESS OF MAYFAIR (AT HEAD OF TABLE) CONVERTS HER TOWN RESIDENCE INTO A BOARDING-HOUSE FOR THE NEW RICH.



Itinerant Photographer (to couple who are in the middle of a quarrel). "‘ERE Y’ ARE, SIR! THE LATEST IN ‘IGH-CLASS SNAPSHOTS. BOTH YER ‘EADS ON ONE CARD ENCLOSED IN A ‘EART. VERY PRETTY. ‘ALF-A-CROWN ONLY."

GETTING FIXED.

"Now mind, my boy, what you've got to do is to tell all your friends you are out looking for a job, and they'll give you introductions. Nothing like 'em; a friend at court, you know, and all that." This was from one of the friends to whom I had applied for a post. The advice was all he had to offer me.

I acted on it, and found my friends only too ready to give the required introductions. With alacrity they minuted me on from one to another till I felt as if "passed to you, please" had been scrawled all over me. But I persevered, and eventually weeded out from my list of introductions half-a-dozen that were addressed to solid men, high up in the City, who might be counted on not to miss the chance of a good thing. That is how in the early days of the Peace I was disposed to regard a demobilized young officer who had worn red tabs.

The first name on my selected list was John Pountney, of the firm of Laurence, Pountney & Co. My wife's uncle had been at school with John Pountney's brother, who unfortunately had no connection with the firm. But no matter; I filled up a form in the outer office—"Nature of Business, personal"—and sent it in with my note of

introduction attached. John Pountney saw me. "He did all the talking in quite an affable manner, told me of his son's experiences in the War, deplored the high price of petrol and his wife's difficulties in obtaining servants, and then: "Well, let's get to business. So you would like good employment in the City? What can you do?"

I began: "Well, Sir, when I was on the Staff—" He interrupted: "Now, don't go on to say that you can organise;" and he shook a finger at me playfully and was off once more with an anecdote about an officer in his son's regiment.

Eventually I found myself being bowed out in a rather dazed condition. Only one thing emerged at all clearly out of the whole interview; and I took from my pocket a sheet of paper, on which I had jotted down my most telling qualifications, and with a stub of blue pencil regretfully but firmly biffed out item No 1, Organising Ability.

I next approached the firm of Walbrook Bros., armed with a letter from a man who had once belonged to the same golf-club as the senior Walbrook brother.

"I can't read your friend's name," said this magnate, "but whoever he is he seems to think that you are the

sort of man who might be useful in my business. What can you do?" and he leaned back patiently in his chair, finger-tips to finger-tips, but with all the appearance of one ready to pounce at my first weak statement.

"For the best part of four years," I began, "I have been living in France, and—"

He pounced. "Ah, French! I thought so. Now if you had said Spanish, or even Russian . . ."

He frowned as the thought crossed his mind that I might yet say either of them. But I didn't, and he was free to expatiate on the alleged advantages of Spanish and a sound commercial education. The end was that I found myself once more in the street, this time erasing the word "Languages" from my dwindling list.

And so it went on. Mr. Hall, of the firm of Copt and Basing Hall, begged me not to speak of any capacity I might possess for controlling men. (Item No. 3: Disciplinary Power and Habit of Command.) He himself was able to do all the controlling that his staff would be likely to require. Mr. Throgmorton, managing director of the firm of Capel Sons and Threadneedle, Ltd., hoped at the outset that I would not speak of my mathematical proficiency. Many men were inclined to make a fetish of math-



Member. "WHAT'S THE BEEF LIKE TO-DAY? IS IT EATABLE?"

Club Waitress. "SOME SAYS IT IS AND SOME SAYS IT ISN'T; BUT YOU NEVER CAN GO BY WHAT PEOPLE SAY."

ematics. He feared I might be one of them from the fact that I had begun to speak of (item No. 4) the tabulation and co-ordination of statistics.

After a week of this sort of thing I had acquired nothing but experience, and my experience now gave me an idea. I drew up a new list of important firms to which I had received no introductions at all, and selected one which I knew was presided over by a man of almost world-wide fame. Taking my courage and nothing else in my hands, I entered the inquiry-office.

"Slip, please," I said briskly to the youth behind the counter, and he handed me the customary form. Disregarding the spaces to be filled in, I scribbled diagonally across the paper the name of the great man, and wrote underneath: "Have called in passing, and cannot stay many minutes."

This I signed and handed to a messenger, remarking in a hurried and off-hand manner, "Say that, if he's engaged, I'd rather come another day, as I don't want to miss the 12.5 to Hatfield."

I had no desire to catch it either; but Hatfield is where the great man lives. This was my ingenious method of getting through the outer defences, and it worked. The youth behind the counter supposed I must be a personal friend (did I mention that I have an "air" and a power of controlling? . . . Ah, yes, item No. 3), and sped the messenger on his way. Not only so, but my message must have deceived the great one himself, for I was admitted to the Presence immediately.

He stood before me, holding my slip in his hand, with a puzzled frown on his face. The frown deepened as he failed to recognise me.

"You need have no fear," I said; "I have no letter of introduction." And I smiled pleasantly at him.

His look of apprehension vanished, and I continued, unfolding my blue-pencilled list of accomplishments:—"Listen: I am no organiser; my knowledge of French may be dismissed as negligible (this from the man with whom Jeanne Vincent had deigned to converse in her own tongue!); I pro-

fess no power of controlling my fellow-men; my mathematical ability isn't worth a rap, and, as to statistics, I neither tabulate nor co-ordinate them with any degree of readiness." Thereupon I bowed, with hands extended, as who should say, "You behold me; that's the sort of man I am."

He smiled faintly. "Excuse me, but what *can* you do?"

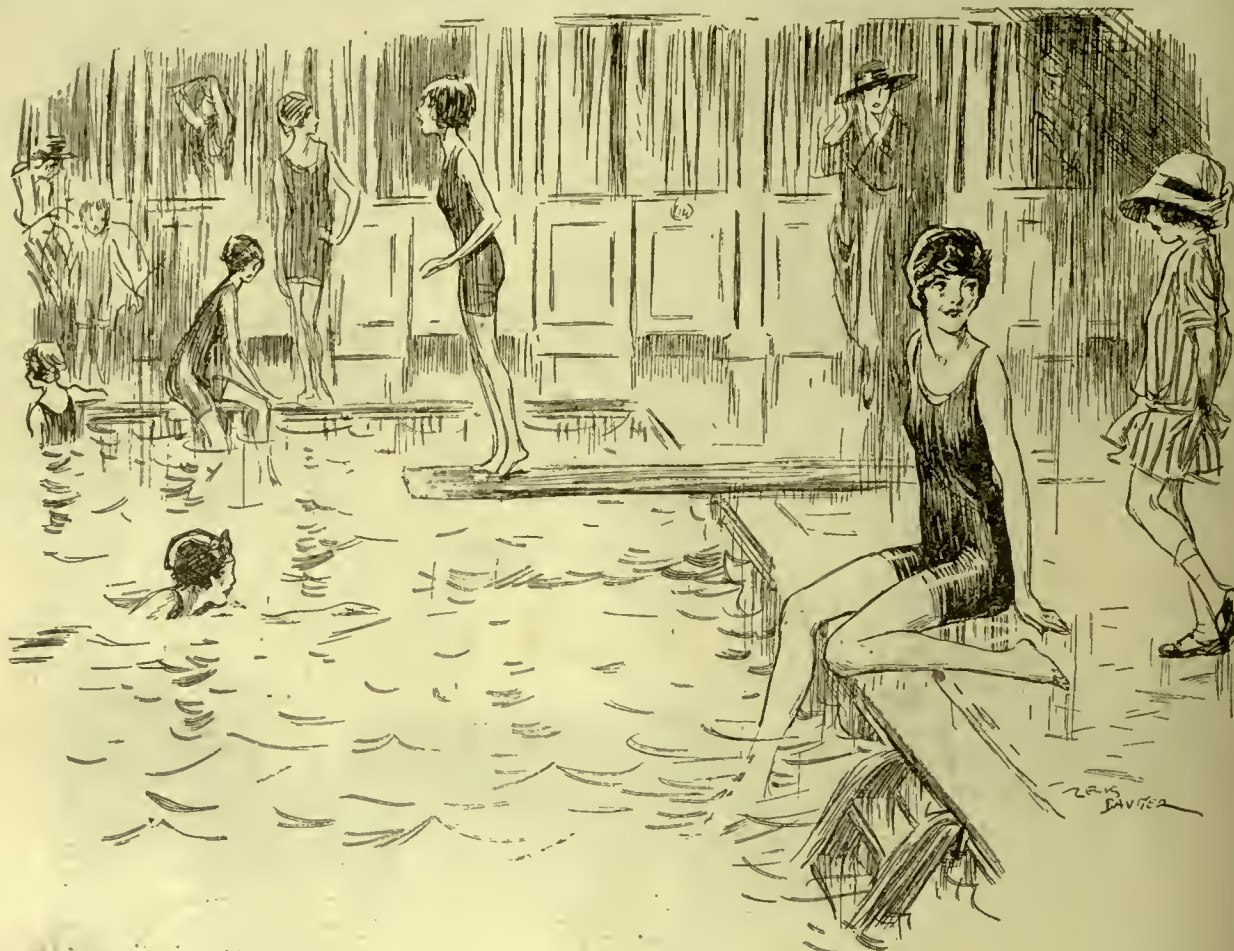
"That," said I, "is for you to discover. If, when I shall have worked in your office for say three months"—he started—"you are unable to find any use for me, then you are not the kind of man I take you for." And I drew myself up, striking what I hoped was a dignified attitude.

He stared at me for some seconds.

"You have references?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "but I know enough not to produce them till they are called for."

Then he pressed a bell. "I am going," he said, "to introduce you to my manager. You have certain qualifications which I think may be useful to us."



Bored Little Girl. "AREN'T YOU NEARLY CLEAN NOW, MUMMY?"

THE ESSENTIALS OF GOLF.

"Do you know anything about golf?" I asked Pottlebury by way of making conversation with a comparative stranger, and immediately afterwards knew I had made a mistake. I should have inquired, "Do you golf?" or "Are you a golfer?" and no evasion would have been possible.

"I should think I do," he replied. "I suppose there's hardly a course between here and Strathpeffer that I haven't visited. English and Scottish; I know them all."

"And which is your favourite course?" "That is a difficult question," he remarked judiciously. "Only last night I was arguing about the comparative merits of Westward Ho! and St. Andrews. Both are easily accessible from the railway, but if you take your car the latter is to be preferred. You get your life bumped out of you on those North Devon roads."

"I wasn't thinking of the travelling facilities," I observed coldly.

"No, of course. It's what you find at the other end that counts. Well then,

travelling aside, there is much to be said for Sandwich. The members' quarters are comfortable—very comfortable."

I must have made a disparaging gesture, for he immediately continued:—

"But, if it's only lunch you want, I advise those Lancashire clubs round Southport. They know how to lunch in those parts—Tweed salmon, Welsh mutton and Whitstable oysters."

"No doubt your judgment is correct," I replied, "but I—"

"And at one of them they keep a real French *chef* who knows his business. I wouldn't wish for a better cuisine anywhere."

"There are other things," I remarked loftily, "besides those you mention."

"Exactly; that's why I like to see a good bridge-room attached and enough tables to accommodate all comers. They have that at Spotworth. You can often get a game of poker as well."

"But don't you see," I exclaimed, "that all these things are mere accessories and circumstances?"

"That is true," he murmured; "they are but frames as it were of the human interest. After all there's nothing to

equal a crowd of jolly good fellows in the smoking-room. I've had some excellent times down at Bambury—stayed yarning away to all hours. Some of the best fellows I ever met belonged to that club."

"You don't talk at all like a golfer," said I.

Pottlebury laughed. "I was forgetting. If it's whisky you want you can't beat Dornoch and Islay. We've nothing in England to touch them. Why, I've met some of the keenest golfers of the day at Islay—nothing less than a bottle a day apiece."

"Sir," said I severely, "it is clear that you have never struggled like grim death with an opponent who was three up at the turn until you were all square at the seventeenth, and then found yourself after a straight drive with an easy baffly shot to—"

"One moment," said Pottlebury; "what exactly is a baffly?"

Asking For It.

"—'s have dozens of other cars available; £65 to £1,700; call and insult us."

Motoring Paper.



HIS FIRST PATIENT.

PERSIA. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR ADVICE."

DR. CURZON. "NOT AT ALL. THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR ASKING FOR IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 14th.—As an Ulster Member, Mr. LINDSAY protested against the availability of return-tickets between Ireland and England having been reduced from six months to two. Sir ERIC GEDDES explained that the change had been made to stop the illicit traffic in return-halves, though he hastened to disclaim any suggestion that Members of Parliament were concerned in it. The grievance is probably not of large dimensions. It is difficult to understand why anyone leaving Ireland in these days should want to go back there.

The PRIME MINISTER did not seem to favour the suggestion, pressed upon him from many quarters, that the Government should cause an estimate to be made of the national income, and then limit public expenditure to a definite proportion of that amount. A private person may cut his coat according to his cloth, but the Government, he argued, is unfortunately obliged by circumstances to reverse the process. Even so the taxpayer may be forgiven for thinking that the State costume still bears some superfluous trimmings.

When economy is proposed, however, it is not always popular. Sir JOHN BUTCHER, in protesting against the Government's proposal to sell the *Brussels*, the late Captain FRYATT's ship, was expressing a wide-spread feeling. But Colonel LESLIE WILSON disarmed criticism by pointing out that if all British vessels with heroic associations were to be kept as exhibition-ships a large proportion of the British mercantile marine would be laid idle.

A few years ago the General Manager of one of the English railways—the late Sir GEORGE FINDLAY, I think—declared that he could look after the whole of the Irish railways and have three days a week left for fishing. Nowadays, I suppose, the Irish lines are not laid in such pleasant places. At any rate the best part of two days has been occupied in deciding whether in the new scheme for the government of Ireland they should be administered by the Central Council or the two Parliaments, and under the compromise eventually reached they will be more or less subject to all three authorities.

The debate was chiefly remarkable for the evidence it provided that the Ulstermen are developing into the strongest of Home Rulers—almost Sinn Féiners, according to one of their critics—where their own province is concerned.

Tuesday, June 15th.—Mr. CHURCHILL had again to withstand attacks upon his Army uniform proposals, this time on

the ground that the reversion to scarlet and pipeclay would entail extra labour and expense upon the private soldier. His confidence that Mr. Atkins would not grudge the short time spent on cleaning his full dress, so closely bound



THE BUTTON EXPERT.

"ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, AND I SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE."—Mr. BILLING.

up with regimental traditions, was endorsed by Mr. BILLING, who said, "The time occupied is about twenty minutes, and I speak from experience."

A statement that the issue of bagpipes to certain Irish regiments was



MR. ASQUITH IS DEEPLY STIRRED.

under consideration brought protests from Scottish Members, who evidently thought that their own national warriors should have a monopoly of this form of frightfulness. But Mr. CHURCHILL

pointed out that the Irish Guards were already provided with bagpipes, and Lt.-Commander KENWORTHY horrified the Scots by declaring that the pipes were not an indigenous product of their country, but had been imported from Ireland many centuries ago.

Further progress was made with the Government of Ireland Bill. A proposal to strengthen the representation of the minority in the Southern Parliament was sympathetically received by Mr. LONG, who thought, however, that the Government had a better method. As that consists in a proposal to exact the oath of allegiance from every candidate for election and to give the King in Council power to dissolve any Parliament in which more than half the members have not taken the oath, it is sufficiently drastic. Having regard to the present disposition of the Sinn Féiners there seems to be mighty little prospect of a Parliament in Dublin before the date known in Ireland as "Tib's Evo."

Wednesday, June 16th.—In both Houses Addresses were moved praying His Majesty to appoint two additional Judges of the King's Bench Division. The motions met with some opposition, principally on the score of economy, and it was suggested that no additions to the Bench would be required if the existing Judges resumed the old practice of sitting on Saturdays. This drew from the LORD CHANCELLOR the interesting information that the Judges devoted their Saturdays to reading "the very lengthy papers that were contained in their weekly dossier." It is no doubt the great length of these documents that accounts for the peculiar shape of the bag that Mr. Justice —'s attendant was carrying when I met him at Sandwich a few Saturdays ago.

LORD BIRKENHEAD soothed the economists by pointing out that the new Judges would probably more than earn their salaries of five thousand pounds a year. In accordance with the prevailing tendency court-fees are to be raised, and at Temple Bar as in Savile Row our suits will cost us more.

Until Colonel LESLIE WILSON moved the Second Reading of the Nauru Island Agreement Bill I don't suppose a dozen Members of the House of Commons had ever heard of this tiny excrescence in the Western Pacific with its wonderful phosphate deposits. Captured from the Germans during the War, it is now the charge of the British Empire, and the object of the Bill was to confirm an arrangement by which the deposits should be primarily reserved for the agriculturists of Australasia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom. It pro-



Nephew (after several hair's-breadth escapes). "NOT FEELING NERVOUS, ARE YOU, AUNTIE?"

Aunt. "I AM, RATHER. YOU SEE, THIS IS ONLY MY THIRD EXPERIENCE OF A MOTOR-CYCLE."

Nephew. "WELL, YOU'VE BEAT ME; IT'S ONLY MY FIRST."

duced a debate of extraordinary ferocity. Young Tories like Mr. ORMSBY-GORE vied with old Liberals like Mr. ASQUITH (on whom the phosphates, plus the Louth election, had a wonderfully tonic effect) in denouncing the iniquity of an arrangement by which (as they said) the principles of the League of Nations were being thrown over, and this country was revealed as a greedy monopolist. Thus assailed both by friend and foe Mr. BONAR LAW required all his cool suavity to bring the House back to a sense of proportion, and to convince it that in securing a supply of manure for British farmers the Government were not committing a crime against the comity of nations.

Answering questions for the Irish Government in these days is rather a melancholy business, but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND resembles Dr. JOHNSON's friend, in that "cheerfulness will keep breaking in." Thus he excused the Government's non-interference with the Sinn Féin "courts," whose writ now runs over half Ireland, on the ground that for all he knew they might be voluntary courts of arbitration; and when Major O'NEILL expressed the

hope that he would at least take steps to protect the British public from the criminals "transported" by sentence of these mysterious tribunals he blithely disclaimed responsibility, and said he was quite content that they should be out of Ireland.

Considering the counter-attraction of the Ascot Gold Cup, Mr. BALFOUR had a surprisingly numerous audience for his discourse on the League of Nations. His enumeration and analysis of the League's various enemies were in his happiest vein of philosophical humour. His conclusion was that the League had much less to fear from its avowed foes than from its fanatical friends, who were already attempting to put upon it tasks for which it was unfitted, and even to supply it with an International Police Force. Its proper weapons were not armies and aircraft, but Delay and Publicity.

This formula, so reminiscent of Wait and See, did not prevent Mr. ASQUITH from hinting in the politest manner that the League was not likely to prevent the wars of the future unless it made some effort to stop those now in progress.

RAW SOUL STUFF.

I DON'T think I have ever read a short story about a film, so I have made one up myself.

* * * * *
Viviana Smith was born in Battersea. At twelve years old she ran about the streets with holes in her stockings and played a complicated game with chalk squares and a stone. She had the accent of London streets, which is the only accent that can pierce through the noise of London traffic. But she had hair the colour of marsh-marigolds, a Vorticist mouth and patent enlargeable eyes. In the street she made eyes at errand-boys, and at school she made eyes so large that there was no room to dot them.

At the age of seventeen she went in for the Purple Pomegranate film competition, and was selected from five hundred thousand candidates to be a motion-picture star. She starred some. At the beginning she played in romantic comedy films with woodland scenery and rustic bridges and pools where she tickled for trout. She tickled so well that one could almost hear the trout

laugh. Later she played in "crook" melodrama, where somebody was always peeping through the door when the secret patent was being taken out of the office safe, and where men always kept arriving in motor-cars and going up flights of steps with their faces turned to the audience and going down flights of steps with their faces turned to the audience and getting into motor-cars again. They never missed a step. There is something about this feat which holds a cinema audience spellbound.

Later she rode on untamed mustangs and fell over cliffs gagged and bound, and sometimes she was even promoted to slide or twirl into a bakehouse and tumble with a talented cast of actors and actresses into a large trough of dough. When they had wiped the dough off they all came back into the bakehouse one after another and tumbled into the dough-trough again. Repetition is the soul of wit.

One day Viviana met Ignatius Vavasour, the poet. For two years he had worshipped her afar on the screen. He had seen her in so many reels that she made him giddy. He had seen her in *Youth's Yodelling May-tide Hour*, length five reels, and in *Hate's Hideous Hand of Crime*, length six reels, and in *Gertie Flips the Flap-jack over*, length seven reels and a half. He had never heard her speak, but he had seen her beautiful lips ripple into a thousand artless expressions of grief and joy. He did not know whether he loved her most when she was tripping through a silvan glade, with meadow-sweet in her hand, or when she was gliding gracefully over Niagara Falls in a tar-barrel; when she was cracking the door of a strong room with a jemmy or when she was getting the dough out of her hair with a rake. But as soon as he had seen her out of the pictures he knew that he loved her best as she was. He knew that he could not live without her. He told her so.

"But, Mr. Vavasour," she protested.

"Call me Iggie," he cried.

"But you have only known me such a short time," she said. "You have seen me, you say, a hundred times on the films, and I daresay you admired me immensely, but tell me this, Iggie, is it my real character that you love?"

"No, no! A thousand times no!" he exclaimed.

"Then I cannot marry you," she answered coldly, turning away.

Crushed with disappointment Ignatius staggered from the room. He had no thought for poetry now, but wandered feverishly about the streets, searching for some mad excitement to stifle his despair. He played billiards and *vingt-et-un*. He took to drugs and



"OH, YUSS, THEY'RE VERY GRAND NOW. THEY DINE LATE AND LOW."

to drink. He even had thoughts of standing for Parliament. But he soon found that the sorrow gnawing at his heart was one that politics could never assuage nor alcohol drown, not at least at the present price of green Chartreuse.

One day as he slouched miserably along the pavement he saw the advertisement of a lecture outside the door of an institute. "The Ideal in Philosophy and Art," said the placard; and, scarcely knowing what he did, Ignatius went in. But the lecturer had barely begun to expound his theme, which he did in the following forcible words: "The categorical subjectivity of all intuitive apperceptions of the ideal"—when a wild light flashed in the poet's eyes and he started from his seat and rushed madly from the room. The lecturer wondered mildly what had happened, but blinked and went on. What had happened was that Ignatius Vavasour was pounding like a prize American trotter to the nearest telephone box.

"Viviana," he cried an hour later, when he had got through, "you remember what you said the day we met? Is it your real character that I love? And I said 'No.'"

"Yes, Iggie," she said with a catch in her voice.

"Did you mean Rabbits, Eggs, Eggs, Lloyd, or Rabbits, Eggs, Albatross, Lloyd?"

"Albatross," she moaned.

"Well, it is. I mean, I do," he cried.

"Viviana, will you marry me?"

"Sure, Iggie," she answered softly.

"Good-bye."

* * * * *

And now that I have written this story I am going to get it filmed.

EVOE.

"Could we gather grapes from thorns or pigs from thistles?"—*Report of Lecture delivered by the Astronomer-Royal of Scotland.*

As far as English thistles are concerned (we cannot speak for Scotland) the answer is in the negative.

IMPORTUNITY.

WHEN the club secretary first wrote and told me that it was proposed to acquire two pictures (one Naval and one Military), which were to hang in the club as worthy reminders of the Great War to future generations—when he wrote and told me this, and suggested (apparently as an afterthought) that a cheque from me would further the project, I was content to keep the matter in view.

When he wrote, some months later, and told it me all over again, accompanying the afterthought on this occasion with a printed subscription form, I took the trouble to reply, letting him know that I was keeping the matter in view.

When he wrote a third time, affording me a glimpse of the guileless faith he had in me, I felt genuinely sorry for the poor chap.

He said there were many possible reasons to account for the non-arrival of my cheque. I might, for example, be abroad, somewhere out of reach of postal facilities, or perhaps the cheque had been lost in the post. Of one thing only he was sure—there had been no parsimonious intent on my part.

I was able in some sort to relieve his mind of anxiety by mentioning that I was still a resident at the address in Cheshire under which I last wrote to him. I even assured him that, so long as my tailor did not forsake his present attitude of friendly remonstrance, it was improbable that I should proceed abroad. Nor had I as yet any reason to suspect that great public institution, the post. The fact was that I still had the matter in view.

As regards the pictures, I said that I had a friend who was in love with the daughter of an A.R.A., and who, in telling me about a financial controversy between himself and his prospective father-in-law, had let slip the information that a slump in artists' prices was imminent. In view of this I suggested that the agreement with the artists commissioned by the club should for the present be a verbal one and elastic in its wording.

In the last part of my letter I reviewed the history of my own connection with the club, covering a period of five years. I recalled the epoch-making day when I received my first letter from Mr. Secretary—a letter acquainting me of the fact that I was a full-blown member—all but, at least. What was thirty guineas? And each year since then, I reminded him, I had disbursed a further ten guineas without a murmur.

On the other side of the account I

showed in tabulated form all the change the club had given back:—

Use of soap, 1916	d.
Laundering of towel, ditto	0½
Use of soap, 1919	3
Laundering of towel, ditto	1
Fifty per cent. excess for ditto . .	3
Stolen: Three matches, one	1½
tooth-pick	0½
Total	9¼

I pleaded a moral right to dispose of the balance. I suggested that seventy-three pounds nine shillings and two-pence three-farthings (waiving the question of interest) might be sufficient to buy a third War picture, the interior of a Government office during the tea-hour, or something of that sort. I begged that he would lay the matter before the Committee.

I am not very hopeful about my letter. Probably he has spent that seventy-three pounds odd already on stationery and postage-stamps.

I think that, if it finds its way into print, I may send him half the proceeds of this article. No harm in keeping the matter in view, at all events.

MUSICAL NOTES.

(By our Modernist Critic.)

A CERTAIN amount of dissatisfaction has been expressed with the Negro Rhapsody by Mr. JOHN POWELL, performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra at their concert last week. According to the analytical programme the composer has sought *inter alia* to depict "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy" and "the physical impulses of the adult human animal," culminating in "a flood of primal sensualism." Yet, if the Press is to be believed, the performance fell lamentably short in the epileptic quality so finely displayed by many of the coloured Jazz-band players now in London. None of the audience had to be removed; *The Morning Post* only speaks of the "becoming picturesqueness of design" of the Rhapsody; while *The Times'* critic did not care much for it because it took too long to get to business, and adds that he was not very sure what its business exactly was. This, in view of the extremely explicit statement of the composer's aim given in the programme, seems to us most unjust.

Here is a gifted composer with high and serious aims—for what could be more instructive or spiritual than a musical rendering of "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy"?—and the musical critics either evade the issue by talking vaguely of picturesqueness or deny that he means business. Verily the lot of the composer is hard. Quite recently I heard of a native British

symphonist who had composed a remarkable orchestral Fantasy dealing with the psychology of members of the N.U.R. engaged in the railway transport of fish and milk. I have not heard the music, because unfortunately it has not yet been performed, but I have read the programme, and nothing more stimulating can be imagined than the final section, in which a terrific canonade of milk-cans is combined with a marvellous explosion of oburgation from the fish-porters on strike. Yet if it were to be performed *The Morning Post* would probably dismiss it with a few polysyllabic platitudes and *The Times* affect ignorance of what it was all about!

In view of the misconceptions and misinterpretations to which serious composers are subject, we are not surprised to hear that a society has been formed for the purpose of giving "silent auditions" of modern masterpieces. No orchestra nor any instrument will be employed, but each member of the audience will be provided with a full score. The first hour will be devoted to the study of the music; the audience will then write down their impressions for half-an-hour; subsequently the composer will expound his aims from the platform; and the price of admission will be returned to the student whose impressions accord most closely with the composer's "programme." In this way the cost of concert-giving will be considerably reduced, and it is also hoped that the consumption of sedative tablets, which has reached formidable dimensions amongst frequenters of symphonic concerts, will be rendered unnecessary.

Our only criticism of this admirable scheme is this—that the number of amateurs who can read a modern full-score at sight is still somewhat limited. The view that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" might be quoted in support of "silent auditions" were it not for the unfortunate fact that KEATS, who expressed it, is now completely out of fashion with our emancipated Georgians. But the broad fact remains that the forces of reaction are by no means crushed. The Handel Festival has been revived at the Crystal Palace; and Handel-worship is anathema to the Modernist, as redolent of roast-beef, middle-class respectability and religious orthodoxy. Only recently a brilliant writer compared his oratorios to mothers'-meetings. The revival of these explosions of pietistic jumbomania is indeed a sad set-back to those ardent reformers who seek to elevate and purify public taste by the musical delineation of "the degenerative frenzy of a Voodoo orgy."

THE INSURANCE AGENT: SHOCK TACTICS.



"I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT INSURANCE.



I WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT.



HAVE A CIGAR?



NOW WHAT PROVISION ARE YOU MAKING FOR THE FUTURE?



THINK OF YOUR LITTLE ONES.



YOU ARE A HEALTHY MAN, BUT—



YOU MAY FALL ILL—



OR THE WORST NIGHT—



SIGN HERE."

Frank Reynolds

AT THE PLAY.

"DADDALUMS."

THIS is a play about a Northampton shoe-manufacturer of Scottish nationality. There is, of course, nothing quite like leather, and I can well believe that the lucrative properties of the boot trade (notwithstanding its alleged association with atheistic principles) must at one time or other have attracted this prehensile race; yet I doubt if Northampton, home of the cobbling industry, ever encouraged a Scot to penetrate its preserves. Mr. LOUIS ANSPACHER, who wrote the play, may have some inside knowledge denied to me, though his name does not vividly indicate a Scots origin; but it is certain, if his *Wallace Craigie* really came from over the border, that he was no true Scot, for his dialect showed obvious traces of Sassenach pollution.

I have a mind that moves slowly and I hate to be hustled at the opening of a play. I hate an author to plunge me into a whirl of movement and a medley of characters as if he assumed that I was intimate with circumstances known only to himself and his cast. I want to be told, very quietly, where I am, and if he does not tell me I become peevish. But, even if I hadn't been put off at the start, I don't think my sympathies would ever have been very deeply engaged. I soon saw that, whatever happened to anybody, I should easily bear up. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT did all that was humanly possible to correct my indifference, but his *Daddalums* (as you might gather from such a name) was not one of those heroic figures whose struggles against the perversity of fate are apt to melt even the cold hearts of the gods (Olympian). This old cobbler, suddenly grown rich, whose one ambition was to make his son "*Tammas*" a gentleman (as he understood the term), at any cost to the boy's soul, was asking for trouble from the beginning. And when he got it I was far less sorry for the old fool than I was pleased at the chances which this turn of fortune gave to the versatility of Mr. CALVERT.

But the interest of the play lies not so much in the plot—worked out mechanically, with one or two saving touches of ingenuity, to a conventional

conclusion—as in the character of this lovable old boot-maker, whose single aim in life was to give his son the best that money could buy. His heart, I think, began by being fairly large, but got contracted through specialising in this passion. Snobbery is alien to his nature, but he becomes a snob for *Tammas's* sake. Stubborn and domineering with others, he is as putty in the boy's hands. He has no use for his other child—a girl. She, like himself, must be sacrificed if it suits the young gentleman—as it did.

I won't say that any very nice psychological subtlety was needed for the portrayal of a character whose ruling motive was so clearly advertised, but it had its lights and shadows, responsive

(like myself) found no difficulty in appreciating. Miss EDYTH OLIVE, as the hero's neglected daughter, acted with a very nice self-repression, which was all that could be expected of her rather colourless part.

The first-night audience was very warm in its appreciation. Yet I must doubt whether a play that is chiefly concerned with the highly-developed paternity of a boot-manufacturer will make a very poignant appeal to the sentiment of the public.

For one thing they may find the love-interest too sketchy. Of the boy's two fiancées one was impossible, and the other (*Rose*) just a perfunctory phantom that flitted vaguely from time to time

across the stage. She must have known it was a play of father and son, where girls didn't really count. Poor *Rose*, so unassertive! How modestly she kept herself in the background in that last scene where *Tammas*, having "dreed his weird" (as they would say in Northampton) and redeemed his past, comes back from Canada, flings himself into his father's arms, remains there listening to a sustained exposition of parental loyalty, and only after a considerable interval remarks the presence of his future wife. She took it very well, but if I know anything of the British public it won't be so easily pleased. O. S.



SCOTS WHA HAVER.

Wallace Craigie Mr. LOUIS CALVERT.
Fergus McLarnie Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE.

to changing conditions, and Mr. CALVERT was quick to seize them all.

The boy's part was too unsympathetic to be played easily. But he had one saving virtue; he never practised his snobbery on the old man who encouraged it. He still called him "*Daddalums*," and that, I take it, was what the papers would call an "acid test" of his piety. As his fortunes declined Mr. LISTER rose to the occasion. The tighter the corner the better he coped with it.

Mr. HENDRIE's *Fergus McLarnie*, whose people must have migrated to Northampton from the neighbourhood of Thrums, was an admirable crony; but he insisted too much and too deliberately on a Scottish accent that made for obscurity. In a broader vein Miss AGNES THOMAS played the part of *Ellen*, the *Maid* (another Scot), with a humour which even an Englishman

A Matinée in aid of the Housing Association for Officers' Families, of which the QUEEN is a Patron, will be held at the Winter Garden Theatre on Thursday, June 24th, at 2.30 p.m. The programme includes a Mime play, for which Mr. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS will conduct Mr. ARTHUR CLARKE JERVOISE's music. Mrs. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, who appears in the play, is also arranging "*An Elizabeth Episode*," in which the STUART-WILSON Sextette will sing.

"Wanted, Lad, about 14 or 15, for telephone. Good wages; good opportunity to learn confectionery."—*Local Paper*.

We often wondered how these telephonists occupy their time.

"Shop Window Wanted within stone's throw of Brook Street and Bond Street."—*Daily Paper*.

With so many Bolsheviks about we think the advertiser should have used a less provocative phrase.



Tommy. "THAT'S THE SORT OF DOG I'M HAVIN'."
 Nurse. "TOMMY, YOU'RE FORGETTING THE 'G' AGAIN."
 Tommy. "GEE! THAT'S THE SORT OF DOG I'M HAVIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Secret Corps (MURRAY) is the title of a book on espionage, before and especially during the War, every page of which I have read with the greatest possible entertainment—the greatest possible, that is, for anyone at home. To get the real maximum out of Captain FERDINAND TUCNY's astonishing anecdotes one would, I suppose, need to be under a table in Berlin while they were being perused by the ex-chiefs of Intelligence on the other side. It is a book so stuffed with good stories and revealed (or partly revealed) mysteries that I should require pages of quotation to do it anything like justice. It can certainly be claimed for Captain TUCNY that he writes of what he himself knows at first hand, and that his knowledge, like that of another expert, is both extensive and peculiar, gleaned as it was from personal service in Russia, Poland, Austria, Belgium, France, England, Italy, Salonica, Palestine, Mesopotamia and several neutral States. Still, absorbing as his book is, it suffers perhaps from being what its publishers call "the first authentic and detailed record." One feels now and then that posterity (which gets all the good things) may score again in the revelation of yet more amazing details for which the hour is not yet. Meanwhile, here to go on with is a fund of thrilling information that will not only hold your delighted interest, but (if you make haste before it becomes too widely known) ensure your popularity as a remunerative diner-out.

One after Another (HUTCHINSON), by Mr. STACY AUMONIER, is a tale of social progress: of the steps—I imagine this is where the name justifies itself—by which the son and daughter of a Camden Town publican rise to higher or at least more brilliant things. You might suppose this plan to promise comedy, but the fact is otherwise. Really it is an angry book, and though there is laughter in places it is mostly angry laughter, with a sting in it. Somehow, whether speaking in his own person or through the voice of his hero, Mr. AUMONIER gives me hero (perhaps unjustly) the impression of having a grievance against life. Yet it cannot be said that *Tom* and *Laura Purbeck* found their climb from Camden Town unduly arduous, since in a comparatively short time one has made a position and pots of money as a fashionable house-decorator, and the other is a famous concert star and the wife of a marquis. I think my impression of unamiability must be derived from the fact that the entire cast contains not one really sympathetic character. Old *Purbeck*, who ruled his bar like an autocrat and believed in honest alcohol (and fortunately for himself died some years ago), comes nearest to it. *Laura*, of whom the author gives us spasmodic glimpses, is vividly interesting, but repellent. *Tom*, the protagonist, I found frankly dull. Perhaps I have dwelt overmuch on defects. Certainly the story held my attention throughout, even after my disappointment at finding nobody to like in it.

A lot of diaries make very poor reading, because people who are conscientious enough to keep them at all keep them

conscientiously and fill them with nothing but facts. Mr. MAURICE BARING of course has no empty scruples of this kind, and *R.F.C. H.Q. 1914-1918* (BELL AND SONS), though it has plenty of statistics in it and technical details as well, is in the main a delightful jumble of stunts and talks and quotations from Mr. MAURICE BARING and other people, culinary details, troubles about chilblains and wasp-bites, and here and there an excellently written memoir of some friend who fell fighting. The main historical fact is, of course, that our airmen from small beginnings reached a complete ascendancy at the end of 1916, and then suffered a set-back, reaching their own again when the mastery of the Fokker was overcome. The author himself was *liaison* officer and interpreter at H.Q., and stuck to General TRENCHARD throughout, although he was urgently requested to go to Russia. Scores of eminent people make brief appearances in his book, and the following is a fair sample of his method:—"January 3rd, 1917.—An Army Commanders' Conference took place at Rollencourt. My indiarubber sponge was eaten by rats." Happily his diary escaped.

Lieut.-Colonel JOHN BUCHAN, in his now familiar rôle of the serious historian, has been officially commissioned to tell a tale more thrilling in heroisms, if perhaps a trifle less madcap, than anything his unofficial imagination has given us. His latest volume, *The South African Forces in France* (NELSON), though naturally it does not break much new ground, still contains a good deal that was well worth sifting from the mass of war history and is written with a vigour that could not be excelled. The proudest claims of the South Africans are, it seems, that they finished "further East" when the cease-fire sounded (I wonder if this will go unchallenged), that they were three times practically exterminated, and that they were the most modest unit in the field—the author of course being solely responsible for letting us know this last. Their terrible fights, not only at Delville Wood, but even more at Marrièrè Wood and Messines, are beyond question amongst the greatest feats of arms of the War, and on the last two occasions their stand in the face of odds went far to save the Allied cause in the black months of 1918. Since, as the author joyously notes, Dutch and English elements in the South African forces lived and died on the field like brothers, we may all agree with him, politics or no politics, that there has been something fundamentally right for once about the Empire's treatment of their country. This alone would give the book importance and interest outside the Southern dominions to which it is first addressed. In Capetown and Pretoria it will be the history of the War.

In *John Bull, Junior* (METHUEN) Mr. F. WREN CHILD sets out to record the difficulties which a "home-trained boy encounters at a public school." Whether his picture of school-life as it was some years ago is true or not,

it is unlikely that there will be keen competition among public schools to claim the original of *St. Lucian's*; and I do not think that tender-hearted mothers need fear that their own children will be beset by the temptations which *Brant* had to encounter, for in his hectic career he was unfortunate enough to have card-sharpers, whisky-drinkers and other unusual types of boyhood among his fellow-pupils, and with such company it is not to be wondered at that he was more often in than out of trouble. But, since he helped to solve the mystery which was perplexing *St. Lucian's*, it would seem that whatever happened to his soul he contrived to keep his head. Boys with a taste for amateur detective work might derive enjoyment from this tale, and to them I recommend it.

Stephen Manaton, heir to great possessions, found that his wealth and worldly position were slipping away from him, but as compensation against his losses he had the supreme satisfaction of discovering that the girl of his choice loved him solely for himself.

So with the best will in the world I could not shed tears over *The Manaton Disaster* (HEATH CRANTON), though I admit that Miss PHILIPPA TYLER does her strenuous best to set my sympathy in motion. Possibly she tries a shade too hard, and in future I hope that she will cut shorter—or even cut out completely—the soliloquies of her heroes. Miss TYLER has the dramatic sense, and an author who can write over a hundred-and-fifty words without a full-stop is not to be thwarted by trifles; but she dissipates her forces and fails to



The Novice. "I AM A LITTLE ABSENT-MINDED, SO YOU MUST GIVE ME A SHOUT IF I PROVE TO BE A WINNER."

reach the catastrophic climax at which she apparently aimed.

The ways of the humorist are hard indeed, and it must be particularly exasperating, even if you are a clergyman, to be told by some disgruntled reviewer, as "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" must, I am afraid, here be told, that his latest, *Good Conduct* (MURRAY), is not up to standard. *Virginia Tempest*, the tomboy, the extremely unworthy recipient of the good conduct prize at *Miss Merriew's* academy, has her points, but her pranks are played with or against such dull folk: an editor and assistant editor for whom I blush; an emporium owner who is kinder and wealthier and stupider than he is diverting; an assistant schoolmistress, a surgeon, a Euturist-painter, a bishop. None of these worthy people commands my respect or laughter. The high spirits seem not entirely genuine. A casual lapse into Brummagem, I take it.

"Wanted, for 3 months, nice Bedroom and small Paddock for pony."

"Six Acres Freehold Land, with Two Cottages, near Southampton; suitable pigs and poultry."—*Provincial Paper*.

With bedrooms for ponies and cottages for pigs, what chance has a human of getting housed?

HOLIDAY ANTICIPATIONS.

[Now that holiday-planning is in season we have pleasure in announcing a few proposed schemes for the recreation of some of the mighty brains that shape our destinies and guide our groping intelligences. But it must be clearly understood that in these inconstant times we cannot vouch for their authenticity or guarantee fulfilment.]

Mr. ASQUITH's recent success in spotting the winner of the Derby is believed to have inspired Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with an idea of combining his present policy of always going one, if not two or three, better than the Old Man with a public demonstration of the extent to which the crude Puritanism of his youth has been mellowed by sympathies more in keeping with his later political alliances. He is credited with the intention of putting to appropriate use his peculiar gifts of non-committal prophecy and persuasive easuistry, and at the same time making sure of a profitable holiday in the open air by "doing" the Sussex Fortnight, beginning with the Goodwood meeting, in the capacity of Downy Dave, a race-course tipster.

There is reason to believe that, if the Recess should afford Sir WILLIAM SUTHERLAND an opportunity to indulge his craving for the Simple Life, he will proceed to Italy to join the coterie of ascetics known as the Assisi Set. His conspicuous ability in telling the tale to the London Pressmen encourages expectations that he will be no less successful as a preacher to the birds, after the manner of St. FRANCIS, the founder of the cult.

In financial circles it is expected that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will spend the vacation *in cognito* in the neighbourhood of Blackpool, partly for the sake of the invigorating air, but mainly, in view of the abnormal prosperity of Lancashire, for the purpose of considering on the spot the possibilities of a levy on capital as a local experiment.

A rumour is current in Whitehall, and gains colour from the activity in certain seaports, that, in consequence of Earl CURZON's having been informed that the number of Channel-swimmers is likely to be unusually large this summer, his lordship has decided to take command of a fleet of Foreign Office launches, which will patrol the coast to make sure that none of these persons is unprovided with a passport.

At Unity House a suspicion is entertained that Sir ERIC GEDDES contemplates utilising the holidays for the double purpose of working off super-

fluous steam and familiarizing himself with the true attitude of the railwaymen by working as a stoker on one of the great main lines. Should this scheme be carried into effect arrangements are in readiness to compel him to become a member of the N.U.R.

It is hoped that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN will be able to accompany Lord BEAVERBROOK to Canada this summer, so that his lordship may gratify his lifelong ambition to be painted by Mr. JOHN, with the primeval backwoods for a setting, in the character of a *couvreur-des-bois*, of the type immortalized by Sir GILBERT PARKER in *Pierre*.

As far as can be ascertained, Mr. BERNARD SHAW intends to devote the holidays to verifying the report of his namesake, Mr. TOM SHAW (with whom he has been stupidly confused), on the Bolshevik *régime*. He will probably enter Russia secretly, accompanied by a mixed party of vegetarian Fabians disguised as Muscovites, so that in the event of being denounced as Boorjoos they may hope to pass for returning Dukhobors, or, in case of detection, for an amateur theatrical company touring with *Labour's Love's Lost*.

We understand that Lords LONSDALE and BIRKENHEAD are making arrangements for a joint trip to Cuba, in order to investigate personally the condition and prospects of the Havana leaf industry. It will not be surprising if this visit bears fruit in the shape of the eighteen-inch super-cigar which sporting men have been for so long demanding.

ON THE EATING OF ASPARAGUS.

THERE were twenty-three ways of eating asparagus known to the ancients. Of these the best known method was to suspend it on pulleys about three feet from the ground and "approach the green" on one's back along the floor; but it was discontinued about the middle of the fourth century, and no new method worthy of serious consideration was subsequently evolved, till the August or September of 1875, when a Mr. Gunter-Brown wrote a letter to the A.A.R. (*The Asparagus Absorbers' Review and Gross Feeders' Gazette*), saying that he had patented a scheme more cleanly and less unsightly than the practice of tilting the head backward at an angle of forty-five degrees and lowering the asparagus into the expectant face, which is shown by statistics to have been the mode usually adopted at that time.

Mr. Gunter-Brown's apparatus,

necessary to the method he advocated, consisted of a silver or plated tube, into which each branch of asparagus, except the last inch, was placed, and so drawn into the mouth by suction, the eater grasping the last uneatable inch, together with the butt end of the tube, in the palm of his hand. Asparagus branches being of variable girth, a rubber washer inserted in the end of the tube furthest from the eater's mouth helped to cause a vacuum.

The inventor claimed that the edible portion of the delicacy became detached if the intake of the eater was strong enough, but he overlooked the fact that the necessary force caused the asparagus to pass through the epiglottis into the oesophagus before the eater had time to enjoy the taste (as was proved by experiment) and so all sense of pleasure was lost.

More prospective marriages have been marred through the abuse of asparagus at table than through mixed bathing at Tunbridge Wells. For instance, though the matter was hushed up at the time, it is an open secret among their friends that Miss Gladys Devereux broke off her engagement to young Percy Gore-Mont on account of his *gaucherie* when assimilating this weed at a dinner party. It seems that he simply threw himself at the stuff, and that one of the servants had to comb the melted butter out of his hair before he could appear in the drawing-room.

The case of the Timminses, too, presents very sad features, though the marriage was not in this case abandoned, the high contracting parties not having once encountered a dish of asparagus simultaneously during the engagement. Yet it is more than rumoured that when, at the end of the close season, asparagus may be hunted, there is considerable friction in the Timminses' household, because Mrs. Timmins plays with a straight fork, while Timmins affects the crouching style.

Happily, however, a light at last appears to be shining through the darkness. Under the auspices of the Vegetable Growers' Association (Luxury Trades section) an asparagus eating contest has been arranged to take place in the Floral Hall early in July. As the entrants to date include a contortionist and at least three well-known war profiteers it is confidently expected that some startling methods will be exhibited which may revolutionise asparagus-eating in this country.

"DUNOON.—Sitting room and two bedroom to let for month of Dunoon."—*Scotch Paper*. We welcome the introduction of "rhyming slang" to brighten up the advertisement columns.



PARADISE LOST AGAIN?

Mr. Asquith (to John Bull). "OF COURSE MESOPOTAMIA IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, AND NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ANXIOUS TO VACATE THE GARDEN OF EDEN; BUT YOU MUST REFLECT THAT THE COST OF ITS UPKEEP HAS INCREASED ENORMOUSLY SINCE ADAM'S TIME."



Lady of the Manor. "Howdy, Bo? SIT RIGHT DOWN. I SURE HOPE YOU'RE FEELING FULL OF PEP! EXCUSE ME, VICAR, BUT I'M PRACTISING A FEW PHRASES SO THAT IN CASE I MEET ANY OF THIS AMERICAN INVASION I CAN MAKE THEM FEEL AT HOME."

A NOTE ON CHESTERFIELDS.

IN the Soviet Republic of Russia, I am told, no one can lay claim to the title of worker unless his hands are hardened and roughened by toil, and LENIN and TROTSKY have to take their turns at the rack, like the commonest executioner. In England we are not nearly so particular about the manual test, and, besides feeling quite kindly disposed towards professional footballers, tea-tasters and the men who stand on Cornish cliffs and shout when they see the pilchard shoals come in, we still give a certain amount of credit to mere brain-work as well.

There is, however, a poisonous idea prevalent, especially amongst the women of this country, that a fellow is not working with his brain unless he is walking rapidly up and down the room with wrinkles on his forehead, or sitting on a hard chair at a table with a file of papers in front of him. But there is no rule of this sort about the birth of great and beautiful ideas in the human brain. It is all a matter of indi-

vidual taste and habit. I know a man, a poet, who thinks best on the Underground Railway, and that is the reason why he said the other day, "Give me to gaze once more on the blue hills," to the girl in the booking-office, when what he really wanted was a ticket (of a light heliotrope colour) to St. James's Park. Lord BYRON, on the other hand, composed a sorrowful ditty on the decadence of the Isles of Greece whilst shaving; but the invention of the safety-razor and the energetic action of M. VENIZELOS will most likely render it unnecessary for anyone to repeat such a performance. As for the people who have a sudden bright idea whilst they are dressing for dinner, they may be dismissed at once, for they nearly always go to bed by mistake and, when they wake up again extremely hungry, they have forgotten what it was.

Most experts are really agreed that a recumbent or semi-recumbent position is the best for creative thought, and another friend of mine, also a maker of verses, has patented the very ingenious device of a pair of stirrups just under

the mantelshelf, so that, when he sits back in his armchair, he can manage his Pegasus without having his feet continually slipping off the marble surface into the fender.

Much may be said too for a seat in a first-class railway carriage, when you have the compartment all to yourself and the train is going at sixty miles an hour or more. But England is hardly spacious enough for a really sustained inspiration; and the result of being turned out suddenly at Thurso, N.B., or Penzance is that some opening flower of the human intellect fails to achieve its perfect bloom, and as likely as not your golf clubs are left in the rack.

There is also, of course, an influential school which believes strongly in the early morning tea hour, and people who ought to know tell me that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL plans new uniforms for the Guards as well as the campaign in Mesopotamia with pink pyjamas on, and that the PRIME MINISTER can never be persuaded to get up for breakfast until he has hit on a few of those striking repartees which

are subsequently translated by his posse of interpreters into Russian, Italian, Bohemian and Erso.

For my part, however, I swear by a Chesterfield sofa, a large one, on which you can lie at full length, as I am lying now; the most comfortable thing there is on earth, I think, except perhaps a truss of hay, when one has been riding for about six consecutive hours in an army saddle. But there are disadvantages even about a Chesterfield sofa. It is, to begin with, in the drawing-room; and in the drawing-room one is not so entirely immune from the trivial incidents of everyday life as I like to be when I am having brain-waves. Doors are opened and this creates a draught, and it is not the slightest use attempting a real work of imagination when people will come in and ask if I am lying on *The Literary Supplement of The Times* (as if it were likely), or the anti-aircraft gun that the children were playing with after lunch. For this reason I have had to invent an oven better thing than the ordinary Chesterfield sofa, and since it will be, when made, the noblest piece of scientific upholstery in the world I will ask the printer to write the next sentence in italics, please.

It is a Chesterfield sofa enclosed on all four sides. Thank you.

The marvels of this receptacle for human thought will dawn upon the reader by slow degrees. Try to imagine yourself ensconced there, having climbed up by the short flight of steps which will be attached to it, enisled and remote amidst the surging traffic that sweeps through a drawing-room. Instead of making a rapid bolt to escape from callers and probably meeting them full tilt in the hall, you simply stay on, thinking. You have nothing to fear from them, unless they are so inquisitive and ill-mannered as to come and peep over the edge. With plenty of tobacco, a writing tablet and a fountain-pen, you can stare at the anaglypta ceiling and dream noble thoughts and put them down when you like without interruption. On sunny days the apparatus can be wheeled on to the balcony, where the sapphire sky will be exchanged for the anaglypta ceiling; and for winter use a metal base will be supplied, under which you can place either an oil-stove or an electric radiator.

I should like to see this four-sided Chesterfield in offices also. The master-strokes of commercial and administrative skill would be much more masterly with most people if they did not have to proceed from a hard office chair. You can easily dictate to a typist from the interior of a Chesterfield, and, though I know that business men and Govern-



Gladys. "HAVE YOU ANY INTERESTING CASES COMING ON, SIR CHARLES?"

Eminent K.C. "WE HAVE A VERY INTRICATE AND TECHNICAL CASE COMING ON—MOST INTERESTING. IT TURNS ON THE QUESTION WHETHER A CERTAIN SUBTERRANEAN CONDUIT SHOULD BE CLASSIFIED AS A DRAIN OR A SEWER."

Gladys. "OH, BUT WHY NOT ASK A PLUMBER?"

ment officials are often subjected to deputations, during which they have to look their persecutors in the face, this difficulty could be overcome by means of a sliding panel, through which the face of the recumbent administrator could be poked when necessary, wearing the proper expression of shrewdness, terror, conciliation or rage. I should like Sir ERIC GEDDES to have one of my four-sided Chesterfields.

With his usual sagacity the reader will probably remark here that the four-sided Chesterfield can be procured

ready-made at any moment by turning the usual article round and pushing it up against the wall. This point has not escaped notice, my friend. But you can hardly imagine the objections that will be urged by the female members of your household against adopting such a course in the drawing-room. They will assert, amongst other things, that Mrs. Ponsonby-Smith is on the point of arriving and that she will think you've done it on purpose.

I shall have the upholsterer in tomorrow.
EVOE.

DEDICATIONS.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE has found it necessary to state publicly in a dedication that his books have not been written by his sister.

The following extracts are taken from possible future dedications by various authors:—

Mr. H. G. WELLS to the Bishop of LONDON.

As I have seen it stated in various journals that you are the author of my book, *The Soul of a Bishop*, I hereby take the opportunity of informing your Lordship most definitely and emphatically that you are *not*. That book and also *The Passionate Friends* were written without any assistance from the episcopal bench. To avoid future misunderstanding I may say that all my books are written by myself. If at any time it is suggested that any publication of your Lordship has been written by me, I shall be glad if you will immediately issue a contradiction.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW to the Editor of "The Morning Post."

You have not written my books. You have not written my plays. Any statement to the contrary is an infamous falsehood. No one else, dead or alive, could ever have written anything which I have written. When I have become an imbecile, which is not likely to happen yet, as I am a vegetarian and do not read your rag, it will be time enough for other people to lay claim to my work. Nor have I ever assisted you in conducting that which you call a paper, nor have I ever written an editorial for its columns. Please let this matter have your futile attention.

Miss DAISY ASHFORD to Lord HALDANE.

If I did not believe your Lordship to be really innocent I should be very vexed with you. But let me explain. I have heard it said in reliable quarters that you are the author of *The Young Visitors*. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! I thought everybody knew by now that no one helped me even to spell a word. I have read your Lordship's books with pleasure and of course realise their promise. But it is all very different stuff from *The Young Visitors*. Please in the future disclaim all credit for giving me my ideas, and in return I can assure you that your schemes for the better education of the people shall have my enthusiastic support.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to The Man in the Street.

The last thing that I wish is that you should be misunderstood; all my life I

have laboured to explain you to yourself. That my explanation has pleased you is shown by the fact that you buy my books. But you have commenced to give yourself airs, my man, and it is time you were put in your place. My books are so much to your taste that you have been led to believe yourself the author. Now please understand my books are written for you and not by you. You merely exist—thanks to me—and pay. I have been told that I once wrote a book called *The Old Wives' Tale*. If so, that was in earlier days, and you have long since forgiven me. And do you not owe me something for *The Pretty Lady*? Have I not shown you that your love is both sacred and profane? As I have enough to contend with from those who care for literature I hope any further word from me on this subject will be unnecessary.

Mrs. FLORENCE BARCLAY to Lord FISHER.

The phenomenal success of our recent volumes has, I understand, led a certain section of our public to believe that you are the author of several of my books. In particular it has been stated that *The Rosary* was written by your Lordship. As you know, I have a great respect for the aristocracy, and I do not suggest that you have deliberately put yourself forward as the author of my books. You will, however, understand me when I say that only your Lordship could express all that I feel about the matter. The mixing up of our identities is probably explained by the fact that we are both stylists and seekers for the *mot juste*. Will you please assist me in making it clear that we work independently? As I am staying in a country parsonage and it is our custom to read one another's letters over the breakfast-table, I shall be glad if any reply you may wish to make should be sent to the Editor of *The Times*.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE to Sir OLIVER LODGE.

Our common concern with the life beyond has become so well known that our interests in this present life are in danger of becoming involved. In a volume of *Sherlock Holmes* stories recently purchased abroad I find you described as the author, and another book assures me that I have written extensively on the Atomic Theory. You will, I am sure, see the harm which I am likely to suffer through such mistakes. Nor does the confusion end here. I find that my novel, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, is now stated to be by Sir CONAN LODGE, and another book of mine, *The Lost World*, to be by Sir OLIVER DOYLE. Also I have seen my-

self described as "The Principal of Birmingham University," and yourself as the well-known detective of Baker Street. May I solicit your aid in helping me to suppress any further confusion of our respective geni? My best wishes to you and the good work.

LABOUR-SAVING.

["Electric bore, one man, portable."
Trade Journal.]

Though not a scientific bean
I am occasionally seen
Scanning a technic magazine.

I love to learn of any wheeze
Wherewith to win by quick degrees
A rich sufficiency of ease.

And so it thrilled me to the core
To read the phrase, "Electric bore,"
And think of happy days in store.

In former times I'd often start
Abroad with eagerness of heart
To patronise dramatic art;

Only at curtain's fall to come
Homeward again, dejected, glum,
And overwhelmed by tedium.

With *ennui* verging on distress
I'd witnessed from the circle (dress)
Some transatlantic HUGE SUCCESS;

Or else some play of Irish life,
Ending with father, son and wife
Impaled upon a single knife;

Or haply I had chanced to choose
Some even surer source of blues,
One of the things they call revues.

But now those times are passed away;
Electric bores have come to stay;
I mean to purchase one to-day.

I don't know how it works, but au
Authority declares it can
Be guided by a single man.

I have in mind a little niche
Beside my study window which
Will just accommodate the switch.

Henceforth abroad no more I'll roam,
But turn it on at evening's gloam
And yawn my time away at home.

Our Go-ahead Municipalities.

"Visitors to — this summer need not fear want of recreation, for the Urban Council on Wednesday granted an application by Mr. — for leave to place an additional donkey on the beach."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Mr. Taylor, who had relieved Mr. Higgins, here had the misfortune to see Seymour badly hit over the right eye on attempting to hook one of his rising deliveries."—*Daily Paper*.

SEYMOUR, we understand, sympathised warmly with Mr. TAYLOR over this piece of bad luck.



MANNERS AND MODES.

DARBY AND JOAN (FOR THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC SPARES NEITHER AGE NOR VIRTUE) FAIL TO FIND THE WINNER OF THE 2.30.

A DOG'S LIFE.

THE life of a public man is a dog's life. I don't know why a dog's life should be the type and summit of unpleasantness in lives; for myself I should have thought it was rather a good life; no clothes to buy and no shortage of smells; but there it is. The reason is perhaps that a dog spends most of his day just finding a really good smell and being diverted from it by something else, a loud whistle in front or a motor-bicycle or another smell. He rushes off then after the whistler or the motor-bicycle or the new smell, missing all kinds of good smells on the way and never getting the cream of the old one. And that is like the day of the public man.

He sits up in bed in the morning, having his breakfast and thinking over the smells he is going to have during the day. There is an enormous choice. The whole of the bed is covered with papers; there are tables on either side of the bed covered with papers, letters and memoranda, and agenda and minutes and constituents' grievances, and charitable appeals and ordinary begs. When he moves his foot there is a great crackling, and the surface papers float off into the air and are wafted about the room. Each paper represents a different smell. He is going to make a speech to the Bottle-Washers' Union at 11 A.M. and he is reading the notes of his speech; but before that he has got to introduce a deputation of Fish-Friers to the HOME SECRETARY at ten and he is trying to find out what the Fish-Friers are after. But the telephone-bell keeps on ringing and the papers keep on floating away, and the papers about the Fish-Friers keep mixing themselves up with the papers about the Bottle-Washers, and the valet keeps coming in to say that the bath is prepared or the hosier has come, so that it is all very difficult.

All his family ring him up, and all the people who were at the meeting last night and were not quite satisfied with the terms of the Resolution, and all the people who are interested in Fish-Frying and Bottle-Washing, and all the people who want him to make a speech at Cardiff next year, and several newspapers who would like to interview him about the Sewers and Drains Bill, and a man whose uncle

has not yet been demobilised, and a lady whose first-born son would like to be President of the Board of Trade as soon as it can be arranged. Meanwhile people begin to drift into the room. The Private Secretary drifts in with a despatch-case, full of new smells and some old ones; and the valet drifts in to say that the bath is still prepared, and a haircutter and a man from the shirt-makers, and the Secretary of the Fish-Friers, who has looked in for a quiet talk about the situation.

When they are all ready for their quiet talks the public man decides that

tary's Secretary rings up and says that the PRIME MINISTER can see the public man for ten seconds at one minute past eleven. It is now clear that the Bottle-Washers and the Fish-Friers and the PRIME MINISTER are going to clash pretty badly, and a scene of intense confusion takes place. The public man runs about the room in his shirt-sleeves smelling distractedly at the papers on the floor and on the bed and everywhere else. Some of the papers he throws at the Private Secretary and tells him to write a memorandum about them, and go and see the War Office about them

and have six copies made of them. Most of them, however, he just throws on the floor or hides away in a dressing-gown where the Private Secretary won't find them; this is the only way of making sure of a permanent supply of good crises. A crisis about a lost document is far and away the most fruitful kind of crisis.

Meanwhile the valet pursues the public man about the room with spats and tries to attach them to his person. If he can attach both spats before the Fish-Friers' man really gets hold of him he has won the game. The Fish-Friers' man keeps clearing his throat and beginning, "The position is this—"; and the Private Secretary keeps saying in a cold dispassionate voice, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?" or "How much will you give to the Dyspeptic Postmen's Association?" or "What about this letter from Bunt?"

The public man takes no notice of any one of them, but says rapidly over and over again, "Where are my spectacles?" or "What have you done with the brown socks?" He is playing for time. If he can put them off for a little more, some new crisis may occur and he will be able to say that he is too busy to deal with them now.

The Private Secretary knows this and continues to say, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?" The Fish-Friers' man doesn't know it, and crawls about excitedly on the floor looking for the spectacles under the bed. When he is well under the bed the public man tells the Private Secretary to ring up the Bottle-Washers and the Fish-Friers and the PRIME MINISTER and arrange things somehow, and rushes out of the room. He is hotly pursued by the valet and the hosier and the hairdresser, but there's a taxi at the door and with any

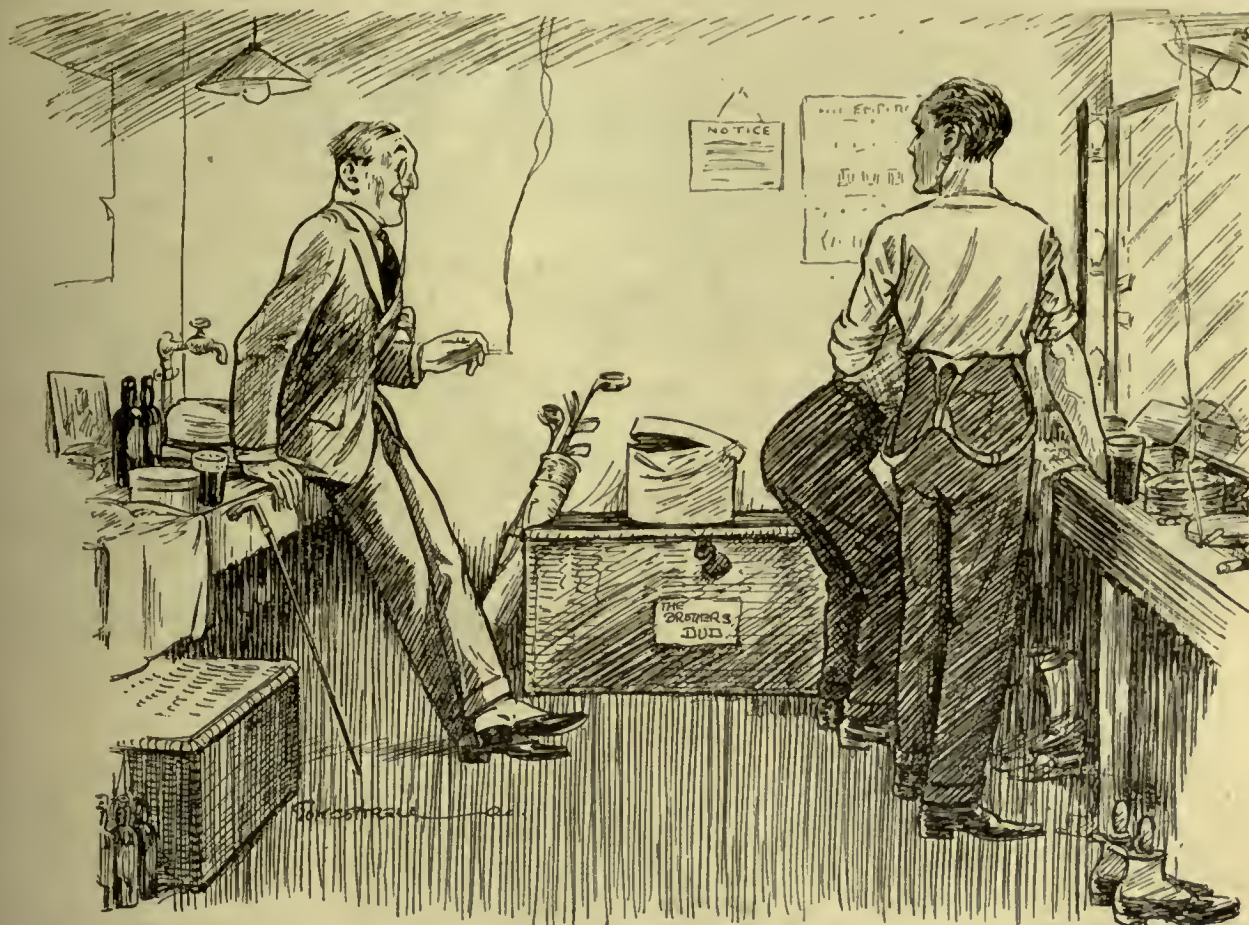


AT WIMBLEDON.

Umpire. "FORTY, THIRTY, SLASHER."

Diana (fresh from Ascot). "PUT ME THIRTY SHILLINGS ON."

it is time he got up; he leaps out of bed and rushes out of the room and shaves and baths and does his exercises very very quickly. Then he rushes back and has a talk with the HOME SECRETARY on the telephone while he is drying his ears. When his ears are nice and dry he rings off and ties his tie, meanwhile dictating a nasty letter to *The Times* about the Scavengers (Minimum Wage) (Scotland) No. 2 Bill. In the middle of this letter two new crises arise—(1) The HOME SECRETARY's Private Secretary's Secretary rings up and says that the Fish-Friers' deputation is postponed till 11 A.M. because of a Cabinet Meeting about the new war. (2) The Assistant-Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER's Principal Secre-



Visitor (to actor friend). "Y' KNOW, I WAS GOIN' ON THE STAGE MYSELF ONCE, BUT MY PEOPLE DINE SO LATE."

luck he will now get clear away. In the hall, however, the cook meets him in order to give notice, and by the time he has dealt with that crisis the Private Secretary has had three wrong numbers and given it up, and the Fish-Friers' man has bumped his head and given it up. They give chase together and catch the public man just as he is escaping from the front-door. The Private Secretary starts again about the Lord Mayor's lunch, and the Fish-Friers' man starts again about the position.

The public man knows now that he is done, so he drives them into the taxi and says he will talk to them on the way to the PRIME MINISTER. The taxi dashes off, leaving the hosier and the hairdresser and the valet wringing their hands in the hall.

The only thing the public man can do now is to invent a new crisis for the Private Secretary, who is still saying in a cold dispassionate voice, "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's lunch?"

So he thinks of one of the letters he has hidden in his dressing-gown and tells the Private Secretary that he must have that letter for the Bottle-Washers' meeting. Then he stops the taxi at a

place where there is no Underground and no 'bus, and pushes the Private Secretary out. He has disposed of the Private Secretary for the day.

But the Fish-Friers' man's throat is practically clear by now and he gets to work at once. The public man pays no attention but prepares in his mind his opening sentences to the PRIME MINISTER. In the Park he sees two other public men walking and he takes them into the cab. Each of them has discovered some entirely new smells and starts talking about them at once very fast. The public man promises to go and try them all immediately. When he gets to the PRIME MINISTER's he rings up and cancels the Fish-Friers and the Bottle-Washers. When he has done that the Assistant-Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER's Principal Private Secretary's Secretary comes out and says that the PRIME MINISTER has been called away suddenly to Geneva.

The public man then goes off after the new smells. A dog's life. A. P. H.

A Sporting Offer.

"Rabbit trapper would take so much the couple or rent them, or give so much the couple and kill them."—*Scotch Paper*.

A CORNISH LULLABY.

A.D. 1760.

SLEEP, my little ugling,
Daddy's gone a-sinuggling,
Daddy's gone to Roscoff in the *Mevagissey Maid*,
A sloop of ninety tons
With ten brass-carriage guns,
To teach the King's ships manners and respect for honest trade.

Hush, my joy and sorrow,
Daddy'll come to-morrow
Bringing bacey, tea and snuff and brandy
home from France;
And he'll run the goods ashore
While the old Collectors snore
And the wicked troopers gamble in the deus of Penzance.

Rock-a-bye, my honey,
Daddy's making money;
You shall be a gentleman and sail with privateers,
With a silver cup for sack
And a blue coat on your back,
With diamonds on your finger-bones
and gold rings in your ears.

PATLANDER.



Motorist. "THAT REMINDS ME—I NEVER POSTED THAT LETTER."

POPULAR CRICKET.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I enclose a cut from *Le Radical*, one of the leading Mauritius papers, and on behalf of the lovers of our national game in the island venture to ask for information regarding the last match recorded:—

"Londres, 14 mai, 4 hres P.M.—Marylebone a battu Nottingham par 5 wickets; Lancashire a battu Leicesters; Sussex a battu Warwick. En second lieu un joueur du Sussex a battu H. Wilson par 187 wickets."

We are much perturbed at the strange developments that are evidently taking place in the game at home. Was this match, we want to know, a single-wicket game between the Sussex player and H. WILSON? If so how did he beat him by 187 wickets?

An ex-captain of the Cambridge eleven living here is of the opinion that, in order to make cricket more popular, the numbers of the opposing sides are being increased, and that this match must have been between a team of, say, a couple of hundred Sussex players and one of a like number captained by H. WILSON, and that only some dozen wickets had fallen in the second innings

when the match ended.—If this is the correct interpretation we should be very grateful for the rules, plan of the field, etc., as we are most anxious to move with the times in this little outpost of Empire.

I fear however that we shall have some difficulty here in raising two teams of more than a hundred-a-side.

We presume that, as a match of eleven-a-side takes two or three days to finish, about six or eight weeks are allotted to this new game.

Any help that you can give us, Sir, will be much appreciated.

Yours faithfully, M. C. C.

FROM THE FILM WORLD.

As an interesting supplement to the announcement that Sir THOMAS LIPTON has kindly placed his bungalows and estates in Ceylon at the disposal of the East and West Films, Limited, for the filming of *The Life of BUDDHA*, we are glad to learn that preparations are already well advanced for the presentation of the *Life of HANNIBAL* on the screen.

Messrs. Sowerly and Bitterton, the well-known vinegar manufacturers, have undertaken to provide the neces-

sary plant for illustration of the famous exploit of splitting the rocks with that disintegrating condiment, and Messrs. Rappin and Jebb, the famous cutlers, have been approached with a view to furnish the necessary implements for the portrayal of the tragedy of the Caudine Forks. Professor Chollop, who is superintending the taking of the pictures of the battle of Cannæ and the subsequent period of repose at Capua in their proper atmosphere, states that he is receiving every support from the local condottieri, pifferari, banditti and lazzaroni, and expects to be able to complete his task by the late autumn.

A certain amount of antagonism, on humanitarian grounds, has been shown by the Italian Government to the importation of a herd of elephants, which were essential to the realistic depiction of the passage of the Alps by the Carthaginian army; but it is hoped that by the use of skis the transit may be effected without undue casualties among the elephantine fraternity.

Lord FISHER has been invited to impersonate SCIPIO, and the rôle of FABIVS, the originator of the "Wait and See" policy, has been offered to Mr. ASQUITH, but authentic details are as yet lacking as to their decision.



THE BLAMELESS ACCOMPLICE.

IRISH RAILWAYMAN (to *Sinn Féin* Assassin). "YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. DETESTING MURDER, AS MR. THOMAS SAYS I DO, I'VE TAKEN CARE THAT THAT FELLOW SHOULD HAVE NO AMMUNITION."

[“The Irish members of the N.U.R. expressed publicly their feeling of disgust at murder and outrage.”—Mr. J. H. THOMAS.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 21st.—While the PRIME MINISTER was celebrating the longest—and pretty nearly the hottest—day by a *vin d'honneur* at Boulogne Mr. BONAR LAW had to content himself with small beer in the Commons.

The Government, it seems, is to offer its services to effect a peaceful settlement between the Imam YAHYA and the Said Idrissi, who are rival rulers in Arabia. There is believed to be a possibility that in return the said Said will offer his services to effect a peaceful settlement in Hibernia Infelix.

The Government is not so indifferent to economy as is sometimes suggested. The PRIME MINISTER's famous letter to the Departments was only written in August last, yet already, Mr. BONAR LAW assured the House, some progress has been made in reducing redundant staffs, and the Government has appointed—no, I beg pardon, “decided to appoint”—independent Committees to carry out investigations. The hustlers!

The Member for Wood Green, who urged that the Treasury should prepare an estimate of the national income, with the view of limiting the national expenditure to a definite proportion of that amount, displayed, it seems to me, amazing temerity. The course of taxation in recent years encourages the belief that the only thing that restrains the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER from taking our little all is that he does not know how much it is.

Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN's complaint that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT habitually absented himself from the House met with little encouragement from the SPEAKER, who sarcastically inquired if he should send the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS to fetch the delinquent. Capt. BENN then dropped the subject, and Sir COLIN KEPPEL looked relieved.

The Government insisted on taking the Report stage and Third Reading of the Rent (Restrictions) Bill at one sit-

ting, and kept the House up till half-past three in order to do it. Dr. ADDISON had need of what the IRON DUKE called “two o'clock in the morning courage” to ward off attacks. Once, when Sir ARTHUR FELL was depicting the des-

attempt to throw out the Matrimonial Causes Bill. Lord BRAYE moved its rejection, and was supported by Lord HALIFAX in a speech whose pathos was even stronger than its argument, and by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who

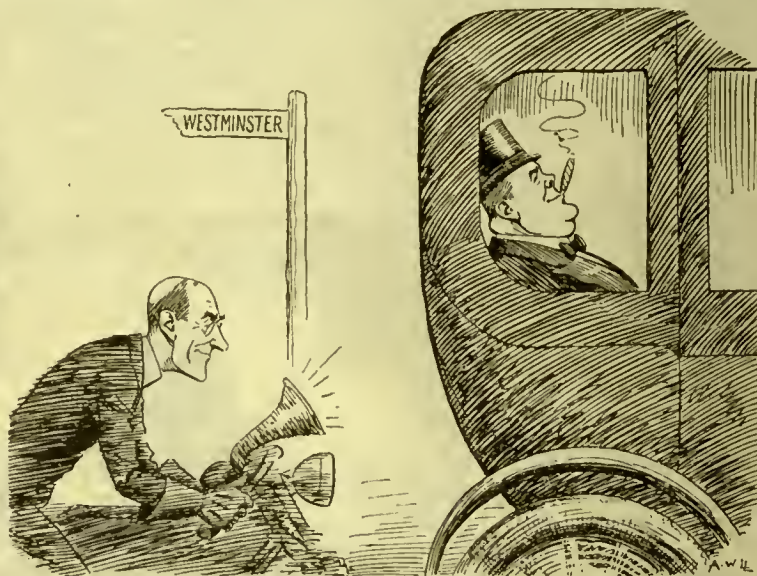
admitted that reform of the marriage laws was required, but considered that the Bill went a great deal further than was necessary. The LORD CHANCELLOR thereupon re-stated the case for the measure, for which he believed the Government were prepared to give facilities in the other House, and Lord BUCKMASTER repeated his exegesis of the vexed passage in St. MATTHEW's Gospel, on which the whole theological controversy turns. The Third Reading was carried by 154 votes to 107.

The Commons in the course of the Irish Debate discussed the failure of the Government to prevent the regrettable

incidents in Derry and Dublin. Colonel ASHLEY demanded martial law; Major O'NEILL was for organising the loyal population; Sir KEITH FRASER approved both courses and advanced the amazing proposition that the trouble in Ireland was entirely due to the religious question and that even the Sinn Féiners were loyal to the Empire.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND pointed out that faction-fighting in Derry was endemic, and drew an amusing picture of the old city, where everyone had some kind of rabbit-hole from which he could emerge to fire a revolver. As regards the general question he denied that the Constabulary had been instructed not to shoot. On the contrary they had been told to treat attackers as “enemies in the field,” and to call upon suspected persons to hold up their hands.

LORD ROBERT CECIL was at a loss to understand the policy of a Government that applied coercion to the very people to whom was preparing to hand over the government of Southern Ireland, and Mr. IRVING was equally at a loss to understand the policy of the noble lord, who



“DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SEND THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS TO FETCH THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT?”—*The SPEAKER.*

perate plight of the landladies of Yarmouth, forbidden under a penalty of a hundred pounds to charge more than twenty-five per cent. in excess of their pre-war prices, it looked as if the Minister must give way; but with some

incidents in Derry and Dublin. Colonel ASHLEY demanded martial law; Major O'NEILL was for organising the loyal population; Sir KEITH FRASER approved both courses and advanced the amazing proposition that the trouble



THE YOUNG UNIONIST MOVEMENT.

“IF THEY WERE TO HAVE HOME RULE AT ALL THEY MUST ‘GO THE WHOLE HOG.’”—*Mr. ORMSBY GORE.*

difficulty he convinced his critics that the clause in question had nothing to do with seaside landladies.

Tuesday, June 22nd.—In the Lords the Bishops, reinforced by the ecclesiastically-minded lay Peers, made a last

policy of a Government that applied coercion to the very people to whom was preparing to hand over the government of Southern Ireland, and Mr. IRVING was equally at a loss to understand the policy of the noble lord, who



Naturalised Alien. "VY DOND YOU OED OUD OF MY VAY? DOND YOU KNOW DER RULE OF DER RIVER?"
Bargeman. "WHICH? THE RHINE?"

seemed to think that conciliation was incompatible with putting down crime.

Wednesday, June 23rd.—A large company, including the QUEEN and Princess MARY, attended the House of Lords to see Prince ALBERT take his seat as Duke of YORK. It was unfortunate that the new peer was unable to wait for the ensuing debate, for Lord NEWTON was in his best form. His theme was the absurdity of the present Parliamentary arrangement under which the Peers were kept kicking their heels in London for the best months of the year, then overwhelmed with business for a week or two, and finally despatched to the country in time for the hunting season, which nowadays most of them were too much impoverished to enjoy. Lord CURZON condescended a little from his usual Olympian heights, and declared that one of the drawbacks to conducting business in that House was the difficulty of inducing noble Lords to attend it after dinner.

To judge by Mr. ASQUITH's recent speeches outside he meant to have delivered a thundering philippic against our continued occupation of Mesopotamia. Some of the sting was taken out of the indictment by the publication of an official statement showing that Great Britain was remaining there at

the request of the Allies. After all, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE observed in his reply, it would not be an economical policy to withdraw to Basra if we were



MENS EQUA REBUS IN ARDUIS.

MR. DENIS HENRY ON THE IRISH SITUATION.

to be immediately requested to return to Baghdad.

The rest of the evening was devoted to a renewal of the protests against Mr. CHURCHILL's "Red Army." Among the critics were Mr. ESMOND HARMS-

WORTH and Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY, the two "babies" of the House, and the MINISTER adopted quite a fatherly tone in recalling his own callow youth, when he too, just after the Boer War, denounced "the folly of gaudy and tinselled uniforms."

Thursday, June 24th.—On behalf of the Government Lord ONSLOW gave a rather chilly welcome to Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH's Bill for the regulation of advertisements. It is true that the noble author had explained that his object was to secure "publicity without offence," but I believe he had no desire to cramp the PRIME MINISTER's style.

Sir ERIC GEDDES belongs to that wicked species of fauna that defends itself when attacked. He complained this afternoon that Mr. ASQUITH had in his recent speeches "trounced a beginner," but Sir ERIC showed, for a novice, considerable aggressive power. He claimed that the Ministry of Transport had already saved a cool million by securing the abrogation of an extravagant contract entered into by Mr. ASQUITH's Government. The EX PREMIER, however, insisted that if a mistake had been made the Railway Department of the Board of Trade could have corrected it just as well as its grandiose successor and at an infinitely smaller cost.

THE NEW COURTiership.

(With profound acknowledgment to the writer of the article on "Heroine Worship" in "The Times" of June 24th.)

WHILE thrones and dynasties have rocked or fallen in the great world upheaval of the last six years, there remains one form of monarchy which has proved impervious to all the shocks of circumstance—the monarchy of genius. If proof be demanded of this assertion we need only point to the wonderful manifestations of loyalty evoked in the last week by the advent of the Queen of the Film World and her admirable consort. The adoration of MARY PICKFORD has been compared with that of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and not without some show of reason, for the appeal which her acting makes is always to the sense of chivalry which, in however sentimental a form, is characteristic of our race.

But the noble adulation which the latest of our royal visitors inspires is deeper and more universal than that prompted by the charm and the misfortunes of her namesake. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, as the evidence of contemporary portraits conclusively establishes, was not conspicuous for her personal beauty. In the "Queen business" she was a failure, and her prestige is largely if not entirely posthumous. Her character has been impugned by historians; even her most faithful champions have not pronounced her impeccable.

Centuries were necessary to raise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS to her somewhat insecure pinnacle of devotion; by the alchemy of a machine centuries have been shortened to days and nights in the meteoric career of Miss PICKFORD. Yet merit has joined fortune in high cabal. Handicapped by a somewhat uneuphonious patronymic, MARY PICKFORD has established her rule without recourse to any of the disputable methods adopted by her predecessor. At home in all the "palaces" of both hemispheres, she owes her triumphs to the triple endowment of genius, loveliness and gentleness. Moreover, in the highest sense she is truly an ambassador of our race, for the kiss which she so graciously bestowed on Miss SIZEMORE at Wimbledon on Wed-

nesday last has probably done even more to heal the wounds inflicted on our gallant Allies by the disastrous policy of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE than the heroic efforts of *The Times* to maintain the Entente in its integrity.

The parallels and contrasts with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS need not be further laboured. But far too little stress has been laid on the rare felicity of a union which links the name of Mary with that of Douglas. The annals of British chivalry contain no more romantic or splendid entries than those associated with Sir JAMES DOUGLAS, alternately styled the "Good" and the "Black," hero of seventy battles and the victor in fifty-seven, peerless as a raider,

AGRIPPINA, Queen PICKFORD the First may "endure her felicity with fortitude." Conspicuous grandeur has its penalties as well as its privileges, but the chivalric instinct is still alive in our midst; and all of us who are not perverted or debased by the malign "wizardry" of the PRIME MINISTER will spring to the defence of MARY "the Sweetheart of the World," and DOUGLAS "tender and true," in their hours of peril. In that high emprise the gentlemen of the world, however humble, stand, as of old time, side by side and shoulder to shoulder.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOTHERS.

WE were sitting in the smoking-room when the Venerable Archdeacon entered. He had been so long absent that we asked him the reason.

Had he been ill?

Ill? Not he. He never was better in his life. He had merely been on a motor tour with his mother.

"Do you mean to say," someone inquired—an equally elderly member—almost with anger, certainly with a kind of outraged surprise, "that you have a mother still living?"

"Of course I have," said the Man of God. "My mother is not only living but is in the pink of condition."

"And how old is she?" the questioner continued.

"She is ninety-one,"

said the Archdeacon proudly.

Most of us looked at him with wonder and respect—even a touch of awe.

"And still motoring!" I commented.

"She delights in motoring."

"Well," said the angry man, "you needn't be so conceited about it. You are not the only person with an aged mother. I have a mother too."

We switched round to this new centre of surprise. It was more incredible that this man should have a mother even than the Archdeacon. No one had ever suspected him of anything so extreme, for he had a long white beard and hobbled with a stick.

"And how old may your mother be?" the Archdeacon inquired.

"My mother is ninety-two."

"And is she well and hearty?"

"My mother," he replied, "is in rud health—or, as you would say, full of beans."



THE IRRESISTIBLE MEETS THE IMMOVABLE.

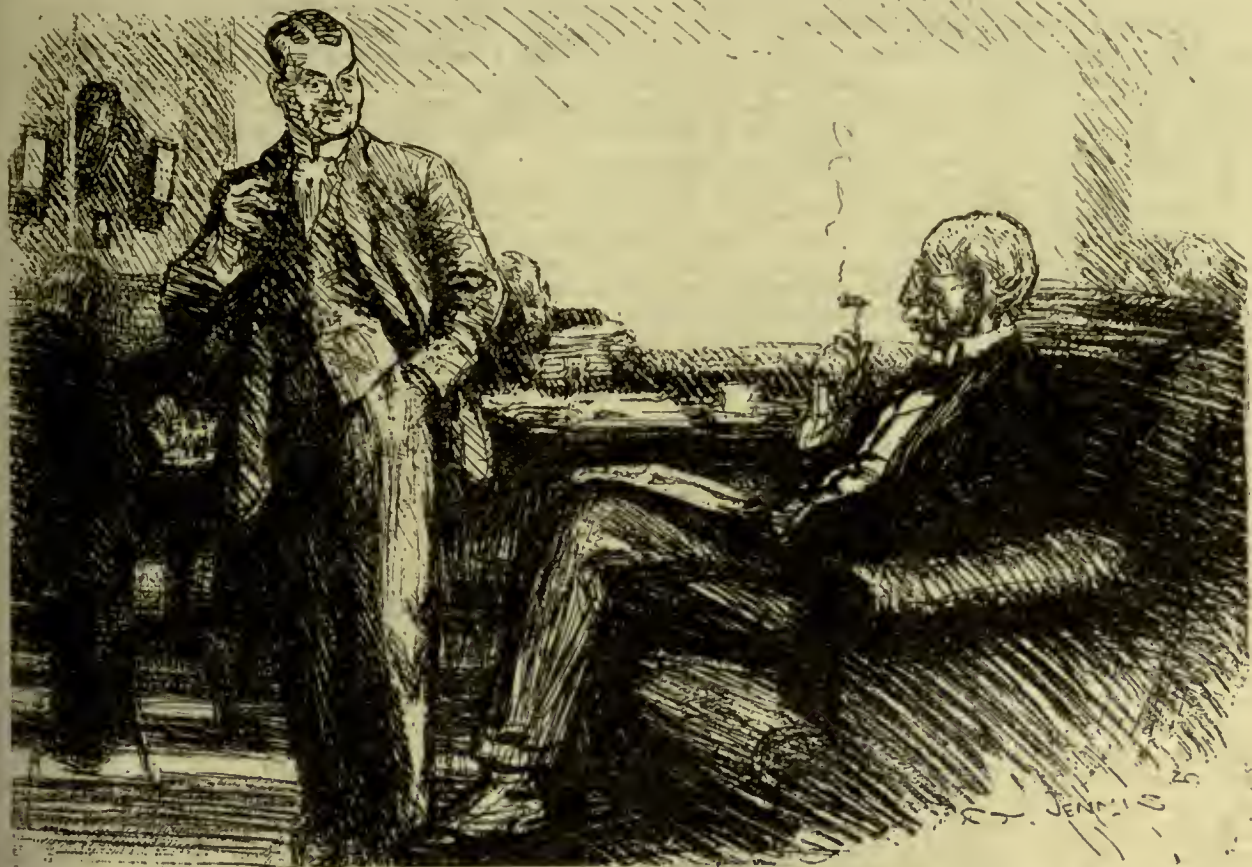
SCENE: Exclusive West-End Square, with passing procession of "Reds."

The Flag-bearer. "CONRADE, THE REVOLUTION IS 'ERE!"

The Complete Butler. "Ah! WILL YOU KINDLY DELIVER IT AT THE HAREM ENTRANCE?"

who crowned a glorious career by his mission to Palestine with the embalmed heart of BRUCE, and his death in action against the Moors. His illustrious namesake is now conducting a "raid" on our shores of a purely educational and humanitarian nature, and our welcome, while it expresses the rare and momentous influence of the film, is no mere gratitude for pleasure afforded; it is rather the recognition of a human touch tending to make the whole English-speaking world kin.

The visit is not unattended by risks, for the ardour of enthusiasm imposes a corresponding strain on the endurance of this august and inimitable pair. But there can be no doubt as to the absolute sincerity and spontaneity of these marvellous demonstrations of loyal affection. We can only hope that, to borrow the noble phrase of the Roman Senate in their address to NERO on the death of



Valetudinarian. "I'VE GOT CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER, AN INCIPIENT CARBUNCLE ON MY NECK, INFLAMMATION OF THE DUODENUM, SEPTIC SORE THROAT AND GENERAL PROSTRATION."

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, AND HOW ARE YOU?"

The Archdeacon made a deprecatory movement, repudiating the metaphor.

"She not only motors," the layman pursued, "but she can walk. Can your mother walk?"

"I am sorry to say," said the Archdeacon, "that my mother has to be helped a good deal."

"Ha!" said the layman.

"But," the Archdeacon continued, "she has all her other faculties. Can your mother still read?"

"My mother is a most accomplished and assiduous knitter," said the bearded man.

"No doubt, no doubt," the Archdeacon agreed; "but my question was, Can she still read?"

"With glasses—yes," said the other.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Archdeacon, "I thought so. Now my dear mother can still read the smallest print without glasses."

We murmured our approval.

"And more," the Archdeacon went on, "she can thread her own needle."

We approved again.

"That's all very well," said the other, "but sight is not everything. Can your mother hear?"

"She can hear all that I say to her," replied the Archdeacon.

"Ah! but you probably raise your voice, and she is accustomed to it. Could she hear a stranger? Could she hear me?"

Remembering the tone of some of his after-lunch conversations I suggested that perhaps it would be well if on occasions she could not. He glowered down such frivolousness and proceeded with his cross-examination. "Are you trying to assure us that your mother is not in the least bit deaf?"

"Well," the Archdeacon conceded, "I could not go so far as to say that her hearing is still perfect."

The layman smiled his satisfaction. "In other words," he said, "she uses a trumpet?"

The Archdeacon was silent.

"She uses a trumpet, Sir? Admit it."

"Now and then," said the Archdeacon, "my dear mother has recourse to that aid."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the other.

"My mother can hear every word. She goes to the theatre too. Now your mother would have to go to the cinema if she wished to be entertained."

"My mother," said the Archdeacon, "would not be interested in the cinema" (he pronounced it *ki-nēma*); "her mind is of a more serious turn."

"My mother is young enough to be interested in anything," said the other. "And there is not one of her thirty-eight grandchildren of whose progress she is not kept closely informed."

He leaned back with a gesture of triumph.

"How many grandchildren did you say?" the Archdeacon inquired. "I didn't quite catch."

"Thirty-eight," the other man replied.

Across the cleric's ascetic features a happy smile slowly and conqueringly spread. "My mother," he said, "has fifty-two grandchildren. And now," he turned to me, "which of us would you say has won this entertaining contest?"

"I should not like to decide," I said.

"I am—fortunately perhaps for your mothers—no Solomon. My verdict is that both of you are wonderfully lucky men."

E. V. L.

A Knowing Old Bird.

"Grey African Parrot . . . every question fully answered; £10 or offers."—*Weekly Paper.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE have had to wait four years for the concluding volumes of *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli* (MURRAY), but, as the engaged couple said of the tunnel, "it was worth it," for in the interval Mr. BUCKLE has been able to enrich his work with a wealth of new material. This includes DISRAELI's correspondence with QUEEN VICTORIA during his two Premierships, and the still more remarkable letters that he wrote to the two favoured sisters, ANNE, Lady CHESTERFIELD, and SELINA, Lady BRADFORD, during the last eight years of his life. To one or other of them he wrote almost every day, and from the sixteen hundred letters that have been preserved Mr. BUCKLE has selected with happy discretion a multitude of passages which throw a vivid light upon the political events of the time and upon DISRAELI's own character. Whereas the first four volumes of the biography might be likened to a good sound Burgundy, thanks to these letters the last two sparkle and stimulate like a vintage champagne. As we read them we seem to

be present at the scenes described, to overhear the discussions at the Cabinet, to catch a glimpse of the actors *en déshabillé*. Mr. BUCKLE says that "Disraeli, from first to last, regarded his life as a brightly tinted romance, with himself as hero." In one of his letters to Lady BRADFORD he says, "I live for Power and the Affections." A poseur, no doubt, he was, but not a charlatan. His industry was amazing and his insight almost uncanny. "I know not why Japan should not become the Sardinia of the Mongolian East," he writes in 1875. To the political student these volumes will be almost as fruitful a field as BURKE; for myself, I have found them more fascinating than any novel.

It seems a great pity that Mr. KIPLING's *Letters of Travel* (MACMILLAN) contains nothing later than 1913. It would have been particularly interesting to see how far the events of the great tragedy might have modified or aggravated his scorn against those who do not see eye to eye with him. In the pre-war KIPLING, as we have him here, "Labour" is always the enemy, "Democracy" the hypocritical cant of cranks and slackers. What do they know of England who only KIPLING know? Well, they know one side of it, and a fine side. The first sheaf of letters—"From Tideway to Tideway (1892)"—describes a tour through America and Canada, with a rather too obvious bias against the habits and institutions of the former, but with so eloquent a presentation of the dream and fact of imperial pioneering service that it might draw even from a Little Englander, "Almost thou persuadest me!" "Letters to the Family" deals with the Canada of 1907, a very different entity from the Canada of to-day after the later Imperial Conferences and five years' trial of war, but none the less interesting to hear about. A voyage in 1913, undertaken "for no other

reason but to discover the sun," is the begetter of the third group, "Egypt and the Egyptians," the first letter of which will not, I imagine, be reprinted and framed by the P. and O. Brilliant word-pictures of things seen, thumbnail sketches of odd characters, clever records of remembered speech, intelligent comment from a well-defined point of view—these you will have expected, and will get.

Lady DOROTHY MILLS, who has already made some success as a holder of the mirror up to a certain section of ultra-smart society, continues this benevolent work in her new novel, *The Laughter of Fools* (Duckworth). It is a clever tale, almost horribly well told, about the war-time behaviour of the rottenest idle-rich element, in the disorganised and hectic London of 1917-18. Perhaps the observation is superficial; but, just so far as it pretends to go, Lady DOROTHY's method does undoubtedly get home. Her heroine, *Louise*, is a detestable little egoist, whose vanity and entire lack of moral render her an easy victim to the vampire crowd into which she drifts. The "sensational" scenes, night club orgies, dope parties and the like will



Alexander (bored). "Life is very dull, my dear Rox. No more worlds to—"

Roxana. "Oh, nonsense, Alec! There's always something to do. I wish you'd go into the kitchen and discharge that Cappadocian cook. She drinks."

probably bring the book a boom of curiosity; but there are not wanting signs, in the author's easy unforced method, that with a larger theme she may one day write a considerably bigger book. *The Laughter of Fools*, one may say, ends tragically; *Louise*, after exhausting all her other activities, being left about to join a nursing expedition to Northern Russia. Which, judging by previous revelations of her general incompetence, is where the tragedy comes in—for the prospective patients. A moral rather carefully

unmoralised is how I should sum up an unpleasant but shrewdly written tale.

To *The Diary of a U-Boat Commander* (HUTCHINSON) "ETIENNE" adds an introduction and some explanatory notes. In one of these notes we are told that the Diary was left in a locker when the Commander handed over his boat to the British. We are all at liberty to form any opinion we like on the use made of this Diary and I am not going to reveal mine. For, after all, it is the book itself—however produced—that matters, and even those of us who are getting a little shy of literature connected with the War will find something original and intriguing in this Diary. With what seems to me unnecessary frankness the publisher refers to the Commander's "incredible exploits and adventures on the high seas." For my own part my powers of belief in regard to the War are almost unlimited, and the only thing that really staggers me here is the mentality of the diarist. From the record of his purely private life, which is also exposed in these pages, I gather that he was as unfortunate in love as in war; but he seems to have loved with a whole-hearted passion that goes far to redeem him. I must add a word of praise for Mr. FRANK MASON's illustrations, which contributed generously to my entertainment.



AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANCE.

Mr. Punch had kissed the lady's hand and she had smiled upon him very graciously, for they were old friends.

"I have brought you a letter from myself," he said.

"Shall I read it while you wait?" said Madame la France.

"Please, no. I never read my contributors' compositions in their presence. It is embarrassing to both sides. And I want you to take your time over this one, and consider carefully whether it is suitable for publication in your Press. I have enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, to be utilized in the event of your deciding to return my communication with regrets. In any case I propose to publish it in my own paper, *The London Charivari*."

[Here begins the letter:—

"NEAREST AND DEAREST OF ALLIES,—You and I (I speak for my country, though I have not been asked to do so) have gone through so much together that it would be an infinite pity if any misunderstanding were suffered to cloud our friendship for want of a little candour on my part. No *Entente* can retain its cordiality without mutual candour; and hitherto the reticence has been all on our side.

"Not when your splendid courage and your noble sacrifices gave us a theme; then we were always frankly proud in our admiration; but when we reflected upon what I may venture to call your faults and failings. Whatever we may have thought about them during all those terrible years, you will find in our public statements no note of criticism and not a single word that did not breathe a true loyalty. You too were generous in your praise of us when we won battles; and at the end, with your own Foch for witness, you were quick to recognise what part we played in those great Autumn days that brought the crowning victory. But it almost looks as if your memory of our brotherhood in arms were beginning to fail; as if we, who were then hailed as your 'glorious Ally,' were about to resume our old name—it has already been revived in some quarters—of 'Perfidious Albion.'

"Oh, I know that the best of France is loyal to us; that her true chivalry understands. But what of our public that is all ear for the so-called *Echo de Paris*, with its constant incitement to jealousy and suspicion of England? What of your second-rate Press and its pin-pricking policy, connived at, if not actually encouraged, by your Government?

"Of course I recognise that you never really liked the idea of all those British soldiers making themselves at home in your country, though they did it as nicely as it could be done, and made hosts of friends in the process. I can believe that we should not have been too well pleased at having a like number of French troops established between Dover and London. I don't say we should have charged you rent for every yard of their

trenches or claimed heavy damages for any injury they might have done to our roads in the course of defending the Metropolis from our common enemy. But we certainly should not have been depressed when we found that they needn't stay any longer. Still I hope we should have registered on the tablets of our hearts a permanent record indicating that we appreciated their friendliness in coming to our support.

"But I am told that the secret of the present attitude of our French critics is that they cannot forgive us for having used the soil of France in order to defend our own. Is this quite fair or even decent? Let me refresh their memory of the motive that brought us into this War. The true motive was not to be found in the duty imposed upon us by Germany's breach of the Belgian Treaty, though that in itself furnished us with an unanswerable reason. The true motive was our desire to help you. We had nothing in those days to fear for ourselves. We knew that our Fleet was strong enough to protect our own shores. We had not yet appreciated the submarine menace; we did not recognise what your loss of the Channel ports might mean for us. We entered the War because we could not look on and see you overwhelmed.

"You complain, again, that, in contrast to yourselves, we have got all we wanted out of the War. As a fact we wanted nothing; but let that pass. You point to the destruction of the German Fleet as if it were a private gain for us and us alone, and not the removal of a danger to the whole world. And what of the German armies—now in process of reduction to a mere police force? Did you derive no advantage from the overthrow of a system which was always a greater menace to you than the German Fleet ever was to us? And, though we did not pretend to be a military nation, had we not some little share in that achievement?

"And what of your *revanche*? How do the German Colonies, which we have freed and now hold in trust—how do these compare with your solid recovery of Alsace-Lorraine? No, you have not come badly out of Armageddon.

"Oh, you have suffered, that we know; you have suffered even more than we, who at least were spared the ravaging of our lands. And never for a moment do we forget this. But you too must not forget that where the soil of France suffered most there thickest lie our English dead, who fought for England's freedom, yes, but for your freedom too. And it is we who stand by you still, pledged to be once more at your side if the same peril ever come again; though America, for whom nothing was once too good, should fail you in your need.

"There, I have said what I wanted to say; what your best friends here have been thinking this many a day. For your best friends are not, as you might imagine, to be found in a certain section of our Press who for their own political or private ends are prepared to encourage all your suspicions if so they may injure the good name of our statesmen who meet you in council for the common cause. Your best friends are the men who deplore those suspicions; who beg you, as I do here, to get them swept away as being unworthy of a great nation and a great alliance.

"For this end, Believe me, dear Madame, to be at your service as always,

"PUNCH."

Here ends the letter.]

"And now, dear lady," said Mr. Punch, "let me say that, if there is anything in this letter which seems—but only on the surface—to be inconsistent with my profound devotion to your person, it is the first word of the kind that I have put on paper since our friendship began. All through the War and the hardly less trying times of Peace that have followed it I have not once swerved from my loyalty to you. Accept, I beg of you, the renewed assurance of my affection the most sincere, and, for token, this latest of a series in which you will find many proofs of the love I bear you—my

One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Volume."





Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Air-Craftness	471
Another Reservation	111
Blameless Accomplice (The)	511
Dark Horse (A)	431
Exit the Ministering Angel	371
Forgotten Cause (The)	211
Great Improviser (The)	451
His First Patient	491
Homage from the Bravo	391
Hope of the World (The)	271
In a Cushy Causo	331
International Eurhythmics	1'1
Kindest Cut of All (The)	191
Levy on Patriotism (A)	291
Limit—and Beyond (The)	411

Occasional Comrades	251
Reckoning (The)	351
Restoring the Balance	311
Return of the ex-Champion (The)	171
Rouge Gagne	71
Test of Sagacity (A)	131
Unpopular Revival (An)	231
Woman of Some Importance (A)	91

RAVEN-HILL, L.

Conscientious Burglar (The)	103
Converted Spirit (A)	183
Dachswolf (The)	243
Direct Reaction	463

Disturber of the Peace (A)	323
Downing Street Melodrama (A)	13
Elusive Pest (The)	163
Even-handed Justice	51
Expert Opinion	353
From Triumph to Triumph	313
Heir-Presumptive (The)	31
His Own Business	403
Irremovables (The)	143
Lovers' Quarrels	303
Midsummer Nightmare (A)	4-3
More Haste—Less Meat	441
New Coalition (The)	123
Paradise Lost Again?	503
Popular Reappearance (A)	63
Reluctant Thruster (The)	383

St. Patrick's Day Dream (A)	203
Sounding the "All Clear"	11
What's in a Name?	223
Withdrawal from Moscow (The)	283

REYNOLDS, FRANK

"Positively Last" Appearance (A) 3	
------------------------------------	--

TOWNSEND, F. H.

Another Turkish Concession ..	23
Envoys Extraordinary	423
"Oliver 'Aska' for More"	263
"Wanted"	43

Articles.

ANDERSON, MISS E. V. M.	
Tragedy of an Author's Wife	66
ATKEI, BERTRAM	
Best of Things (The)	94
BIRD, A. W.	
Bridge Notes	304
Conspiracy	376
Domestic Strategy	130
Poisson d'Avril	274
BRAHMS, MISS M.	
Egoist (The)	34
Riding Lesson (The)	76
BRETHERTON, CYRIL	
Charivaria	weekly
Guinea-pigs	183
To Jessie	198
To my Butterflation	70
BROWN, C. L. M.	
Our Invincible Navy	24
What of the Dumps?	218
With the Auxiliary Patrol	62
BROWN, HILTON	
Catchery Cats	438
Demobbed	258
Home Thoughts from Hind	86
Labuntur Anni	286
BULLETT, GERALD	
Exile (The)	96
BURTON, C. E.	
Flat to Let (A)	222
BYLES, C. E.	
Analgesia	434
Tale of the Tuncful Tub (The) ..	78
To a Dentist	409
To the New Policeman	449
CARTER, DESMOND	
Spring Song (A)	250
CASSON, C. R.	
Coward (The)	144
Indiarubber Bloke (The)	254

Much the Better Half	406
My Début in Punch	49
On Approval	441
Peace with Honour	288
CASSON, E. K.	
Anniversary (The)	186
Cap that Fits (The)	433
CHANDLER, MISS B. W.	
Fancy Bird (A)	174
CLARK, DUDLEY	
Small Farm (A)	395
COLLINS, GILBERT	
Questionable Alien (The)	13
CONRAN, E. D.	
On the Western Front	206
COXON, MAJOR A. M.	
Popular Cricket	510
CRAWFORD, L. J.	
Liar's Masterpiece (A)	282
Rates of Exchange	216
CUNDY, C. W.	
All for Jane	344
Another Dog Dispute	464
Chipp's Scenario	230
Conflict of Emotions (A)	108
Inter-Service Match (An)	228
Limpet of War (A)	64
Mardi Gras	126
Newspaper Scoop (A)	8
Singlegg (The)	45
Sporting Golf	84
Won on the Posts	184
DARMADY, E. S.	
Burial of Dundee (The)	53
Error of Judgment at Epsom	435
DAVIS, R. K.	
Shakespeare the Traducer	58
DRENNAN, MAX	
Little Tales for Young Plumbers	86
Our Ballybun Lottery	42
Rise and Fall of an Amateur	
Examiner (The)	241

EASTWOOD, CAPT.	
King's Regulations, para. 1606 ..	362
ECKERLEY, ARTHUR	
Drain Bac.	236
Witchcraft	198
ELIAS, FRANK	
Author-Managers (The)	365
Shattered Romances	128
FARJEON, MISS E.	
Two Nightmares	106
FAY, S. J.	
Authorship for All	462, 486
Billiards	46
Bunch of Poets (A)	6
Dora at the Play	186
Golden Geese	75
Great Mutton Campaign (The) ..	218
My Fire	28
Rings from Saturn	104
Seaside Issues	245
Suzanne's Banking Account	168
Taking of Timothy (The)	327
Wolf and the Lamb (The)	142
FOX-SMITH, MISS C.	
Figure-Heads	386
Packet Rat (The)	266
Pictures	110
So Long	44
Tow-ropes Girls (The)	350
Witches	156
Words of Wisdom	10
FYLEMAN, MISS ROSE	
Fairy Ball (The)	380
Devil in Devon (The)	418
Sometimes	476
Visit (The)	300
FYSON, G. F.	
Communism at Cambridge	300
GARTIN, CROSBIE	
Cornish Cottage (A)	466
Cornish Lullaby (A)	509
Fixes the Haro	88

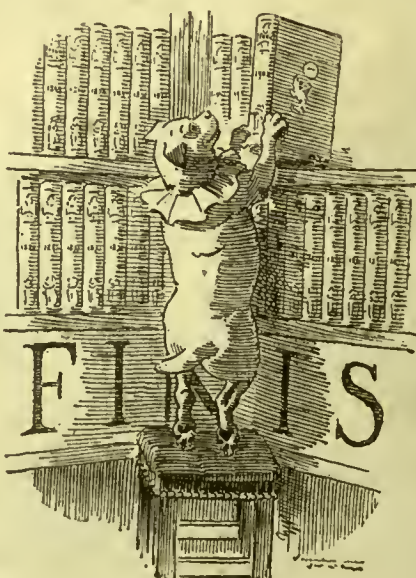
George and the Cow-Dragon	164
Insoniac (The)	124
Jumble Sale (The)	68
Letter to the Back-Blocks (A) ..	16
Maidling Crowd (The)	306
Maiden's Bower Rocks, Scilly ..	486
Painful Subject (A)	26
Western Light-houses	456
GILLMAN, CAPT. W. H.	
More Championships	77
GOODHART, MRS. H.	
Bird Calls	317, 356, 396
GRAHAM, R. D. C.	
Loquacious Instinct (The)	448
GRAVES, C. L.	
Animal Helps	15
Books and Backs	78
Bridging the Literary Gulf	306
Bubble and Squeak	215
Candour of Keynes (The)	33
Easter in Wild Wales	278
"First Hmndred" of Loeb (The) ..	7
Freud and Jung	196
From the Dance World	310
From the Film World	510
Future of Apsley House (The) ..	475
How to Pacify Ireland	458
Magnanimous Motives	418
Methodic Madness	436
Modern Moon-rakers	93
Musical Amenities	93
Musical Notes	496
New Courtiership (The)	514
New Isle of the Blest (A)	154
Paradise of Bards (The)	478
Reda and Dark Blues	246
Revolt of the Super-Georgians ..	118
Screen v. Stage	256
Storm in a Tea-Shop (A)	129
Tall Talk	322
Wanderer in Norfolk (The)	206
Wizards: Klingor and Another	166
GREENLAND, GEORGE	
Best Picture in the Academy	402

Articles—continued.

GUEST, C. H. Tartar Princess (The) 406	KIDD, A. More Intensive Production 115 Our Day of Unrest 30	MARTIN, N. R. Buy Election (A) 195 Great Divorce Question (The) 416 How to gain a Journalistic Position 2 My One Admirer 278 Golf Notes 188	Selfless Party (A) 122 Summer-time 242 Sweet Influences of Trade (The) 62 Thoughts on the Budget 323 To a Bricklayer in Repose 362 To America 102 "University Intelligence" 442 Virtue that begins away from Home (The) 402 Wisdom up to date—12th Edition 282
HERBERT, A. P. About Bathrooms 244 Art of Poetry (The) 426, 446, 482 Boat-Race Again (The) 208 Dog's Life (A) 508 Genius of Mr. Bradshaw (The) 226 Little Bits of London 284, 334, 468 Making of a Crisis (The) 388 Manual Play 366 Tools of Trade 264	KNOX, E. V. Amalgamated Society of Passengers (The) 131 Book of Adventure (The) 46 Brain Wave (The) 456 Capua 470 Coalition of 1950 (The) 189 Dead Tree (The) 150 Der Tag Once More 366 Domestic Problem (The) 22 Fair Wear and Tear 202 Fame 178 Hamstead 404 Home-Sickness 386 Labour and Art 93 Labour and the Russian Ballet 286 National Coal 246 New Notes for Mars 485 Note on Chesterfields (A) 504 Note to Nature (A) 237 Possession 262 Practical Zoology 430 Priscilla Dialogue (A) 466 Raw Soul Stuff 494 Sorrows of a Super-Profitier 66 Spring at Kew 318 Vanished Species (A) 326 Vermis Offensive (A) 106 When the Chestnut Flowers 346	MORRISON, A. C. L. Identification of Hobbs (The) 302	SIEVEKING, G. E. Story with a Point (A) 122
HEYER, GEORGE Getting Fixed 488 Practice of the Crews (The) 226	HODOKINSON, T. Another Post-Office Hold-up 476 Big-Game Card (The) 113 Hope for Posterity 96 Safety Play 324 Second Time of Asking (The) 210 This for Remembrance 294 To a Coning Champion 370 To James (Mule) who has Played me False 166 Tube Cure (The) 6	MURRAY, JOHN Auction in the Spacious Times 162 Importunity 496	SOLOMON, G. G. "Small Ads." 102
HOLLAND, T. W. Day by Day in the World of Crime 149	HOLMES, CAPT. W. K. Personal Element at a Motor Show (The) 242 Yeoman Transformed (The) 218	NORRIS, CECIL Charivaria weekly	STANHOPE, E. V. Vers très libre 262
HOOPER, R. S. Hints on Advertising 338	JACKSON, WILFRID Palace and the Cottage (The) 378	OGLIVIE, W. H. Single Hound (A) 134	STUART, MISS D. M. For Remembrance 470 Sussex Gods 316
JAGGER, ARTHUR Connoisseur (The) 338 One Sportsman to Another 406	JAY, THOMAS Charivaria weekly Etiquette for Firms 266 How to act in Emergencies 113 Passing of the Litter (The) 55	PALMER, ARNOLD High-brows, Ltd. 355	SYMONS, J. M. Water-Babies 114
JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	PAYNE, MISS D. M. Jazzerwocky 26	TALBOT, A. J. Dead Sea Fruit 151 New Wells for Old 1 Perec Murgatroyd, Bricklayer 45 Trying Day in Medieval Times 322 Word-Builders (The) 286
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	PIGOTT, E. W. Saturdays 75	TALBOT, MISS ETHEL Why the Sparrow lives in the Town 38
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	RICHARDSON, R. J. Holiday Anticipations 502 Serene Batsman (The) 422	TAYLOR, P. Country Night Piece (A) 326
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	RIOBY, REGINALD Moo-Cow (The) 73 On the Eating of Asparagus 502 Perfect Scullery (The) 416 What-Not (The) 17	THORP, JOSEPH At the Play 116, 136, 156, 176, 236, 276, 326, 368, 428
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	SEAMAN, OWEN At the Play 18, 36, 116, 136, 156, 276, 316, 498 Benefits of Peace (The) 42 Clothes and the Poet 142 Fashions for Men 122 Healing Waters of Spa (The) 342 Junker Interlude (A) 222 Liberal Breach (The) 382 May-Week 482 Men and Things of the Moment 182 Nature and Art 2 "New" World (The) 202 Odyssey at the Derby 402 Of certain Brutuses who missed their Mark 82 On the Italian Riviera 302 Open Letter to France (An) 517 Paisley to the Rescue of the Coalition 162	WHEELWRIGHT, J. E. Our "Dumb" Pets Bureau 257
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	LETTS, MISS W. M. Elfin Tube (The) 486	WHITE, E. P. Aural Tuition 386 Connoisseur's Appreciation (A) 412 Essentials of Golf (The) 40 Life 56 Labour-Saving 70 Persistence of the Military 475 Winter Sport in the Lower Alps 204
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	LEWIS, M. A. Genius at Play 365 Incorrigible (The) 158 Presence of Mind 295	WOODWARD, MARCUS Meeting the Countess 410
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	LIPSCOMB, W. P. Peter and Judy 114 Telephone Tactics 306	WYNDHAM-BROWN, W. F. Dedications 506
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	LOCKER, W. A. Essence of Parliament weekly	YONGE, REV. G. V. Hound-Foxes 206
JENNIS, MRS. Le Monde où l'on travaille 342	JENKINS, ERNEST Actress (The) 258 Another Crisis 38 By the Stream 298 Film Notes 158 New Appeal (The) 122	LUCAS, E. V. Battle of the Mothers (The) 514	

Pictures and Sketches.

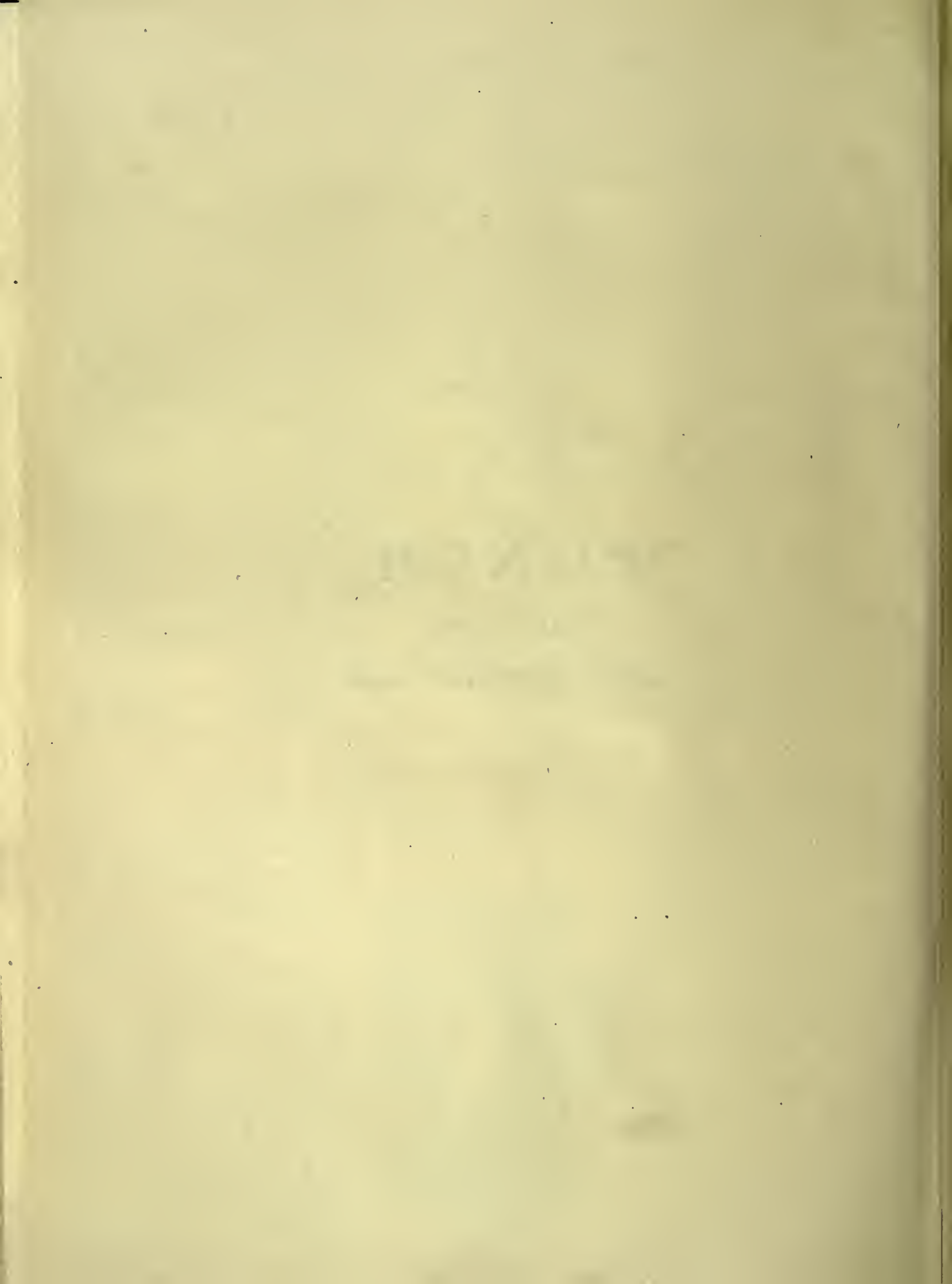
ARMOUR, G. D. 14, 39, 59, 79, 95, 117, 138, 159, 179, 199, 219, 238, 279, 315, 375, 399, 445, 478, 494	JENNIS, G. 77, 255, 319, 404, 515	MILLS, A. WALLIS. 25, 49, 74, 94, 109, 125, 147, 175, 185, 207, 239, 245, 270, 287, 317, 325, 347, 387, 418, 429, 457, 465, 484, 504
BAUMER, LEWIS. 7, 30, 50, 70, 87, 110, 150, 167, 197, 230, 267, 330, 447, 490	LLOYD, A. W. 133, 153, 154, 173, 174, 193, 213, 233, 253, 254, 273, 313, 333, 334, 353, 354, 373, 393, 418, 453, 473, 493, 512, 513	MORELAND, ARTHUR 2
BENNETT, FRED. 468, 481		MORROW, GEORGE. 9, 40, 60, 80, 100, 120, 121, 155, 180, 181, 220, 240, 260, 261, 300, 308, 398, 360, 377, 397, 400, 420, 430, 448, 474, 488, 516
BIRD, W. 8, 28, 48, 76, 88, 108, 128, 148, 168, 188, 208, 228, 248, 268, 295, 316, 341, 361, 388, 480, 501		NORRIS, ARTHUR 119, 506
BROCK, H. M. 129, 244, 274, 298		PARTRIDGE, BERNARD 1
BROOK, RICARDO 68		PEDDIE 514
BUTCHER, A. 20		PETT, NORMAN 58, 381, 44
CHENEY, LEO 433		PRANCE, BERTRAM. 33, 61, 165, 200, 299, 305, 321, 348, 359, 415, 460
COTTRELL, TOM 214, 229, 256, 349, 419, 499, 509		RAVEN-HILL, L. 19, 75, 135, 169, 215, 250, 264, 310, 374, 401, 454, 513, 518
DIXON, G. S. 441		REYNOLDS, FRANK. 17, 34, 44, 67, 84, 104, 137, 144, 164, 184, 204, 237, 247, 277, 284, 301, 324, 344, 364, 384, 407, 427, 450, 464, 497, 507
DOWD, J. H. 29, 53, 216, 294, 297, 327, 368, 405, 421, 461, 508		SHEPARD, E. H. 15, 47, 99, 127, 190, 227, 337, 389, 479, 487
EARNSHAW, HAROLD. 281		SHEPPERSON, C. A. 27, 107, 187, 307, 367, 167
EDWARDS, LIONEL. 259		SMITH, A. T. 101, 149
EVANS, TREYER 280		SPEED, LANCELOT 301, 455
FERRIER, ARTHUR. 140		STAMPA, G. L. 5, 54, 89, 105, 124, 177, 196, 217, 235, 257, 269, 289, 314, 329, 355, 369, 395, 439, 458, 469, 489, 510
"FOUCASSE". 13, 21, 37, 57, 69, 97, 114, 130, 161, 201, 221, 288, 357, 379, 417, 437, 477		TERRY, STAN. 98
FRASER, PETER. 41, 93, 160, 225, 234, 320, 340, 358, 378, 428, 434		THOMAS, BERT. 4, 35, 45, 65, 145, 195, 293, 328, 339, 354, 365, 385, 410, 424, 449
GAMMON, REG. 209		TOWNSEND, F. H. 10, 55, 73, 90, 113, 139, 170, 189, 210, 224, 249, 275, 290, 309, 335, 350, 370, 390, 409, 435, 444, 470, 495, 505
GILCHIK, D. L. 141		WARDEN, A. H. 81
GRAVE, CHARLES. 41, 85, 115, 205, 265, 285, 345, 394, 408, 414, 425, 459, 485		WHITE, DYKE 380
HARRISON, CHARLES 157, 194		
HASLDEN, W. K. 18, 36, 116, 136, 156, 276, 336, 398, 438, 498		
HENRY, THOMAS 475		
HOWELLS, W. A. 176, 241		



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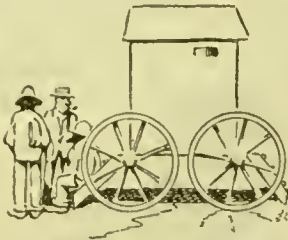
Owner (trying to be sympathetic). "WELL, YOU'VE GOT A FINE DAY FOR IT."



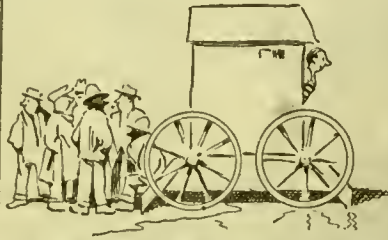
"HADN'T WE BETTER TAKE A REEF IN?"

"NOT LIKELY. GET A LITTLE MORE OVER TO WINDWARD IF YOU'RE NERVOUS."

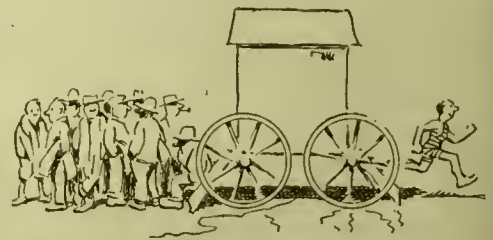
THE INCONSIDERATE BATHER.



OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF—



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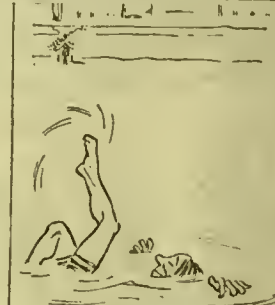
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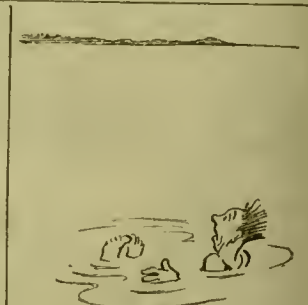
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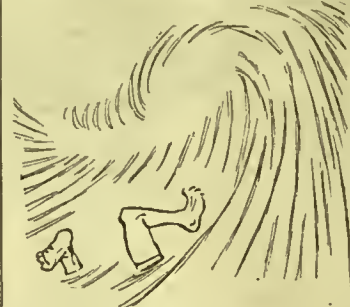
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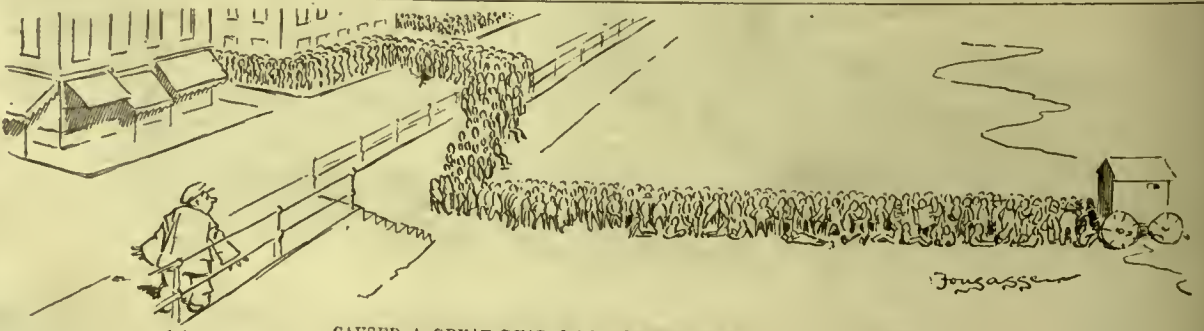
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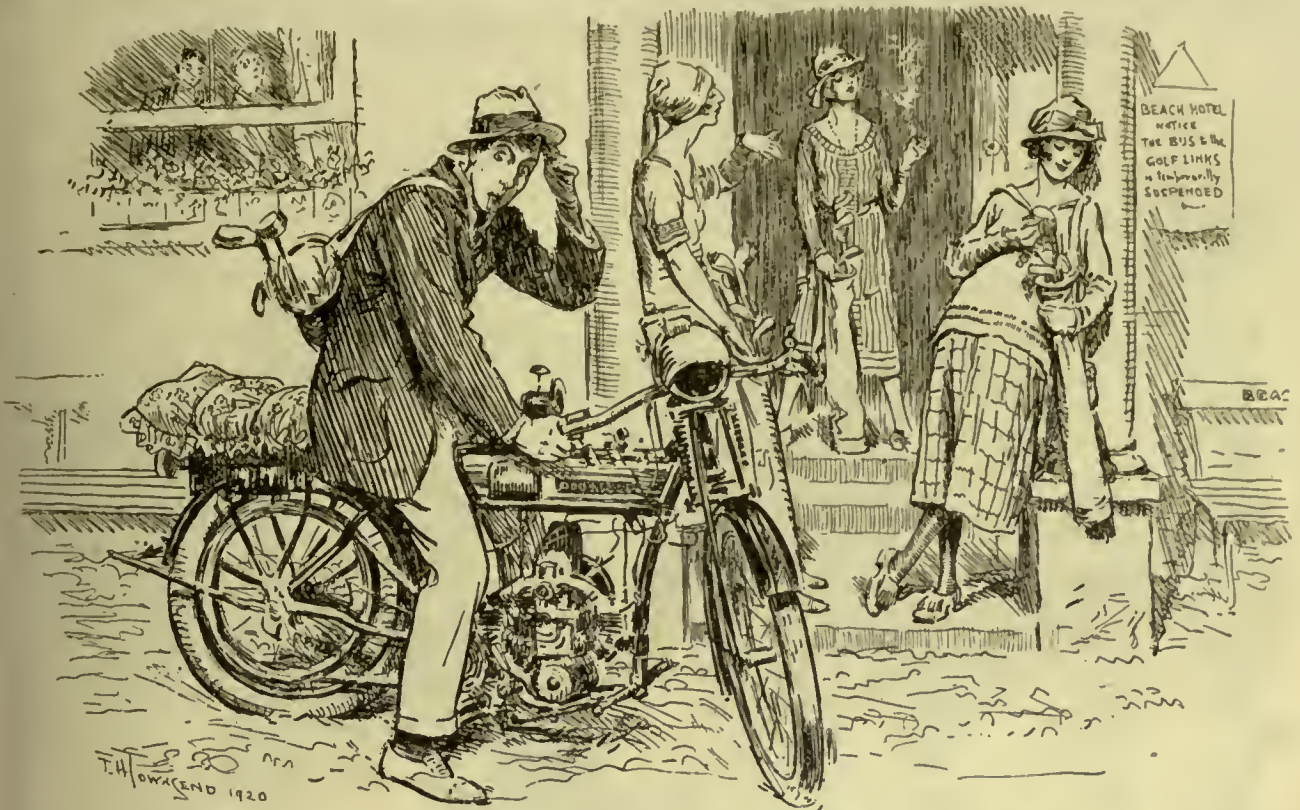
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STEAMER—



CAUSED A GREAT DEAL OF INCONVENIENCE TO OTHER BATHERS.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
THE "FLAPPER SEAT" AND ITS HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.



Percy. "DOES IT ALWAYS RAIN IN THIS OASTLY PLACE?"

Boatman. "LOR' BLESS YER, NO, SIR. WHY, ONLY LAST SUMMER A LONDON GENT WENT 'OME WITH SUNSTROKE."

POST-WAR UNREST. GRANNIE GETS OUT OF HAND.



(1) AT ASCOT SHE PLUNGES.



(2) AT THE FINAL OF THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP SHE DETERMINES TO SECURE A GOOD VIEW OF "THE FINISH." ARRIVING EARLY SHE TAKES UP A COMMANDING POSITION.

POST-WAR UNREST. GRANNIE GETS OUT OF HAND.



(3) SHE RUNS AMOK AT HENLEY.



(4) SHE COMES ABOARD AT COWES.

NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR OLD.



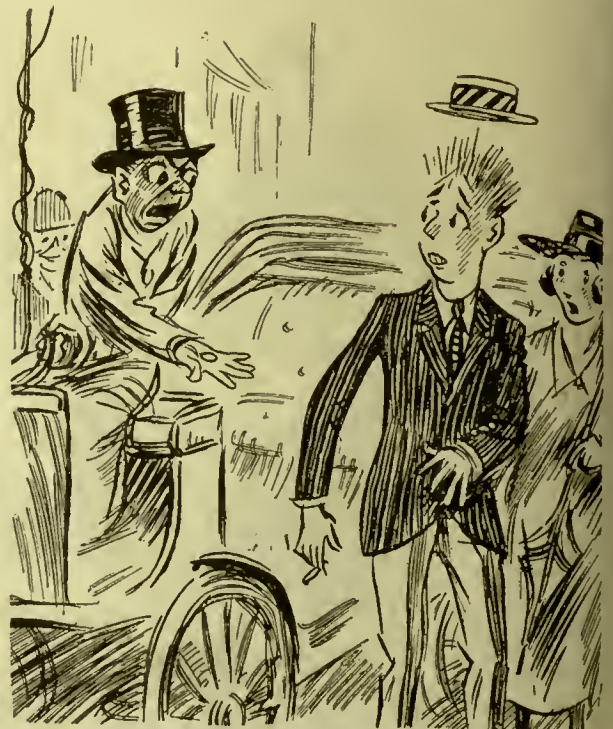
GOLDILOCKS, GOLDILOCKS, WILL YOU BE MINE?
YOU SHAN'T WASH THE DISHES; WE WILL FIGHT LIKE SWINE;
IF WE CAN'T GET A SERVANT WE'LL MANAGE WITHOUT
AND LIVE UPON BULLY-BEEF, PICKLES AND STOUT.



SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE—A TUMBLERFUL O' BEER,
FOUR-AN'-TWENTY GLASSES—'EAD STILL CLEAR;
SOBER AS I STARTED; SAME LIKE I BEGAN;
'ERE'S A PRETTY PROBLEM FOR A WORKING-MAN.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"
"I'M GOING A-BATHIN', SIR," SHE SAID.
"THEN COME ALONG IN AND BATHE WITH ME."
"ALAS! IT WOULD RUIN MY DRESS," SAID SHE.



SIMPLE SIMON PAID A FLYMAN
JUST HIS LEGAL FARE.
SAID THE FLYMAN TO SIMPLE SIMON—
" * * * * *"
(P'RAPS WE'LL LEAVE IT THERE.)

NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR OLD.



"MARY, MARY, SLIGHTLY AIRY,
HOW DO THE FASHIONS GO?"
"SCRAPED-UP HAIR AND SHOULDERS BARE
AND VERTEBRÆ ALL IN A ROW."



JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL
AND FOOZLED FROM THE TEE;
SHE REACHED THE GREEN IN SEVENTEEN,
BUT HE TOOK FORTY-THREE.

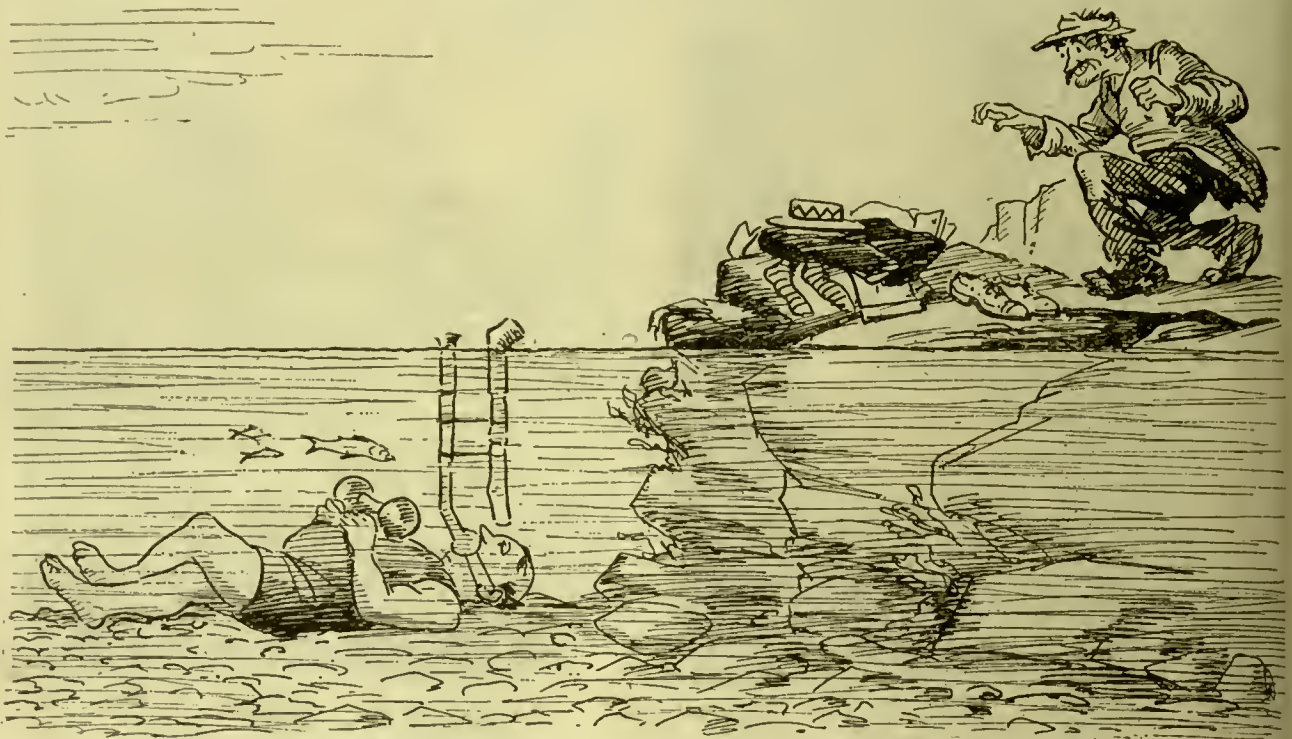


MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,
ITS EYE WAS GREEN AS GRASS;
IT FOLLOWED HER WHERE'ER SHE WENT,
THE SILLY LITTLE ASS.



"PUSSYCAT, PUSSYCAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"
"I'VE BEEN DINING AND SUPPING AND DANCING BETWEEN."
"PUSSYCAT, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HEAD?"
"I SAT ON THE STAIRS AND I——" ["THAT'LL DO."—Ed.]

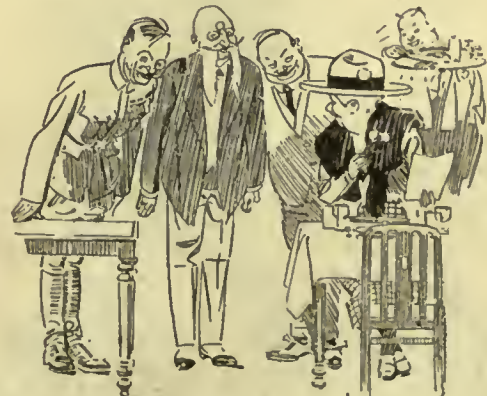
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WITH ONE OF THE NEW "BATHERS' FRIEND" BREATHING-TUBES YOU CAN REMAIN TOTALLY SUBMERGED FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. . AT THE SAME TIME THE PERISCOPE ATTACHMENT ENABLES YOU TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON—



—YOUR CLOTHES. THE COST IS ONLY TWO GUINEAS.



A STIFF TEST FOR THE ENTENTE.

A RESTAURANT CAR OSCILLATING SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE. ENTER LADY OF UNCERTAIN AGE (ENGLISH).



Nervous Gentleman. "I BELIEVE I'M TO BE YOUR PARTNER NEXT SET."

Our Lady Champion (without enthusiasm). "SPLENDID."

Nervous Gentleman. "I'M AFRAID I'M NOT A VERY STRONG PLAYER."

Our Lady Champion. "OH, I EXPECT YOU'RE QUITE GOOD AT GETTING OUT OF THE WAY."

THE LINKS THAT SEVER.

A GOLFER TO HIS NEW WIFE ON BEING INVITED TO PLAY A SINGLE WITH HER.

THINK not I hold your love, my Susan, lightly;
Think not that my so firm affection fails,
Or that I deem your face has grown unsightly
That drew me swooning to the altar-rails;
Fear not that those pure ardours, O my sweet, wane
Which still recall the sun's meridian rays,
If round the links I recommend that we twain
Should go our several ways.

It is a game, this golf—ah, what a pity!—
Where true love's course is seldom smoothly run;
Where constant deviations from the pretty
Sunder the tracks that rightly should be one;
You on the sea-beach, I amid the heather,
Traversing totally divergent scenes—
Only by mere chance should we come together
Save on the tees and greens.

Rapture, I grant, would follow each reunion
That marked our eighteen separate journeys' ends;
After the horrid gaps in our communion
Meetings like these would make a fair amends;
But there's a risk that we might both be minded
To interchange salutes in lovers' wise,
And such a spectacle ere now has blinded
A modest caddie's eyes.

Or, on the other hand, there might be quarrels
If you should underestimate your score;
If, with a woman's sketchier sense of morals,
You made it twelve in lieu of twenty-four;
Your legend might arouse derisive laughter
Or in a peevish moment I might let
Fall some expression which for ever after
Both of us would regret.

Besides, the language of profound displeasure
In which I tell my clubs that they're to blame
Might shatter your ideal (and you, my treasure,
Possibly say the like when off your game);
Before each other, ever since our bridals,
We've said no word a saint might not repeat;
And we should loathe it if we caught our idols
Ending in putty feet.

What if the links without you will be lonely?
What if the parting cuts you like a knife?
We'll keep our mutual respect—the only
Sound basis of the perfect wedded life;
Though (as I mentioned) I shall sadly miss you,
I know the hazards, and I think it best
We should not stake our all upon the issue
Of quite so high a test.

O. S.

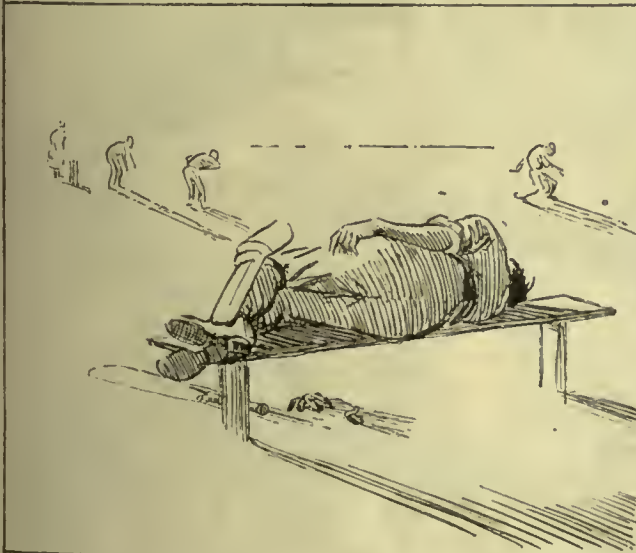
HAMLET, his Dog, & the Pint of Bitter.



Samy
Puridge.



FIRST WICKET DOWN; OR, THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.





"FISHIN' AN' 'CATCHIN' FISH IS, AS YER MIGHT SAY, SIR, TWO WERRY DIFFERENT THINGS."



Convivial Yachtsman (very much between land and water). "I WILL GET THIS BEASTLY SAIL FURLED BEFORE I TURN IN."

THE JUMPER.



ACT I.
(A week elapses).



ACT II.

Joyasse

SOME CUTTINGS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS OF THE PAST.



WINS 100 PENNIES.
Thomas of Epping, this week's winner in our Wolf's Head Competition.



SEA ROVERS ARRIVE.
Hengst and Horsa landed on the East Coast last week. A recent picture of the famous explorers.



ETHELRED THE UNREADY SAYS "BE PREPARED."
On Monday the King presented the East Saxon Regiment with a mascot.



ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.
Rosamond the beautiful Revue Artiste who is to marry the Earl of Stony Stratford



HUSTLED BY PIRATES.
Raids by the Danes are becoming frequent on the coast of Suffolk. An unfortunate Saxon lady is carried off to solve the domestic servant problem in Denmark.



Be sure to read Edgar Long-the-Jaw's powerful article on the Danish Peril in next Sunday's number.



HIS MAJESTY GETS HIS FEET WET.
King Canute, whose witty reproof of his courtiers will make him more popular, if possible, with his devoted subjects.



UNIQUE BOATING PARTY.
King Edgar and the Eight Kings had a delightful outing on the river Dee last week. The weather was lovely and the tributary monarchs were unanimous in their praises of His Majesty's kindness and hospitality.

SOME CUTTINGS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS OF THE PAST.



KING INVENTS CANDLE CLOCK.
Our ingenious King with his newly-invented time-measurer.



HAPPY WARRIORS.
Norman Tommies on the beach at Hastings enjoy a dip after the battle.



LATE KING'S HUMBLE UNDERTAKER.
Mr. Purkess, the charcoal-burner, who found the body of King Rufus.



FORTUNATE CHURLS RECEIVE DOLE.
The Earl and Countess of Bucklebury distributing bread to the poor last Thursday.



WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN INJURED.
Sir Robert FitzHugh met with an accident in the hunting field a few days ago. We are glad to hear that he is making a rapid recovery.



THE STRIKE IN THE LEATHER TRADE.
Pickets at work in the streets of Northampton.



SPORT-LOVING MONARCH TAKES A DAY OFF.
The Royal Hunting Party on the way to the New Forest.



Old Lady. "There's a dance at our hotel to-night, dear ; won't you come ?"
Young Lady. "I'd love to ; but I didn't bring any evening frocks down here."
Old Lady. "Never mind that ; just come as you are."
Young Lady. "Right-o, I will."



And, except for a trifling re-arrangement, she does,



AT THE DERBY—WITH BOTTICELLI.



ON THE RIVER—WITH WATTEAU.



THE ENTOMOLOGIST AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS."



SOMEBODY OUGHT TO TELL THOSE KIDS NOT TO DO THAT.



I'M SURE SOMEBODY OUGHT TO TELL THOSE KIDS NOT TO DO THAT.



WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL THOSE KIDS NOT TO DO THAT?



THOSE KIDS OUGHT TO BE TOLD NOT TO DO THAT.



G. L. STANLEY
1920.

IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T TELL THOSE KIDS NOT TO DO THAT—



I KNEW SOMEBODY OUGHT TO HAVE TOLD THOSE KIDS NOT TO DO THAT.

"THE YOUNG VISITERS" AT THE SEASIDE.



(1) MR. HORACE MET MISS PRUNELLA ON THE BEACH. SHE HAD ON A FRESH WHITE MUSLIN FROCK WHICH HAD GROWN RATHER SHORT, AND ALTOGETHER LOOKED RATHER RASH. HE WAS OF A NOBLE NATURE AND WORE A SCRUMPSHUS TIE, SILK SOCKS AND A CLEAN WHITE FLANNEL SUIT.



(2) He said to Her, "LET US BASK ON THOSE NICE GREEN ROCKS BY THE FRAGRANT POOL."

"THE YOUNG VISITERS" AT THE SEASIDE.



(3) *She* said to *Him*, "OH, YES, LET 'S!" AND SANK IN A VERY SUPERIOR WAY ON TO THE SEAWEED, WHICH WAS WET AND GREEN.



(4) AND, HAVING STARTED ON THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, THEY NEVER LOOKED BEHIND THEM.



Coster (reassuringly). "IT'S ORL RIGHT, MUN. 'E'S 'AD 'IS BREAKFAST."



Informative Fielder (to batsman who seems inclined to weigh the situation). "THAT'S OUT, GEORGE."



THE LEGEND OF HI-YOU.

I.

In the days of Good King Carraway (dead now, poor fellow, but he had a pleasant time while he lasted) there lived a certain swineherd commonly called Hi-You. It was the duty of Hi-You to bring up one hundred and forty-one pigs for his master, and this he did with as much enthusiasm as the work permitted. But there were times when his profession failed him. In the blue days of summer Princesses and Princesses, Lords and Ladies, Chamberlains and Enchanters would ride past him and leave him vaguely dissatisfied with his company, so that he would remove the straw from his mouth and gaze after them, wondering what it would be like to have as little regard for a swineherd as they. But when they were out of sight he would replace the straw in his mouth and fall with great diligence to the counting of his herd and such other duties as are required of the expert pig-tender, assuring himself that if a man could not be lively with one hundred and forty-one companions he must indeed be a poor-spirited sort of fellow.

Now there was one little black pig for whom Hi-You had a special tenderness. Just so, he often used to think, would he have felt towards a brother if this had been granted to him. It was not the colour of the little pig nor the curliness of his tail (endearing though this was), nor even the melting expression in his eyes which warmed the swineherd's heart, but the feeling that intellectually this pig was as solitary among the hundred and forty others as Hi-You himself. Frederick (for that

was the name which he had given to it) shared their food, their sleeping apartments, much indeed as did Hi-You, but he lived, or so it seemed to the other, an inner life of his own. In short Frederick was a soulful pig.

There could be only one reason for this: Frederick was a Prince in disguise. Some enchanter—it was a common enough happening in those days—annoyed by Frederick's father, or his uncle, or even by Frederick himself, had turned him into a small black pig until such time as the feeling between

intelligible at first, but as the days went on seeming more and more charged with an inner meaning to Hi-You, until at last he could interpret every variation of grunt with which his small black friend responded. And indeed it was a pretty sight to see them sitting together on the top of a hill, the world at their feet, discussing at one time the political situation of Milvania, at another the latest ballad of the countryside, or even in their more hopeful moments planning what they should do when Frederick at last was restored to public life.

II.

Now it chanced that one morning when Frederick and Hi-You were arguing together in a friendly manner over the new uniforms of the Town Guard (to the colours of which Frederick took exception) King Carraway himself passed that way, and being in a good humour stood for a moment listening to them.

"Well, well," he said at last, "well, well, well."

In great surprise Hi-You looked up, and then, seeing that it was the King, jumped to his feet and bowed several times.

"Pardon, Your Majesty," he stammered, "I did not see Your Majesty. I was—I was talking."

"To a pig," laughed the King.

"To His Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Milvania," said Hi-You proudly.

"I beg your pardon," said the King; "could I trouble you to say that again?"

"His Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Milvania."

"Yes, that was what it sounded like last time."



them had passed away. There was a Prince Frederick of Milvania who had disappeared suddenly; probably this was he. His complexion was darker now, his tail more curly, but the royal bearing was unmistakable.

It was natural then that, having little in common with his other hundred and forty charges, Hi-You should find himself drawn into ever closer companionship with Frederick. They would talk together in the intervals of acorn-hunting, Frederick's share of the conversation limited to "Humphs," un-

"Frederick," murmured Hi-You in his friend's ear, "this is His Majesty King Carraway. He lets me call him Frederick," he added to the King.

"You don't mean to tell me," said His Majesty, pointing to the pig, "that this is Prince Frederick?"

"It is indeed, Sire. Such distressing incidents must often have occurred within Your Majesty's recollection."

"They have, yes. Dear me, dear me."

"Humph," remarked Frederick, feeling it was time he said something.

"His Royal Highness says that he is very proud to meet so distinguished a monarch as Your Majesty."

"Did he say that?" asked the King, surprised.

"Undoubtedly, Your Majesty."

"Very good of him, I'm sure."

"Humph," said Frederick again.

"He adds," explained Hi-You, "that Your Majesty's great valour is only excelled by the distinction of Your Majesty's appearance."

"Dear me," said the King, "I thought he was merely repeating himself. It seems to me very clever of you to understand so exactly what he is saying."

"Humph," said Frederick, feeling that it was about acorn time again.

"His Royal Highness is kind enough to say that we are very old friends."

"Yes, of course, that must make a difference. One soon picks it up, no doubt. But we must not be inhospitable to so distinguished a visitor. Certainly he must stay with us at the Palace. And you had better come along too, my man, for it may well be that without your aid some of His Royal Highness's conversation would escape us. Prince Frederick of Milvania—dear me, dear me. This will be news for her Royal Highness."

So, leaving the rest of the herd to look after itself, as it was quite capable of doing, Frederick and Hi-You went to the Palace.

Now Her Royal Highness Princess Amaril was of an age to be married. Many Princes had sought her hand, but in vain, for she was as proud as she was beautiful. Indeed, her beauty was so great that those who looked upon it were blinded, as if they had gazed upon the sun at noonday—or so the Court Poet said, and he would not be likely to exaggerate. Wherefore Hi-You was filled with a great apprehension as he walked to the Palace, and Frederick, to whom the matter had been explained, was, it may be presumed, equally stirred within, although outwardly impassive. And, as they went, Hi-You murmured to his companion that it was quite all right, for that in any event she could

not eat them, the which assurance Frederick, no doubt, was peculiarly glad to receive.

"Ah," said the King, as they were shown into the Royal Library, "that's right." He turned to the Princess. "My dear, prepare for a surprise."

"Yes, Father," said Amaril dutifully.

"This," said His Majesty drama-



tically, throwing out a hand, "is a Prince in disguise."

"Which one, Father?" said Amaril.

"The small black one, of course," said the King crossly; "the other is merely his attendant. Hi, you, what's your name?"

The swineherd hastened to explain that His Majesty, with His Majesty's unfailing memory for names, had graciously mentioned it.

"You don't say anything," said the King to his daughter.

Princess Amaril sighed.

"He is very handsome, Father," she said, looking at Hi-You.

"Y-yes," said the King, regarding Frederick (who was combing himself thoughtfully behind the left ear) with considerable doubt, "there is perhaps a certain elusive charm about him which an untrained eye might miss, but we must remember that appearances in this case are only temporary. The real beauty of Prince Frederick's character does not lie upon the surface, or anyhow—er—not at the moment."

"No, Father," sighed Amaril, and she looked at Hi-You again.

Now the swineherd, who with instinctive good breeding had taken the straw from his mouth on entering the Palace, was a well-set-up young fellow, such as might please even a Princess.

There was silence for a little while in the Royal Library, until Frederick realised that it was his turn to speak.

"Humph!" said Frederick.

"There!" said the King in great good humour. "Now, my dear, let me tell you what that means. That means that His Royal Highness is delighted to meet so beautiful and distinguished a Princess." He turned to Hi-You. "Isn't that right, my man?"

"Perfectly correct, Your Majesty."

"You see, my dear," said the King complacently, "one soon picks it up. Now in a little while—"

"Humph!" said Frederick again.

"What did that one mean, Father?" asked Amaril.

"That meant—er—that meant—well, it's a little hard to put it colloquially, but roughly it means"—he made a gesture with his hand—"that we have—er—been having very charming weather lately." He frowned vigorously at the swineherd.

"Exactly, Your Majesty," said Hi-You. "Charming weather for the time of year."

"For the time of year, of course," said the King hastily. "One naturally assumes that. Well, my dear,"

he went on to his daughter, "I'm sure you will be glad to know that Prince Frederick has consented to stay with us for a little. You will

give orders that suitable apartments are to be prepared."

"Yes, Father. What are suitable apartments?"

The King pulled at his beard and regarded Frederick doubtfully.

"Perhaps it would be better," the Princess went on, looking at Hi-You, "if this gentleman—"

"Of course, my dear, of course. Naturally His Royal Highness would wish to retain his suite."

"Humph!" said Frederick, meaning, I imagine, that things were looking up.

III.

Of all the Princes who from time to time had visited the Court none endeared himself so rapidly to the people as did Frederick of Milvania. His complete lack of vanity, his thoughtfulness, the intense reserve which so obviously indicated a strong character, his power



of listening placidly to even the most tedious of local dignitaries, all these were virtues of which previous royal visitors had given no sign. Moreover

on set occasions Prince Frederick could make a very pretty speech. True, this was read for him, owing to a slight affection of the throat from which, as the Chancellor pointed out, His Royal Highness was temporarily suffering, but it would be couched in the most perfect taste and seasoned at suitable functions (such, for instance, as the opening of the first Public Baths) with a pleasantly restrained humour. Nor was there any doubt that the words were indeed the Prince's own, as dictated to Hi-You and by him put on paper for the Chancellor. For Hi-You himself never left the Palace.

"My dear," said the King to his daughter one day, "have you ever thought of marriage?"

"Often, Father," said Amaril.

"I understand from the Chancellor that the people are expecting an announcement on the subject shortly."

"We haven't got anything to announce, have we?"

"It's a pity that you were so hasty with your other suitors," said the King thoughtfully. "There is hardly a Prince left who is in any way eligible."

"Except Prince Frederick," said Amaril gently.

The King looked at her suspiciously and then looked away again, pulling at his beard.

"Of course," went on Amaril, "I don't know what your loving subjects would say about it."

"My loving subjects," said the King grimly, "have been properly brought up. They believe—they have my authority for believing—that they are suffering from a disability of the eyesight laid upon them by a wicked enchanter, under which they see Princes

present shape he is perhaps not quite—not quite—well, how shall I put it?"

"Not quite," suggested Amaril.

"Exactly. At the same time I think that there could be no harm in the announcement of a betrothal. The marriage, of course, would not be announced until——"

"Until the enchanter had removed his spell from the eyes of the people?"

"Quite so. You have no objection to that, my dear?"

"I am His Majesty's subject," said Amaril dutifully.

"That's a good girl." He patted the top of her head and dismissed her.

So the betrothal of His Royal Highness Frederick of Milvania to the Princess Amaril was announced, to the great joy of the people. And in the depths of the Palace Hi-You the swineherd was hard at work compounding a potion which, he assured the King, would restore Frederick to his own princely form. And sometimes the Princess Amaril would help him at his work.

IV.

A month went by, and then Hi-You came to the King with news. He had compounded the magic potion. A few drops sprinkled indiscriminately on Frederick would restore him to his earlier shape, and the wedding could then be announced.

"Well, my man," said His Majesty, genially, "this is indeed pleasant hearing: We will sprinkle Frederick to-morrow. Really, I am very much in your debt; remind me after the ceremony to speak to the Lord Treasurer about the matter."

"Say no more," begged Hi-You. "All I ask is to be allowed to depart in peace. Let me have a few hours alone with His Royal Highness in the form in which I have known him so long, and then, when he is himself again, let me go. For it is not meet that I should remain here as a perpetual reminder to His Royal Highness of what he would fain forget."

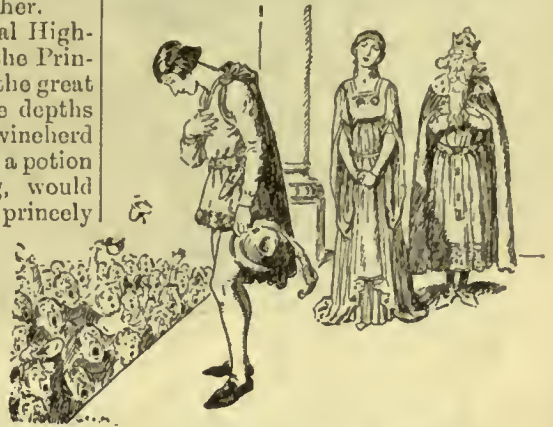
"Well, that's very handsome of you, very handsome indeed. I see your point. Yes, it is better that you should go. But, before you go, there is just one thing. The people are under the impression that—er—an enchanter has—er—well, you remember what you yourself suggested."

"I have thought of that," said Hi-You, who seemed to have thought of everything. "And I venture to propose that Your Majesty should announce that a great alchemist has been compounding a potion to relieve their blindness. A few drops of this will be introduced into

the water of the Public Baths, and all those bathing therein will be healed."

"A striking notion," said the King. "Indeed it was just about to occur to me. I will proclaim to-morrow a public holiday, and give orders that it be celebrated in the baths. Then in the evening, when they are all clean—I should say 'cured'—we will present their Prince to them."

So it happened even as Hi-You had said, and in the evening the Prince, a model now of manly beauty, was presented to them, and they acclaimed him with cheers. And all noticed how lov-



ingly the Princess regarded him and how he smiled upon her.

But the King gazed upon the Prince as one fascinated. Seven times he cleared his throat and seven times he failed to speak. And the eighth time he said, "Your face is strangely familiar to me."

"Perchance we met in Milvania," said the Prince pleasantly.

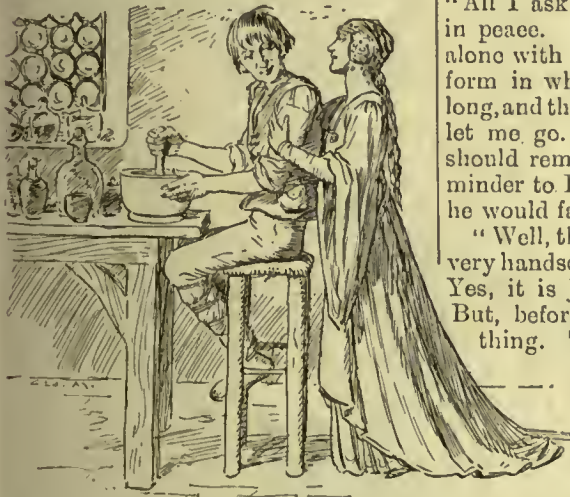
Now the King had never been in Milvania. Wherefore he still gazed at the Prince and at length he said, "What has happened to that Hi-You fellow?"

"You will never hear of him again," said the Prince pleasantly.

"Oh!" said the King. And after that they feasted.

And some say that they feasted upon roast pig, but I say not. And some say that Hi-You had planned it all from the beginning, but I say not. And some say that it was the Princess Amaril who planned it, from the day when first she saw Hi-You, and with them I agree. For indeed I am very sure that when Hi-You was a swineherd upon the hills he believed truly that the little black pig with the curly tail was a Prince. And, though events in the end were too much for him, I like to think that Hi-You remained loyal to his friend, and that in his plush-lined sty in a quiet part of the Palace grounds Frederick passed a gentle old age, cheered from time to time by the visits of Amaril's children.

A. A. M.



as—er—pigs. That, if you remember, was this fellow Hi-You's suggestion. And a very sensible one."

"But do you want Frederick as a son-in-law?"

"Well, that's the question. In his



W. BIRD

Native (to visitor, who is drawing a steamer for his daughter). "THOSE FUTURIST PICTURES MAY DO ALL RIGHT IN BRIGHTON, MY LAD, BUT THEY 'LL NEVER GO IN BURLEY-ON-SEA."



Uncle. "SO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS COMING TRUE, DO YOU, BETTY?"
Betty. "OF COURSE. WHY, LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I'D BEEN PADDLING—AND I HAD."

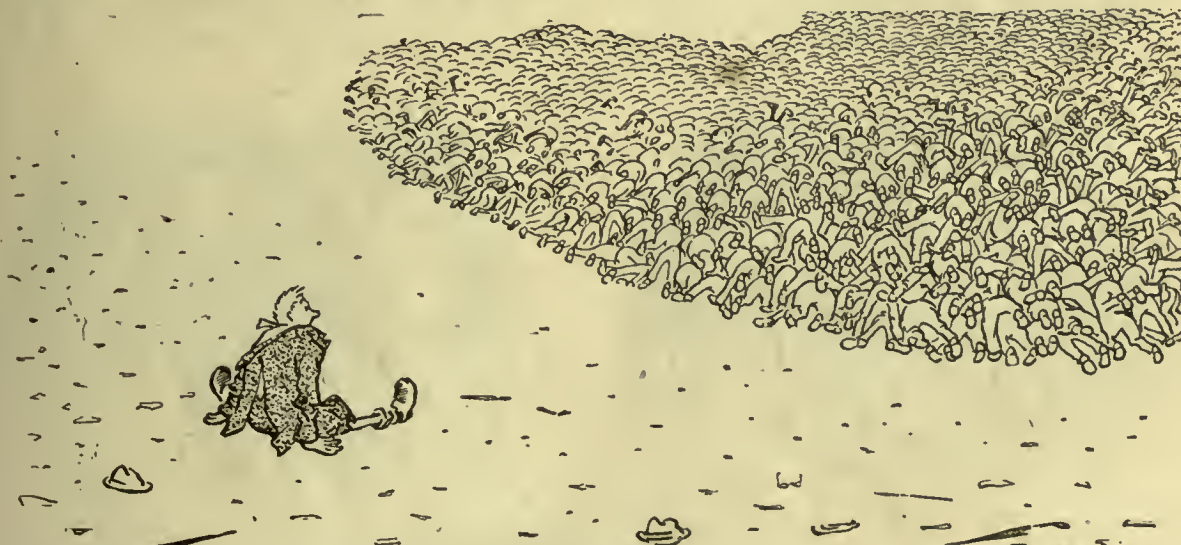
A CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.



THIS—



FOR THE—



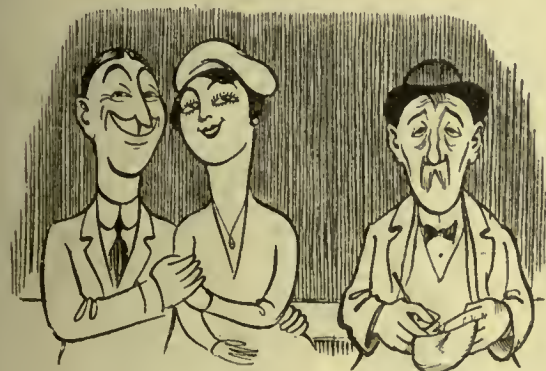
HOLE.

J. G. S. 1920



"THE PICTURES."

A STUDY IN EMOTIONAL RECEPTIVITY.



J.M.
BATEMAN

"THE PICTURES."

A STUDY IN EMOTIONAL RECEPTIVITY.

SHAKSPEARE ON TRADE UNION LINES.



Hamlet. "FOR WHO WOULD BEAR THE WHIPS AND SCORNS OF TIME——"

Trade Union Delegate. "YOU MUST CA' CANNY WITH THESE 'ERE SOLILOQUIES, YOUNG FELLER, OR YOU 'LL GET INTO TROUBLE WITH THE ACTORS' UNION. THE LIMIT IS FIFTY LINES."



Macbeth. "HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE OUTWARD WALLS!"

SHAKSPEARE ON TRADE UNION LINES.



[During the supers' strike for recognition the management successfully carried on without a crowd.]

Antony. "FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN——"



DEPUTATION OF STAGE-HANDS THREATEN TO DOWN TOOLS IF CORIOLANUS REFUSES TO MODIFY HIS CONTEMPTUOUS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE PLEBEIANS.

OUR VILLAGE PITCH.

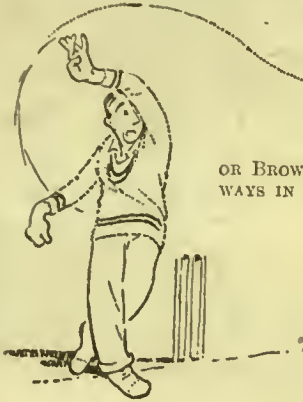
Nobody minds Jones,
who comes in from
the off—



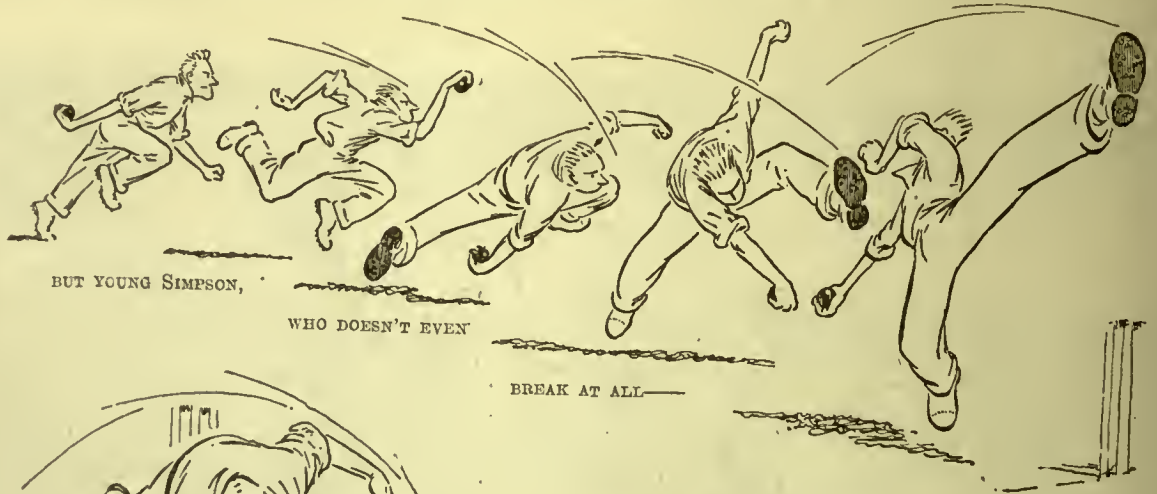
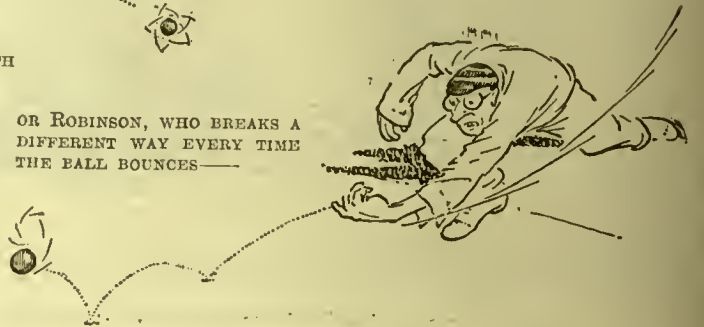
Or Smith, who comes
back from outside
the leg stump—



Or Brown, who breaks both
ways in the air—



Or Robinson, who breaks a
different way every time
the ball bounces—



But Young Simpson,

who doesn't even

break at all—



He's the fellow—



who causes all the feeling.

Vol.
CLIX.



TIMON.

ABOUT a month ago we lost our dog. I can't describe him, although I have tried from time to time; but Elaine, my wife, said I should not speak in that fashion of a dumb animal. He stands about two hands high, is of a reseda-green shade, except when in anger, and has no distinguishing marks except the absence of a piece of the right ear, which was carried off by a marauding fish-terrier. He answers with a growl many names, including that of Timon. He will also answer to a piece of raw meat, another dog or a postman.

I do not know if dogs can be said to have a hobby; if so, Timon's hobby is postmen. He studies them closely. In fact I should not be surprised if he comes to write a monograph on them some day.

As soon as one of them has daringly passed the entrance gates of Bellevue, Timon trots forth like a reception-committee to meet him. He studies the bunch of communications that the visitor bears in his hand. If they are all right—cheques from publishers,

editors and missing-heir merchants, invitations to tea and tennis or dinner and dominoes, requests for autographs—Timon nods and allows the postman to pass unscathed. On the other hand, if the collection includes rejected manuscripts, income or other tax demand notes, tracts or circulars, then I hear the low growl with which Timon customarily goes into action, and the next moment the postman is making for the neighbouring county and taking a four-foot gate in his stride.

Consequently it is to be anticipated that if the Olympic Games are ever held in our neighbourhood the sprint and the hurdles will be simply at the mercy of our local post-office. They take no credit for it. It is simply practice, they say.

But, to return to the main subject, we have lost Timon. One month has passed without his cheery presence at Bellevue. Reckless postmen have made themselves free of the front garden and all colour has gone out of life.

We have done everything to win him back. We have inserted numerous advertisements in the agony columns of

the newspapers: "If this should catch the eye of Timon," or "Come back, Timon. All will be forgiven;" but apparently we have yet to find his favourite newspaper.

We began with the well-known canine papers, trusting vainly that he might happen to glance through them some day when he was a bit bored or hadn't an engagement. After that we went through *The Times*, *The Morning Post* (he's strongly anti-Bolshevik), *The Daily News* (his views on vivisection are notorious) and other dailies, and then took to the weeklies.

We had strong hopes for a time that *The Meat Trade Review* would find him. Timon is fond of raw meat. But failure again resulted. We have now reached *Syren and Shipping* and *The Iron-mongers' Gazette* and—

* * * * *

I must stop here to inform you of the glad news. Elaine has just hurried in to tell me that Timon has replied and will be back to-morrow.

How did we catch his eye? Well, of course we should have thought of it before. It was *The Post Office Gazette*.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKMAKING.

A VISIT TO MESSRS. PRYCE UNLTD.
(With acknowledgments in the right quarter.)

A GIGANTIC commissionaire flings wide the doors for us and, passing reverently inside, we are confronted by the magnificent equestrian statue of Mr. Bookham Pryce, the founder of the firm. This masterpiece of the Post-Cubist School was originally entitled, "Niobe Weeping for her Children," but the gifted artist, in recognition of Mr. Pryce's princely offer of one thousand guineas for the group, waived his right to the title.

On the left we see the Foreign Department. Here we watch with rapt attention the arrival of countless business telegrams from all parts of the world. We choose one or two at random and see for ourselves the ramifications of Pryce's far-flung booking service. This one from China: "Puttee fifty taels Boko Lanchester Cup;" another from distant Siberia, emerging from the primeval forests of that wondrous land of the future: "Tenbowski Quitter Ebury Handicap." Bets are accepted in all denominations from Victory Bonds to the cowrie-shells of West Africa.

Passing up the marble staircase and leaving the Home Department on our right we arrive at the Stumer Section. Here a small army of ex-Scotland Yard detectives are engaged in dealing with *mala-fide* commissions—attempts on the part of men of straw to make credit bets, or telegrams despatched after a race is over.

Where shall we go next? We ask a courteous shopwalker, who in flawless English advises us to try the Winter Gardens, where a delightful tea is served at a minimum cost. Here, whilst sipping a fragrant cup of Orange Pekoe, we can watch the large screen, on which the results of all races are flashed within ten seconds of the horses passing the winning-post. At one time, in fact, it was nothing unusual for Pryce's to have the results posted before the horses had completed the course, but in deference to the prejudices of certain purists this practice was abandoned.

Follows a hurried visit to the Library and Museum, where we gaze enthralled at the original pair of pigeon-blue trousers with which Mr. Bookham Pryce made his sensational *début* on the Lincoln course in the spring of 1894. We might linger here a moment to muse over the simple beginnings of great men, but time is pressing and we are all agog to visit the Bargain Basement.

An express lift flashes us downwards in a few seconds and behold we are in

the midst of rows of counters groaning under bargains that even the New Poor can scarce forbear to grasp.

Here, for example, is one-hundred-to-eight offered against Pincushion for the Gimerack Stakes. This wondrous animal's lineage and previous performances are carefully tabulated on a card at the side, and, remembering the form he showed at Gatwick, one wonders, as the man in the street would say, how it is done.

Or look at Tom-tom, which left the others simply standing in a field of forty-four at Kempton Park, and carrying eight-stone-seven. Here he has a paltry four-pound penalty for the Worcester Welter Handicap, yet one can have seven to one about him.

How the House of Pryce can offer such bargains is a mystery to the old school of red-necked bookmakers, whose Oxford accent was not pronounced. They fail to see what courtesy, urbanity and meat-teas at three shillings per head can do in the way of stimulating business.

From the Bargain Basement we wander at will through the remaining departments, making inquiries here and there from the expert assistants, technically known as laymen, without being once importuned to make a bet.

And when at length, refreshed and pleased with a delightful afternoon, we pass again through the portals of the House of Pryce, we make for home, confirmed supporters of the modern personal touch, which has transformed a drab business into a veritable romance.

Our Optimistic Advertisers.

"Will Person who took Gent.'s Trenchcoat by mistake whilst motor-cycle was on fire in Rd., on Wednesday night, please return same."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Alec Herd, who went round in 72, and who is one of the old school, was second in the Open Championship no fewer than 28 years ago, and won it as far back as 19042." *B.C., of course.* *Provincial Paper.*

"Yesterday was St. Stephen's Day, and, therefore, the patronal festival of the Abbey Church. Hence the choice of the date for the issue of the appeal, though probably not one Englishman in a thousand connects the Abbey with any particular saint."—*Daily Paper.*

Well, certainly not this one, though we have heard St. PETER alluded to in this connection.

"THE HENLEY REGATTA."

A remarkable feature of the meeting is the number of ladies rowing, the ten beats for eight-oared boats in the Ladies' Challenge Cup being decided to-day."—*Provincial Paper.*

Lest the male element should be entirely forgotten, would it not be well to call it in future "The Cock-and-henley regatta"?

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Lord Thanet in "The Maryland Mirror."

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EVERY SATURDAY.

Mary's Journal of her Trip to England.

The concluding instalment of Mary Queen of Hearts' journal of her trip to England appears in the current issue of *Quotes and Cheeries* under the caption of "Squinting House Square Papers." Reference has already been made in a preceding instalment to the riots at the Fitz Hotel and the flight of the Queen to Wimbledon in a taxi driven by Sir Philip Phibbs, afterwards Lord Fountain of Penn.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

YOUNG TURK. "I WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH FOR OUR NATIONAL HONOUR."

OLD TURK. "WELL, IF YOU MUST. BUT I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS—UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WIN."



Golfer. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SANDY? AREN'T YOU GOING TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON?"
Sandy. "MAN, HAVE YOU NOT HEARD? I'VE LOST MA BALL."

ELIZABETH GOES TO THE SALES.

"ARE you goin' to the Summer Sales this year, 'm?" inquired Elizabeth, suddenly projecting herself on the horizon of my thoughts.

I laid down my pen at once. It is not possible to continue writing if Elizabeth desires to make conversation at the same time.

"Certainly I shall, if I hear of a sale of cheap crockery," I replied pointedly; "ours badly needs replenishing."

The barbed arrow did not find its mark. It may require a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman, but only the medium of some high explosive could properly convey a hint to Elizabeth.

"Oo wants to go to sales to buy things like pots?" asked Elizabeth scornfully.

"People who are always getting their pots broken," I replied in italics.

"Well, everyone to their tastes," she commented casually. I began to wonder if even trinitrotoluol could be in-

effective at times. "Wot I mean by sales is buyin' clothes," she continued; "bargins, you know."

"Yes, I know," I answered; "I've seen them—in the advertisements. But I never secure any."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because of all the other people, Elizabeth. Those who get the bargains seem to have a more dominant nature than mine. They have more grit, determination—"

"Sharper elbows is wot you mean," put in Elizabeth. "It's chiefly a matter of 'oo pushes 'ardest. My! I love a sale if only for the sake o' the scrimmage. A friend o' mine 'oo's been separated from 'er 'usband becos they was always fightin' told me she never misses goin' to a sale so that she'll be in practice in case 'er and 'er old man make it up again."

"I'm not surprised that I never get any bargains," I commented, "although I often long to. Look at the advertisement in this newspaper, for instance. Here's a silk jumper which is absurdly

cheap. It's a lovely Rose du Barri tricot and costs only——"

"'Oo's rose doo barri trick-o when 'e's at 'ome?" inquired Elizabeth.

I translated hurriedly. "I mean it's a pink knitted one. Exactly what I want. But what is the use of my even hoping to secure it?"

"I'll get it for you," announced Elizabeth.

"You! But how?"

"I'll go an' wait an hour or two afore the doors open, an' when they do I don't 'arf know 'ow to fight my way to the counters. Let me go, m'm. I'd reelly like the outin'."

I hesitated, but only for a moment. What could be simpler than sending an emissary to use her elbows on my behalf? There was nothing unfair in doing that, especially if I undertook the washing-up in her absence.

Elizabeth set out very early on the day of the sale looking enthusiastic. I, equally enthusiastic, applied myself to the menial tasks usually performed by Elizabeth. We had just finished a

lunch of tinned soup, tinned fish and tinned fruit (oh, what a blessing is a can-opener in the absence of domestics!) when she reappeared. My heart leapt at the sight of a parcel in her hand.

"You got it after all!" I exclaimed. O thrice blessed Elizabeth! O most excellent domestic! For the battles she had fought that day on my behalf she should not go unrewarded.

"I'm longing to try it on," I said as I tore at the outer wrappings.

"Well, I order say it isn't the one you told me to get," interposed Elizabeth.

I paused in unwrapping the parcel, assailed by sudden misgivings. "Isn't this the jumper, then?"

"Not that pertickler one. You see, it was like this: there was a great 'orse of a woman just in front o' me an' I couldn't move ahead of 'er no'ow, try as I would. It was a case o' bulk, if you know what I mean, an' elbows wasn't no good. An' 'ang me if she wasn't goin' in for that there very tricky jumper you wanted! I put up a good fight for it, 'm, I did indeed. We both reached it at the same time, got 'old of it together, an'—an'—when it gave way at the seams I let 'er 'ave it," said Elizabeth, concluding her simple narrative. It sounded convincing enough. I had no reason to doubt it at the moment.

"The beast!" I said in the bitterness of my heart. "Is it possible a woman could so far forget herself as to behave like that, Elizabeth?"

"But there's no need for you to be disappointed, as I got a jumper for you arter all," she continued. She took the final wrappings off the parcel and drew out a garment. "There!" she remarked proudly, holding it aloft.

The Old Masters, we are told, discovered the secret of colour, but the colour of that jumper should have been kept a secret—it never ought to have been allowed to leak out. It was one of those flaming pinks that cannot be regarded by the naked eye for any length of time, owing to the strain it puts on the delicate optic nerve. Bands of purple finished off this Bolshevik creation.

"How dare you ask me to wear that?" I broke out when I had partially recovered from the shock.

"Why, wot's wrong with it? You said you wanted a pink tricky one. It's pink, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is pink," I admitted faintly.

"An' it's far trickier nor wot the other was."

"You had better keep the jumper for yourself," I said crossly. "No doubt it will suit you better than it would me."

She seemed gratified, but not un-



Proprietor (to the rescue of his assistants, who have failed to satisfy customer). "ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF CAP YOU DO WANT?"

New "Blood." "WELL, YE SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS—I'VE BOUGHT A MOTOR-BIKE, AND I THOUGHT AS 'OW I'D LIKE A CAP WI' A PEAK AT THE BACK."

usually taken aback at my generosity. "Well, since you ses it yourself, 'm, p'raps it is more my stylo. Your complexion won't stand as much as mine." I was pondering on whether this was intended as a compliment or an insult when she spoke again.

"I shan't 'arf cut a dash," she murmured as she drifted to the door; "an' it might be the means o' bringin' it off this time."

"Bringin' what off, Elizabeth?"

"Bringin' my new young man to the point, 'm. You see, 'e do love a bit o' colour; an' I knew 'e wouldn't 'ave liked the rose doo barry trick-o, anyhow."

"Wanted, a General, plain cooking, gas fires, two boys 9 by 5.—South Streatham."

Local Paper.

Nothing is said of their third dimensions.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

"To-day is the birthday of Lord Durham and his twin-brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, both of whom are sixty-five."

Provincial Paper.

"Prince Arthur is well fitted for the high post to which he has been called. He is the tallest member of the Royal Family."

Daily Paper.

But it is only fair to his Royal Highness to say that he has other qualifications as well.

From the recent debate on "Doctors and Secrecy":—

"If you begin to open the door you take away the sheet anchor upon which our professional work is based."—Daily Paper.

We trust that the speaker mixes his medicines more discreetly than his metaphors.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

I HAVE been to a dance; or rather I have been to a fashionable restaurant where dancing is done. I was not invited to a dance—there are very good reasons for that; I was invited to dinner. But many of my fellow-guests have invested a lot of money in dancing. That is to say, they keep on paying dancing-instructors to teach them new tricks; and the dancing-instructors, who know their business, keep on inventing new tricks. As soon as they have taught everybody a new step they say it is unfashionable and invent a new one.

This is all very well from their point of view, but it means that, in order to keep up with them and get your money's worth out of the last trick you learned, it is necessary during its brief life of respectability to dance at every available opportunity. You dance as many nights a week as is physically possible; you dance on week-days and you dance on Sundays; you begin dancing in the afternoon and you dance during tea in the coffee-rooms of expensive restaurants, whirling your precarious way through littered and abandoned tea-tables; and at dinner-time you leap up madly before the fish and dance like variety artistes in a highly-polished arena before a crowd of complete strangers eating their food; or, as if seized with an uncontrollable craving for the dance, you fling out after the joint for one wild gallop in an outer room, from which you return, perspiring and dyspeptic, to the consumption of an ice- pudding, before dashing forth to the final orgy at a picture-gallery, where the walls are appropriately covered with pictures of barbaric women dressed for the hot weather.

That is what happened at this dinner. As soon as you had started a nice conversation with a lady a sort of roaring was heard without; her eyes gleamed, her nostrils quivered like a horse planning a gallop, and in the middle of one of your best sentences she simply faded away with some horrible man at the other end of the table who was probably "the only man in London who can do the Double Straddle properly." This went on the whole of the meal, and it made connected conversation quite difficult. For my own part I went on eating, and when I had properly digested I went out and looked at the little victims getting their money's worth.

From the door of the room where the dancing was done a confused uproar overflowed, as if several men of powerful physique were banging a number of pokers against a number of saucepans, and blowing whistles, and occasional catcalls, and now and then

beating a drum and several sets of huge cymbals, and ceaselessly twanging at innumerable banjos, and at the same time singing in a foreign language, and shouting curses or exhortations or street cries, or imitating hunting-calls and the cry of the hyena, or uniting suddenly in the war-whoop of some pitiless Sudan tribe.

It was a really terrible noise. It hit you like the back-blast of an explosion as you entered the room. There was no distinguishable tune. It was simply an enormous noise. But there was a kind of savage rhythm about it which made one think immediately of Indians and fierce men and the native camps one used to visit at the Earl's Court Exhibition. And this was not surprising. For the musicians included one genuine negro and three men with their faces blacked; and the noise and the rhythm were the authentic music of a negro village in South America, and the words which some genius had once set to the noise were an exhortation to go to the place where the negroes dwelt.

To judge by their movements, many of the dancers had in fact been there, and had carefully studied the best indigenous models. They were doing some quite extraordinary things. No two couples were doing quite the same thing for more than a few seconds, so that there was an endless variety of extraordinary postures. Some of them shuffled secretly along the edge of the room, their faces tense, their shoulders swaying like reeds in a light wind, their progress almost imperceptible; they did not rotate, they did not speak, but sometimes the tremor of a skirt or the slight stirring of a patent-leather shoe showed that they were indeed alive and in motion, though that motion was as the motion of a glacier, not to be measured in minutes or yards.

And some in a kind of fever rushed hither and thither among the thick crowd, avoiding disaster with marvellous dexterity; and sometimes they revolved slowly and sometimes quickly and sometimes spun giddily round for a moment like gyroscopic tops. Then they too would be seized with a kind of trance, or it may be with sheer shortness of breath, and hung motionless for a little in the centre of the room, while the mad throng jostled and flowed about them like the leaves in Autumn round a dead bird.

And some did not revolve at all, but charged straightly up and down; and some of these thrust their loves for ever before them, as the Prussians thrust the villagers in the face of the enemy, and some for ever navigated themselves backwards like moving breakwaters to

protect their darlings from the precipitate seas.

Some of them kept themselves as upright as possible, swaying slightly like willows from the hips, and some of them contorted themselves into strange and angular shapes, now leaning perilously forward till they were practically lying upon their terrified partners, and now bending sideways as a man bends who has water in one ear after bathing. All of them clutched each other in a close and intimate manner, but some, as if by separation to intensify the joy of their union, or perhaps to secure greater freedom for some particularly spacious manœuvre, would part suddenly in the middle of the room and, clinging distantly with their hands, execute a number of complicated side-steps in opposite directions, or aim a series of vicious kicks at each other, after which they would reunite in a passionate embrace and gallop in a frenzy round the room, or fall into a trance or simply fall down. If they fell down they lay still for a moment in the fearful expectation of death, as men lie who fall under a horse; and then they would creep on hands and knees to the wall through the whirling and indifferent crowd.

Watching them, you could not tell what any one couple would do next. The most placid and dignified among them might at any moment fling a leg out behind them and almost kneel in mutual adoration, and then, as if nothing unusual had happened, shuffle onward through the press; or, as though some electric mechanism had been set in motion, they would suddenly lift a foot sideways and stand on one leg. Poised pathetically, as if waiting for the happy signal when they might put the other leg down, these men looked very sad, and I wished that the Medusa's head might be smuggled somehow into the room for their attitudes to be imperishably recorded in cold stone; it would have been a valuable addition to modern sculpture.

Upon this whirlpool I embarked with the greatest misgiving and a strange young woman clinging to my person. The noise was deafening. The four black men were now all shouting at once and playing all their instruments at once, working up to the inconceivable uproar of the finale; and all the dancers began to dance with a last desperate fury. Bodies buffeted one from behind, and while one was yet looking round in apology or anger more bodies buffeted one from the flank. It was like swimming in a choppy sea, where there is no time to get the last wave out of your mouth before the next one hits you.

Close beside us a couple fell down



Farmer (booming his land to inquiring stranger). "THAT THERE LAND BE WORTH DREE HUNDRED POUND AN ACRE IF IT BE WORTH A PENNY, IT BE. WERE YOU THINKING O' BUYING AN' SETTLING HERE?"

Stranger. "OH, NO. I'M THE NEW TAX-COLLECTOR."

with a great crash. I looked at them with concern, but no one else took any notice. On with the dance! Faster and faster the black men played. I was dimly aware now that they were standing on their chairs, bellowing, and fancied the end must be near. Then we were washed into a quiet backwater, in a corner, and from here I determined never to issue till the Last Banjo should indeed sound. Hero I sidled vaguely about for a long time, hoping that I looked like a man preparing for some vast culminating feat, a side-step or a buzz or a double-Jazz-spin or an ordinary fall down.

The noise suddenly ceased; the four black men had exploded.

"Very good exercise," my partner said.

"Quite," said I. A. P. H.

"We published yesterday a protest from an eminent correspondent against the appointment of a British Ambassador to Berlin. We understand, nevertheless, that LORD D'ABERNON has been selected for the appointment."—*Times*.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN is already at work, we understand, on a picture for next year's Academy, entitled "David defy-ing the Thunderer."

VANISHED GLORY.

(*The Life-tragedy of a Military Wag.*)

TIME was I rocked the crowded tents

With laughter loud and hearty,
Librettist to the regiment's
Diverting concert party;
With choice of themes so very small

The task was far from tiring;
There really was no risk at all
Of any joke misfiring.

I found each gibe at army rules
Appreciated fully;
I sparkled when describing mules
As "embryonic bully,"
Or, aided by some hackneyed tune,
Increased my easy laurels
By stringing verses to impugn
The quartermaster's morals.

And so I vowed on my demob.
To shun the retrogression
To any sort of office job;
I'd jest as a profession
And burst upon the world a new
Satirical rebuker,
Acquiring fame and maybe too
A modicum of lucre.

But vain are all my *jeux de mot*,
No lip is loosed in laughter;
I send them to the Press, but no
Acceptance follows after;
And if, as formerly, I try
Satiric themes my gibe 'll
Be certain to be hampered by
The common law of libel.

In short, my hopes begin to fade;
The yawning gulf has rent them
Twixt finding subjects ready made
And having to invent them.
Shattered my foolish dreams recede
And pass into the distance,
And I must search for one in need
Of clerical assistance.

"SOLDIER BREAKS WINDOW AND BOLTS
WITH TWO CAKES."

Daily Paper.

You can only do this kind of thing with
the refreshment-room variety.

"For Sceptic Throats use Iodized Throat
Tablets."—*Local Paper.*

This distressing complaint is the very
reverse of "clergyman's sore throat."

"LADY wishes to Exchange, from 15th July
to 15th September, Young Englishman for
Young Frenchman."—*Daily Paper.*
We fear she is a flirt.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

IN Paris Geraldine's mother suggested that, as I was paying a visit to London, I could bring Geraldine out with me on the return journey. She also suggested that I might bring out a new hat for her (Geraldine's mother) at the same time. Though being in love neither with Geraldine's mother nor with Geraldine's mother's hat I had to take kindly to both, to further my dark designs with regard to Geraldine.

In London I inspected the hat, complete in box. It was immediately obvious that it and I could never make the journey to Paris together. The sight of me carrying a hat-box at the early hour of 8 A.M. on Victoria Station would have put Geraldine off. Geraldine is very pretty, but she is like that.

On reflection, the transport of the hat from London to Paris seemed to me to be a matter eminently suited to the machinery of our Foreign Office. Though the Foreign Officer is as formidable as a Bishop in his own cathedral, he is, to those who persist in knowing him personally, a man much like oneself, fond of his glass of beer, ready to exchange one good turn for another. It happens that I have assisted the F.O. to make peace much as I have helped the W.O. to make war. In the sacred precincts I reminded my friend of this fact, and impressed upon him that the consolidation of the *entente* between Geraldine and myself was one of the most urgent political matters of the day. He was undiplomatic enough to ask how he could help . . .

I don't want you to lose your awe of Diplomatic Bags, but there have been occasions when the Secret and Confidential Despatch consists of little more than a personal note from one strong silent man to another, touching on such domestic subjects as, say, a relative's hat. It was eventually, if arduously, arranged that in this instance the despatch should consist of the hat itself . . .

My fascinating manner of greeting Geraldine on Victoria Station did not betray the fact that I had seen that arch-villain, George Nesbitt, installed in our train, looking terribly important. George doesn't want to marry any girl; every girl therefore wants to marry George. I managed to hustle Geraldine into our carriage and got her locked in without her seeing George. But George had seen her, and, not knowing that he doesn't want to marry any girl and thinking that he wants to marry every girl, he firmly convinced himself (I have no doubt) that he was passionately in love with Geraldine as he travelled down to Folkestone in his lonely splendour.

On the Channel boat . . . but perhaps it is fairer to all parties to omit that part.

At Boulogne I became inextricably mixed up with the Customs' people; Geraldine meanwhile got inevitably associated with George Nesbitt. She would, of course. Indeed, when at last I scrambled to the Paris train, with the cord of my pyjamas trailing from my kit-bag, there was Geraldine installed in George's special carriage, very sympathetically studying George's passport, wherein all Foreign Powers, great, small and medium-sized, were invited in red ink to regard George as It.

George informed me that, being a King's Messenger, he was afraid he dare not trust me, as a mere member of the public, to travel in the same carriage as the Diplomatic Bag. I said I must stay with them and keep an eye on Geraldine. George said that he would do that. In that case, I said, I would stay and keep an eye on the Diplomatic Bag. Geraldine being at one end of the carriage and the bag being at the other end George could not very well keep an eye on both. The possibility of George's eyes wandering apart when he was off his guard made a fleeting impression on Geraldine in my favour. I stayed.

George then set about to make the most of himself. Geraldine abetted. Geraldine is a terror. I became more determined than ever to marry her, George and the King notwithstanding. George however got going. "For a plain fellow like myself" (he knows how confoundedly handsome he is) "it has been some little satisfaction to be selected as a Special Courier."

I explained the method of selection as I guessed it. "He forced his way into the F.O. and in an obsequious tone, which you and I, Geraldine, would be ashamed to adopt, begged for the favour of a bag to carry with him. If the King had known about it he would rather have sent his messages by post."

"The general public," said George to Geraldine, "is apt to be very noisy and tiresome on railway journeys, is it not?"

Geraldine acquiesced. She doesn't often do that, but when she does it is extremely pleasant for the acquiesce. I pressed on with my explanation desperately. "I can hear poor old George pleading in a broken voice that he had to get to Paris and dared not go by himself. So they listened to his sad story and gave him a bag to see him through, and it isn't George who is taking the bag to Paris, but the bag which is taking George." To prevent him arguing I told Geraldine that you can tell a real K.M. by his Silver

Greyhound badge, which he'll show you if you doubt him, just as you can tell a stockbroker by his pearl tie-pin, which you can see for yourself. This put George on his mettle.

"To think that to me are entrusted messages which may alter the map of Europe and change the history of the world! But I mustn't let my conceit run away with me, must I?" Positively I believe Geraldine at that began to play with the idea of doing what George said he mustn't let his conceit do. Anyhow I had half-an-hour to myself while she listened to the inner histories of European Courts and flirted with the Bearer of Despatches. I was left gazing at the bag.

There was only one bag, but it was very bulky. The contents were a tight fit; something round, about a yard in diameter, about a foot and a half in depth.

"Are you looking after this bag of yours properly, George?" I asked. "We shall be very angry with you if you go and lose it." Something indefinable but intensely important in my tone caught Geraldine's attention.

"That is between me and the F.O.," said George irritably.

"When I was talking to them about it—" said I.

"What have you to do with the Foreign Office?" asked Geraldine.

"Little enough," I said modestly. "I have my own business to see to. But the F.O. have always wanted to have something to do with me. So I gave them the job of looking after your mother's hat. Had I known that they would send it along by any Tom, Dick or George who happened to drop in and offer to take the bag—"

George snatched the bag, examined it hastily and then tried to conceal it behind his own luggage. But Geraldine knows enough about hats to be able to spot a hatbox, when put to it, through all the heavy canvas and all the fancy labels in the world. So there was nothing more to be said about it; and there was little more to be done about it except for George to go on doing special messenger with it. The inner histories died down and, after a brief silence, George affected to go to sleep.

I only woke him up once and that was to ask whether he cared to look after the rest of my luggage for me.

When we got to Paris I explained to George that I had not meant to hurt his feelings; there was no follow I would more gladly entrust my odd jobs to. Indeed Geraldine and I should want him to officiate in a similar capacity at the coming ceremony.

A very satisfactory conclusion. I got Geraldine; Geraldine got her full



Small Boy. "WHO'S THAT FAT MAN, DAD?"

Dad. "DON'T KNOW. HE LOOKS LIKE A PROFITEER."

Small Boy. "DON'T YOU THINK HE MUST BE ONE OF THE EXCESS PROFITEERS?"

deserts—me; and if George had the misfortune to sit on the bag in the taxi, what matter? Geraldine had acquiesced; after that who cared what Geraldine's mother did, said, thought or wore?

"Lady Clerk wanted for office work, with an engineering firm, a few miles out of Leeds; also able to cook and serve a luncheon for the principals."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

If you want a cook nowadays you must employ a little diplomacy.

"During a discussion on over-crowded motor buses a member declared that on one occasion 110 persons were found 'clinging like bees' to a car certified to hold 6."—*Provincial Paper*. Some of these might have been accommodated in the bonnet.

"In Nepal His Highness shot what is believed to be the record tigress. She was a most magnificent specimen, with a total length of 9 feet 7 inches—her body alone measuring 9 feet 5 inches."—*Indian Paper*. The record, of course, consisted in the brevity of her two-inch tail.

From Smith Minor's Scripturo-paper:
"Abraham was the man who was very keen to go into the land of Israel but he did not obey the word of the Lord, and the Lord's punishment to him was to forbid him to go into this land. There he sat on the heights of Abraham looking down on this land." And crying "Wolfe, Wolfe!"

GOLDWIRE AND POPPYSEED.

(A Chinese Poem.)

I MAKE a bow; and then
I seize my brush (or pen)
And paint in hues enamel-bright
Scenes of Cathay for your delight.

Two buzzards by a stream,
So still that they might seem
Part of a carving wrought in bone
To decorate a royal throne.

Two lovers by a mill,
A picture sweeter still:
Will Chen-ki-Tong in this pursuit
Evade Pa-pa's avenging boot?

Lotus and mirror-lake
Æsthetic contact make;
No interfering dragon wags
His tail across their travelling bags.

Blue terraces of jade;
Sherbet and lemonade
Regale the overloaded guests;
They loose the buttons on their chests.

Birds'-nests and shark-fin soup:
I join the festive group;
My simple spirit merely begs
A brace of fifteenth-century eggs.

Pa-pa with heavy whip
Waits near the laden ship.

The cloud that hides the ivory moon
Is singularly opportune.

Clamour of gilded gongs
And shout of wedding songs.
I do not fail to notice that
The ophicleides are playing flat.

Peacock and palanquin,
Lacquered without, within.
This is the jasmine-scented bride
Resting her fairy toes inside.

Joss-sticks and incense sweet.
The perfume of her feet
Creates around her paradise.
I also find it rather nice.

A Chinese tale, you know,
Works upward from below.
The sense of mine is none the worse
If taken backward, verse by verse.

"Frederick —, 14, was summoned for failing to display a white front light on a bicycle and pleaded guilty.

Policewoman — stated the facts, and was fined 5s."—*Local Paper*.

Most discouraging.

"Florists by the thousand for cutting. They are also nice for borders round grass-plots, along hedges, round shrubs, etc."

Dutch Bulb Catalogue.

We should not dare to treat a British florist like this.



Bright Beginner (as opponent is serving). "DOES THE BALL COME TO ME NOW?"

CHARIVARIA.

"THE English comedians are great," Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported to have told an interviewer. He has already accepted an invitation, we understand, to visit the Law Courts and hear Mr. Justice DARLING ask, "Who is MARY PICKFORD?"

A turkey with four legs has been born in Purley. This attempt to divert attention from the visit of Miss MARY PICKFORD seems to have failed miserably.

"The increased wages in the catering trade," says an employer, "will be borne by the public." How he came to think out this novel plan is what mystifies the man in the street.

There is one reason, we read, why tea cannot be sold cheaper. If "The Profiteer" is not the right answer, it's quite a good guess.

No burglar seems to visit the houses of the profiteers, says a Labour speaker. Perhaps they have a delicacy about dealing with people in the same line of business.

For the seventh successive time, says a news item, there are no prisoners for trial at Stamford Quarter Sessions. We can only remind the Court that bulldog perseverance is bound to tell in the end.

It is fairly evident that the Americans fully realised the physical impossibility of having American bacon and Prohibition in their own country at the same time.

Western Texas, says a cable message, is being eaten bare by a plague of grasshoppers. Before Prohibition set in a little thing like that would never have been noticed in Texas.

Some of the new rich, says a gossip, only wear a suit once. There are others like that, only it is a much longer once.

"A healthy boy's skin should be well tanned after a holiday," says a health-culture writer. Surely not, unless he has done something to deserve it.

"But why a Ministry of Mines?" asks a contemporary. The object, of course, is to put the deep-level pocket-searching operations of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on a national basis.

Special arrangements have been made for expediting fish traffic on all railways. Meanwhile it is to be regretted that, owing to the nation's persistent neglect of scientific research, the self-delivering haddock is still in the experimental stage.

New Jersey has a clock with a dial thirty-eight feet across. In any other country this would be the largest clock in the world. In America it is just a full-size wrist-watch.

According to a medical writer, bearing can often be restored by a series of low explosions. The patient is advised to stand quite close to a man who has just received his tailor's bill.

Baby tortoises are being sold for two-pence-halfpenny each in Kentish Town, says a news item. One bricklayer declared that he wouldn't know what to do for exercise without his to lead about.

An extraordinary report reaches us from a village in Essex. It appears that in spite of the proximity of several letter-boxes, a water-pump and a German machine-gun, a robin has deliberately built its nest in a local hedgerow.



I. O. U.

GERMAN DELEGATE at Spa Conference). "WE HAVE NO MONEY; BUT, TO PROVE THAT WE ARE ANXIOUS TO PAY YOU BACK, LET ME PRESENT YOU WITH OUR BERNHARDI'S NEW BOOK ON THE NEXT WAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 28th.—Less than thirty years ago the prophets of ill foresaw ruin for the British shipping trade if the dock labourers got their "tanner." The "tanner" has now become a florin, and this afternoon the Peers passed without a dissentient voice the Second Reading of a Bill to enable Port and Harbour authorities to pay it.

They were much more critical over the Increase of Rent Bill, and at the instance of Lord MIDLETON defeated by a two to one majority the Government's proposal to deprive landlords of the power to evict strikers in order to provide accommodation for men willing to work. But the Government got a little of their own back on the clause authorising an increase of rent on business premises by forty per cent. Lord SALISBURY wanted seventy-five per cent. and haughtily refused Lord ASTOR's sporting offer of fifty, but on a division he was beaten by 25 to 23.

In the Commons Sir FREDERICK HALL complained that slate and slack were still being supplied to London consumers under the guise and at the price of coal. What was the Government going to do about it? Mr. BRIDGEMAN replied that control having been removed the Government could do nothing, and consumers must find their own remedy—a reply which drove Sir FREDERICK into such paroxysms of indignation that the SPEAKER was obliged to intervene.

Mr. KILEY's gloomy vaticinations as to the disastrous effect of the Plumage Bill on British commerce met with no encouragement from Sir ROBERT HORNE. In his opinion, I gather, our foreign trade is quite safe, and the Bill will not knock a feather out of it.

To Viscount CURZON's inquiry whether the Allies were going to proceed with the trial of the EX-KAISER the PRIME MINISTER at first replied that he had "nothing to add." On being twitted with his election-pledge he added a good deal. When he gave that pledge, it seems, he did not contemplate the possibility that Holland would refuse to surrender her guest,

and he had no intention of using force to compel her. WILLIAM HONENZOLLERN, he considered, was not worth any more bloodshed. In that case the Govern-



"WHO WAS CHIEF MOURNER?"
 "I," SAID THE WREN,
 "I, WEDDOWOOD BENN,
 I WAS CHIEF MOURNER."

ment would save a good deal of Parliamentary time if they were definitely to write him off with their other bad debts.

Among other methods of brightening village life the Ministry of Agriculture has lately circulated "rules for the

mutual insurance of pigs and cows." The intellectual development of our domestic animals evidently proceeds apace. We have all heard of the learned pig, but that the cow also should be deemed capable of conducting actuarial calculations does, I confess, surprise me.

Having heard the latest feat of the Sinn Féiners in kidnapping a British General, the House evidently considered that it had better hurry up with the Government of Ireland Bill. Clauses 51 to 69 were run through in double-quick time. Only on Clause 70, providing for the repeal of the Home Rule Act of 1914, did any prolonged debate arise. Captain WEDDOWOOD BENN pleasantly described this as the only clause in the Bill that was not nonsense, and therefore moved its omission. He was answered by the PRIME MINISTER, who declared that no Irishman would now be content with the Act of 1914, and defended the present Bill on the curious ground that it gave Ireland as much self-government as Scotland had ever asked for. Sir EDWARD CARSON's plea that it was a case of "this Bill or an Irish Republic" was probably more convincing. In a series of divisions the "Wee Frees" never mustered more than seventeen votes. The author of the Act of 1914, Mr. ASQUITH, was not present at the obsequies.

Tuesday, June 29th.—The establishment of a "National home" for the Jewish race in Palestine aroused the apprehensions of Lord SYDENHAM and other Peers, who feared that the Moslem inhabitants would be exploited by the Zionists, and would endeavour to re-establish Turkish rule. Lord CURZON did his best to remove these impressions. Authority in Palestine would be exercised by Great Britain as the Mandatory Power, and the Zionists would not be masters in their "national home," but only a sort of "paying guests." The confidence felt in Sir HERBERT SAMUEL's absolute impartiality as between Jews and Arabs was such that a high authority had prophesied that within six months the High Commissioner



HALF MEASURES.

SIR ROBERT HORNE, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, AND SIR ERIC GEDDES, MINISTER OF TRANSPORT (*speaking together*).
 "That's a rummy get-up. But perhaps he couldn't afford anything better."

would be equally unpopular with both races.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN explained that the Inland Revenue Authorities were taking all possible steps to collect income-tax in Ireland despite the obstacles placed in their way by the local authorities. Whereupon Sir MAURICE DOCKRELL, in his richest brogue, summarised the Irish situation as follows: "Is not the difficulty that they do not know which horse to back?"

A Bill "to continue temporarily the office of Food Controller" was read a first time. The House would, I think, be sorry to part with Mr. McCURDY, whose replies to Questions are often much to the point. He was asked this afternoon, for example, to give the salaries of three of his officials, and this was his crisp reply: "The Director of Vegetable Supplies serves the Ministry without remuneration; the post of Deputy-Director of Vegetable Supplies does not exist, and that of Director of Fish Supplies has lapsed."

Mr. BONAR LAW shattered two elaborately-constructed mare's-nests when he announced that the appointment of a British Ambassador to Berlin was made in pursuance of an agreement arrived at in Boulogne on the initiative of the French Government, and that Lord D'ABERNON'S name was suggested by the FOREIGN SECRETARY. I am not betraying any confidence when I add that it will be no part of Lord D'ABERNON'S new duties to establish a Liquor Control Board on the Spree.

The Overseas Trade (Credits and Insurance) Bill was skilfully piloted through its Second Reading by Mr. BRIDGEMAN. The House was much pleased to hear that only nine officials would be required to administer the twenty-six millions involved, and that their salaries would not exceed seven thousand pounds a year—although two of them were messengers.

But this temporary zeal for economy quickly evaporated when the Pre-War Pensions Bill made its appearance. Member after Member got up to urge the extension of the Bill to this or that deserving class, until Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS pointed out that, if their demands were acceded to, the Bill, instead of costing some two millions a year,

would involve three or four times that amount.

Wednesday, June 30th.—The Lords discussed, in whispers suitable to the occasion, the Official Secrets Bill. As originally drawn it provided that any person retaining without lawful authority any official document should be guilty of a misdemeanour. But, thanks to the vigilance of Lords BURNHAM and RIDDELL, this clause, under which every editor in Fleet Street might have found himself in Holloway, was appreciably softened. Even so, the pursuit of "stunts" and "scoops" will be a decidedly hazardous occupation.

The Press Lords were again on the alert when the Rents Bill came on, and objected to a clause giving the LORD CHANCELLOR power to order proceedings under the measure to be held in private.



"THERE—THAT'S WHAT COMES O' AROUING ALONG O' YOU; I'VE LAID FOUR BRICKS OVER ME THREE 'UNDRED!"

This time the LORD CHANCELLOR was less pliant, and plainly suggested that the newspapers were actuated in this matter by regard for their circulations. Does he really suppose that the disputes of landlords and tenants will supply such popular "copy" as to crowd out the confessions of Cabinet Ministers?

Constant cross-examination on the Amritsar affair, involving the necessity of framing polite replies to thinly-veiled suggestions that MONTAGU rhymes with O'DWYER, is making the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA a little restive. The tone in which he expressed his hope that the promised debate would not be much longer delayed distinctly suggested that his critics would then be "for it."

Two days ago the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT expounded in a White Paper his elaborate plan for redistributing and co-ordinating the activities of the railway companies—the North Eastern excepted—and directing them

all from an office in Whitehall. By the Ministry of Mines Bill it is proposed to treat the mines in much the same way. Sir ERIC GEDDIS' scheme has yet to run the gauntlet of Parliamentary criticism. Sir ROBERT HORNE'S had its baptism of fire this afternoon, and a pretty hot fire it was. Miners like Mr. BRACE cursed it because it did not go all the way to Nationalisation; coal-owners like Sir CLIFFORD CORY, because it went too far in that direction. The voice of the mere consumer, who only wants coal cheap and plentiful, was hardly heard. The second reading was carried, but by a majority substantially less than the normal.

Thursday, July 1st.—Unfortunately the House of Lords does not contain a representative of Sinn Féin and therefore had no opportunity of learning

the opinion of the dominant party in Ireland regarding Lord MONTAGU'S Dominion of Ireland Bill. Other Irish opinion, as expressed by Lords DUNRAVEN and KILLANIN, was that it would probably cause the seething pot to boil over. Lord ASHBOURNE made sundry observations in Erse, one of which was understood to be that "Ireland could afford to wait." The Peers generally agreed with him, and, after hearing from the LORD CHANCELLOR that of all the Irish proposals he had studied this contained

the most elements of danger, threw out the Bill without a division.

"A sinecure, whose holder is in receipt of a salary of five thousand pounds per annum," was Mr. BONAR LAW'S description of his office as Lord Privy Seal. The House rewarded the modesty of its hard-working Leader with laughter and cheers. None of his predecessors has excelled him in courtesy and assiduity; as regards audibility there is room for improvement. Mr. LAW rarely plays to the Gallery; but he might more often speak in its direction.

"The funniest game in the world is chicken."
Provincial Paper.

We should like to hear more of this humorous pastime.

A daily paper describes the contest at Henley for the "Silver Goblots." It is rumoured that the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs has become a bimetal-list.

THREE EXCEPTIONAL MEN.

"If these men are types, how London has changed!" I said to myself. But can they be? I fear not; I fear that "exceptional" is the only word to use. Yet it was very remarkable to meet them all on the same day, Friday, June 25th.

The first was on an omnibus. A big man with a grey beard who was alone on the seat. Several other seats had only one passenger; the rest—mine among them—were full. At Westminster came up a youth and a girl who very obviously were lovers. Owing to the disposition of the seats they had to separate, the girl subsiding into the place beside the big man immediately in front of me. At first he said nothing, and then, just as we were passing the scaffolding of the Cenotaph, he did something which proved him to be very much out of the common, a creature apart. Reaching across and touching the youth on the shoulder, he said, "Let me change places with you. I expect you young people would like to sit together."

That was exceptional, you will agree. He was right too; the young people did like to sit together. I could see that. And the more the omnibus rocked and lurched the more they liked it.

The second exceptional man was a taxi-driver. I wanted to get to a certain office before it shut, and there were very few minutes to do it in. The driver did his best, but we arrived just too late; the door was locked.

"That's a bit of hard luck," he said. "But they're all so punctual closing now. It's the daylight-saving does it. Makes people think of the open-air more than they used."

As I finished paying him—no small affair, with all the new supplements—he resumed.

"I'm sorry you had the journey for nothing," he said. "It's rough. But never mind—have something on Comrade for the Grand Prix" (he pronounced "Prix" to rhyme with "fix") "in France on Sunday. I'm told it's the goods. Then you won't mind about your bad luck this afternoon. Don't forget—Comrade to win and one, two, three."

After this I must revise my opinion of taxi-drivers, which used not to be very high: especially as Comrade differed from most racehorses of my acquaintance by coming in first.

The third man perhaps was more unexpected than exceptional. His unexpectedness took the form not of benevolence but of culture. He is a vendor of newspapers. A pleasant old fellow with a smiling weather-beaten face, grey moustache and a cloth cap, whom I have

known for most of the six years during which he has stood every afternoon except Sundays on the kerb between a lamp-post and a letter-box at one of London's busiest corners. I have bought his papers and referred to the weather all that time, but I never talked with him before. Why, I cannot say; I suppose because the hour had not struck. On Friday, however, we had a little conversation, all growing from the circumstance that while he was counting out change I noticed a fat volume protruding from his coat pocket and asked him what it was.

It was his reply that qualified him to be numbered among Friday's elect. "That book?" he said—"that's *Barchester Towers*."

I asked him if he read much.

He said he loved reading, and par-

tiicularly stories. MARIE CORELLI, OUIDA, he read them all; but TROLLOPE was his favourite. He liked novels in series; he liked to come on the same people again.

"But there's another reason," he added, "why I like TROLLOPE. You see we were both at the Post Office."

Some day soon I am going to try him with one of MR. WALKLEY'S criticisms.

E. V. L.

From an article on the Lawn Tennis Championship, purporting to be written by Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN:—

"Quelle journées ils était!"

"Mon dieu, comme était beau!"

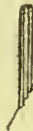
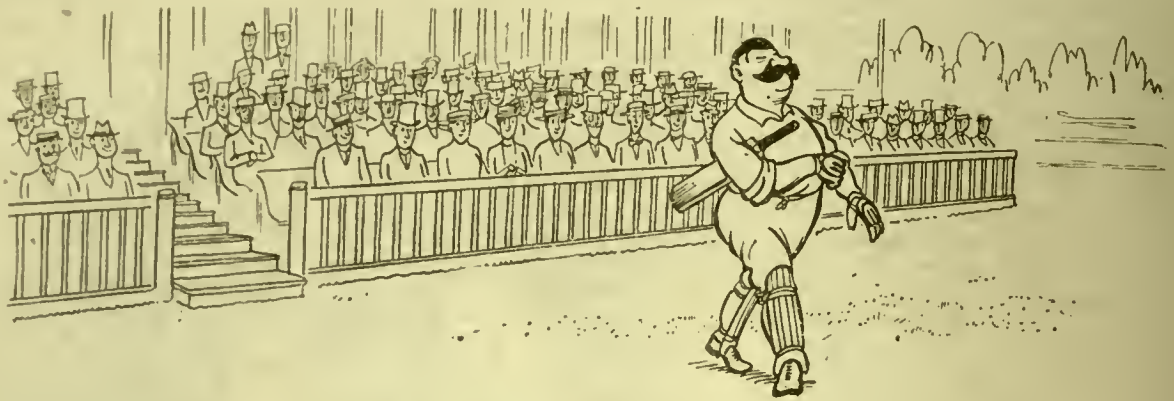
"C'est le partie le plus disputé."

Sunday Paper.

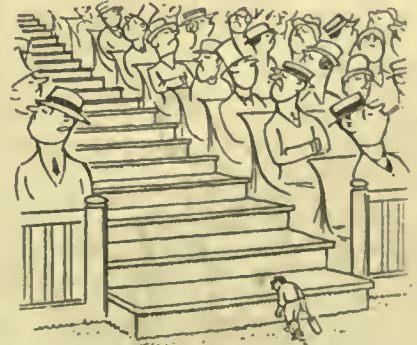
We can only hope that the Entente is now strong enough to survive even these shocks.



"A—ah! D'you k—know you're s—standing on my foot?"
"Well, wot yer goin' to do abaut it?"



IT'S ALL IN THE GAME.



J.M. BAKERMAN 1920

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME.

PRISCILLA PAINTS.

"THERE was a lot of men in the boat," said Priscilla from behind the table, where she sat daubing with little energetic grunts.

"Oh, there were, were there?" I answered from behind *The Times*.

Confident of arousing my enthusiasm in the end, she continued to issue tantalising bulletins about the progress of the great work.

"It was an all-colour boat," she told me, "purple and yellow and green."

"A very nice kind of boat too," I agreed.

"And the biggest man of all hadn't got any body at all."

I suggested weakly that perhaps the biggest man of all had left his body behind on the table at home. The suggestion was scorned.

"No, he hadn't never had any body at all, *this* man," she replied. And then, as my interest seemed to be flagging again, "They all had *very* rosy faces; and do you know why they had?"

"I don't, I'm sure."

"Because they'd eaten up all their greens."

Vanquished at last, I went over to visit the eupeptic voyagers. Seven in all, they stood in their bright boat on a blue sea beneath a round and burning sun. Their legs were long and thin, their bodies globular (all save one), and their faces large. They were dressed apparently in light pink doublets and hose, and on his head each wore a huge purple turban the shape of a cottage loaf, surmounted by a ragged plume. They varied greatly in stature, but their countenances were all fixed in the same unmeaning stare. Take it all in all, it was an eerie and terrible scene.

"I don't quite see how the boat moves along, Priscilla," I said; "it hasn't any oars or sail."

It was a tactless remark and the artist made no reply. I did my best to cover my blunder.

"I expect the wind blew very hard on their feathers," I said, "and that drove them along."

"What colour is the wind?" inquired Priscilla.

She had me there. I confessed that I did not know.

"It was a brown wind," she decided, impatient at my lack of resource, and slapped a wet typhoon of madder on the page. There was no more doubt about the wind.

"And is the picture finished now?" I asked her.

"No, it isn't finished. I haven't drawn the pookin yet."

The pookin is a confusion in the mind of Priscilla between a pelican and a

toucan, because she saw them both for the first time on the same day. In this case it consisted of an indigo splodge and a long red bar cutting right through the brown wind and penetrating deeply into the yellow sun.

"It had a *very* long beak," observed Priscilla.

"It had," I agreed.

I am no stickler for commonplace colours or conventional shapes in a work of art, but I do like things to be recognisable; to know, for instance, when a thing is meant to be a man and when it is meant to be a boat, and when it is meant to be a pookin and when it is meant to be a sun. The art of Priscilla seems to me to satisfy this test much better than that of many of our modern *maestri*. Strictly representational it may not be, but there are none of your whorls and cylinders and angles and what nots.

But I also insist that a work of art should appeal to the imagination as well as to the eye, and there seemed to me details about this picture that needed clearing up.

"Where were these men going to, Priscilla?" I asked.

"They was going to Wurvin," she answered in the tone of a mother who instructs her child. "And what do you think they was going to do there?"

"I don't know."

"They was going to see Auntie Isabel."

"And what did they do then?"

"They had dinner," she cried enthusiastically. "And do you know what they did after dinner?"

"I don't."

"They went on the Front to see the fire-escape."

It seemed to me now that the conception was mellow, rounded and complete. It had all the haunting mystery and romance of the sea about it. It was reminiscent of the *Ancient Mariner*. It savoured of the books of Mr. CONRAD. It reminded me not a little of those strange visitations which come to quiet watering-places in the novels of Mr. H. G. WELLS. When I thought of those seven men—one, alas, disembodied—so strangely attired yet so careful of elementary hygiene, driven by that fierce typhoon, with that bird of portent in the skies, arriving suddenly with the salt of their Odyssey upon their brows at the beach of the genteel and respectable Sussex town, and visiting a perhaps slightly perturbed Auntie Isabel, and afterwards the fire-escape, I felt that here was the glimpse of the wild exotic adventure for which the hearts of all of us yearn. It left the cinema standing. It beat the magazine story to a frazzle.

"And who is the picture for, Pris-

cilla?" I asked, when I had thoroughly steeped myself in the atmosphere.

"It's for you," she said, presenting it with a motley-coloured hand; "it's for you to take to London town and not to drop it."

I was careful to do as I was told, because I have a friend who paints Expressionist pictures, and I wished to deliver it at his studio. It seems to me that Priscilla, half-unconsciously perhaps, is founding a new school of art which demands serious study. One might call it, I think, the Pookin School. EVOE.

WHEN CHARL. COMES OVER.

IT is said that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN, a prominent citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., has employed the greater part of the last few days in mopping his brow, sighing with relief and exclaiming "Geo!"

Mr. CHAPLIN declares that missing the boat for England recently was the narrowest escape from death he has ever enjoyed. But for having been thus providentially prevented from visiting his native land in the company of Miss MARY PICKFORD and Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (better known as "MARY" and "DOUG." respectively) he would have come back to the dear homeland all unprepared for what would surely have happened to him no less than it happened to his illustrious colleagues in the film world.

Since his promised visit to our shores cannot long be delayed, he has already begun elaborate preparations for travelling in safety. He is growing a large beard and is learning to walk with his toes turned in. A number of his teeth will be blackened out during the whole of his European tour, and his hair will be kept well-ironed and cropped short.

He has engaged a complete staff of plain-clothes pugilists to travel with him everywhere and to stand on guard outside his bathroom door. They will also surround him during meal-times to prevent admirers from grabbing his food to hand down to their children as heirlooms.

He is being measured for a complete outfit of holeproof clothing, and his motor will be a Ford of seventeen thicknesses, with armoured steel windows, and fitted with first-aid accessories, including liniment, restoratives and raw steak. His entourage will include a day doctor, a night doctor, a leading New York surgeon and a squad of stretcher-bearers.

It has been suggested to him that a further precaution would be not to advise the Press of the date of his arrival; but that he considers would be carrying his safety-first measures to a foolish extreme.



STOP-PRESS NEWS.

Observant Visitor. "I SAY—EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR HAT IS KNOCKED IN."
Farm Hand. "WHOL, I'VE KNOWED THAT FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEAR."

A TRAGEDY OF REACTION.

It was a super-poet of the neo-Georgian kind
 Whose fantasies transcended the simple bourgeois mind,
 And by their frank transgression of all the ancient rules
 Were not exactly suited for use in infant schools.

But, holding that no rebel should shrink from fratricide,
 His gifted brother-Georgians he suddenly defied,
 And in a manifesto extremely clear and terse
 Announced his firm intention of giving up free verse.

The range of his reaction may readily be guessed
 When I mention that for BROWNING his devotion he
 Confessed,

Enthroned above the SITWELLS the artless Muse of "BAB,"
 And said that MARINETTI was not as good as CRABBE.

At first the manifesto was treated as a joke,
 A boyish ebullition that soon would end in smoke;
 But when he took to writing in strict and fluent rhyme
 His family decided to extirpate the crime.

Two scientific doctors declared he was insane,
 But likely under treatment his reason to regain;
 So he's now in an asylum, where he listens at his meals
 To a gramophone recital of the choicest bits from *Wheels*.

The Return to Woad.

"The bride's mother was handsomely attired in heliotrope stain."
Canadian Paper.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHATEVER else may be said about Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT as a novelist, it can at least be urged for him that he displays no undue apprehension of the too-facile laugh. For example, the humorous possibilities (or perils) in the plot of *The Shadow of Stephen Wade* (JENKINS) might well have daunted a writer of more experience. *Stephen Wade* was an ancestor, dead some considerable time before the story opens, and—to quote the old jest—there was no complaint about a circumstance with which everybody was well satisfied. The real worry over *Stephen* was twofold: first, that in life he had been rightly suspected of being rather more than a bit of a rip, and secondly that his grandson, *Philip*, the hero of the story, had what seemed to him good cause for believing that *Stephen's* more regrettable tendencies were being repeated in himself. Here, of course, is a theme capable of infinite varieties of development; the tragedies of heredity have kept novelists and dramatists busy since fiction began. The trouble is that, all unconsciously, Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT has given to his hero's struggles a fatally humorous turn. *Philip's* initial mistake appeared to be the supposition that safety could be secured by flight. But it has been remarked before now that Cupid is winged and doth range. *Philip* dashed into the depths of Devonshire, only to discover that even there farmers have pretty daughters; seeking refuge in the slums he found that the exchange was one from the frying-pan to the fire. In short,

there was no peace for him, till the destined heroine . . . Well, you can now see whether you are likely to be amused, edified, or bored by a well-meaning story, told (I should add) with a rather devastating solemnity of style.

M. HENRI DOMELIER, the author of *Behind the Scenes at German Headquarters* (HURST AND BLACKETT), must also be accounted among the prophets, for he foretold the invasion of Belgium. Before the War he edited a newspaper in Charleville, and when the Ardennes had been "inundated by the enemy hordes" and the local authorities had withdrawn to Rethel, he stayed in Charleville and acted as Secretary to the Municipal Commission. This organisation was recognised by the Germans, but to be secretary of it was still a dangerous post, and M. MAURICE BARRÈS in eloquent preface tells us of some of the sufferings that M. DOMELIER had to endure while trying to carry out his difficult duties. The French who remained in Charleville had more than ample opportunities of seeing both the EX-KAISER and his eldest son, and M. DOMELIER writes of them with a pen dipped in gall. No book that I have read puts before one more poignantly the miseries which the inhabitants of invaded France had to bear during "the great agony." For the most part they bore them with a courage beyond all praise; but some few, giving way under stress of physical suffering or moral temptation, forgot their nationality; and these M. DOMELIER makes no pretence to spare. I think that even those of us who have definitely made up our minds regarding the Hun and want to read no more about him will welcome this book. For if it is primarily an indictment of Germans' and German methods, it is hardly less a tribute to those who held firm through all their misery and never gave up hope during the darkest days.

I have before now met (in books) heroes who wore dungaree and had as setting an engineer-shop or a foundry, but never one who equalled *Jim Robinson* (HUTCHINSON) in the strictness of his attention to business. *Jim* is the managing director of *Cupreousine, Limited*, a firm which deals in a wonderful copper alloy which he himself has invented, and the book tells the story of his long and losing fight against the other directors, who are all in favour of amalgamation with another and much larger concern. Sketched in so few words the book's subject sounds unattractive, but Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD has a genius for making "shop" as interesting in her novels as it usually is in real life, and *Jim's* plans and enterprises and the circuitous ways of the other directors provide material for quite an exciting story. When I say "other directors," *Mary Gore*, representing a brother on the board of *Cupreousine* and backing *Jim* through thick and thin to the limit of her powers, must be excepted. In spite of her gracious reserve

and self-possession, it is plain that *Mary* loves the busy managing director; but *Jim's* feelings are more difficult to fathom. In fact he is so long in mentioning his passion that it is quite a relief when, on the last page but one, what publishers call the "love interest" suddenly strengthens and their engagement is announced, very suitably and to her entire satisfaction, to the charwoman at the foundry.

Open the Door won the two hundred and fifty pounds prize offered by Messrs. MELROSE, and without troubling to inquire into the merits of its rivals I wholeheartedly commend the award. For some curious reason its length (one hundred and eighty thousand words—no less) is insisted upon by the publishers, but as a matter of fact Miss CATHERINE CARSWELL's novel would have been even more remarkable if it had been of a less generous bulk. Her style is beyond reproach and she has nothing whatever to learn in the mysteries of a woman's heart. The principal scenes are placed in Glasgow, and the Bannermann family are laid

stark before us. Mrs. Bannermann was so intent on the next world that for all practical purposes she was useless in this. Having been left a widow with two sons and two daughters, she was incapable of managing the easiest of them, let alone such an emotional complexity as *Joanna*. It is upon *Joanna* that Miss CARSWELL has concentrated her forces; but she is not less happy in her analysis of the many lovers who fell into the net of this seductive young woman. Indeed I have not for many a day read a novel of which the psychology



Countrywoman (her first glimpse of the sea). "AIN'T IT ASTONISHIN', WILLIUM? WHO'D 'AVE THOUGHT THEER COULD BE AS MUCH WATER AS THAT?"
Williwm. "YES; AN' REMEMBER, MARIA, YE ONLY SEE WHAT'S ON TOP."

seemed to me to be so thoroughly sound.

I hope "Miss M. E. FRANCIS" will take it as a compliment when I say that *Beck of Beckford* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) should form part of the holiday equipment of all of us whose brows are not too exalted to enjoy it. In her unostentatious way Miss FRANCIS knows how to provide ample entertainment, and she has nothing to learn in point of form. When we are introduced to the *Becks* they are proud and poor, having impoverished themselves in the process of removing a blot from their escutcheon. *Sir John* is a working farmer, and *Lady Beck* does menial duties with an energy that most servants of to-day would not care to imitate. The apple of their old eyes is their grandson, *Roger*, and the story turns on his struggle between pride and love. No true Franciscan need be told that he comes through his struggle with flying colours. So quietly and easily does the tale run that one is apt to overlook the art with which it is told. But the art is there all the time.

"You can greet an acquaintance while you are cycling by smiling and nodding your head or by waving. Which you do depends on the depth of your acquaintanceship."—*Home Notes*.
And not, as you might think, on your proficiency as a cyclist.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that it has now been decided that the EX-KAISER will travel to England for his trial by way of the Channel Tunnel. * *

A new coal war is anticipated by *The Daily Express*. The difficulty is in knowing where the last coal war ended and this one will begin. * *

We understand that the Government fixture card is not yet complete and they still have a few open dates for Peace Conferences (away matches) for medium teams. * *

The world's largest blasting-furnace has been opened at Ebbw Vale. It is expected however that others will flare up immediately the CHANCELLOR'S proposals go through. * *

"Militarism has created a dragon whose fangs will never properly be drawn," announces a writer in a Sunday paper. This charge against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S dentist is, in our opinion, most unkind. * *

The report that the Turks had appealed to the Allies to stop the new war in Asia Minor turns out to be incorrect. What the Turks demand is that the Allies shall stop the Greek end of it. * *

"I would like to take a great piece of England back to America as a souvenir of the happy time I have recently spent there," exclaimed Miss MARY PICKFORD to a reporter in Belgium. Arrangements, we hear, are now being hastily made to offer her the whole of Ireland if she will take it away during this month. * *

According to a local paper a lawyer, living in Birmingham, returning unexpectedly from the theatre, discovered two burglars at work in his library. It is reported, however, that the intruders with great presence of mind immediately retained him for their defence. * *

Several workhouses in the South of England now possess tennis-courts and bowling-greens. It is satisfactory to note that preparations are at last being made to receive the New Poor. * *

We are glad to learn that the two

members of a well-known club in the City who inadvertently took away their own umbrellas have now agreed to exchange same, so that the reputation of the club shall not suffer. * *

A Warwickshire miner summoned for not sending his child to school is reported to have pleaded that he saw a red triangle danger notice above the word "school" and therefore kept his daughter away. * *

"We must have support," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL last week. We can only say that we always buy our stamps at one of his post-offices. * *

A little domestic tragedy was enacted in London last week. It appears that

will not open until seven in the evening on Sundays. This seems to be another attempt to discourage early rising on that day. * *

Two men have been arrested at Oignies, Pas de Calais, for selling stones as coal. We fancy we know the coal-dealer from whom they got this wrinkle. * *

Speaking at Sheffield University last week, Sir ERIC GEMMUS said he hoped to see the day when there would be a degree of Transport. What we're getting now, we gather, can't really be called Transport at all. * *

A live mussel measuring six inches has been found inside a codfish at New-castle. We expect that if the truth was known the mussel snapped at the cod-fish and annoyed it. * *

A soldier arrested at Dover told the police he was Sydney Carton, the hero of *The Tale of Two Cities*. He is supposed to be an impostor. * *

A market-gardener in Surrey is said to be the double of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Since this announcement it is stated that the poor fellow has been inundated with messages of sympathy. * *

"The secret of success," says Mr. W. HARRIS, "is hard work." Still, some people would scorn to take

advantage of another man's secret. * *

Wives, said the Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court recently, are not so ignorant that they do not know what their husband's earnings are. There is no doubt, however, that many workmen's wives simply pocket the handful of bank-notes their husbands fling them on Saturday night without stopping to count them. * *

There were no buyers, it is stated, for fifty thousand blankets offered by the Disposals Board last week. We have all along maintained that, though it would take time, the Board would wear its adversaries down. * *

According to an official list recently published the Government employs over three thousand charwomen. The number is said to be so great that they have to take it in turns to empty Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S portfolio. * *



Showman. "DON'T GET HIM TOO TAME, PROFESSOR. HE'S GOT TO GO FIVE ROUNDS WITH THE BOXING KANGAROO WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED."

a small boy, on being offered a penny by his mother, who had just returned from the winter sales, refused it, saying that he was not allowed to accept money from strangers. * *

An official of the New York Y.W.C.A. inquires whether a woman of thirty years is young. A more fair question would be, "When is a woman thirty years of age?" * *

President C. W. ELIOT, of Harvard University, says Britishers drink tea because it feeds the brain. Our own opinion is that we drink it because we have tasted our coffee. * *

So many servant-girls are being enticed from one house to another that several houses now display the notice, "Visitors are requested to refrain from stealing the servants." * *

Under a new Order public-houses

A CRICKET MANNERISM.

A WRITER commented recently in an article in *Punch* on the advantage to a cricketer of some harmless mannerism, giving as an instance Mr. P. F. WARNER's habit of hitching up the left side of his trousers and patting the ground seven times with his bat. This homely touch reminded me irresistibly of Rankin. Not that Rankin resembles Mr. WARNER even remotely in any other way. But Rankin has a mannerism, one which is fairly harmless, too, as a general rule. If on one occasion, of which I will tell you, it had unfortunate results, there was then a combination of circumstances for which Rankin was not entirely responsible. That much I now feel myself able to admit. At the time I could see nothing good about Rankin at all.

Rankin resides in our village of Littleborough, and is by trade what is known as a jobbing gardener. On Thursdays he is my gardener, on Wednesdays Mrs. Dobbie's gardener, and so on. On Saturday afternoons he plays cricket. Or at least he dresses in (among other garments) a pair of tight white flannel trousers and a waistcoat, and joins the weekly game.

Recently we met in deadly combat the neighbouring village of Smallwick. Away into the unchronicled past runs the record of these annual contests. Each village hints that it has gained the greater number of victories; each is inclined in its heart to believe that the other one has actually done so—because, as I suppose, the agony of defeat leaves a more lasting impression than the joy of victory. But I digress. We have not even got to Rankin's mannerism yet.

Rankin's mannerism is the habit of plunging his hands into his trouser pockets. A very ordinary one, you will say; but not when carried to the extent to which Rankin carries it. It is useless for Rankin to field at short slip, for instance. The only time he did so a catch struck him sharply in the lower chest (and fell to the ground, of course) before he had time to take his hands out of his pockets. When he is batting he crams one hand into his pocket between each delivery. As he wears a large batting glove and his trousers are very tight (as I mentioned before) this is a matter of some difficulty. In fact we usually attribute the smallness of his scores to its unsteady effect.

How he ever survived five years of military service without being shot for persistently carrying his hands in his pockets while on parade, to the detriment of good order and military discipline, I can never understand. Surely

some Brass-hat, inspecting Rankin's regiment, must have noticed that Rankin's hands were in his pockets when he should have been presenting arms? I can only presume that they all loved Rankin, and love is blind. Well, he is quite a good chap. I like him myself.

We now come to the day of the Smallwick v. Littleborough match.

Smallwick lost the toss and went out to field, and, as one of their players had not arrived, Rankin went with them as a substitute.

We lost three wickets for only ten runs, and then I went in. It was one of my rare cricket days. I felt, I knew, that I should make runs—not much more than twenty, of course, but then twenty is a big score for Littleborough. And I felt like twenty at least.

Rankin was fielding at deep long-on, close to the tent; but they had no one at square leg, which is my special direction on my twenty days. Presently the bowler offered me a full pitch on the leg side. I timed it successfully, and had no doubt of having added four to my score, when, to my astonishment, I saw a fieldsman running from the direction of the hedge. The next moment he had brought off a very creditable catch.

It did not dawn on me at first that this was their eleventh man, arrived at that moment. When it did, I could not help laughing to think that he should imagine he could rush in like that while his substitute was still fielding. Then I heard the bowler appeal to the umpire, and to my horror I heard the umpire (their umpire) say "Out."

"But they can't have twelve men fielding," I cried. "The substitute is still there."

"You're out, Sir," said the umpire haughtily. "The substitoot has already retired. 'E's standing there watching the game with 'is 'ands in 'is pockets."

A Self-Starter.

"Born of an Iris meter and a Scots father, in Chicago, U.S.A., Mr. —'s ability for the stage developed very early."

New Zealand Paper.

"Within the square of spectators were paraded about two thousand Girl Guides. It delighted the eye to see the companies march with precision and smartness, while the ear was charmed and the marital spirit stirred by the music of the pipes and drums."

Scotch Paper.

So that's the idea.

"Seen we could make out the Sultan's Palace, from which the tired 'Hunter of the East' was now unwinding his 'nose of light,'"

Magazine.

For further details of this remarkable organ see LEAR's "Dong with the Luminous Nose."

PHILOSOPHERS.

WE are all different, and often our differences are of the widest. Some men can be knocked prostrate by the most trifling disappointment, while others can extract comfort or even positive benefit from what looks like complete disaster—such as the Cambridge youth I met last week, raving about TURNER's "Fighting Téméraire."

"But I didn't know you were interested in pictures," I said.

"Oh, yes, I've always been, in a way," he replied; "but it wasn't till the rain ruined the first day of the Varsity match that I ever had a real chance to get to the National Gallery, and when it came down like blazes again on Tuesday I went back there. Did you ever see such painting? And the pathos of it too! And then that frosty morning scene in the same room! Why, TURNER was too wonderful."

How some of the other dampened enthusiasts tided over their loss I can only guess; but this ardent one reminded me of the Shipwrecked Entomologist, and I placed him on a niche somewhere near that radiant soul.

And who was he?

Well, he was the curator of his own department in some Indian museum—I think at Calcutta—and when the time came for his holiday he took a passage for Japan on a little tramp steamer. Everything went well until a few hours out of Shanghai, when a typhoon began to blow with terrific force. The ship was driven on the coast of Korea, where she set about breaking up, and only with the greatest difficulty did the passengers and crew get to shore, bruised and saturated, without anything but their clothes and what their pockets could hold. Some lives were lost, but my man was saved.

It was a desolate part, with nothing but the poorest huts for shelter, dirty and verminous, so that the discomforts of the land were almost equal to the perils of the sea.

Naturally, on his return to Calcutta the curator was plied with questions. How did he feel about it? Wasn't it an awful experience? If over a man deserved sympathy it was he. And so forth. But he wouldn't rise.

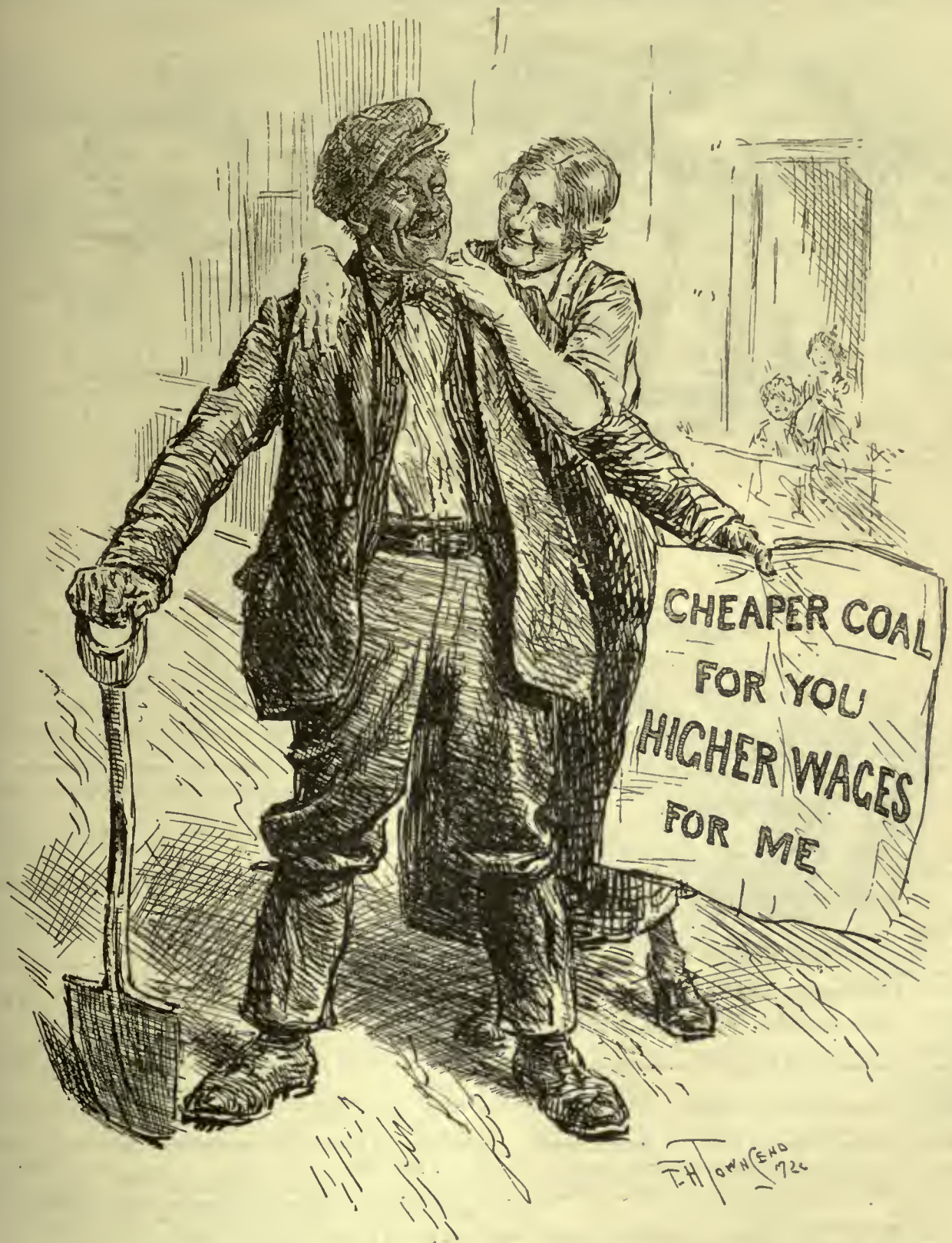
"Sympathy?" he said. "Good Heavens! I don't want sympathy. Why, I had the time of my life. Do you know that during the night in that Korean hovel I found five absolutely new kinds of bug."

E. V. L.

"Notice to the public, that John —, Toronto, will not be responsible for debts hereafter contracted by any one."

Canadian Paper.

Very sensible of him.



SUBJECT TO REVISION.

BRITISH HOUSEWIFE. "DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?"
MINER. "WELL, PART OF IT, ANYWAY."



Captain (to very unsuccessful lob towler). "OI BE SORRY TO 'AVE TO TAKE 'EE OFF, GARGE, BUT I MUST LET THE VICAR 'AVE A GO BEFORE THE BALL GETS EGG-SHAPED."

SANTAMINGOES.

A FANCY.

[The santamingo is a kind of Oriental bird believed by foolish sailor-men to confer on its possessor great content and peace of mind.]

East from the Mahanadi and north of the Nicobar

You will come to Evening Island where the santamingoes are;

Their wings are sunrise-orange and their tails are starlight-blue;

You catch a santamingo and all your dreams come true.

They've a crest of flaming scarlet and a purple-golden breast,

And their voice is like all the music that ever you liked the best,

And their eyes are like all the comfort that ever you hoped to find;

You catch a santamingo and you'll get peace of mind.

You won't find buried treasures, you won't get sudden luck,
But things'll just go smoothly that used to get somehow stuck—

The little things that matter, the trumpery things that please,

You catch your santamingo and you're always sure of these.

You don't get thrones and kingdoms, you don't turn great or good,

But you know you're just in tune with things, you know you're understood,

And wherever you chance to be is home and any old time's the best

When you've got your santamingo to keep your heart at rest.

If ever you've dreamed of a golden day when nothing at all went wrong,

Or a pal who'd want no tellings but would somehow just belong,

Or a place that said, "I was made for you"—well, sailor-men tell you flat,

You catch your santamingo and you'll find it all like that.

* * * * *

I've sailed from the Mahanadi to north of the Nicobar,
But I can't find Evening Island where the santamingoes are,

Though I've taken salt to put on their tails and all that a hunter should—

Perhaps you can't *really* catch them; but don't you wish you could?

H. B.

"Capitalist who will consider financing Canadian oil fields or will send English theologist to investigate property."—*Daily Paper*.
And do the clerical work, we suppose.

From a description of the V.C.'s at Buckingham Palace:—

"There were a sergeant-major arranged in nine separate groups, and an attempt had been made to get old comrades together as far as possible."—*Provincial Paper*.

The reassembling of the sergeant-major must have taken a bit of doing.

MY RAT.

He visits me at least once every day. His favourite time is the hour of tea, when the family and staff may be expected to be at home; but sometimes he honours us with an additional call at the luncheon hour. He emerges from his deep hole beneath an ivy root, takes the air up and down the paths of my rockery, glances in at the drawing-room window, passes on to the back premises, and so home.

There is nothing furtive about his movements. His manner is that of one who has purchased the mansion and its appurtenances but does not wish to disturb the sitting tenants. It is his duty to see that the premises are properly cared for, but for the present he has no desire to take possession. It is beautiful weather and the simple life out-of-doors contents him.

He is a brown rat. I write of his sex with confidence because his urbanity is that of a polished gentleman of the world; no feminine creature could ever display it. A female rat who had bought the house would eagerly try to get in and drive us forth. But not so my rat. He discharges the function of a landlord as considerably as he can; after all, even a landlord must be allowed the rights of inspection of his own property.

At first I regarded him as merely an ordinary intrusive brown rat. I laid down poisonous pills composed of barium carbonate and flour. He did not take offence; he understood our human limitations. He showed by a jaunty cock of the eye that all to understand is all to pardon. His daily visits continued without abatement.

It has been suggested to me that we should await his regular calls with dogs, blood-thirsty terriers. I cannot take so scurvy an advantage of his confidence.

* * * * *

I have sinned. The fault is less mine than that of the High Court of Parliament. I was bidden to study the penalties laid down for those who do not proceed to the destruction of their rats. When I weighed my landlord rat against five treasury notes I confess that in an hour of meanness I permitted the notes to tip the scale. I prepared phosphor paste and laid a trail of this loathsome condiment upon the path trodden every afternoon by my rat.

He came as usual on the day after that on which I had basely planned his murder—Heaven forgive me!—that I might escape a trifling fine, and he deigned to partake of my hospitality. Twenty-four hours later, when duty summoned him once more at the hour of tea, his eye was dim and he staggered



Jack (to novice in difficulties with the tide). "THE NEXT TIME YOU SPORTSMEN TAKES AN OUTIN' TRY A NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN BUS."

slightly in his gait. He was still able to go his rounds, but since that tragic afternoon I have seen him no more.

My family eyes me with suspicion. They look for the rat, which no longer arrives at his accustomed hour. My cook has given notice. I alone bear the burden of the fatal secret.

* * * * *

Saved! What care I for five paltry pounds now that our rat has recovered from his indisposition and has hastened to re-visit his property? The phosphor paste, like arsenic, has added brightness to his eye and brought a beautiful lustre to his smooth brown coat. He

has softened in his manner and tends towards friendship. There is less of the grand air, less assertion of the vast gap which yawns between the landlord and the tenant. Presently, if I continue to prove worthy of his condescension, my rat will eat phosphor paste out of my hand.

From the obituary notice of an octogenarian:—

"He was a keen chronologist, and possessed a valuable collection of shells."

Provincial Paper.

Picked up, no doubt, on the sands of time.

THE LITTLE HORSE.

[The following fragment is taken from the play, *David Lloyd George*, which we understand may some day be produced at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, as a companion-piece to *Abraham Lincoln*.]

THE scene is laid in the House of Commons, where Sir FREDERICK BANBURY has moved the rejection of the Poets and Verse (Nationalisation) Bill.

Sir FREDERICK BANBURY is speaking.

But it stands to reason,

If you propose to pay them just the same
Whether they write a little or a lot,
They won't write *anything*. There will not be
Sufficient stimulus. It's human nature,
And human nature is unchangeable.
Do you imagine, Sir, that KEATS or SHELLEY
Would have produced such valuable work,
So large an output, if this precious Bill
Had been in operation at the time?
We should have had no SHAKESPEARE. And, besides,
It means the death of British poetry,
Because we can't continue to compete
With foreign countries.

A Labour Member. I am not a lawyer

Nor I am not a manufacturer,
But earned my bread these five-and-forty years,
Sweating and sweating. I know what sweat is . . .

An Hon. Member.

You're not the only person who has sweated.

Labour Member.

At any rate I sweated more than you did.

Mr. SPEAKER.

I do not think these constant interruptions
Are really helping us.

Labour Member.

So you may take it

That what I utter is an honest word,
A plain, blunt, honest and straightforward word,
Neither adorned with worthless flummery
And tricks of language—for I have no learning—
Nor yet with false and empty rhetoric
Like lawyers' speeches. I am not a lawyer,
I thank my stars that I am not a lawyer,
And can without a spate of parleying
Briefly expound, as I am doing now,
The whole caboodle. As for this here Bill,
So far as it means Nationalising verse,
We shall support it. On the other hand,
So far as it means interferences
With the free liberty of working-men
To write their poetry when and how they like,
We will not have the Bill. So now you know.

Mr. ASQUITH.

It was remarked, I think by ARISTOTLE,
That wisdom is not always to the wise;
To which opinion, if we may include
In that august and jealous category
The President of the Board of Ululation,
I am prepared most freely to subscribe.
When was there ever since the early Forties
A more grotesque and shameless mockery
Of the austere and holy principles
Which Liberalism like an altar-flame
Has guarded through the loose irreverent years
Than this inept, this disingenuous,
This frankly disingenuous attempt
To smuggle past the barrier of this House
An article so plainly contraband
As this unlicens'd and contagious Bill—

A Bill which, it is not too much to say,
Insults the conscience of the British Empire?
I will not longer, Sir, detain the House;
Indeed I cannot profitably add
To what I said in 1892.

Speaking at Manchester I used these words:—

"If in the inconstant ferment of their minds
The KING's advisers can indeed discover
No surer ground of principle than this;
If we have here their final contribution
To the most clamant and profound conundrum
Ever proposed for statesmanship to solve,
Then are we watching at the bankruptcy
Of all that wealth of intellect and power
Which has made England great. If that be true
We may put FINIS to our history.
But I for one will never lend my suffrage
To that conclusion."

[*An Ovation.*

Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Mr. SPEAKER, Sir,

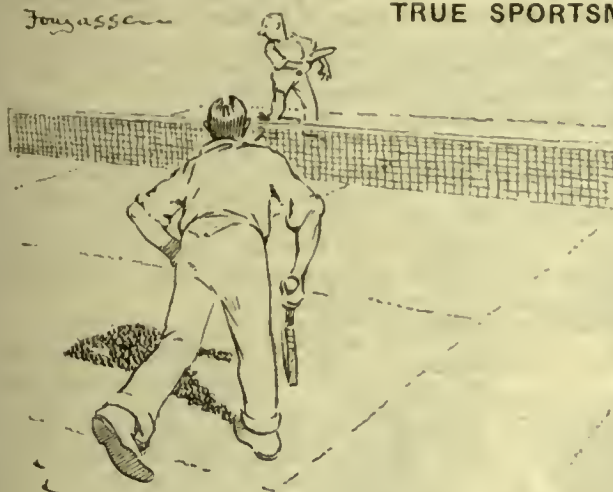
I do not intervene in this discussion
Except to say how much I deprecate
The intemperate tone of many of the speakers—
Especially the Honourable Member
For Allways Dithering—about this Bill,
This tiny Bill, this teeny-weeny Bill.
What is it, after all? The merest trifle!
The merest trifle—no, not tipsy-cake—
No trickery in it! Really one would think
The Government had nothing else to do
But sit and listen to offensive speeches.
How can the horse, the patient horse, go on
If people will keep dragging at the reins?
He has so terrible a load to bear,
And right in front there is a great big hill.
The horse is very tired, and it is raining.
Poor little horse! But yonder, at the top,
Look, look, there is a rainbow in the sky,
The promise of fair weather, and beyond
There is a splendidly-appointed stable,
With oats and barley, or whatever 'tis
That horses eat, while smiling all around
Stretch out the prairies of Prosperity,
Cornfields and gardens, all that sort of thing.
That's where the horse is going. But, you see,
The horse has got to climb the great big hill
Before he gets there. Oh, you must see that.
Then let us cease this petty bickering;
Let us have no more dragging at the reins.
What is this Bill when all is said and done?
Surely this House, surely this mighty nation,
Which did so much for horses in the War,
Will not desert this little horse at last
Because of what calumniators say—
Newspaper-owners—I know who they are—
About this Bill! No, no, of course it won't.
We will take heart and gallop up the hill,
We will climb up together to the rainbow;
We will go on to where the rainbow ends—
I know where that is, for I am a Welshman.
It is a field, a lovely little field,
Where there are buttercups and daffodils,
And long rich grass and very shady trees.
Hold on a little, and the horse will get there,
Only, I ask you, let the horse have rein.
That is my message to the British nation:
"Hold on! Hold fast! But do not hold too tight!"

[*An Ovation. A Division is taken. The Ayes have it.*

A. P. H.

Fougasse

TRUE SPORTSMANLIKE BEHAVIOUR.



"THAT WAS A DOUBLE FAULT I SERVED, WASN'T IT? LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"NO. YOUR SECOND ONE WAS IN ALL RIGHT, I THINK. FIFTEEN-LOVE."

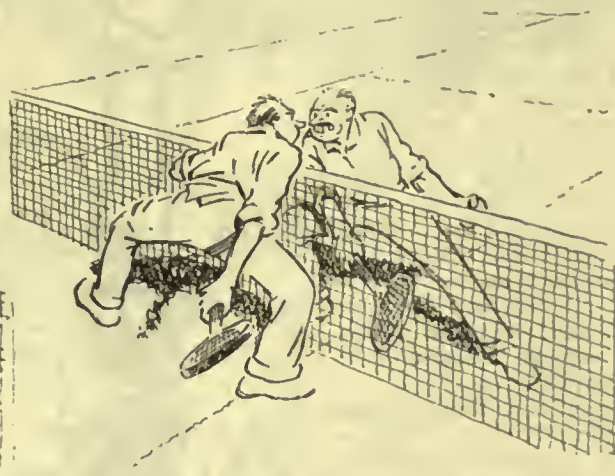


"BUT I'M ALMOST SURE IT WAS NOT. LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"NO, REALLY, I'M PRACTICALLY CERTAIN IT WAS IN. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



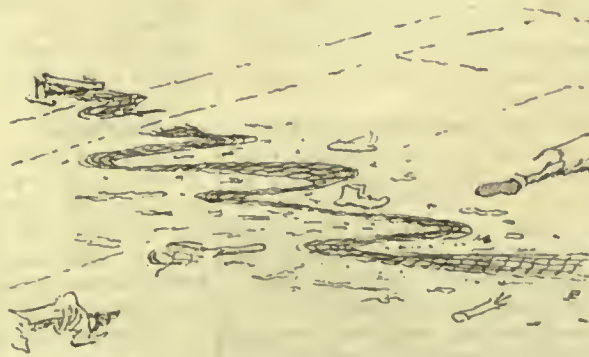
"IT LOOKED MILES OUT TO ME. LOVE-FIFTEEN."
"WELL, YOU WERE WRONG, THAT'S ALL. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



"BUT, MY DEAR GOOD FELLOW, I KNOW I'M RIGHT. LOVE-FIFTEEN."
"MY VERY GOOD IDIOT, YOU AREN'T. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



"YOU PIG-HEADED BEAST, I AM. LOVE-FIFTEEN."
"YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'RE NOT. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



"WELL, CALL IT A LET."

WORD CHAINS.

Sheila Davies and her brother had cycled over to play tennis. They sat, with John and myself, on the steps and watched the rain falling.

"As a matter of general interest," said Arthur Davies to me, "when a man invites his friends and neighbours over to play tennis and it pours with rain all the time, what is the correct thing for him to do?"

"As a matter of general interest," I answered, "the good host will send the ladies to play the piano, if any, and to talk scandal, whether there is any or not. He will himself conduct the men of the party to the billiard-room or the smoking-room and offer them cigarettes and whisky—if any."

"Ah," said Davies, "then it isn't usual just to keep them sitting miserably on the steps watching the net float away?"

John, on whose steps we were sitting, felt the need of speech.

"I have often wondered," he said, turning to Miss Davies, "how your brother ever got into such a nice family as yours. How do you keep so cheerful with it always about?"

"One gets used to it in time," said Miss Davies.

"I suppose so," said John.

"After all, we have the same sort of family disaster in Alan, but we manage to bear up."

Davies rose.

"You and I don't seem popular here," he said to me. "Will you conduct me to the billiard-room or the smoking-room? I am in need of a wash."

"As a matter of general interest," said John to Miss Davies, "is it the correct thing to wash before setting out to visit friends, or can it be left until some hours after arrival?"

Miss Davies sighed heavily.

"If you two are going to sit here thinking of clever remarks to make about each other I shall go home. For goodness' sake let's pretend we are enjoying ourselves."

"I am enjoying myself," said John plaintively; "I've been wanting to say what I really think of your brother for years."

"Well, don't do it now. Things are miserable enough without having discussions on Arthur. Let's all have a game at something, shall we?"

"Splendid idea," said her brother.

"What about tennis?"

"We might get into bathing togs and play polo," I suggested.

"That's not a bad notion," said John, "and then he needn't have a wash until to-morrow."

"I suggest," continued Miss Davies, "that we play at Word Chains."

Davies buried his face in his hands and groaned.

"It sounds fine," I said gallantly.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's really a sort of mind exercise. They recommend it in those courses, you know," said Miss Davies, "er—it stimulates a logical sequence in reasoning and quickens the mental processes."

"Jolly good, Alan. However did you guess it? Has he won?" he asked Miss Davies.

"Of course not," said she; "we haven't begun yet."

I sat down again hurriedly.

"Then," continued Miss Davies, "we take turns, starting with the word 'margarine' and making a chain, each word being connected in some way with the one before it. And whoever can get to the word 'hippopotamus' first has won."

"One hippopotamus?" asked John.

"WON," said Miss Davies sweetly.

Her brother groaned again.

"I'll just give you an easy example," went on Miss Davies enthusiastically, "and then we'll begin. Take the words 'fire' and 'nigger.' A good chain would be 'fire—coal—black—nigger.' Do you see?"

John and I made sounds expressing that we thought we did. Davies just went on groaning.

"Very well," said Miss Davies, "we'll begin. Now don't forget. We start with 'margarine' and try to get to 'hippopotamus.' The great thing is to keep the word 'hippopotamus' in your mind all the time and keep trying to work towards it. Are you ready? Right! I'll start with 'grease.'"

"Greece?" said John, looking startled.

"Yes, margarine — grease," explained Miss Davies.

"Oh, I see," said John, "er—oil."

I thought seriously for a moment.

"Salad," I said, looking round for approval.

"Splendid," said Miss Davies.

"Now you, Arthur."

"I refuse— Oh, all right," he said. "Where have we— 'salad'—er—'lobster.'"

Do you catch the idea, as it were? We seemed to fall into the way of it in a moment. Once we had tried we progressed at a tremendous rate. Perhaps we are all very clever, or perhaps it was really easier than it seems in the telling, but looking back the conversation seems to have been simply brilliant.

Well, here's an idea of how we went on, anyway, and you can judge for yourselves (Davies, you remember, has just snapped out "Lobster"):

Miss Davies (quick as lightning). Shrimp.

John. Whiskers. (A very subtle one, this.)

Me. Beard. (Rather weak effort.)



THE NEW RIVER "BELLE."

Society Gossip Note. "I also saw the Honourable Pamela Puntah, attended by a gorgeous creation in tangerine orange and cornflower blue, with hat and handkerchief to match."

[It was remarked that at Henley the men's river attire quite outshone the ladies'.]

"Is that what they say about it?" asked John fearfully.

"But it makes a splendid game," added Miss Davies eagerly. "Let me explain it to you and you'll see. First of all we think of a word, such as—er—'margarine.'"

"Why?" asked John.

"It's part of the game, of course," said Miss Davies indignantly.

"Oh, I see—of course. How stupid of me!" said John.

"Then we think of another word quite different, such as—"

"Hippopotamus," I suggested.

"That's right," said Miss Davies.

I stood up and bowed.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said John.



"PLAY US A CHUNE, MISTER."

Davies. Moustache. (Weaker still; received with groans.)

Miss Davies (quick as another lightning). *CHARLIE CHAPLIN*. (Loud cheers here and laughter, followed by a long pause while John thinks.) At last:—

John. *MARY PICKFORD*.

Me (after another pause). *DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS*.

Davies (indicating with a wave of the hand that it has been forced on him). *D. W. GRIFFITHS*.

There is a slight hold-up at this point while *Miss Davies* tells her brother that he is not trying, and he says he knows he isn't. *Miss Davies* gets back on to the track amidst applause, however, with:—

"Broken Blossoms."

After this things went on for a long time, hours and hours I should say. I remember that we mentioned among many subjects of interest sausage-rolls, horoscopes, hair-pins, Cleopatra's Needle and lung-wort. I must resist the temptation to tell the whole absorbing story in detail, and skip rapidly to the point where the chase reached the following interesting stage:—

Miss Davies (still going strong). Whale.

John (struggling hard but growing weak). Oil.

Me (quite innocently). Grease.

Davies (triumphantly). *MARGARINE*. I looked at *Miss Davies* in embarrassment. John gazed round pitifully.

"But," he murmured weakly, "isn't that where we started?"

"Of course it is," said *Miss Davies* indignantly. "You've spoilt the whole game, Arthur."

"Well, I can't help it," said her brother; "I thought that was the word we were after. What was it, anyway?" We all looked at the sky and thought hard.

"Hanged if I know," said John.

"I'm sure I don't," I said.

"Well, isn't that ridiculous?" said *Miss Davies*.

"Of course it is," said her brother brutally; "I *knew* it was ridiculous from the beginning. You said it quickened the mental processes. Would memory be one of them?"

"Let's go inside and have some tea," said John.

We crept quietly indoors.

Halfway through tea *Miss Davies* suddenly waved her teaspoon aloft. We looked at her and saw a great light shining in her eyes.

"Hip—hip—hippopotamus!" she shrieked.

We all agreed that *Miss Davies* had won.

Magnanimity.

There was once a satirical pup
Who with newspaper rule was fed up,
So he wrote bitter rhymes
Which disparaged *The Times*
But were praised in its weekly *Lit. Supp.*

"The Canadian officials refused to allow her to land because she did not proopse to carry out her original intention tom arry Captain —, and the New Yorkaut horities declined to interfere with the Canadian decision."

Daily Paper.

But what we really want to know is where Tom and 'Arry come in.

"New York, Sunday.

The s.s. Minnehaha left here yesterday for London with fifty crates of American birds and a great variety of animals.

Three trunks were carried for the opossum to build in and for the beavers to gnaw."

Daily Mirror.

Nothing is said about the other creatures' luggage.

From the time-table of a Hampshire motor-service:—

"The Fare: between any points on any route will be found where the vertical line of figures under the name of one of the points meets the horizontal line of figures which terminates in the name of the other of the two points between which it is desired to travel."

The Hampshire Hog needs to be a very learned pig.



Mother. "WELL, DARLINGS, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING?"

Margaret. "WE'RE PLAYING AT WEDDINGS. I'M THE BRIDE AND BETTY'S THE BRIDESMAID."

Mother. "BUT WHERE'S THE BRIDEGROOM?"

Margaret. "OH, THIS IS A VERY QUIET WEDDING."

THE REEFS.

ALL the grim rocks that stand guard about Scilly—
Wingletang, Great Smith and Little Granilly,
The Barrel of Butter, Dropnose and Hellweather—
Started to boast of their conquests together,
Of drowned men and gallant, tall vessels laid low,
While gulls wheeled about them like flurries of snow
And green combers romped at them smashing in
thunder,

Gurgling and booming in caverns down under,
Sending their diamond-drops flying in showers.
"Oh," said the reefs, "what a business is ours!
Since saints in coracles paddled from Erin
(Fishing our waters for sinners and herrin')
And purple-sailed triremes of Hamilco came
To the Islands of Tin, we've played at the game.
We shattered the galleys of conquering Rome,
The galleons of PHILIP that scudded for home
(The sea-molluscs slime on their glittering gear);
We plundered the plundering French privateer,
We caught the great Indiaman head in the wind
And gutted her hold of the treasures of Ind;
We sank a whole fleet of three-deckers one night
(The drift of the sand keeps their culverins bright),
And cloudy tea-clippers that raced from Canton
Swept into our clutches—and never went on.
Come steel leviathans scorning disaster
We scrapped them as fast—if anything faster.

So pick up your pilot and take a cross-bearing,
Sound us and chart us from Lion to Tearing,
And ring us with lighthouses, day-marks and buoys,
The gales are our hunters, the fogs our decoys.
We shall not go hungry; we grin and we wait,
Black-fanged and foam-drabbled, the wolves at the Gate."

PATLANDER.

AWAY TO THE MEADOWS!

ALTHOUGH the cost of everything is on the rise there are still a few good things that quite a little money can buy. One pound, for example—or, if you prefer it, twenty shillings—can work wonders by taking (under the auspices of the Children's Country Holiday Fund) a London child away from our smoke and grime for a fortnight of country air and surprises, excitements and joys. The Fund (the Hon. Treasurer of which is the Earl of ARRAN, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London) must not now be restricted because lodgings and railway fares are dearer. Last year the sum asked for each child was just half what is now required; but the increase is necessary. Yet even with the increase it is not great, considering the good that it can do! In spite of all the other claims of the moment upon his readers' generosity, Mr. Punch trusts that this modest and most excellent ameliorative organisation will not be neglected.

"The police are divided in their opinions as to whether Mamie is still alive or whether she has gone to Canada."—*Provincial Paper.*

Why this "down" on the Dominion?



OUR PARISH CHURCH.

JOHN BULL. "LET ME SEE, WE MUST BE ESPECIALLY GENEROUS TO-DAY. THE COLLECTION IS FOR THE RESTORATION FUND."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 5th.—When the Germans left Peking after the Boxer Rebellion they took with them the astronomical instruments which had hung for centuries on its walls. How the Celestial equivalent of *Old Moore* has managed to translate the message of the stars without their assistance I cannot imagine; but the Chinese Government does not appear to be worrying, for, though it was specifically provided at

familiar to the House. Everybody knew that the Government was helping the anti-Bolshevik forces last year. But the story that Mr. CHURCHILL had taken his orders from Admiral KOLTCHAK was both untrue and absurd. He had simply carried out the policy of the Government, a policy which, though some hon. Members did not seem to appreciate it, had now been altered.

Committee on the Finance Bill saw the annual assault on the tea duty. "We are going to drop this duty directly we are in a position to do so," said Commander KENWORTHY, with his eye on the Treasury Bench. "Who are we?" shouted the Coalitionists; and it presently appeared that "we" did not include Sir DONALD MACLEAN, but did include Colonel WEDGWOOD, who, as becomes one of his name, was all for a generous tea-pot.

Undeterred by his failure over tea, Commander KENWORTHY next attacked the duty on films, complaining *inter alia*, "Mr. CHAPLIN is taxed twenty pounds for every thousand feet." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defended the tax on general grounds, but wisely avoided Mr. CHAPLIN's feet, over which it is notoriously easy to trip.

The debate on the beer duty shattered one more illusion. It is an article of faith with the "Wee Frees" that Sir GEORGE YOUNGER is the power behind the scenes, and that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a mere marionette, who only exists to do his bidding. Yet here was the autocrat confessing, *quod* brewer, that the latest addition to the beer duty was the biggest surprise of his life.

Tuesday, July 6th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR's request for leave of absence in order that he might attend the Spa Conference was granted. Lord CHEWE's remark, that it was "a matter of regret that the Government had to depend upon the noble and learned lord for legal assistance," might perhaps have been less ambiguously worded. At any rate Lord BIRKENHEAD thought it necessary to allay any possible apprehensions by adding that he would be accompanied by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The gist of Mr. CHURCHILL's comprehensive reply to allegations of waste at Chilwell was that there were not enough sheds to cover all the stores, and that to build additional accommodation would cost more than it would save. There was a pleasant Hibernian flavour about his admission that the goods, "if they remained in their present condition, would, of course, deteriorate."

Who says that D.O.R.A. has outlived her usefulness? The HOME SECRE-

TARY announced that the sale of chocolates in theatres is still *verboden*, so the frugal swain, whose "best girl" has a healthy appetite, may breathe again.

Mr. CLYNES, usually so cautious, was in a reckless mood. First he tried to move the adjournment over the GOLOVIN revelations, and was informed by the SPEAKER that a report of doubtful authenticity, relating to events that happened over a year ago, could hardly be described as either "urgent" or "definite."

Next, on the Finance Bill, he shocked his temperance colleagues by boldly demanding cheaper beer. But, although he received the powerful support of Admiral Sir R. HALL, he failed to soften the heart of the CHANCELLOR, who declared that he must have his increased revenue, and that the beer-drinker must pay his share of it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN turned a more sympathetic ear to the bark of another sea-dog, Admiral ADAM, who sought a reduction of the tax on champagne, and mentioned the horrifying fact that even City Companies were abandoning its consumption. He received the unexpected support of Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, who declared that



"A GENEROUS TEAPOT."

COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

Versailles that the instruments should be returned, China has omitted to sign the Peace Treaty.

There are the makings of a great statesman in Sir JOHN REES. Some apprehension having been expressed lest France should prohibit the importation of silk mourning crêpe and so injure an old British industry, he was quick to suggest a remedy. "Would it not be possible," he asked in his most insinuating tones, "to have a deal between silk and champagne?" And the House, which is not yet entirely composed of "Pussyfeet," gave him an approving cheer.

A certain General GOLOVIN having published statements reflecting on Mr. CHURCHILL's conduct of the campaign in North Russia last year, that section of the House which is always ready to take the word of any foreigner as against that of any Englishman, particularly of any English Minister, at once assumed that the charges were correct. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was in his place, with the light of battle in his eye, ready to meet his enemies in the gate. But by the time Mr. BONAR LAW had done with them there was not much left of the charges. So far as the statements were true, he said, they merely repeated what was already



LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY GIVES AN INFERIOR IMITATION OF MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN.

Yorkshire miners always had a bottle after their day's work and denounced an impost that would rob a poor man of his "boy." Eventually the CHANCELLOR agreed to reduce the new *ad valorem* duty by a third. He might have made the same reduction in the case of cigars but for the declaration of a Labour

Member that this was becoming "a rich man's Budget from top to bottom."

Wednesday, July 7th.—Never was Lord HALDANE's power of clear thinking employed to better advantage than in his lucid exposition of the Duplicands and Feu-duties (Scotland) Bill. I would not like to assert positively that all the Peers present fully grasped the momentous fact that a duplicand was a "casualty" and might be sometimes twice the feu-duty and sometimes three times that amount; but they understood enough to agree that it was a very fearful wild-fowl and ought to be restrained by law.

After this piquant *hors-d'œuvre* they settled down to a solid joint of national finance, laid before them by Lord MIDDLETON. I am afraid they would have found it rather indigestible but for the sauce provided by Lord INCULCATE, who was positively skittish in his comments upon the extravagance of the Government, and on one occasion even indulged in a pun. In his view the Ministry of Transport was an entirely superfluous creation, solely arising out of the supposed necessity of finding a new job for Sir ERIC GEDDES. I suppose the PRIME MINISTER said, "Here's a square peg, look you; let us dig a hole round it."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's reply was vigorous but not altogether convincing. His description of the Government as a body of harassed and anxious economists did not altogether tally with his subsequent picture of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "always resisting proposals for expenditure made by his colleagues in the Cabinet." Despite his eloquence the Peers passed Lord MIDDLETON's motion by 95 votes to 23.

The Commons made good progress with the Finance Bill, though there was a good deal of justifiable criticism of its phrasology. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY admitted that there was one clause of which he did not understand a word, but wisely refused to specify it. Colonel WEDGWOOD advanced the remarkable proposition that "the workers in the long run pay all the taxes," but did not jump at Captain ELLIOTT's suggestion that in that case it would save trouble if the CHANCELLOR were to levy all the taxes on the working-classes direct. When asked to extend further relief to charities Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sought a definition of "charity." Would it apply, for example, to "the association of a small number of gentlemen in distress obeying the law of self-preservation in the face of world-forces which threaten to sweep them out of existence"? I seem to hear Mr. Wilkins Micawber reply, "The answer is in the affirmative."

Thursday, July 8th.—In the absence of the LORD CHANCELLOR the Gas Regulation Bill was entrusted to the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR. The mingling of gas and air has before now been known to produce an explosion,



DAVID COPPERFIELD UP TO DATE.

Mr. Clynes. "LOOK HERE—IF THE PRICE OF ALE KEETS ON GOING UP LIKE THIS I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ABOUT IT."

but on this occasion Lord LONDON-DERRY so deftly handled his material that not a single Peer objected to the Second Reading.

The proceedings in the Lower House were much more lively. Mr. STANTON



MR. MONTAGU S'EXCUSE.

threatened that there would be a general strike of Members of Parliament unless their salaries were increased; but Mr. BONAR LAW seemed to be more amused than alarmed at the prospect. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was

asked point-blank whether he was satisfied with the reduction in the bureaucracy during the last six months, and replied that he was not, and had therefore appointed Committees to investigate the staffs in seven of the Departments. The number is unfortunately suggestive.

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"

And we know what the Carpenter replied.

If an unnecessary amount of heat was engendered by the debate on General DYER's case the fault must be partly attributed to the INDIAN SECRETARY's opening speech. "Come, Montagu, for thou art early up" is a line from one of the most poignant scenes in SHAKESPEARE; but early rising, at Westminster as elsewhere, is not always conducive to good temper.

Members who thought with Sir EDWARD CARSON that General DYER had not been fairly treated resented Mr. MONTAGU's insinuation that in that case they were condoning "frightfulness." Mr. CHURCHILL was more judicious, and Mr. BONAR LAW did his level best to keep his followers in the Government Lobby. But Sir A. HUNTER-WESTON's reminder that by the instructions issued by the civil authority to General DYER he was ordered "to use all force necessary. No gathering of persons nor procession of any sort will be allowed. All gatherings will be fired on," confirmed them in the view that the GENERAL was being made a scapegoat. No fewer than 129 voted against the Government, whose majority would have been very minute but for the assistance of its usual foes, the "Wee Frees" and Labourites.

"Keble's own future should be all the more secure in a University in which there is not only complete religious intolerance but complete religious equality."—*Local Paper*.

Poor old Oxford! Still "the home of lost causes" apparently.

"Few stories of London origin are more familiar than that of the cabby who, regarding his day off as one of his indisputable rights, spent it each week in riding about the City with a fellow cabby in order to keep him company."—*Sunday Paper*.

That's why they called him a busman and his holiday a busman's holiday.

Do you remember the sad fate of a certain distinguished hostess who found herself at midnight left with only a few hogs and elderly men to entertain her pretty girl guests, and the sudden epidemic of rents that necessitated a rush to the cloakroom for mending."

—*Evening Paper*.

The ripping property of tusks is well known.



J.M. BATEMAN

1920

THE WOMAN-HATER.

FAR-EASTERN ENGLISH.

A RETURNING circumnavigator reports that the passengers on the boat—a Japanese liner—coming from Yokohama to Honolulu were apprised of the fact that they were to have two Thursdays, one immediately following the other (and you can have no notion how long a second Thursday can be), owing to the crossing of the imaginary but very boring line which divides the two hemispheres. The official notice came from the captain's own hand. The ship had an American purser and an American chief steward, and there were many English on board, but the gallant little commander preferred to tackle the linguistic problem unaided. On Wednesday, therefore, the board had this announcement pinned to it:—"As she will be crossed the meridian of 180 to-morrow, so to-morrow again." Could, after the first blow, anything be clearer?

Meanwhile from Siam come the glad tidings that the British residents in Bangkok are to have a new paper.

That the editorial promises are rich the following extracts sufficiently prove:—

"The news of English we tell the latest, writ in perfect style and earliest. Do a murder get commit, we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been college and writes like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it."

Rather a Tall Order.

"FOR SALE.

Grey flannel suit made by English tailor in January last, unworn Rs. 50; chest 39, height 8 ft. 5 inches."—*Indian Paper.*

"Small (Elephant) Pram, as new, extending back, 6 gus."—*Local Paper.*

Thanks; but we always take our elephant in the side-ear.

"Samuel Johnson, who had pleaded guilty yesterday to stealing a wallet, was sentenced to three months' hard labour."

Evening Paper.

When he comes out (if there is any truth in BOSWELL) he will make a pun.

Vers Libre.

There was an old man of Dunoon
Who always ate soup with a fork;
For he said, "As I eat
Neither fish, fowl or flesh
I should finish my dinner too quick."

"It is as well to note that during dry weather it is always advisable to pass the watering-can along the rows of plants in order to moisten the soil."—*Daily Paper.*

This means, we think, "Water the garden."

"The City views with the gravest concern the existence of places like Diddot."

Daily Paper.

There is reason to believe that Diddot entertains precisely similar feelings in regard to the City.

Commercial Candour.

"For Lightweight Motor Cycles there is no alternative to the — MAGNETO.

Maximum Weight. Minimum Performance."

Trade Paper.

"Reason and instinct dictate the smoking of a cigarette that will give the minimum of pleasure at a moderate cost."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

OUR PASTORAL.

"HULLOA, Melhuish," I said, "after all you had ideal weather for your *Mid-summer Night's Dream* yesterday."

"Ideal," said Melhuish moodily.

"Really, if you'd picked the day it couldn't have been better. You want peculiar atmospheric conditions for a pastoral, don't you? Just enough sun, not too much wind, temperature congenial for sitting out-of-doors. You had 'em all."

Melhuish nodded.

"Your garden must be looking like fairyland too now with the roses out and the trees in all their full summer greenery."

He nodded again.

"What a setting for the *Dream*! It drew a crowd, of course?"

"Yes, we drew the county."

I sighed regretfully.

"How I wish I hadn't funk'd it, but with my lumbago I never dare risk damp grass and it looked so awfully like rain in the morning."

Melhuish suddenly got excited. "Looked like rain!" he said violently. "It *did* rain. It rained several drops. I never saw such drops, as big as saucers. Perhaps you didn't hear the thunder?"

"My dear bean," I said, "it was the thunder which put me off coming to see you as *Bottom* and Mrs. Melhuish as *Titania* in the most idyllic surroundings I can imagine."

"You wouldn't have seen us in any idyllic surroundings," said Melhuish. He had relapsed into moodiness again. I could see there was something serious.

"What happened, old friend?" I said gently.

"We began rehearsing during that glorious spell of sunshine in the spring, when the garden was a carpet of daffodils and it was a sheer joy to play about out-of-doors. Then the weather broke for a time and we migrated to the Parish Hall. You know our Parish Hall?"

"Quite well. A little tin place on the left from the rectory."

"That's it. It's got a platform on trestles at one end and a paraffin lamp in the middle. The Vicar placed it at our disposal when there wasn't a Women's Institute or a choir practice, and on chilly nights he had the 'Beatrice stove' lit for us. Then the Sum-

mer began in real earnest. We got in extra gardeners, worked like niggers ourselves, and when the turf was in perfect condition and the thyme was coming up on *Titania's* bank we fixed the date and billed the county.

"After that we all got nervous and went about consulting weather forecasts. *Old Moore* prophesied heavy rains. The *Daily Mail* said a cyclone from New York was on the way. The weather-glasses jumped about and seemed to know their own minds even less than usual. Three days before the date thunderstorms were reported all over the country and a fowl was struck by lightning. But not a drop of rain came to our village.

"At the dress-rehearsal the night

and we know his arrangements in case of rain. They're the only arrangements possible in our little village, and it's going to be a nightmare instead of a dream if they have to be carried out. But we can depend upon *Bottom* to make a wise decision. He'll notify us and the boy-scouts will notify the audience. All we've got to do is not to grouse."

"Cocklewhite said he would phone me the position of his leech at 9 A.M., and *Lysander* promised to report any change in the condition of the seaweed. I set our glass and *Titania* and I got up at half-hour intervals during the night and tapped it. It refused to budge either way.

"At dawn *Titania* looked out of the window and gave a wild cry. 'Red sky in the morning shepherds' warning,' she wailed. At breakfast Cocklewhite phoned that his leech was dead, and he had strong suspicions it had died from atmospheric pressure. Almost at the same moment *Lysander* sent word that his seaweed had gone clammy during the night. Half-an-hour later came a clap of thunder and the drops of rain I mentioned. I needn't go on. You can guess the rest."

Melhuish paused.

"But the performance came off, didn't it?" I said.

"Yes, in the Parish Hall. It was a perfect day for a pastoral."

A Clean Hitter.

"J. — carried his bath through the innings."—*Scotch Paper*.

"Fishing near the bridge on Monday a schoolboy caught a chub with artificial fly weighing 2lbs. 15ozs."—*Local Paper*.

It is supposed that the unfortunate fish was struck on the head and stunned.

"After long delays a new Polish Cabinet has been formed under Mr. Grabski. He would annex much Russian territory outright."

Weekly Paper.

Pace SHAKSPEARE, there would seem to be something in a name.

"THAT QUEER FISH THE SALMON.

Some fish are 'takers,' some are not, but most salmon can be worried into talking."

Daily Paper.

Whereas most fishermen chatter of their own accord.



Profiteer. "I WANT YOU TO PAINT ME WITH A BOOK IN MY 'HAND AND MY VALET STANDIN' UNOBTUSIVELY IN THE BACKGROUND IN CASE I MIGHT WISH TO CALL 'IM."

before the performance we debated the weather prospects until the moon rose. *Lysander* said his bit of seaweed which he brought from Bognor was as dry as parched peas and he would back it against any fool barometer. Cocklewhite, our prompter, said he didn't want to depress the company, but he had a leech in a bottle of water which rose for fine weather and sank for wet, and he was bound to tell us it was like lead at the bottom at the present moment. *Hermia* pointed to the heavens, 'Red sky at night shepherds' delight,' she quoted. There was no getting away from the swallows; they were nose-diving to a bird. 'Hang swallows,' *Oberon* said; 'put your trust in mosquitoes. Look at my eyelid.'

"It's no good talking," *Theseus* said; 'nobody can tell until the morning, and then it'll be up to *Bottom* to decide by 11.30 whether it's to be indoors or out. He's our stage-manager



Fair Skipper. "WIND GETTIN' UP NICELY—WHAT?"

HARDING AND COX.

(Being an inquiry into the two Candidates for the Presidency of the United States of America.)

I wish I knew some facts regarding
The private life of Mr. HARDING;
I wish that I had simply stoeks
Of anecdotes of Mr. COX.

In U.S.A. (where both are resident
And each one hoping to be President)
Their favourite hymns, their size in boots,
Their views on liquor and cheroots

Are known to all; not JULIUS CÆSAR
Is quite so much renowned as these are.
In England, where they do not dwell,
No one appears to know them well.

One cannot say if Cox's liver
Keeps well upon the Swanee River,
Nor whether HARDING finds, when glum,
Any relief in chewing gum.

It may be that they both have good rows
Of dental ornaments like WOODROW'S,
The waist of TAFT, the ROOSEVELT eye
For pinking hippopotami.

It may be HARDING had some flickers
Of CLEVELAND'S spirit whilst in knickers,
And COX while yet a puling babe
Dreamed tiny dreams of LINCOLN (ABE);

And both, although they knew they'd catch it,
Cut fruit-trees with a little hatchet;
Both may have been, when glorious youths,
Too proud to fight or tell untruths.

I cannot say. I know they wrangle
On points I dare not disentangle,
That one of them's a Democrat
And t'other's not. And that is that. Evor.

GEE!

On the upper floors of a shop in the Strand, between Wellington Street and the Savoy, is a well-known maker of fowling-pieces, who gave me a terrible start the other day; and probably not me alone, but many passers-by who chanced to look upwards at his windows. For he is at the moment advertising the most undesirable article in the world, a commodity for which I can conceive of no demand whatever. Yet there—the result of the caprice of adhesive cement or the desire of one letter of the alphabet to get level with its neighbour and be dropped too—the amazing notice is, in conspicuous white enamel:—

SECOND HAND
UNS.

The Domestic Problem Solved.

"A Lady wishes to meet with a gentleman or lady to share her home as sole paying guest; one with a hobby for gardening preferred; every home comfort; terms, £300 per annum."—*Sunday Paper*.

We are desirous of entertaining, on the same terms, a lady (or gentleman) with a penchant for cooking and washing-up.

"The Hindus and Mahomedans are the two eyes of India, but have long been engaged in a tug-of-war. On account of this cleavage both have suffered, but now the wall of separation is broken down, and they are coming together like sugar and milk, the bitter feelings between them having been pulled out like a thorn. They are advised to give up biting each other for the future."—*Indian Paper*.

Or our contemporary will have exhausted its stock of metaphors.

A STORY ABOUT A CLOCK.

Our move-in took place in no furtive or clandestine fashion; our installation of ourselves in our semi-detached was performed well under the eye of the neighbouring public. Our furniture waited on the public thoroughfare until our new home was ready to receive it. Small children played games on our sofa; enthusiastic acquaintances played tunes on our piano. In a word, our move-in was a local festival; everyone took part. This is the sad tale of the man who took the most expensive part—the clock.

If the hard choice had been put to Diana, my wife, to say which she could least sorrowfully part with, me or the clock, the clock would have stayed. If I had been put to the same dismal alternative as to Diana or the clock, Diana would have gone. In fact, directly the clock was safely in Diana had gone out. That was all she cared about; small children might play on the sofa, enthusiastic acquaintances might play on the piano, and I might toil unremittingly with everything else, for all Diana cared. So, the clock being in, out she went upon her lawful or unlawful purposes. As she departed she said something about my seeing to the clock. I remembered that later on, but I remembered it wrong. This is how I did it.

The man sat a little on my own special chair (at that time on the pavement) before he came in. I asked him what he was sitting there for. He got up and came inside. Then I asked him what he had come in for, and he said, "The clock." I looked at the clock and it had stopped. I gave it a shake, and it still stopped. He said it was no good shaking it; that only annoyed it. He said he had come to look after it. He then took off his hat and his coat, moved the fingers about, put his ears to it to hear its heart beating, and asked me what I had been doing to it. I said I hadn't been doing anything to it; he watched me doing things to everything else, and adopted an expression as if to say he didn't believe me. He gave me the feeling that I was a very interfering person, and that he didn't want to have anything more to do with me. He said he should have to take the clock away. I asked him when he would bring it back. He said he didn't know. He appeared to take a pessimistic view of it. I asked him cheerfully if he would ever bring it back. He gave me a contemptuous look and, without another word, went, taking the clock with him.

When Diana came back she asked where the clock was. I said it had

gone. "Gone where?" asked Diana. I said I didn't know; the man had taken it. "What man?" asked Diana. I was trying to move the sofa at the moment and I was inclined to be short-spoken. I said that the man who had taken it was, no doubt, the man whom Diana had gone forth to find and bid take away our clock. Diana said that, if the man had said that she had said that he might take our clock away, the man was a liar. *Had* the man said that she had said he might take the clock away? The answer was in the negative.

Then the truth emerged. The man had stolen our clock. I had assisted the man to steal our clock, helping him to lift it off its perch and handing him his bowler hat as he left.

It all sounds incredible, doesn't it? But you will admit, I am sure, that it is a thing which could quite easily happen to anyone. Isn't it?

To be quite frank, I have improved the story a bit. The clock wasn't really stolen.

Was the man really taking it away to repair it? No; to tell you the truth he didn't actually take it away at all. In fact, I might as well own that no man ever came into the house while I was shifting the furniture in from the street. And, if you want to know, I never had a clock . . . nor a wife . . . nor a house.

The mere fact of my pretending that there *are* such things as semi-detacheds for people to move into these days ought to have put you wise from the start that the whole tale was a fabrication.

CURES WORTH MAKING.

(By our Medical Expert.)

The Times, in its daily summary of "News in Advertisements" recently called attention to the appeal of an invalided officer who "will be glad to give a hundred pounds to any doctor, nerve specialist or hospital that can cure him of occupation neurosis and writer's cramp." A careful study of other newspapers shows that offers of handsome remuneration for cures are not confined to those who have suffered from the War, but are made by civilians and officials of the highest position in public life. We append a few outstanding examples of the splendid opportunities now provided to psycho-pathological specialists:—

A Cabinet Minister of massive physique, perfect self-confidence and immovable determination, who has had varied experience in different business callings and (up to a certain point) unvarying success, offers five thousand pounds to any professor of deportment

or member of the Old Nobility in reduced circumstances who will impart to him suavity of manner, tact and diplomatic courtesy, the lack of which constitutes the sole obstacle to his achieving immortality. If the instructor can succeed in making him (the Cabinet Minister) really beloved the honorarium will be doubled.

An Editor of thirty years' experience as a journalist, first-rate linguist, deeply versed in geography, Central European politics, etc., will give five hundred pounds to any mental specialist, registered or unregistered, who will cure him of an irresistible temptation on all occasions, with or without provocation, to utilise every incident, occurrence, calamity or disaster as a means of assailing and undermining the position of the Coalition Government in general and the PRIME MINISTER in particular.

A Member of Parliament, formerly attached to one of His Majesty's services, is prepared to offer fifty pounds to any phrenologist who without inflicting undue pain will reduce or remove the Bump of Curiosity which at present impels him without rhyme or reason to bombard Ministers with irrelevant questions contrary to the public interest and calculated to produce the maximum amount of irritation even amongst Members who sit on the same side of the House.

A Peer of great wealth, striking physiognomy, affectionate disposition and wonderful general knowledge will pay the sum of twenty thousand pounds to any psychiatric practitioner who succeeds in eliminating from his system the microbe of filmolatry, the ravages of which have latterly threatened to infect his monumental mind with histrionic monomania highly deleterious to the best interests of the community.

A neo-Georgian poet, disciple of FREUD, pacifist and vegetarian, will gladly pay five pounds to any psychopathic suggestionist who will extirpate from his subconsciousness the lingering relics of an antipathy to syncopated rhythms which retard his progress towards a complete mastery of the technique of amorphous combination.

Another "Substitute."

"For the first time on record snow has fallen at Albany, Western Australia.

The Food Ministry announces that this surplus will therefore be available for home jam-making."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The Roman poets, all of them inveterate Cockneys, talk of the joys of the country, of purling streams and lowing kine and frisking lambs."—*Weekly Paper*.

And their verses occasionally smell of them.



Prospective Mistress. "ARE YOU A CONSISTENTLY EARLY RISER?"

Maid. "NOT ARF! WHY, MUM, IN MY LAST PLACE THE MASTER'S PET NAME FOR ME WAS 'THE EARLY WORM.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Rescue (DENT) is a story in the authentic manner of Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD at his unapproachable best. If it is true, as one has heard, that the book was begun twenty-five years ago and resumed lately, this explains but does nothing to minimize a fact upon which we can all congratulate ourselves. The setting is the shallow seas of the Malay coast, where *Lingard*, an adventurer (most typically CONRAD) whose passion in life is love for his brig, has pledged himself to aid an exiled young Rajah in the recovery of his rights. At the last moment however, when his plans are at point of action, the whole scheme is thwarted by the stranding of a private yacht containing certain persons whose rescue (complicated by his sudden subjection to the woman of the party) eventually involves *Lingard* in the loss of fortune and credit. Perhaps you can suppose what Mr. CONRAD makes of a theme so congenial; how the tale moves under his hand in what was once well called that "smoky magnificence" of atmosphere, just permitting the reader to observe at any moment so much and no more of its direction. Of the style it would now be superfluous to speak. It has been given to Mr. CONRAD, working in what is originally a foreign medium, to use it with a dignity unsurpassed by any of our native craftsmen. Such phrases as (of the prudent mate remonstrating with *Lingard*): "What he really wanted was to have his existence left intact, for his own cherishing and pride;" or again, "The situation was too complicated to be entrusted to a cynical or shameless hope," give one the quick pleasure of words so delicately and deftly used as to seem newly coined. *Rescue*, in short, is probably the greatest novel of the year, one by which

its author has again enriched our literature with work of profound and moving quality.

I was inclined to flatter myself that nothing in the plot of *The Silver Tea-shop* (STANLEY PAUL) could possibly take me by surprise, but I found towards the end that Miss E. EVERETT GREEN had contrived to slip in the real villain all unsuspected while I, as she meant me to, was staring hard at the supposed one, so that there I must acknowledge myself defeated. With a stolen invention, an old gentleman found shot in his room, and a son under a vow to avenge his father, the story provides plenty of thrills, and the "Silver Tea-shop" itself has the fascination that business ventures in books often exercise. It seems to be run on such lavish lines for the prices charged that I found myself looking hungrily for its address. I wish the author had not referred to her hero as having "mobile digits" and burdened her ingenuous story with anything so important as a prologue. By making the villain's deserted offspring not one baby girl only, or even twins, but triplets, Miss EVERETT GREEN provides waitresses all of one family for the "Silver Tea-shop," and that, though a happy arrangement, is a little too uncommon to add to the likelihood of an unconvincing tale.

When a book is succinctly labelled *Love Stories* (DORAN), at least no one has any right to complain that he wasn't warned beforehand of the character of its contents. As a matter of fact, human nature being what it is, I have little doubt that Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has hit upon a distinctly profitable title. Indeed I believe that this has already been proved in the Land of Freedom, from which the work comes to us, where (I am given to understand) the vogue of sentimental fiction is even greater than with our-

selves. What the name does nothing to indicate is that the stories are almost all of them laid in or about hospital wards. For some, perhaps most, of the author's admirers this may serve only to increase the charm; for others, who prefer their romance unflavoured with iodoform, not. Undeniable that she has a smiling way with her, and a gift of sympathetic enjoyment that carries off the old, old dialogues, even imparting freshness to the tale of the patient in *extremis* who persuades his attractive nurse into a death-bed marriage, treatment that the slightest experience of fiction should have warned her to be invariably curative. Perhaps the best of the tales is "Jane," which tells very amusingly the results of a hospital strike that in actual life would, I imagine, have provided little humorous relief. By this time you may have gathered that what matters about Mrs. RINEHART is not what she says but the way that she says it; upon which hint you can act as fancy dictates.

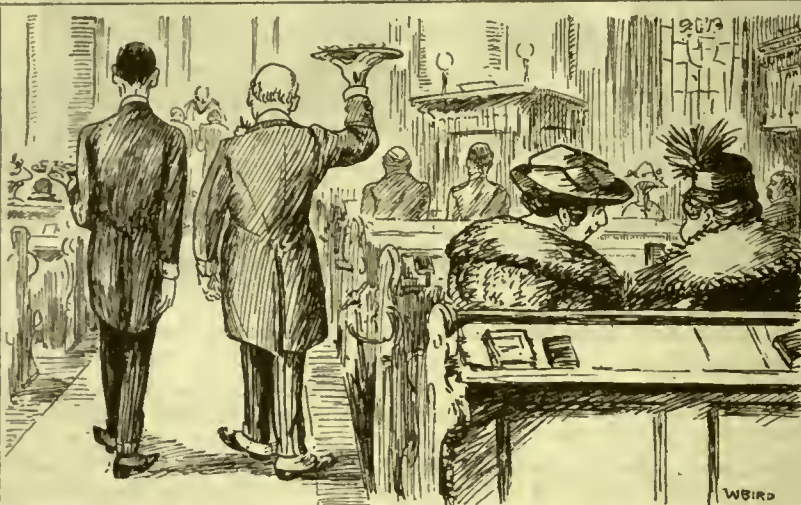
I very distinctly feel that "KATHARINE TYNAN" could have made a first-rate novel of *Denys the Dreamer* (COLLINS) and have had plenty over for a good second if she had taken the trouble. But her fluent pen runs away with her down paths that lead nowhere in particular, instead of developing her main characters and situations to an intelligible and satisfactory point. *Denys* is of a gentle Irish family that has come down to very small farming. He dreams good, solid and rather Anglo-Saxon dreams of draining bogs on the sea-coast estates of Lord Lec-nane, whose agent he becomes (and whose daughter he loves from afar), and of a great port that is to rival Belfast. Unexpected, not to say incredible, assistance comes from a Jew money-lender and his wife. The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Aarons are the best things in the book, and I hope Mrs. HINKSON will make a novel about these two admirable people some day soon. *Denys* makes his own and his patron's fortune and I am sure lives happily ever after with *Dawn*, who is the palest wraith of a girl, owing to the shameful neglect of her author, who is too busy putting large sums of money into the pockets of the principal puppets. Indeed, for a West Coast of Ireland story a demoralising amount of money is going about.

The principal scenes of *The North Door* (CONSTABLE) are laid in the Cornwall of some hundred-and-thirty years ago, and I welcome Dr. GREVILLE MACDONALD as an expert in the Cornish language and character. Cornwall, as all readers of fiction know, has during the last few years been attacked again and again by novelists, and most of them would do well to study Dr. MACDONALD's romance and most thoroughly to digest it. In form, however, he will have little to teach them, for his book is very indifferently constructed. It may seem ungrateful in these rather skimpy days to complain of a surfeit of matter, but there is stuff in this book for two if not three novels. One cannot blame Dr. MACDONALD for his indignation at the miseries of child-

labour, but here it is perhaps out of place. His Mr. Tremenna, the mystical parson, friend of smugglers and of everyone who suffered from laws (unrighteous or righteous), is a great figure; and I shall not soon forget either his correspondence with Lady Evangeline Walrond or his superhuman kindness of heart. If you want to get at the true flavour of Cornwall you have only to open *The North Door*.

A young clerk in an insurance office, who wanted to go as a missionary to India, is the hero, if there is one, of Mrs. ALICE PERRIN's latest novel, *The Vow of Silence* (CASSELL). I have never read a book about India which made such an ambition seem more courageous, for it gives such a hot and thirsty picture of that country when Harold Williams at last reaches it that it is positively uncomfortable to read it in Summer weather. Harold and his brother and sister missionaries live in a state of stuffy discomfort which soon undermines his health and leaves him no defence against the charms of Elaine Taverner, who has a large cool drawing-room and dainty frocks, and a young soldier lover and an old scholar husband, and all the other

things we expect of pretty young women in Anglo-Indian novels. Poor Harold, consumed at once by a zeal which makes him long to save Elaine's soul and a passion which makes him embrace a parcel of her lingerie, very naturally loses the remains of his reason and paves the way for her marriage with her lover by obligingly pushing the elderly husband into the jaws of a crocodile. If it were more convincing it would be a painful story—in some hands



Occupant of Pew. "ENTIRELY SELF-MADE. ORIGINALLY A WAITER, AS YOU CAN SEE."

it might have been a great one; as it is, Mrs. PERRIN seems for once to have missed her opportunity.

If the publisher of *About It And About* had told me on the wrapper that Mr. D. WILLOUGHBY has an excellent fund of literary reminiscence, on which he draws for the modelling of a very pretty epigrammatical style, I should, after reading the book, have agreed with him heartily. What Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN does say about these short essays, which embrace most of the subjects on which people have violent opinions, is that the author's "point of view is that of the natural historian making an unprejudiced examination." An unprejudiced man, I take it, is a man whose sentiments are the same as mine, and I happen to disagree with Mr. WILLOUGHBY as profoundly as possible on several of the themes he has chosen. On fox-hunting, for instance, which he considers a more decadent sport than bull-fighting; and on Ulster, which he attacks bitterly by comparison with the rest of Ireland, for cherishing antiquated political animosities and talking about the Battle of the Boyne. But will Mr. WILLOUGHBY not have been hearing of "the curse of CROMWELL"? Let us rather agree to be impatient with Yorkshire for her absurd tranquillity with regard to WILLIAM THE FIRST. I repeat that Mr. WILLOUGHBY has a very clever style, but, bless his heart, he is as bigoted as I am myself.

CHARIVARIA.

To judge by the Spa Conference it looks as if we might be going to have a peace to end peace.

* *

It will soon be necessary for the Government to arrange an old-age pension scheme for Peace Conference delegates.

* *

It is difficult to know whom or what to blame for the exceptionally wet weather we have been having, says an evening paper. Pending a denial from Mr. LAIRD GEORGE, *The Times* has its own opinion as to who is at the bottom of it.

* *

Mr. STANTON pointed out in the House of Commons that, unless increased salaries are given to Members, there will be a strike. Fears are entertained, however, that a settlement will be reached.

* *

"The Derry shirt-cutters," says a news item, "have decided to continue to strike." The Derry throat-cutters, on the other hand, have postponed striking to a more favourable opportunity.

* *

The way to bring down the price of home-killed meat, the Ministry of Food announces officially, is for the public not to buy it. You can't have your cheap food and eat it.

* *

Harborough Rocks, one of the few Druid Circles in the kingdom, has been sold. Heading-for-the-Rocks, the famous Druid Circle at Westminster, has also been sold on several occasions by the Chief Wizard.

* *

A gossip writer states that he saw a man carrying two artificial legs while travelling in a Tube train. There is nothing like being prepared for all emergencies while travelling.

* *

"The ex-Kaiser," says an American journal, "makes his own clothes to pass the time away." This is better than his old hobby of making wars to pass other people's time away.

* *

"Danger of infection from Treasury notes," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "has been exaggerated." Whenever we see a germ on one of our notes we pat it on the back and tell it to lie down.

A West Riding paper states that a postman picked up a pound Treasury note last week. It is said that he intends to have it valued by an expert.

* *

An engineer suggests that all roads might be made of rubber. For pedestrians who are knocked down by motor-cars the resilience of this material would be a great boon.

* *

According to *The Evening News* a bishop was seen the other day passing the House of Commons smoking a briar pipe. We can only suppose that he did not recognise the House of Commons.

* *

"We can find work for everybody and

A pedestrian knocked down by a taxi in Oxford Street last Tuesday managed to regain his feet only to be again bowled over by a motor-bus. Luckily, however, noticing a third vehicle standing by to complete the job, the unfortunate fellow had the presence of mind to remain on the ground.

* *

According to a local paper cat-skins are worth about 5½d. each. Of course it must be plainly understood that the accuracy of this estimate is not admitted by the cats themselves.

* *

"Too much room is taken up by motor-vehicles when turning corners," declares a weekly journal. This is a most unfair charge against those self-respecting motorists who negotiate all corners on the two inside wheels only.

* *

An American named J. THOMAS LOONEY has written a book to prove that SHAKESPEARE was really the Earl of Oxford. We cannot help thinking that SHAKESPEARE, who went out of his way to prove that *Ophelia* was one of the original Looneys, has brought this on himself.

* *

Fashionable Parisians, says a correspondent, have decided that the correct thing this year is to be invited to Scotland for July. It may be correct, but it won't be an easy matter

* *

if we know our Scotland.

* *

American women-bathers with an inclination to embonpoint, it is stated, have taken to painting dimples on their knees. The report that a fashionable New Yorker who does not care for the water has created the necessary illusion by having a lobster painted on her toe is probably premature.

* *

A Bridgewater, Somerset, man of eighty (or octogeranium) has cancelled his wedding on the morning of the ceremony. A few more exhibitions of that kind and he will end up by being a bachelor.

There was a young lady of Beeches
Whose face was infested with freckles,
But nobody saw
Any facial flaw,
For she had an abundance of shickels.



First Indian Chief (of travelling show). "BROTHER BELLOWING-PAPOOSE, WHICH IS THE WAY BACK TO THE CIRCUS?"

Second Ditto. "I KNOW NOT. LET US ASK THIS PALEFACE."

everything," says a Chicago journal. But what about corkserows?

* *

How strong is the force of habit was illustrated at Liverpool Docks the other day when two Americans, on reaching our shores, immediately fainted, and only recovered when it was explained that spirits were not sold here solely for medical purposes.

* *

"Watches are often affected by electrical storms such as we have experienced of late," states a science journal. Only yesterday we heard of a plumber and his mate who arrived at a job simultaneously.

* *

We sympathise with the unfortunate housewife who cannot obtain a servant because her reference is considered unsatisfactory. It appears she was only six weeks with her last maid.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THE Animal Kingdom may be divided into creatures which one can feed and creatures which one cannot feed. Animals which one cannot feed are nearly always unsatisfactory; and the grasshopper is no exception. Anyone who has tried feeding a grasshopper will agree with me.

Yet he is one of the most interesting of British creatures. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* is as terse and simple as ever about him. "Grasshoppers," it says, "are specially remarkable for their saltatory powers, due to the great development of the hind legs; and also for their stridulation, which is not always an attribute of the male only." To translate, grasshoppers have a habit of hopping ("saltatory powers") and chirping ("stridulation").

It is commonly supposed that the grasshopper stridulates by rubbing his back legs together; but this is not the case. For one thing I have tried it myself and failed to make any kind of noise; and for another, after exhaustive observations, I have established the fact that, though he does move his back legs every time he stridulates, *his back legs do not touch each other*. Now it is a law of friction that you cannot have friction between two back legs if the back legs are not touching; in other words the grasshopper does not rub his back legs together to produce stridulation, or, to put it quite shortly, he does not rub his back legs together *at all*. I hope I have made this point quite clear. If not, a more detailed treatment will be found in the Paper which I read to the Royal Society in 1912.

Nevertheless I have always felt that there was something fishy about the grasshopper's back legs. I mean, why *should* he wave his back legs about when he is stridulating? My own theory is that it is purely due to the nervous excitement produced by the act of singing. The same phenomenon can be observed in many singers and public speakers. I do not think myself that we need seek for a more elaborate hypothesis. *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, of course, says that "the stridulation or song in the *Acridiidae* is produced by friction of the hind legs against portions of the wings or wing-covers," but that is just the sort of statement which the scientific man thinks he can pass off on the public with impunity. Considering that stridulation takes place about every ten seconds, I calculate that the grasshopper must require a new set of wings every ten days. It would be more in keeping with the traditions of our public life if the scientific man simply

confessed that he was baffled by this problem of the grasshopper's back legs. Yet, as I have said, if a public speaker may fidget with his back legs while he is stridulating, why not a public grasshopper? The more I see of science the more it strikes me as one large mystification.

But I ought to have mentioned that "the *Acridiidae* have the auditory organs on the first abdominal segment," while "the *Locustidae* have the auditory organ on the *tibia* of the first leg." In other words one kind of grasshopper hears with its stomach and the other kind listens with its leg. When a scientific man has committed himself to that kind of statement he would hardly have qualms about a little invention like the back-legs legend.

With this scientific preliminary we now come to the really intriguing part of our subject, and that is the place of the grasshopper in modern politics. And the first question is, Why did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE call Lord NORTHCLIFFE a grasshopper? I think it was in a speech about Russia that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said, in terms, that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was a grasshopper. And he didn't leave it at that. He said that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was not only a grasshopper but a something something grasshopper, grasshopping here and grasshopping there—that sort of thing. There was nothing much in the accusation, of course, and Lord NORTHCLIFFE made no reply at the time; in fact, so far as I know, he has never publicly stated that he is *not* a grasshopper; for all we know it may be true. But I know a man whose wife's sister was in service at a place where there was a kitchen-maid whose young man was once a gardener at Lord NORTHCLIFFE's, and this man told me—the first man, I mean—that Lord NORTHCLIFFE took it to heart terribly. No grasshoppers were allowed in the garden from that day forth; no green that was at all like grasshopper-green was tolerated in the house, and the gardener used to come upon his Lordship muttering in the West Walk: "A grasshopper! He called me a grasshopper—ME—a GRASSHOPPER!" The gardener said that his Lordship used to finish up with, "I'll teach him;" but that is hardly the kind of thing a lord would say, and I don't believe it. In fact I don't believe any of it. It is a stupid story.

But this crisis we keep having with France owing to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's infamous conduct does make the story interesting. The suggestion is, you see, that Lord NORTHCLIFFE lay low for a long time, till everybody had forgotten about the grasshopper and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE

thought that Lord NORTHCLIFFE had forgotten about the grasshopper, and then, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in a hole, Lord NORTHCLIFFE said, "Now we'll see if I am a grasshopper or not," and started stridulating at high speed about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. A crude suggestion. But if it were true it would mean that the grasshopper had become a figure of national and international importance. It is wonderful to think that we might stop being friends with France just because of a grasshopper; and, if Lord NORTHCLIFFE arranged for a new Government to come in, it might very well be called "The Grasshopper Government." That would look fine in the margins of the history-books.

Yes, it is all very "dramatic." It is exciting to think of an English lord nursing a grievance about a grasshopper for months and months, seeing grasshoppers in every corner, dreaming about grasshoppers . . . But we must not waste time over the fantastic tale. We have not yet solved our principal problem. Why did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE call him a grasshopper—a modest friendly little grasshopper? Did he mean to suggest that Lord NORTHCLIFFE hears with his stomach or stridulates with his back legs?

Why not an earwig, or a black-beetle, or a wood-louse, or a centipede? There are lots of insects more offensive than the grasshopper, and personally I would much rather be called a grasshopper than an earwig, which gets into people's sponges and frightens them to death.

Perhaps he had been reading that nice passage in the Prophet NAHUM: "Thy captains are as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are." I do not know. But *The Encyclopædia* has a suggestive sentence: "All grasshoppers are vegetable feeders and have an incomplete metamorphosis, so that *their destructive powers are continuous from the moment of emergence from the egg until death.*" A. P. H.

"The Mayor gave details showing how the Engineer's salary had increased from £285 when he was appointed in 1811 to £600 at the present time."—*Local Paper*.

And think what he must have saved the ratepayers by not taking a pension years ago.

"Mr. — thought that the whole Committee would wish to associate themselves with the Cemeteries Sub-Committee in their congratulations to Alderman — upon his marriage."—*Local Paper*.

We do not quite see why this particular sub-committee should have taken the initiative.



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE TELEPHONE. "I'M GOING TO COST YOU MORE."

HOUSEHOLDER. "WHY?"

THE TELEPHONE. "OH, THE USUAL REASON—INCREASING INEFFICIENCY."



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

The Wife. "YOU MUST GET YOURSELF A STRAW 'AT, GEORGE. A BOWLER DON'T SEEM TO GO WITH A CAMEMBERT."

AT THE PLAY.

"FRENCH LEAVE."

THE Mandarins of the Theatre, who are no wiser than other mandarins (on the contrary), have been long repeating the formula that the public won't look at a War play. If I'm not mistaken it will for many moons be looking at Captain REGINALD BERKELEY'S *French Leave*. He labels it a "light comedy." That's an understatement. It is, as a matter of fact, a very skilful, uproarious and plausible farce, almost too successful in that you can't hear one-third of the jokes because of the laughter at the other two-thirds (and a little because of the indistinct articulation of one or two of the players). Of course when I say "plausible" I don't exactly mean that any Brigade Headquarters was run on the sketchy lines of *General Archibald Root's*, or that the gallant author or anybody else who was in the beastly thing ever thought of the Great War as a devastating joke, but rather that if it be true, as has been rumoured, that not all generals were miracles of wisdom and forbearance; that British subalterns and privates sometimes put on the mask of humour; that *Venus* did wander, as the observatories punctually reported she did occasionally

wander, into the orbit of *Mars*—then *French Leave* is a piece of artistically justifiable selection. Its absurdity seems the most natural thing in the world and its machinery (rare virtue!) does not creak.

Rooty Tooty's brigade then was resting—if in the circumstances you can call it resting. The rather stodgy Brigade-Major's leave being due, his wife has come over to Paris to wait for him. The leave being cancelled (and you could see how desperately overworked Headquarters was) there suddenly appears what purports to be a niece of the billet landlady's, a *Mdlle. Juliette*, of the Paris stage, with a distinctly coming-on disposition (and frock). The uxorious Brigade-Major, weakly consenting to the deception, suffers the tortures of the damned by reason of the gallantries of the precocious Staff-Captain and the old-enough-to-know-better Brigadier. There is marching and counter-marching of detached units in the small hours; arrival of the Brigade Interpreter with Intelligence's reports; sorrowful conviction in the Brigadier's mind that *Juliette* is *Olga*—*Olga Thingummy*, the famous German spy. Confusions; explosions; solutions.

That's a dull account of a bright matter. The players were not, with

the exception of Miss RENÉE KELLY, of the star class and (I don't necessarily say therefore) were almost uniformly admirable. I suppose the honours must go to Mr. M. R. MORAND'S excellently studied *Brigadier*—the most laughter-compelling performance I have seen on the "legitimate" for some years. But the *Mess Corporal* (Mr. CHARLES GROVES), the *Staff-Captain* (Mr. HENRY KENDALL), the *Brigade-Major* (Mr. HYLTON ALLEN), the *Interpreter* (Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ) and the *Mess Waiter* (Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE)—all deserve mention in despatches. As for the "business" it was positively inspired at times, as when the *Mess Corporal* retrieved the red-hat (which the passionate *Brigade-Major* had kicked in his jealous fury) with an address which would have done credit to the admirable Grock. Miss RENÉE KELLY had her pretty and effective moments, but somebody should ask her (no doubt in vain) to be less tearful in the tearful and just a little less bright in the bright parts—a little less fidgety and fidgeting and out of key, in fact.

I should say in general that author and producer (Mr. ELLIE NORWOOD) would do well to watch the serious passages—always the danger-points in farce. As nobody on our side of the



First Newly-Rich. "IT'S A GREAT SECRET, BUT I MUST TELL YOU. MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN OFFERED A PEERAGE."

Second ditto. "REALLY! THAT'S RATHER INTERESTING. WE THOUGHT OF HAVING ONE, BUT THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE AND WE ARE ECONOMISING JUST NOW."

footlights takes these seriously the folk on the other side must substantially dilute the seriousness. The tragically uttered, "O God!" at the end of the Second Act ruined an otherwise excellent curtain. But I must not end on a note of censure. I was much too thoroughly entertained for that. Here's a quite first-rate piece of fooling, with dialogue of humorous rather than smart sayings. And humour's a much rarer and less cheap a gift than smartness.

T.

Our Considerate Scribes.

"Presumptuous is a hard word that I would not readily apply to any man."—*Daily Paper.*

"PASSIVE PESSIMISM.

BERLIN'S ATTITUDE TO THE SPAR CONDITIONS." *Sunday Paper.*

But, after all, Berlin does not seem to have taken them lying down.

"At the start he made most of his runs by clever strokes on the leg side, but, once settled down, he drove with fin power."

Sunday Paper.

Cricketers need to be amphibious in these days.

SONGS OF AN OVALITE.

THERE was a young man who said,
"HOBBS

Should never be tempted with lobs;
He would knock them about
Till the bowlers gave out
And watered the pitch with their sobs."

There is no one so dreadful as FENDER
For batmen whose bodies are tender;
He gets on their nerves
With his murderous swerves
That insist upon death or surrender.

When people try googlies on SANDHAM,
You can see he will soon understand
'em;

With a laugh at their slows
He will murmur, "Here goes,"
And over the railings will land 'em.

I am always attracted by HARRISON
When arrayed in his batting caparison;
If others look worried
He never gets flurried,
But quite unconcerned carries on.

All classes of bowlers have stuck at
Their efforts to dislocate DUCAT;

Their wildest tricks
He despatches for six,
Which is what they decidedly buck at.

You should never be down in the dumps
When STRUDWICK is guarding the
stumps;

His opponents depart
One by one at the start,
But later in twos or in clumps.

"Like father like son," says the fable,
And is justified clearly in ABEL;

No bowling he fears
And his surname appears
An extremely appropriate label.

If I were tremendously rich
I would buy a cathedral in which
I would build me a shrine
Of a noble design
And worship a statue of HITCH.

Our Sleuths Again.

"His wrists were tied together with a piece of webbing, two bricks were in his coat pockets, and, most remarkable of all, the soles of his boots were found to be nailed to his toes . . . The police theory is that somebody 'owed the dead man a grudge.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

(Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature.)

III.—ARE WE GOING TO THE DOGS?

By Vice-Admiral (Retd.) Sir Boniface Bludger, K.C.B.

I was standing the other day at the window of the only Club in London where they understand (or used to understand) what devilled kidneys really are, musing in post-prandial gloom on the vanished glories of this England of ours. "*Ichabod!*" I cried aloud to the unheeding stream of Piccadilly wayfarers; and echo answered, "*Bod.*"

What is wrong with us? Or what is wrong with me? Are we actually going to the dogs, or is it merely that the Club kidneys are going to the devil? JEREMIAH or Mrs. Gummidge—which am I? Let the facts attest and let posterity decide; thank Heaven I shall not be there to hear the verdict.

After our half-baked victory over the Hun the popular watchword was "Reconstruction." We have now enjoyed a year and more of this "building-up" process, and the net result is that houses for those that lack them are as scarce as iced soda-fountains in the Sahara.

In this work of restoration, we were told, our women voters and legislators would play a leading part. What part are they in truth playing? Their main object apparently is still further to embitter the Drink question, although if they would only put a little more bitter into our national beverage they might help to lubricate matters. Is it not a significant fact that the slackness evidenced in every phase of industry manifests itself at a time when it becomes more and more difficult to get a decent drink? In this respect our progress is not so much to the dogs as to the cats, who sneak along on the padded paws of Prohibition.

The crazy conditions to be observed in the industrial world are well matched by the state of anarchy that prevails in the sphere of the arts. Take music, for example. I do not lay claim to more than a nodding acquaintance with Euterpe, and at a classical concert, I am afraid, the nodding character of the relation becomes especially marked. To me the sweetest music in the world is the roar of a fifteen-inch gun on a day when the visibility is good and plentiful. But I do know enough to be able to say that the wild asses who with their jazz-bands "stamp o'er our heads and will not let us sleep" (slightly to amend my old friend FITZGERALD) are nothing less than musical Trotskys.

Music was once regarded as the staple nourishment of the tender passion, and in my younger days the haunting strains of "The Blue Danube" assisted many a budding love-affair to blossom. But these non-stop stridencies of the modern ballroom, even if they left a man with breath enough to propose, would effectually prevent the girl from catching the drift of the avowal. You can't roar, "Will you be mine?" into a maiden's ear as if you were conversing from the quarterdeck, and if you did she'd only think you were ecstatically emulating the coloured gentleman in the orchestra with the implements of torture and the misguided voice.

I will pass over in the silence of despair such other symptoms of national decadence as zigzag painting, whirlpool poetry, cinema star-gazing and the impossibility of procuring a self-respecting Stilton (which assuredly is not "living at this hour"). Nor can I trust myself to speak of the spirit of Bolshevism that seems to animate our so-called Labour Party, though I comfort myself with the conviction that this doctrine will not wash, any more than will its authors.

I will conclude these few reflections by drawing attention

to the manners of the modern girl, who is so busily engaged in kicking over the traces that formerly kept her in her proper place. Nowadays flappers who should still be in the schoolroom consider themselves called upon to teach their grandmothers how to conduct their lives; and, to complete the chaos, the grandmothers are eagerly lapping it up, and in the matter of dress and deportment are even bettering the instruction. *Si vieillesse savait!*

Oh for a prophet's tongue to lash our visionless leaders into a realisation of the rocks on to which we are drifting! We need the scourge of a SAVONAROLA, but all we get is the boom of a BOTTOMLEY.

"Gone are our country's glories,
O tempora, O mores!"

ALL SORTS.

It takes all sorts to make the world, an' the same to make a crew;

It takes the good an' middlin' an' the rotten bad uns too;
The same 's there are on land (says Bill) you'll find 'em all at sea—

The freaks an' fads an' crooks an' cads an' ornery chaps like me.

It takes a man for all the jobs—the skippers and the mates,
A chap to give the orders an' a chap to chip the plates;
It takes the brass-bound 'prentices—an' ruddy plagues they be—

An' chaps as shirk an' chaps as work—just ornery chaps like me.

It takes the stiffs an' deadbeats an' the decent shell-backs too,

The chaps as always pull their weight an' them as never do;
The sort the Lord 'as made 'em knows what bloomin' use they be,

An' crazy folks an' musical blokes an' ornery chaps like me.

It takes a deal o' fancy breeds—the Dagoes an' the Dutch,
The Lascars an' calashees an' the seedy boys an' such;
It takes the greasers an' the Chinks, the Jap and Portugee,
The blacks an' yellers an' half-bred fellers and ornery folks like me.

It takes all sorts to make the world an' the same to make a crew,

It takes more kinds o' people than there's circeters in the Zoo;

You meet 'em all ashore (says Bill) an' you find 'em all at sea—

But do me proud if most o' the crowd ain't ornery chaps like me!

C. F. S.

— UNITED FREE CHURCH.

Evening—MONTHLY SERMON for YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.'

Anthem—'And it shall come to pass.'

Scotch Paper.

The organist seems to be a sympathetic soul.

"The fees for Burial will in the future be doubled, in order to meet the increased cost of present-day living."—*Parish Magazine.*

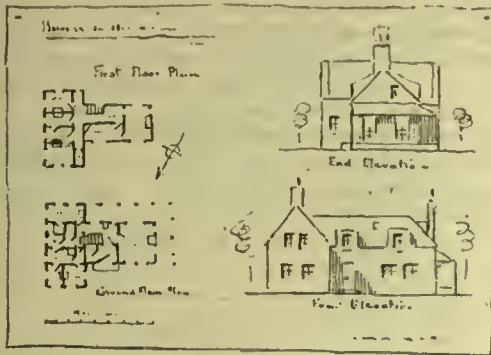
At this rate we shall soon be unable to afford either to live or to die, and must try a state of suspended animation.

"As Lady — was stepping aboard she dropped a waterproof satchel containing a pair of the Queen's shoes, and Their Majesties laughed heartily at her Ladyship's discomfiture. One of the sailors adroitly recovered the satchel with the aid of a boot-hook."

Scotch Paper.

The handy-man! Prepared for all eventualities.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



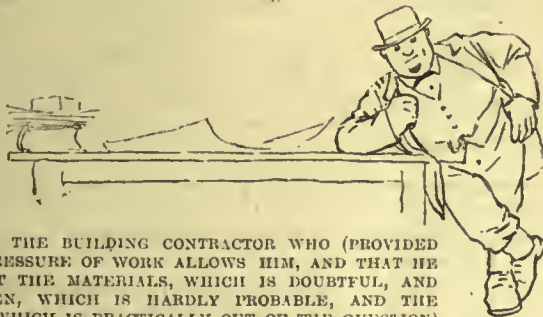
THIS IS THE LANDOWNER WHO (IF THE TALK OF A RAILWAY BEING MADE OVER THIS BIT OF LAND DOESN'T COME TO ANYTHING, AND THE CORPORATION CANNOT, AFTER ALL, BE INDUCED TO BUY IT AS A RECREATION-GROUND, AND NO ONE MAKES A BETTER OFFER) IS WILLING TO SELL THE GROUND TO CARRY THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



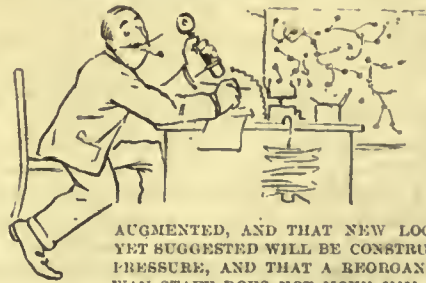
THIS IS THE ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR WHO (AS SOON AS HE HAS FINISHED HIS DESIGNS FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL, THE PROPOSED COUNTY HOSPITAL, THE CATHEDRAL EXTENSION, THE BOROUGH POWER STATION AND THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN, AND PROVIDED THAT NO MORE IMPORTANT COMMISSION TURNS UP) IS GOING TO DESIGN THE HOUSE TO GO ON THE GROUND OF THE LANDOWNER WHO . . .



THIS IS THE LOCAL AUTHORITY WHO (IF HE CAN OBTAIN DETAILS OF THE SEVERAL REQUIREMENTS OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL, PARISH COUNCIL, CENTRAL HOUSING AUTHORITY, MINISTRY OF HEALTH, BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT, CONGESTED DISTRICTS BOARD, AND ANY OTHER DEPARTMENTS INTERESTED, EITHER NOW IN EXISTENCE OR CONTEMPLATED FOR THE FUTURE) IS GOING TO INSPECT, REVISE, AMEND, AND POSITIVELY FINALLY APPROVE THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR WHO . . .



THIS IS THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR WHO (PROVIDED THAT PRESSURE OF WORK ALLOWS HIM, AND THAT HE CAN GET THE MATERIALS, WHICH IS DOUBTFUL, AND THE MEN, WHICH IS HARDLY PROBABLE, AND THE PRICE, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY OUT OF THE QUESTION) IS GOING TO CARRY OUT THE DESIGNS, AS FINALLY APPROVED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITY WHO . . .



THIS IS THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL WHO (ON THE SUPPOSITION THAT THE CONGESTION ON THE LINE WILL POSSIBLY BE EASIER LATER, AND THAT THE SUPPLY OF GOODS WAGONS IS VERY CONSIDERABLY AUGMENTED, AND THAT NEW LOOPS AND SIDINGS NOT YET SUGGESTED WILL BE CONSTRUCTED TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE, AND THAT A REORGANISATION OF THE RAILWAY STAFF DOES NOT MOVE HIM ELSEWHERE, AS WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY HAPPEN) HAS PROMISED TO DO HIS BEST TO EXPEDITE THE TRANSPORT OF THE NECESSARY MATERIALS TO THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR WHO . . .



THIS IS THE MERCHANT WHO (IF PRICES ARE LEFT ENTIRELY TO HIS DISCRETION AND TIME IS OF NO IMPORTANCE, AND IF HE FINDS THAT, AFTER ALL, IT IS TO HIS ADVANTAGE TO SELL IN THIS COUNTRY RATHER THAN TO EXPORT, AND IF HE DOESN'T RETIRE IN THE MEANTIME, AS HE IS THINKING OF DOING) HAS CONSENTED TO TRY TO SEND MATERIALS THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL WHO . . .



THESE ARE THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BUILDING TRADES WHO (IF ALL MATTERS IN DISPUTE ARE SATISFACTORILY SETTLED BY THAT TIME, AND PROVIDED THAT THEY CAN ALL GET THEIR OWN HOUSES SITED, DESIGNED, PASSED, CONTRACTED FOR, SUPPLIED AND BUILT FIRST) ARE GOING TO ERECT THE MATERIALS PROVIDED BY THE MERCHANT WHO . . .



AND THIS? THIS, INCIDENTALLY, IS JACK.

CONVERTED CASTLES.

RURAL England, I learn, is rapidly changing hands—not for the first time, by the way, but we cannot go into that just now. Excellent treatises on feudal tenure, vassalage, the dissolution of the monasteries and the enclosure of common lands may be picked up dirt cheap at any second-hand bookshop in the Charing Cross Road with the words "Presentation Copy" erased from the flyleaf by a special and ingenious process. What is happening now is that farmers are buying up the big estates in pieces, and Norman piles or Elizabethan manors are beginning to be too expensive to maintain, what with coal and the rise in the minimum wage of vassals and one thing and another.

"The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stood
Before their recent owners
Relinquished them for good,"

as the poet justly observes. And even if there is enough money to keep up the castle without the broad acres (though as a matter of fact an acre is not any broader than it is long) there is no fun in having a castle at all when the deer park has been divided into allotments and the Dutch garden is under swedes.

The question is then what is going to happen to Montmorency (pronounced "Mumsie") Castle, and The Towers at Barley Melling?

In London the difficulty of dealing with huge houses has been solved in a very subtle manner by turning them into a couple of maisonnettes apiece, so that under the portico of what used to be 105 Myrtle Crescent you discover two perfectly good doors, marked 105A and 105B. Into the letter-box of the door marked 105A the postman invariably puts the letters intended for 105B, and *vice versa*, but, as these are always letters addressed to the last tenant but two, it does not really very much matter. Both are desirable maisonnettes, though the tenants of 105A have the sole enjoyment of the linerusta dados in the original dining-room. In some cases there are as many as three maisonnettes, and the notice on the area gate says, "105c. Mrs. Orlando Smith," where it used to say simply "No BOTTLES." I never really understood that notice myself, for whenever I am walking

along with an empty bottle that I want to get rid of I do not throw it down into an area, where it would make a most horrible crash, but softly into the thick shrubs of the Crescent Gardens.

This brings me back to the country again.

There will not be enough of the new rich to purchase a castellated mansion apiece, partly because of the Excess Profits Duty, which is crippling this kind of enterprise, and partly because so many baronial seats, romantic and picturesque in their way, are terribly under-garaged. On the other hand you cannot expect a farmer who happens to be buying the fields round Badgery Mortimer to have any use for a dungeon keep or the haunted picture-

too. In the state-saloon, with a few trifling alterations, such as the introduction of a geyser and a sink, will live Mrs. Ponsonby-Smith, who will sniff a little at the Jeffries in their attic suite and the Mutts who live in the moat. But Mrs. Jeffries will have compensations, because the air is really so much more bracing, my dear, on the higher ground, and on fine days one can walk about the roof and peep through the boiling-oil holes, while as for the Mutts they are protected, at any rate, from those bitterly piercing east winds and have an excellent view of the draw-bridge.

A further advantage of residing at Soping Hall will be that you can do all your shopping and pay your calls with-

out going out-of-doors on a wet day, and, if you like, have a communal dining-room or restaurant, where only those who have been recognised by the county should sit above the salt. And if your friends come to visit you in expensive motor-cars they will have the privilege of passing through the great iron gates on the main road and up the large gravel drive planted on each side with the cedars of Lebanon which Roger de Soping brought back in his haversack from the Second Crusade.

I am quite aware that when federal devolution becomes really infec-

tious and every county insists on a legislative assembly of its own it may be necessary to turn some of these great houses into Parliament chambers, and the rural civil service will also no doubt insist on having offices comparable with the vast hotels which their parent bodies occupy in London. But this will not account for nearly all the ancestral seats, and, in calling the attention of the Minister of Health and Housing to this little memorandum of mine, I would specially urge him to note how it will solve some of the most difficult problems which confront him to-day.

There will be a rush upon these potted villages, and that will ease the situation in towns and free a number of cottages for agricultural labourers too. There will be a rush, not only because of the advantages which I have already enumerated, but because all the people who live in Soping Hall will be able to put "Soping Hall" on their note-



MODERN AND ANCIENT.

Young Cricketer. "YES, I COCKED ONE OFF THE SPLICE IN THE GULLY AND THE BLIGHTER GATHERED IT."

Father. "YES, BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT? WERE YOU CAUGHT, STUMPED OR BOWLED, OR WHAT?"

gallery in the west wing. No, there is only one thing to do and that is to break these places up into a number of self-contained homes.

HISTORIC FLATS TO LET

is the house-agents' advertisement which I seem to see, and what you will actually find will be a sort of concentrated hamlet where modern improvements are mixed with ancient grandeur and the white-haired seneschal is kept on to operate the electric lift.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Soping Hall. There will be none of that untidy straggling arrangement about it which detracts so largely from the beauty of Soping Barnet, Little Soping and Soping Monachorum. In Soping Hall the billiard-room will be the village club, the armoury the blacksmith's shop, the housekeeper's room the place where you buy buttons and balls of string and barley-sugar, the cellars the village tavern, and very nice



Dame (seeing the signpost). "STOP, JENKINS—STOP! I THINK IT WOULD BE SAFER TO TURN BACK. THEY MAY HAVE CATAPULTS OR SOMETHING DANGEROUS."

paper, and, if they like to pay for it, two wyverns rampant as well, and everyone outside the circle of their immediate friends will imagine that they have not only bought the whole place but even become the possessors of the flock of wyverns that used to be pastured on the Home Farm.

Three acres and a cow was all very well in its way, but what about two wyverns and a flat? BYRON.

TIPS FOR UNCLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am writing to you about uncles because you are in a way a kind of general uncle. Uncles are much more useful than aunts, because uncles always give money and aunts mostly give advice. Only, as the Head always says when he jaws our form, "I regret to see in this form a serious deterioration"—I mean in uncles. They come down here and trot us round and say what a luxurious place it is compared with the stern old Spartan days. They know something, though. They ask us to have meals with them at an hotel. They take care not to face a luxurious house-dinner. And while we dine they tell yarns about the hardness of the old days and how it toughened a fellow. And then, because about 1870 it was the custom to tip a boy five bob, they fork out five bob and tell you not to waste it.

If the Head had any sense—only you can't expect sense from Heads—he'd put up a notice at the school gates: "Parents, Uncles and Friends are respectfully reminded that the cost of tuck has increased three hundred per cent. since 1914." Why, old Badham, my bedroom prefect, who was a fag in 1914, turned up the other day and declared that then he could buy four pounds of strawberries for a bob, and that a fag could get enough chocolate for two bob to give him a week in the sick-room.

Yet we have uncles coming down in trains (fare fifty per cent. extra), smoking cigars (costing two hundred per cent. extra), cabbieing it up to school (a hundred-and-fifty per cent. extra) and then tipping as if the old KAISEN was still swanking in Potsdam.

Now Sutton minor, who has a positive beast of a house-master and is practically a Bolshevik, says that we ought to go on strike against the tipping system and demand a regular living wage from relations. He says that if a scavenger gets four quid a week a fellow who has to tackle Greek aorists ought to get eight quid a week.

But I'm afraid a strike might aggravate uncles. It's no use upsetting the goose that lays the silver eggs, so I thought it better to write to you, pointing out that there was one luxury still at pre-war prices and that uncles should never miss a chance of indulging in it,

and whenever high prices bothered them they should write us a bright cheerful letter enclosing a postal order—they're still quite cheap.

Chalmers major, who has read this and leads a sad life, having only aunts, says that the only hope for him is in fixing a standard tip of 9s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or, better still, 19s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., that women couldn't help giving.

So hoping that all uncles will put their hands to the plough—I mean in their pockets—and then the bitter cry of the New Poor will cease in our public schools,

Yours respectfully, BRUCE TERTIUS.

"NOTICE.

My wife, Roxie M. —, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any bills contracted after this date, June 21, 1920.

FRED —.
American Paper.

"NOTICE.

The undersigned wishes to state I had just cause to leave, but I left neither bed nor board as I furnished my own board, and the bed being mine I took it.

ROXIE —.

Same Paper, following day.

A good example of what Touchstone calls "The lie with circumstance."

"TO-NIGHT AT 9.30.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

For the first time in Calcutta."

Indian Paper.

Where was the Censor?



Bridegroom-Elect. "— AND WE WANT TO HAVE THE HYMN, 'THE FLAG THAT WAVED O'ER EDEN.'"

THE STATE AND THE SCREEN.

(By a Student of Film Politics.)

GREAT satisfaction has been evinced in film circles over the conferment of a signal honour on Signor PAVANELLI, the outstanding Italian screen luminary. The rank of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy is equivalent to a knighthood in this country, and PAVANELLI's elevation is a gratifying proof of the paramount position which the cinema is assuming in Italian national affairs. But gratification is sadly tempered by the deplorable lack of State recognition from which film-artists suffer in this country. The joint co-starring Sovereigns of the Screen, though acclaimed by the populace with an enthusiasm unparalleled in the annals of adoration, were allowed to depart from our shores without a single official acknowledgment of their services to humanity. No vote of congratulation was passed by the Houses of Parliament; no honorary degree was conferred on them by any University; no ode of welcome was forthcoming from the pen of the POET LAUREATE.

The discontent caused by the indif-

ference of the Government to the wishes of the people is fraught with formidable possibilities. Already there are serious rumours of the summoning of a Special Trade Union Congress to discuss the desirability of direct action as a means of compelling the Government to abandon their attitude of hostility to the only form of monarchy which the working-classes can conscientiously support. It is further reported that Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, M.P., will seize the first opportunity to move the impeachment of Dr. BRIDGES. The indignation in Printing House Square has reached boiling-point, and it is reported that the authorities are only awaiting the delivery of a huge consignment of small pica type to launch a fresh and final onslaught on the Coalition.

The provocation has undoubtedly been intense. It was proved in an article of studied moderation and exquisite taste that the time had come to revise our estimates of bygone grandeur and substitute for the devotion to a Queen of tarnished fame and disastrous tendencies the spontaneous and chivalrous worship of her beneficent and pros-

perous namesake. Yet in spite of this dignified and convincing appeal no invitation was sent to the one person whose presence at the recent proceedings at Holyrood would have lent them a crowning lustre. The action or inaction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is inexplicable, except on the assumption that Queen PICKFORD's engagement to attend the Spa Conference would have rendered it impossible for her to accept the invitation to Edinburgh. None the less the invitation should have been sent. Besides, the resources of aviation might have surmounted the difficulty. In any case this deplorable oversight has knocked one more nail in the coffin of the PRIME MINISTER.

"At the fifth each played a magnificent tea shot. Hodgson again used his favourite spoon."—*Provincial Paper*.

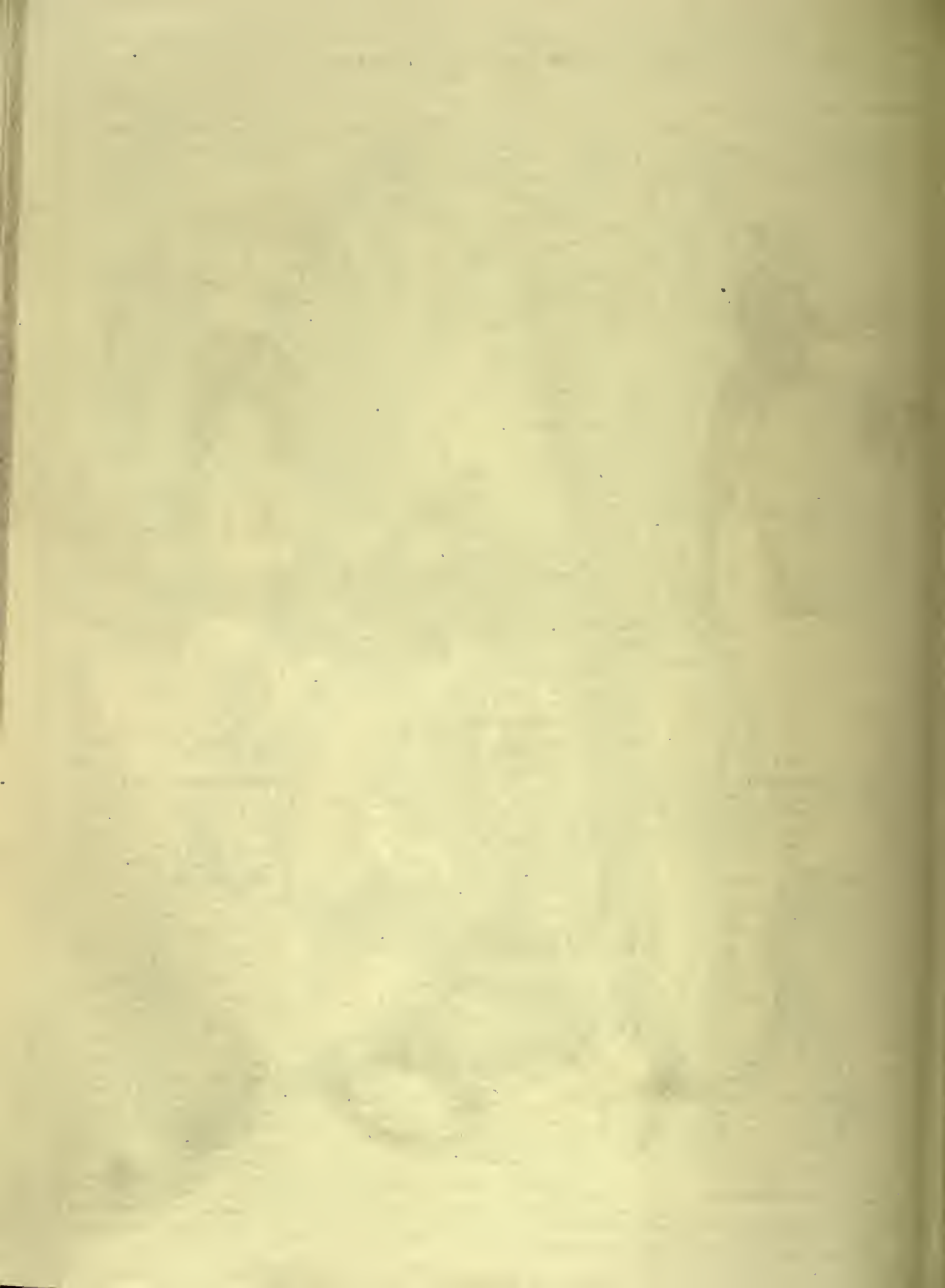
Obviously the right club for the purpose.

"'THE TONGUE CAN NO MAN TAME.'
St. Peter."
Heading in *Daily Paper*.

A clear case of robbing JAMES to pay PETER.



BAD FOR THE BULL.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 12th.—Viscount CURZON's complaint about "crawling" taxis was ostensibly based upon the obstruction thus caused to more rapidly



SIR FREDERICK BANBURY SHOWS HOW IT'S DONE.

"TO PRODUCE A SAVING OF ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY MILLIONS YOU MERELY HAVE TO HOLD THE HAT FIRMLY IN THE LEFT HAND—THUS."

moving traffic. But I fancy that it was really due to an inherent belief that the motor-car is a noble creature, only happy when exceeding the speed-limit and dashing through police-controls, and that to compel the poor thing to crawl is "agin natur'" and ought to be dealt with by the R.S.P.C.A.

As usual much of Question-time was devoted to Russian affairs. Colonel WEDGWOOD wanted to know whether the Cabinet had approved a message from Mr. CHURCHILL to the late Admiral KOLCHAK, advising him how to commend his Administration to the PRIME MINISTER, who was described in the telegram as "all-powerful, a convinced democrat and particularly devoted to advanced views on the land question." Mr. LAW, while provisionally promising a Blue-book on Siberia, declined to pick out a single message from a whole bunch.

The news that the Soviet Gov-

ernment had accepted the British conditions with regard to the resumption of trade and had thereupon been requested to conclude an armistice with Poland did not seem particularly welcome to any section of the House. Those whom Mr. STANTON in stentorian whispers daily describes as the "Bolsheviks" evidently feared that the request had been accompanied by a threat, while others were horrified at the idea of recognising the present régime in Russia, and drew from Mr. LAW a hasty disclaimer. The House as a whole would, I think, have liked to learn how you can do business with a person whom you do not recognise?

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER refused to accept Mr. GEORGE TERRELL's proposal to reduce the Excess Profits Tax from sixty per cent. to forty, but, in reply to Sir G. YOUNGER—who "has such a way with him"—promised that next year he would make the reduction. He admitted that it was in many ways an unsatisfactory tax, but the Government could not afford to part with it unless a substitute was provided. Somebody suggested "Economy," and Sir F. BANBURY proved to his own satisfaction that the present estimates could be reduced by a hundred-and-fifty millions. But unexpected support for the Government came from Mr. ASQUITH, who as the original sponsor of the tax felt it his duty to support it.

There was a perfect E.P.D.mic of criticism, but it was brilliantly countered by Mr. BALDWIN, who declared that the CHANCELLOR, far from leading the country down the rapids, "was the one man who had seized a rock in mid-stream and was hanging on to it with hands and feet." The Amendment was rejected by 289 to 117, and the clause as a whole was passed by 202 to 16.



THE LIMPET OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MR. BALDWIN PORTRAYS HIS CHIEF "HANGING TO A ROCK WITH HANDS AND FEET."

Tuesday, July 13th.—Lord O'HAGAN was one of the Peers who helped to outvote the Government a few days ago on a motion excusing them of extravagance. Yet that did not prevent him



Mr. NEAL. "YOUR FARES WILL COST YOU MORE."

to-day from saying that the War Office should be more generous in their financial treatment of the Territorial Force, and particularly of the Cadet Corps.

Naturally Lord PEEL did not refrain from calling attention to this inconsistency—common to most of the financial critics of the Administration—but nevertheless he made a reply indicating that the grants for the Territorial Force were being revised, presumably in an upward direction, since Lord O'HAGAN expressed himself grateful.

The Commons, like the Lords, are all for economy collectively, if not individually. General cheers greeted Mr. BONAR LAW's announcement that all war-subsidies—save that on wheat—were to be brought to an end as soon as possible, but then there were similar cheers for those Members who urged the substitution of ex-service

men for the less highly-paid women in various Public Departments.

The House enjoyed the unusual experience of hearing from Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY an apology—and a very handsome one too—for something that he had said in debate about Colonel CROFT. It was accompanied by a tribute to his military efficiency which made that gallant warrior blush. It only now remains for the Leader of the National Party to reciprocate by rescuing from the Naval archives some equally complimentary reference to the services of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY.

A new sport has been invented by Colonel GUINNESS. It consists in sending two telegrams simultaneously to Paris, one *via* London and the other *via* New York, and seeing which gets there first. At present New York wins by twenty minutes. Mr. ILLINGWORTH excused himself from giving an immediate explanation on the ground that he had not had time to check the facts. No doubt he hopes that in the interim other Members will follow Colonel GUINNESS's example and, by joining in the new pastime, bring grist to the Post-Office mill.

Wednesday, July 14th.

—Lord MILNER must have thought he was back in the era of "Chinese Slavery" when he found himself assailed on all sides because the Chief Native Commissioner in Kenya Colony (late British East Africa) had issued a circular instructing the chiefs to influence their followers in the direction of honest toil. Lord ISLINGTON described this as "perilously near forced labour;" His Grace of CANTERBURY facetiously suggested that the chiefs' idea of influence would be the sjambok; and Lord EMMOTT talked of "Prussianism."

Taught by past experience Lord MILNER did not make light of the accusations, but set himself to show how little real substance they contained. The Chief Native Commissioner was "not a Prussian"; on the contrary the local white population thought him too great an upholder of native privileges. But he was very keen on getting the black

man to work, and had therefore issued this circular, which was open to misinterpretation. An explanatory document would be issued shortly.

Echoes of the DYER debate are still reverberating through the Commons, and Mr. MONTAGU was put through a searching cross-examination regarding his relations with Mr. GANDHI. Apparently that gentleman has a very simple plan of campaign. He agitates more and more dangerously until he is threatened with prosecution. Then he says "Sorry!" and Mr. MONTAGU begs

garded as "a definite matter of urgent public importance."

It is unfortunate that the PRIME MINISTER was unable to get back from Spa in order to assist in the final suppression of his famous land-duties. Most of the speeches delivered were made up of excerpts from his old orations of ten years ago—that almost prehistoric era known as the Limehouse Period—and it would have been an object-lesson in political gymnastics to see him explaining himself away.

The land-taxers made a gallant effort to frighten their opponents away by chanting the "Land Song" in the Lobby, but it is supposed that the Government supporters had copied Ulysses' method with the Sirens, for enough of them remained faithful to defeat the land-taxers by 190 to 68.

Thursday, July 15th.

—Mr. NEAL's announcement that the proposed increase in railway fares had been postponed until August 5th, in order not to spoil the Bank Holiday, was far from satisfying the House. Mr. CLYNES pointed out that large numbers of the working-classes now took their long holidays in August. Mr. PALMER was of opinion that the working-classes could pay well enough; it was the middle-class that would suffer most; and Mr. R. McNEILL, following up this assertion, suggested (without success) that for the sake of poverty-stricken M.P.'s the House should adjourn before the fateful date.

Sir H. GREENWOOD gave particulars of the Sinn Féin raid on the Dublin Post-Office, but declined to give an opinion as to whether there had been any collusion with the staff inside. Judging by the promptitude and efficiency of the raiders' procedure it seems highly improbable that postal officials had anything to do with it.

"Each day the barometer seems to drop a little lower, the rain seems to drop a little more persistent and wet."—*Provincial Paper*. It is this persistent wetness that is so annoying. Nobody would mind a little dry rain.



B.C. 1920.

Sir ALFRED MOND. "WHAT A TOPPING IDEA! THEY'LL NEVER GET A MORE SUITABLE DESIGN FROM THE OFFICE OF WORKS—NOT IF THEY WAIT 3840 YEARS."

him off. After a brief interval of quiescence he starts again. Just now he is once more nearing the imaginary line that separates proper from improper Gandhism.

The House was delighted to see Mr. DEVLIN and Mr. MACVEAGH back in their places. A little honest Irish obstruction would be a refreshing change after the feeble imitations of the Kenworthies and Wedgwoods. But the SPEAKER could not accept the proposition that a speech delivered three weeks ago, in which an Irish official was alleged to have prophesied some dreadful things which as a matter of fact had not happened, could be re-



Farmer. "I WONDER WHAT SOME OF THESE LONDON FOLKS 'UD SAY TO THIS?"

Farmer-hand. "ZAY? THEY'D ZAY AS WE MUST BE MAKIN' OUR FORTUNES OUT O' MUSHROOMS."

TWENTY YEARS ON.

WE were sitting in the verandah, Ernest and I. On the greensward before us Ernest Junior and James Junior (I am James) disported themselves as became their years, which were respectively $1\frac{3}{4}$ and $1\frac{5}{8}$. In the middle distance, or as middle as the size of our lawn permits, might be seen the mothers of Ernest Junior and James Junior deep in conversation, discussing, perhaps, the military prowess of their lords, though I rather fear I caught the word "juniper" every now and then.

A loud difference of opinion between James II. and Ernest II. as to the possession of a wooden horse momentarily disturbed the peaceful scene. It was left to Ernest and myself to settle it, our incomparable wives being still completely engrossed with the subject of our military prowess (or of jumpers). When quiet reigned once more Ernest said, "Have you ever looked twenty years on?"

"Practically never," I answered. "It is too exhausting."

"It is exhausting, but with my usual energy I do it all the same," said Ernest, who is as a fact the world's champion lotus-eater. "Last night I was picturing a little scene in the year 1940. Shall I tell you of it?" And with-

out waiting for my assent he proceeded:—

"The scene is laid in an undergraduate's rooms. Ernest Junior and James Junior are discovered in *négligé* attitudes and the conversation proceeds something like this:—

"Ernest Junior. What are you going to do with yourself in the Vac.?"

"James Junior. I shall go abroad, in spite of my choice of objectives being so terribly restricted.

"Ernest Junior. Why restricted?"

"James Junior. Well, I wouldn't say this to anybody else, but to tell you the truth it is impossible for me to go to either France, Belgium or Italy. You see my dear old father was in these countries during the first Great War, and if I were so much as to mention them he'd never stop talking. If I were to say that I proposed spending a fortnight in the Ardennes it would let loose such a flood of reminiscence that I should hardly get away before next term begins.

"He gets a little confused too at times. He told me the other day a long story about the relief of Ypres, and he also boasted of having himself captured a large number of Turks on the Somme.

"And it isn't only that. My mother was a V.A.D. in France, you know. And when the old man had done talk-

ing of Ypres and the Somme she'd begin about Rouen and Etaples."

I laughed, but without mirth, for I did not really think this at all funny. And after all I might have said just the same about Ernest, if only I'd thought of it first.

"CHAR-À"-VARIA.

[The Manchester Daily Dispatch gives a most distressing account of the bibulous hooliganism which is becoming more rampant week by week among char-à-bancs trippers.]

THE patrons of the charabang Employ the most outrageous slang. And talk with an appalling twang. Their manners ape the wild orang; They do not care a single hang For sober folk on foot who gang. But as they roll, with jolt and clang, For parasang on parasang, They cause a vulgar *Sturm und Drang*. They never heard of ANDREW LANG, Or even Mr. WILLIAM STRANG; They are, I say it with a pang, A most intolerable gang; In fact I wish them at Penang Or on the banks of Yang-tse-Kiang— Some folk who use the charabang.

"Wanted, a good, clean General, for private."—Provincial Paper.

Discipline is going to the dogs.

POINTS OF VIEW.

THE manager had seen to it that the party of young men, being very obviously rich, at any rate for this night, had some of the best attendance in the restaurant. Several waiters had been told off specially to look after them, the least and busiest of whom was little more than a boy—a slender pale boy, who was working very hard to give satisfaction. The cynic might think—and say, for cynics always say what they think—that this zeal was the result of his youth; but the cynic for once would be only partly right. The zeal also had sartorial springs, this eventful day being the first on which the boy had been promoted to full waiterhood, and the first therefore on which he had ever worn a suit of evening dress; which by dint of hard saving his family had been able to obtain for him. Wearing a uniform of such dignity and conscious that he was on the threshold of his career, he was trying very hard to make good and hoping very fervently that he would get through without any drops or splashes to impair the freshness of his new and wonderful attire.

The party of young men, who had been at a very illustrious English school together and now were either at a university or in the world, were celebrating an annual event and were very merry about it. For the most part they had, between the past and the present, as many topics of conversation as were needed, but now and then came a lull, during which some of them would look around at the other tables, note the prettier of the girls or the odder of the men and comment upon them; and it chanced that in such a pause one of the diners happened for the first time to notice with any attention the assiduous young waiter. Although not old enough to have given any thought to the anomaly of youth (though lowly) attending upon youth (though gilded) at its meals in this way—not old enough indeed to have pondered at all upon the relations of Capital and Labour or of the domineering and the servile—he had reflected a good deal upon the cut and fit of clothes, and there was something about the waiting-boy's evening coat that outraged his critical sense. Nor did the fact that the other's indifferent tailoring throw the perfection of his own into such brilliant contrast—the similarity between the livery of service and the male costume *de luxe* fostering such comparisons—make him any more lenient.

"Did you ever see," he asked his neighbour, "such a coat-collar as that waiting Johnnie's? I ask you. How can anyone, even a waiter, wear a thing

like that? Don't they ever see themselves in the glass, or if they do can't they see straight? Why, it covers his collar altogether."

His companion agreed. "And the shoulders! You'd have thought that in a restaurant like this the management would be more particular. By George, that's a jolly pretty girl coming in! Look—over there, just under the clock, with the red hair." And the waiter was forgotten. Only, however, by his table critics, for at that moment a little woman who had made friends with the hall-porter for this express purpose was peering through the window of the entrance, searching the room for her son. She had never yet seen him at his work at all, and certainly not in his grand waiting clothes, and naturally she wanted to.

"Ah!" she said at last, pointing the boy out to the porter, "there he is! At that table with all the young gentlemen. Doesn't he look fine? And don't they fit him beautifully? Why, no one would know the difference if he were to sit down and one of those young gentlemen were to wait on him."

E. V. L.

PIGLETS.

WHILE waiting for proof-sheets of my book on *The Dynamic Force of Modern Art* I thought I might get a certain amount of amusement out of a little correspondence with my neighbour, Mr. Gibbs, small farmer and dairyman, between whom and myself letters had passed a short time ago on the subject of a noisy cow, since removed from the field below the study window of the house that has been lent me by my friend Hobson. With this end in view I wrote to Mr. Gibbs as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—The field of the uproarious cow has, I notice, suddenly become tenanted again, this time by what appears to be a school, herd or murrain of swine. Their number seems to vary. Sometimes I count ten younglings, sometimes as many as thirteen, and once I made it as much as fourteen.

Did you know they were there, or are they a crop? Or is the field suffering from swine fever, of which they are the outward manifestation? Anyhow, whether they are friends of yours or have merely just happened, as it were, they are distinctly intriguing.

My wife was remarking to me only yesterday how nice some pork would be as a change from the eternal verities, beef and mutton, and I told her that if she would look out of my window she would see the pork running about, simply asking for it. There are so

many of these piglets that I don't think the old sow would miss one. Swine can't count, can they?

But apart from food values they interest me as subjects for the Cubist, the Vorticist and other exploiters of dynamic force in the Art of to-day (I fancy I told you in a previous letter that I am engaged upon a tome on this subject).

Figure to yourself, *mon ami*, what delightful rhomboidal figures WYNDHAM LEWIS and his school would make of these budding porkers with the sleek torso and the well-poised angular snout, and, having visualised their treatment of the theme, compare it with the painted effigies of such animals by GEORGE MORLAND, which were merely pigs, Sir, and nothing more. No symbolism, no force. You get me—what?

But looking at these piglets from a more intimate point of view, don't you think (if they should happen to be yours, and you have any influence with their parents) that something should be done about their faces? They have such a pushed-in appearance. Can this be normal? If so, it must seriously interfere with their truffling. But perhaps this is not good truffle-hunting country. I'm sorry if this is so, as I could do with a nice brace of truffles now and again.

Remember me kindly to our mooing friend, and believe me, dear Mr. Gibbs,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

How this early touch of Spring has got into the blood, to be sure.

To this letter Mr. Gibbs replied thus:—

DEAR SIR,—I can't make much of your letter except a rignlemorle about pigs and dynamite and pictures but what they have to do with one another I don't know if you want some pork why dont you say so strait out like mr Hobson does I shall be killing one this week shall I send you a nice leg and remain Yours obedient

HENRY GIBBS.

My reply, given in the affirmative, resulted in the arrival of a succulent-looking joint with a bill for leg of pork special 5½ lbs. at 2s. per lb. 11s.

As the price too was rather special I returned the bill with the following:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—What a rapturous piece of pork! Lovely in life, and oh, how beautiful in death. I count the hours till 7.30 to-morrow.

I am truly sorry you couldn't read my letter with comfort. I have derived great pleasure from yours. You appear to have a strong leaning towards phonetic orthography which is very refreshing and seems to bear the same relation to the generally accepted rules



Country Postman. "I'M SORRY, MA'AM, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST YOUR POSTCARD; BUT IT ONLY SAID MURIEL THANKED YOU FOR THE PARCEL, AND SO DID JOHN, AND THEY WERE BOTH VERY WELL AND THE CHILDREN ARE HAPPY AND SHE'LL GIVE YOUR MESSAGE TO MARGERY. THAT'LL BE YOUR OTHER DAUGHTER, I'M THINKIN'?"

of the art that the modern dynamic art (a favourite topic of mine, as you know) does to the academics of the late nineteenth century.

When the proof-sheets of my book arrive I should be glad of your assistance in going through them. My tendency, I think, is to over-punctuate, and your proclivity would, I believe, counteract this.

Mais revenons à nos moutons (mutatis mutandis, of course). The specialist who superintends my diet allows me to eat pork at 1s. 9d. per lb., but does not approve of my indulgence in it at a higher figure. If you will meet his views (and I am sure you will) I shall absorb my full share of the dainty you have provided. Otherwise I must return it with many exquisite regrets.

Anticipating your favourable recognition of my specialist's absurd prejudice, I enclose a cheque for 9s. 8d.

Accept my word for it that I am

Yours ever most truly,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

To this Mr. Gibbs offered the following reply:—

DEER SIR,—I thought being a friend of Mr. Hobson you was a gentleman as

wouldn't mind paying a bit extra for something special like this pork which these pigs was by Barnsley Champion III I can't charge less. I don't know who your specialist is but he don't know much about pork the bests the safest. please send ballance and remain

Yours obedient,

HENRY GIBBS.

We were still in March and pork had not yet been decontrolled, so I returned the bill again with this brief but incisive note:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—I have never met your friend from Barnsley, but am surprised that you haven't come across my specialist, whose address is the Local Food Control Office at Harbury. Would you like to meet him? He is very interested in pigs, also in milk and other things in which you specialise expensively, so you would have lots to talk about, no doubt.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

The receipt in full, which reached me in reply, was very satisfactory. The pork was delicious.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LADY'S BEDSTRAW.

UNDER two secret arching hedges
Masses of Bedstraw grow,
Silvery-white among the sedges,
Like drifts of fairy-snow;
Deep's the middle, fringed the edges;
Who sleeps there? Do you know?
Do you? Or you?
Hark! for the breezes know.

"Oh, there my Lady Summer lies
Adream beneath cool April skies;
About her blossoms fall
On her long limbs and secret eyes.
Still she sleeps, virginal;
Then—hark! Juno's clarion call!
She lifts her wistful wilful eyes,
Springs light afoot and away she flies.
But her Bedstraw dies."

"We have received from — Manufacturing Company, New York, makers of Destructive Stationery for Social Correspondence, copies of their artistic Wall Calendars."

West Indian Paper.

The calendars don't interest us, but a few samples of the "destructive stationery" would come in useful for answering bores.

NOCTURNE.

Of course I suppose I ought to be grateful for the opportunity of having a front seat at one of Nature's romances, but I imagine she reaps more applause at matinées than at soirées. I know that I—— But judge for yourself.

The *dramatis personæ* were cornercrakes, neighbours of mine. The heroine—a neat line in spring birdings—I labelled "Thisbe," and she had evidently inspired affection of no mean degree in the hearts of two enthusiastic swains, Strong-i'-th'-lung and Eugène. I know all this because Thisbe's home is a small tuft of grass not distant from my bedroom, and her admirers wooed her at long range from opposite corners of my field.

Now, as a cursory study of ornithology will tell you, the cornercrake's method of attracting his bride is by song, and the criterion of excellence in C.C. circles is that the song shall be protracted, consistent and perfectly monotonous. To those who are unacquainted with his note I would describe it as rather similar to the intermittent buzzing noise which an inexperienced telephone operator lets loose when she can't think of a wrong number to give you. It has also points of resemblance to the periodic thud of the valve of a motor-tube when one is running on a deflated tyre. But there is no real standard of comparison. As a musical feat it is unique, and I for one am glad it is.

It was night. Eugène was in possession of the stage when I began to take an interest in the romance. I cannot say for how long he had serenaded his divinity before I became conscious of his lay, but I do know that thereafter he put in one and a half hours of good solid craking before he desisted. I then felt grateful for the silence, rolled over and prepared to get on with my postponed slumber.

But Strong-i'-th'-lung decreed otherwise. With a contemptuous snort at his rival's performance he opened his epic. He was splendid. For one and three-ninth hours he descanted on the glories of field life, on the freshness of the night, on the brilliance of the June foliage; for the next two hours he ardently proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Thisbe's eye, the glossiness of her plumage, the neatness of her claw, and he wound up with a mad twenty minutes of piercing monotony as he depicted the depth of his devotion for her.

When he ceased, in a silence which was almost deafening, I could visualise Thisbe dimpling with satisfaction and undoubtedly filled with tenderness toward a lover capable of expressing him-

self so eloquently. I turned over with a sigh of relief and closed my eyes in pleasurable anticipation of rest.

But Eugène felt it necessary to reply. I think his intention was to crake disbelief of his rival's sincerity, to throw cold water on his burning professions, perhaps even to question the excellence of his intentions. But his nerve was obviously shaken by his competitor's undoubtedly fine performance, and he craked indecisively. At 4.30 A.M. I distinctly heard him utter a flat note. At 4.47 he missed the second part of a bar entirely. Thisbe's beak, I must believe, curled derisively; Strong-i'-th'-lung laughed contemptuously, and at 5.10 A.M. Eugène faltered, stammered, and fled from the field defeated.

The sequel I have had to build up on rather fragmentary data, but it appears that Eugène fled as far as Puddery Parva, and endeavoured to cool his discomfort in a dewy hayfield.

To him there came an old crone, the "father and mother" of all cornercrakes, who comforted him, cosseted him, and from a fund of deep experience offered him hints on voice production. She also gave him of a nostrum of toadwort and garlic, which mollified his lacerated chords, and she prescribed massage of the throat by rubbing against a young beech stem.

Within two days Eugène was back in my field. In tones that feigned to falter he craked a few bars to open the performance. Strong-i'-th'-lung at once rose full of pitying confidence and craked for two and a half hours the song of the practically accepted suitor. It was a good song, and Thisbe seemed pleased, though I fancy she rather resented the note of assurance which he imparted to his ballad.

Then Eugène came on. Bearing well in mind all the instruction of his recent benefactress, he commenced at 11.45 P.M. such a masterpiece as has never before been heard in the bird world: His consistency of period was masterly, his iteration superb and his even monotony incomparable. Crake succeeded crake with dull regular inevitability. So far as I know he carried his bat. He was still playing strongly when I fell on a troubled sleep about 5.30. . . .

The next day, walking through the field, I put up two birds which flew away together. One was Thisbe. And the other? Well, not Strong-i'-th'-lung. I stumbled across him a little later, dead without a wound.

"WANTED MUSIC MASTER for 2 girls; also Mincing Machine."—*Local Paper*.

One way or another they seem determined that the poor girls shall be "put through it."

SHOULD MILLIONAIRES READ HOMER?

THE recent discovery of a London millionaire, who not only lives in a small suburban villa, where his wife dispenses with servants, goes to bed at 7.30 P.M. and rises at 3 A.M., but reads HOMER in the Greek, has caused a sensation.

His endeavours to prove to a doubting world the truth of a favourite British adage is admirable; and his modest establishment only bears out what the millionaires keep on telling us, that, owing to high taxation and the abnormal cost of luxuries, they must really be reckoned as poor men. But his study of HOMER provokes a difference of opinion.

Our representative, in interviewing a venerable sociologist on the subject, was told that the study of Greek for millionaires is, within proper limits, comparatively harmless, but that HOMER contains the elements of danger.

"It is in HOMER's apotheosis of heroism in human combat that the peril lies," he said. "Having regard to the part played in the past by financiers in the wars between civilised nations, the security of the League of Nations will be threatened if the millionaires of to-day come under the spell of that great poet, who, with all his excellent qualities, directed his genius so persistently to the praise of warfare."

One of the millionaire class was next approached, and was asked what he thought of millionaires reading HOMER.

"Why not?" he asked. "Some millionaires are great readers. I am one myself. There are not half-a-dozen of OPPENHEIM'S I haven't read; and I like HALL CAINE—and ETHEL DELL's not bad. Who is this HOMER? If he's any good I may as well order him."

"Well, HOMER was a poet, you know, a——"

"I've no use for poetry," said the millionaire.

"A Greek poet, who lived——"

"Greek. A Greek, did you say?"

A shrewd look came into his eyes. "Some of the cutest devils I know are Greeks." He pulled down a shirt-cuff and took a diamond-studded pencil from his waistcoat pocket. "How do you spell it? With an H?"

"POULTRY AND EGGS.

Belfast or Neighbourhood.—Locum Tenency or Sunday duty wanted by well-known Reetor during holiday."—*Irish Paper*.

It looks as if he had been mistaken for a Lay-reader.

"Nothing is left of the knave of the church, but the choir still remains."—*Scotch Paper*.

We are glad they discarded the knave.



G. H. STAMPS.
920

Country Cousin (who suffers from his wife's elbow at each crossing). "Oo! LAWKS, MARIA! NEXT TIME WE'VE TO CROSS LEMME BE ROON OWER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Double Life (GRANT RICHARDS) is a story that unblushingly bases its appeal on the love of almost everyone for a fairy-tale of good fortune. The matter of it is to show how a lady amateur, wife of a novelist, herself hardly knowing one end of a horse from the other, might make forty thousand pounds in a year on the Turf, without even her own husband so much as suspecting her activities. The thing isn't likely, is indeed a fantasy of the wildest improbability; but, told with the zest imparted to it here by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, it provides first-rate fun. Some danger of monotony there was bound to be in what is really a variation upon a single theme. Though the author cunningly avoids this, I think it might justly be observed that he has made *Olivia's* plunges almost too uniformly successful. But perhaps not; after all, while you are handling fairy-gold, why be niggardly of it? The heroine's introduction to horse-racing comes about through the unconscious agency of her husband, who takes her with him on a visit to Newmarket in search of local colour for a "sporting" novel. The resulting situation reaches its climax in what is the best scene of the book, when *Geoffrey*, returning from a race that he has visited alone, but upon which *Olivia*, unknown to him, has risked thousands, recounts its progress in the best manner of realistic fiction, wholly ignorant of the true cause of what seems such flattering agitation in the listener. Altogether a happy if not very subtle story which I am glad that Mr. GRANT RICHARDS could persuade himself to publish.

To write, as Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS has written, fifty-two novels, many of them excellent and all readable, while still on the right side of sixty, is an achievement of intelligent industry that entitles any novelist, at the latter end, to take matters a little easily. *The Moonlit Way* (APPLETON) has neither the imaginative qualities of *The King in Yellow*, the humour of *In Search of the Unknown*, nor the adventurous tang of *Ashes of Empire*, but it is a good live story that will carry the reader's interest to the last page. Mr. CHAMBERS is at his best when dealing with spies and secret service agents and scheming chancellors and the other subterranean apparatus of war and diplomacy; at his least interesting when depicting affluent young America on its native heath of New York bricks and mortar. *The Moonlit Way* deals with all these things and more. We are whisked from the Bosphorus to the Welland Canal on the heels of Germany's "War in the United States," and French Secret Service officers, German saloon keepers and Sinn Fein revolutionaries jostle one another for a place in our interest. The novel-reading public knows that it is quite safe in buying any story by Mr. CHAMBERS, and, if it does not expect too much of *The Moonlit Way*, it will not be disappointed.

Lately, volumes of individual memorial to dead youth seem to have become less frequent. Perhaps there was a suggestion that the making of them, or rather their publication for the eyes of strangers, was in danger of being overdone. However this may be, I think that, quite apart from the appeal of circumstance, there would always have been a welcome for such a bright-natured book as one that Father RONALD KNOX has put together, mostly from diaries

and letters, about *Patrick Shaw-Stewart* (COLLINS). Eton and Balliol will agree that there could be no biographer better fitted to record the life, as happy seemingly as it was fated to be short, of one who combined success with popularity at both these places, was caught by the War on the threshold of a wider career, served his country with very notable distinction and was killed in the winter of 1917. Though he met death in France, the most of SHAW-STEWART'S war-service was on the Eastern front; in particular he saw more than most soldiers of the whole Gallipoli adventure, to which he went as a member of that amazing company—surely the very flower of this country's war contribution—the *Hood Battalion* of the R.N.V.R. Here he was the comrade of many of those whom England has especially delighted to honour: RUPERT BROOKE, DENIS-BROWNE, CHARLES LISTER and others, all of whom figure in these vivid and most attractive letters; from which also one gathers an engaging picture of SHAW-STEWART himself, a generously admiring, humorous and entirely independent young Tory in a band of brilliant revolutionaries. In fine a book (despite its theme of promise sacrificed) full of laughter and a singularly charming character-study of one who, in his biographer's phrase, was assuredly "not one of the passengers of his generation."

Miss ELLA SYKES, after going with her brother and a camera on his special mission to Kashgar during the earlier days of the War, has detailed in charming fashion, under the title *Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia* (MACMILLAN), their travels in lands still almost unknown. Sir PERCY SYKES himself has added some chapters

on the history and customs of the district in order to allow himself the pleasure of referring affectionately to his hunting of the giant sheep—the *Ovis poli*—of the Pamirs. Between them they have given me a good deal of information, with a lot of really capital photographs, about a country—Chinese Turkestan—that one may have just heard of before, though it is impossible to be sure. Resisting a burning desire to pass on newly-acquired learning to the first listener, I will be content to say that a more readable volume of its kind has not come my way for a long time, and incidentally the country itself seems surprisingly desirable. For one thing it is free from the mosquitoes that spoil so many books of travel, while the people are peaceful, reasonably contented and not liable to jar on the reader's nerves, in the time-honoured fashion, with spears and poisoned arrows. Even the yaks, that one had supposed to be fearsome beasts, are mild benevolent pacifists. The authors do not suggest that it is all Paradise, of course, though for the Moslem there may be something of that sort in it. "Praise be to Allah! I have four obedient wives, who spend all their days in trying to please me," said a Kirghiz farmer to Sir PERCY. But even Paradise may be a matter of taste.

If *War in the Garden of Eden* (MURRAY) cannot be numbered among the books which must be read by a serious

war-student it is in its unassuming way very attractive. Captain KERMIT ROOSEVELT made many friends while serving as a Captain with the Motor Machine-Gun Corps in Mesopotamia, and here he reveals himself as a keen soldier and a pleasant companion. In style he is perhaps a shade too jerky; his frequent failure to make his connections gives one a sense of being in the hands of a rather rambling guide. But the important points are that he is an engaging Rambler, and that he can describe his experiences both of war and peace with so clear a simplicity that they can be easily visualized. When the American Army arrived in France Captain ROOSEVELT naturally wished to join it, and his last chapter is called "With the First Division in France and Germany." But for us the main interest of his book lies in the work he did with the British in Mesopotamia, and to thank him for this would seem to be an impertinence.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S *From the Log of the Velsa* (CHATTO) deals with some vague period before the War (dates are most carefully concealed), when the versatile

author undertook certain cruises up and down Dutch canals, the Baltic, French, Flemish and Danish coasts and East Anglian estuaries with companions about whom he preserves an equally mysterious silence. (Was it secret service, I wonder?) A delightful book, produced with something like pre-war attention to aesthetic appearance—a pleasant quarto with roomy pages faithfully printed in a fair type. You ought to enjoy the owner's evident enjoyment (he was never bored and therefore never boring), his



THE SPECIALIST.

Eminent Botanist on scientific expedition. "DEAR ME! WHY DIDN'T I TAKE UP ZOOLOGY INSTEAD OF BOTANY? THIS SEEMS SUCH AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN."

charmingly ingenuous pride of possession, his shrewd, humorous and excessively didactic utterances about painters, pictures, architecture and female beauty, his zeal for water-colour sketching and his apparently profound contempt of other exponents of the craft. Nothing could be less like (I thank Heaven) the ordinary yachtsman's recollections of his travels, and I get an impression that Mr. BENNETT was not ill-pleased to leave most of the work and the technical knowledge to his skipper.

"Crêpe de Chine in oyster white will show the top of the dress embroidered to the knees in some unconventional design of black and a deeper shade of white."—*Daily Paper*.

"The bridesmaid's dress was of heavy white crêpe-de-chine, of pale apricot shade."—*Provincial Paper*.

CANNING must have had a premonition of the modern fashions when he wrote in *The New Morality*, "Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

From a bookseller's advertisement:—

"Mr. — has the way of when you finish one of his most interesting books that you really cannot help yourself by reading all."—*Newfoundland Paper*.

Not being quite sure whether this is a compliment or not we have suppressed the distinguished author's name.

CHARIVARIA.

"The public will not stand for increased railway fares," says a contemporary. They have had too much standing at the old prices.

A Mile End man writes to *The Daily Express* to say that one of his ducks laid four eggs in one day. It seems about the most sensible thing the bird could have done with them.

As a result of the recent Tube extension, passengers can now travel from the Bank to Ealing in thirty-five minutes. It is further claimed that the route passes under some of the most beautiful scenery in England.

Mersey shipyard workers have made a demand on their employers for five pounds ten shillings a week when not working and seven pounds a week when working. This proposal to discriminate between the men who work and those who don't is condemned in more advanced trade union circles as savouring dangerously of capitalism.

"One evening at Covent Garden," says M. ABEL HERMANT in *Le Temps*, "will teach more correct behaviour than six months' lessons from a certified professor of etiquette." Opinion among the smart set is divided as to whether he means Covent Garden Theatre or Covent Garden Market.

The Bolsheviks in Petrograd are finding a difficulty in the appointment of a public executioner. This is just the chance for a man who wants a nice steady job.

On looking up our diary we find that the MAD MULLAH is just about due to be killed again. We wonder if anything is being done in the matter.

A German merchant is anxious to get into touch with a big stamp-dealer in this country. Our feeling is that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is the man he wants.

We are asked to deny the rumour that Sir PHILIP SASSOON has been appointed touring manager to the Peace Conference.

A Newbury man has succeeded in breeding pink-coated tame rats. It is said that the Prohibitionists hope to exterminate these, as they did the green ones.

A blunder of thirty million pounds in the estimates for British operations in Russia is revealed in a White Paper. It is expected that the Government will bequeath it to the nation.

Owing to the high cost of material we understand that a certain pill is to-day worth £1 11s. 6d. a box.

The Sinn Feiners now threaten to capture one of our new battleships. We sincerely hope that the Government will place a caretaker on board each of our most valuable Dreadnoughts.

finished playing. It was at first feared that they had overblown themselves.

"A true lover of nature is nowadays very hard to find," complains a writer in a Nature journal. Yet we know a golfer who always shouts "Fore!" on slicing a ball into a spinney.

The two African lions which escaped from the Zoo in Portugal have not yet been captured, and were last seen near the border-line of Switzerland. It is thought that they are endeavouring to walk across Europe as a reprisal for the flight across Africa by two Europeans.

The Dublin Trades Council called a one-day strike last week "to secure the release of Mr. JAMES LARKIN." So successful was the strike, we understand,

that the United States authorities have decided that the presence of Mr. LARKIN at forthcoming celebrations of a similar character would be quite superfluous.

Speaking to an audience of miners at Morpeth Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD said he dreamed of a time when the miners would govern the country. Not even the miners, on the other hand, would dream of letting Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD govern it.

"Does the Government realise," asks a newspaper correspondent, "that as regards the situation in Ireland we are on the edge of a crater or with a thunderbolt over our heads?" We rather imagine that the Government, like the writer, isn't quite sure which.

Oswestry Guardians have accepted an offer to supply Bibles to tramps. This is the first occasion on which the current belief that the tramp class is nowadays being recruited largely from the ranks of the minor clergy has received formal recognition.

A bricklayer has been summoned for not sending his son to school. It appears that the father, finding his boy could count up to twenty and wishing him to follow his own occupation, thought further schooling unnecessary.

"When the country really understands the need of the Government," says an essayist, "we shall travel far." But not at twopence a mile, thank you.



TRUE POLITENESS.
"YOUR EEL, I THINK, SIR?"

A Lanarkshire magistrate the other day doubted whether a miner could remember details of an accident which happened two years ago. It is said that the miner had vivid recollections of the affair as it happened to be the day he was at work.

It is urged that all taxi-cabs should have a cowcatcher in front in case of accidents. We gather that the drivers are quite willing provided they are allowed to charge for anyone they pick up as an "extra."

It is reported that the muzzling order may come into force again in South Wales. We understand that a dog which thoughtlessly attempted to bark in Welsh in the main street of Cardiff was responsible for the belief that rabies had broken out again.

During a brass-band contest a few days ago three members of the winning band were taken ill just after they had

Apparently Thatcham carries its eyes in the back of its head.



A SEA-VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

INDIGNANT LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER. "AND TO THINK OF THAT THERE ERIC WANTING TO SQUEEZE THE POOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS BEFORE I GETS AT 'EM."



Outraged Batsman. "JARGE, OI DO BELIEVE YOU 'M BOWLIN' DELIBERATE AT MOI GAMMY LEG."
Jarge (feeling that something ought to be said). "WHY, WILLYUM, OI THOUGHT THEY WAS BOTH GAMMY."

ELIZABETH GOES ON HOLIDAY.

"PLEASE, 'm, may I go for my 'olidays a week come Thursday?" asked Elizabeth. She was evidently labouring under some strong excitement, for she panted as she spoke and so far forgot herself in her agitation as to take up the dust in the hall instead of sweeping it under the mat.

"But you promised to go on your holiday when we have ours in September," I protested, aghast. (You will shortly understand the reason of my dismay.) "I don't see how I can possibly manage—"

"I'm sorry, 'm, but I *must* take 'em then," interposed Elizabeth, with a horrid giving-notice gleam in her eye which I have learnt to dread. "You see, my young man is 'avin' 'is 'olidays then an'—an'—she drew up her lank form and a look that was almost human came into her face—"e's asked me to go with 'im," she finished with ineffable pride.

I am aware that this is not an unusual arrangement amongst engaged couples in the class to which Elizabeth belongs; nevertheless I felt it was the moment for judicious advice, knowing how ephemer-

al are the love-affairs of Elizabeth. No butterfly that flits from flower to flower could be more elusive than her young men. Our district must swarm with this fickle type.

"Do you think it right to go off on a holiday with a stranger?" I began diffidently.

"'Im! 'E isn't a stranger," broke in Elizabeth. "'E's my young man."

"Which young man?"

"My *new* young man."

"But don't you think it would be better if he were not such a new young man—I mean, if he were an old young man—er—perhaps I ought to say you should know him longer before you go away with him. It's not quite the thing—"

"Why, wot's wrong with it?" demanded Elizabeth, puzzled. "All the girls I know spends their 'olidays with their young men, an' then it doesn't cost them nothink. That's the best of it. But it's the first time I've ever been arsked," she admitted, "an' I wouldn't lose a charnee like this for anythink."

Further appeal was useless, and with a sigh I resigned myself to the inevitable; but when, ten days later, Eliza-

beth departed in a whirl of enthusiasm and brown paper parcels I turned dejectedly to the loathsome business of housework.

It is a form of labour which above all others I detest. My *métier* is to write—one day I even hope to become a great writer. But what I never hope to become is a culinary expert. Should you command your cook to turn out a short story she could not suffer more in the agonies of composition than I do in making a simple Yorkshire pudding.

My household now passed into a condition of settled gloom. My nerves began to suffer from the strain, and I came gradually to regard Henry as less of a helpmate and more of a voracious monster demanding meals at too frequent intervals. It made me peevish with him.

He too was far from forbearing in this crisis. In fact we were getting disillusioned with each other.

One evening I was reflecting bitterly on matters like washing-up when Henry came in. Only a short time before we should have greeted each other cordially in a spirit of *camaraderie* and affection. Now our conversation was something like this:—

Henry (gruffly). Hullo, no signs of dinner yet! Do you know the time?

Me (snappily). You needn't be so impatient. I expect you've gorged yourself on a good lunch in town. Anyhow it won't take long to get dinner, as we are having tinned soup and eggs.

Henry. Oh, damn eggs. I'm sick of the sight of 'em.

You can see for yourself how unrestrained we were getting. The thin veneer of civilisation (thinner than ever when Henry is hungry) was fast wearing into holes.

The subsequent meal was eaten in silence. The hay-fever from which I am prone to suffer at all seasons of the year was particularly persistent that evening. A rising irritability engendered by leathery eggs and fostered by Henry's face was taking possession of me. Quite suddenly I discovered that the way he held his knife annoyed me. Further I was maddened by his manner of taking soup. But I restrained myself. I merely remarked, "You have finished your soup, I hear, love."

Henry, though feeling the strain, had not quite lost his fortitude. My hay-fever was obviously annoying him, but he only commented, "Don't you think you ought to see a doctor about that distressing nasal complaint, my dear?" I knew, however, that he was longing to bark out, "Can't you stop that everlasting sniffing? It's driving me mad, woman."

How long would it be before we reached that stage of candour? I was brooding on this when the front-door bell rang.

"You go," I said to Henry.

"No, you go," he replied. "It looks bad for the man of the house to answer the door."

I do not know why it should look bad for a man to answer his own door, unless he is a bad man. But there are some things in our English social system which no one can understand. I rose and went to open the front-door. Then my heart leapt in sudden joy. The light from the hall lamp fell on the lank form of Elizabeth.

"You've come back!" I exclaimed.

"I suppose you didn't expect to see me inside of a week," she remarked.

"I didn't; but oh, Elizabeth, I'm so glad to see you," I said as I drew her in. Tears that strong men weep rose to my eyes, while Henry, at this moment emerging from the study, uttered an ejaculation of joy (it sounded like "Thank God!") at the sight of Elizabeth.

"An' 'ow 'ave you got on while I've bin away?" she inquired, eyeing us both closely. "Did everything go orf orl right?"

I hesitated. How was I to confess



OUR VILLAGE SOLOMON.

First Rustic. "D'YE 'EAR OLD DADDY SMITH'S COTTAGE WAS BURN'T DOWN LAST NIGHT?"

Second Rustic (of matured wisdom). "I BEAN'T SURPRISED. WHEN I SEES THE SMOKE A-COMING THROUGH THE THATCH I SEZ TO MYSELF, 'THERE'S SELDOM SMOKE WITH-OUT FIRE.'"

my failures and muddling in her absence and hope to have authority over her in future? Would she not become still more difficult to manage if she knew how indispensable she was? I continued to hesitate. Then Henry spoke. "We've managed admirably," he said. "Your mistress has been wonderful. Her cooking has absolutely surprised me."

I blessed Henry (the devil!) in that moment. "Thank you, dear," I murmured.

Then Elizabeth spoke and there was a note of relief in her voice. "Well, I'm reerly glad to 'ear that, as I can go off to-morrer after all. I 'aven't been for my 'oliday yet, like."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Well, you see, 'm, my young man didn't turn up at the station, so I went and stayed with my sister-in-law at Is-

lington. She wants me to go with 'er to Southend early to-morrer, but I thort as 'ow I'd better come back 'ere first and see if you reerly could manage with-out me, for I 'ad my doubts. 'Owver, as everythink 's goin' on orl right I can go with an easy mind."

I remained speechless. So did Henry. Elizabeth went out again into the darkness. There was a long pause, broken only by my hay fever. Then Henry spoke. "Can't you stop that everlasting sniffing?" he barked out. "It's driving me mad, woman."

"REQUIRED an English or French resident governess for children from 30 to 45 years old, having notions of music."

Standard (Buenos Ayres).

We are glad they have picked up something during their prolonged juvenescence.

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature.]

IV.—WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRAMA?

By Marcus P. Brimston, the gifted producer of "*Shoo, Charlotte!*"

I HAVE been invited to say a few words to readers of *The Sabbath Scoop* on the alleged decay of the British drama. There is indeed some apparent truth in this allegation. On all sides I hear managers sending up the same old wail of dwindling box-office receipts and houses packed with ghastly rows of deadheads. No "paper" shortage there, at any rate.

Sometimes these unfortunate people come to me for counsel, and invariably I give them the same admonition, "Study your public."

There is no doubt that, with a few brilliant exceptions (among which my own present production is happily enrolled), the playhouses have recently struck a rather bad patch. Useless to lay the blame either on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER or on the weather. Give the play-going public what it wants and no consideration of National Waste or of Daylight Saving will keep it from the theatre.

And that brings me to my point. Whence comes the playgoing public of to-day, and what does it want?

From the commercial point of view (and in the long run as in the short all art must be judged by its monetary value) the drama depends for its support on what used to be known as the better-dressed parts of the house. Now-a-days the majority of the paying patrons of these seats come from the ranks of the new custodians of the nation's wealth. These people, who have the business instinct very strongly developed, insistently and very rightly demand value for their money; and the problem is how to give them value as they understand the meaning of the word. My friend Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS gives it to them in sand; but that is a shifting foundation on which to build up a prosperous run.

Those who, like myself, have studied closely the tastes and intelligence of this new force that is directing the destiny of the modern theatre must have come to the conclusion that the essential factor in dramatic success is "punch," or, as our cross-Atlantic cousins would term it, "pep." The day of unamic characterisation and subtle dissection of motives is past. The audience (or the only part that really counts) has no desire to be called upon to think; it can afford to pay others to do its thinking for it. There is much to be said for this point of view. The War and its effects (especially the Excess Profits Duty) have imposed on us all far too many and too severe mental jerks; in the theatre we may well forget that we possess such a thing as a mind.

As a charming and gifted little actress said to me only yesterday, "We want something a bit meatier than the dry old bones of Ibsen's ghosts." Well, I am out to provide that something; my present success certainly does not lack for flesh.

In producing *Shoo, Charlotte!* I have taken several hints from that formidable young rival of the articulate stage known as the Silent Drama. There effects are flung at the spectator's head like balls at a coconut; if they fail to register a hit it is the fault of the shier, not of the nut. My aim throughout has been to throw hard and true, so that even the thickest nut is left in no doubt as to the actuality of the impact. *Shoo, Charlotte!* makes no high-sounding attempt at improving the public taste. As the dramatic critic of *The Sabbath Scoop* pithily remarked, it is just "one

long feast of laughter and *lingerie*," and its nightly triumph is the only vindication it requires.

The fundamental mistake of the British drama of to-day lies, in my humble opinion, in its perpetual striving after the unexpected. The public, such as I have described it, fights shy of novel situations; it isn't sure how they ought to be taken. But give it a play where it knows exactly what is going to happen next and you are rewarded with the delighted applause that comes of prophecy fulfilled. The thrill or chuckle of anticipation is succeeded by the shudder or guffaw of realisation. Father nudges Mother and says, "Look, Emma, he's going to fall into the flour-bin." He does fall into the flour-bin, and Father slaps his own or Mother's knee with a roar of triumph. After all, the old dramatic formulae were not drawn up without a profound knowledge of human nature.

Let managers take a lesson from these few observations and they will no longer go about seeking an answer to the riddle, "Why did the coconut sly?"

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES.

[A contemporary declares that the side-car stands unrivalled as a matchmaker. It would seem, however, that opinion on the subject is not unanimous.]

We motored together, the maiden and I,
And I was delighted to take her,
For, frankly, I wanted my side-car to try
Its skill as a little matchmaker;
Though up to that time I had striven my best,
I'd more than a passing suspicion
The spark I was anxious to light in her breast
Still suffered from faulty ignition.

We started betimes in the promptest of styles
For scenes that were rustic and quiet;
I opened the throttle; we ate up the miles
(A truly exhilarant diet);
Till sharply, as over a common we went,
Gorse-clad (or it may have been heather),
The engine stopped short with a tactful intent
To leave the young couple together.

'Twas instinct (I take it) directing my course
That named as my first occupation
A fruitless endeavour to track to its source
The cause of this sudden cessation;
And so I had tinkered with tools for a space
Ere I thought of my favourite poet,
And said to myself, "Lo! the time and the place
And the loved one in unison; go it."

I might have remembered man seldom appears
Alluring in look or in manner
With a smut on his nose, oleaginous ears
And frenziedly clutching a spanner;
Though down by the cycle I fell to my knees
And ported my heart for inspection,
I only received for my passionate pleas
Acute and conclusive rejection.

"Gentlewoman, good family, small means, musical, devoted to parish work, wishes to correspond with clergyman with view to being 'an helpmeet for him.'"—*Church Times*.

The *Matrimonial News* must look to its laurels.

"The Picturedrome, —, and — Cinema, have been acquired by a London Syndicate, in which are several gentlemen."

Provincial Paper.

We do not profess to know much about the film-trade, but is this so very unusual?



MANNERS AND MODES.

POST-WAR SIMPLICITY IN BATHING-GEAR.

WAYS AND MEANS.

I HAVE read somewhere that when and/or if railway fares are increased it will cost a man travelling with his wife and two children (the children being half-fares) as much as twenty pounds to take third-class return tickets to St. Ives.

Presumably this refers to the Cornish St. Ives, and to show how serious the problem will be for quite large families I need only refer my readers to the well-known poetical riddle which is generally supposed to refer to the Cornish St. Ives too. It will be seen at once that in the case of a septuagiamist going to or returning from St. Ives with his family the cost will be vastly greater, even if no special luggage rates are leviable for the carriage of excess cats.

Fortunately there is a much nearer St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, and if I was going to St. Ives at all, with or without encumbrances, I should certainly choose that one. As a matter of fact the Huntingdonshire St. Ives is a very pleasant place indeed, with a lot of red-and-yellow cattle standing about, if one may take the authority of the County Card Game in these matters. It is almost as pleasant as Luton, where there is a fellow in a blue smock with side-whiskers and a reaping-hook, and Leicester, which consists solely of a windmill and a house where RICHARD III. slept on the night before the Battle of Bosworth Field. Not a word about RAMSAY MACDONALD.

But we are not talking about RAMSAY MACDONALD and the County Card Game; we are talking about Sir ERIC GEDDES and his railway fares, and talking pretty sharply too. What is to be done about this monstrous imposition? And how are we going to show the Government that you cannot play about with ozone as you can with margarine and coal? If only all passengers were prepared to act in concert it would be easy enough to bring Sir Eric to his knees. The best and simplest plan would be for everybody to ask at the booking-office for a half-fare, stating boldly that his or her age was exactly eleven years and eleven months. It might not sound very convincing, of course, even if you had a red-and-black

cricket-cap on the back of your head and covered your beard or what not with one hand; but a constant succession of people all demanding the same thing would most certainly cause the booking-clerk to give way. It might occur to him besides that, since so many people insisted on giving their wrong ages for the pleasure of fighting in wartime, they had a perfect right to do the same for the pleasure of travelling in peace-time; and in the case of the women his reputation for gallantry would be imperilled if he had the impudence to doubt their word.

But would everybody be prepared to

off just before the terminus, which hurts, the same objection arises as in the under-the-seat method; and in any case you are practically certain to be spotted not only by the officials of the railway company concerned but with axle-grease.

It is of course possible to travel without concealment and without a ticket either, merely discovering with a start of surprise when you are asked for it that you have lost the beastly thing. But this involves acting. It involves hunting with a great appearance of energy and haste in all your pockets, your reticule, your hatband, the turn-ups of your trousers, *The Rescue* (for you certainly used something as a book-marker) and finally turning out in front of all the other passengers the whole of your note-case, which proves that you cannot have been going to stay at the "Magnificent" after all, and the envelopes of all the old letters which you were taking down to the sea in the hopes of answering them there; and even after that you have to give the name and address of somebody you don't like (say Sir ERIC GEDDES) to satisfy the inspector.

On the whole I think the best way is the one which I mean to adopt myself at the earliest opportunity. Let us suppose that you are going to Brighton. At Victoria Station you will purchase (1) a return ticket to Streatham Common, (2) a platform ticket. The platform ticket entitles you to walk on to the platform from which the Brighton train starts, and, when it is just moving out and all the

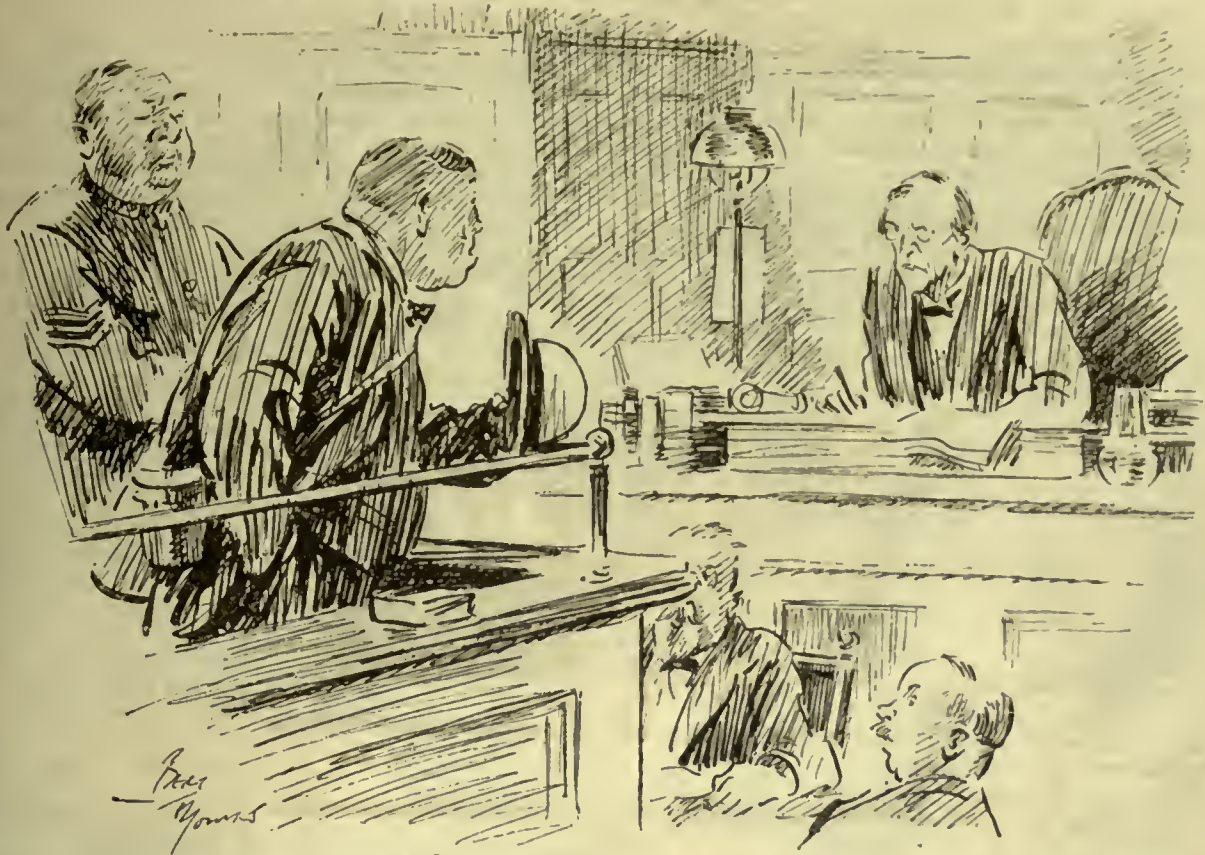
tickets have been looked at, you will leap on board. This brings you to Brighton, and all you have to do there is to accost the man who takes the tickets in a voice hoarse with fury. "Look here," you will say, "I had an important business engagement at Streatham Common, worth thousands and thousands of pounds to me, and one of your fool porters told me a wrong platform at Victoria. What are you going to do about it?" Now you might think that the porter would reply, "Come off it, Mister; you don't kid me like that," or make some other disappointing and impolite remark; but not a bit of it. Bluster is the thing that pays. First of all he will apologise, and then he will fetch the station-master, and he will apologise too, and after



Urchin (outside Club). "I BET IT WAS THE FAULT OF 'IM ON THE RIGHT."

take up this strong and reasonable line? I doubt it, and we must turn to the consideration of other economical devices.

One plan which I do not honestly recommend is travelling under the seats of the railway compartment, like *Paul Bunty* in *Vice Versa*. I say this partly because the accommodation under the seats is not all that it ought to be, and even where there is no heating apparatus a tight fit for large families, and partly because you have to face the possibility that your tickets may be demanded on the platform at the other end. Nor do I favour the method invariably adopted by people in cinema plays, which is to sit on the buffers or the roofs, or conceal yourself among the brakes or whatever they are underneath the carriages. Unless you drop



Racing Tout (arrested the day before). "CAN YER TELL ME WOT WON THE THREE-THIRTY?"
Magistrate. "SILENCE!"

Tout. "W'Y, THERE WASN'T NO SUCH 'ORSE RUNNING."

a bit they will offer you a special train back to Streatham Common, probably the one the KING uses when he goes to the seaside. But you will of course refuse to be pacified and wave it away, saying, "Useless, absolutely useless. Now that I am in this awful hole I shall spend the night here. But I shall certainly sue your Company for the amount of the business that I have lost."

That is what I mean to do, and with slight variations the ruse can be applied to almost any non-stop run. Now that I have given the tip I shall hope to find quite a little crowd of disappointed business men round the station exits at holiday time when and/or if railway fares are increased.

OUR NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

Letters to the Editor.

THE HYDE PARK MONUMENT.

DEAR SIR,—The experience of the Parisian scavenger who recently discovered a crocodile in a dustbin encourages me to write to you on a similar subject. I note with profound dismay the proposal to turn Hyde Park into a Zoological Garden. At least this is not an unfair deduction from the scheme to

instal a huge python in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner. I do not profess to know much about snakes, but I believe the python is a most dangerous reptile, and I see it stated that the pythons which have just arrived at Regent's Park are "large and vigorous, already active and looking for food." Surely this monstrous suggestion, threatening the safety of the peaceful frequenters of the Park, calls for a national protest. Can it be that the PREMIER is at the back of this, as of every invasion of our rights?

Yours faithfully, MATERFAMILIAS.

P.S.—My son says it is a pylon, not a python, but that only makes it worse.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A HERMIT.

DEAR SIR,—My grandfather, who died in the 'fifties, used to tell a story of a hermit who lived in Savernake Forest, an extraordinarily absent-minded man with a beard of such colossal dimensions that several of the feathered denizens of the forest took up their abode in its recesses. This curious phenomenon was, I believe, commemorated in verse by an early-Victorian poet, but I have not been able after considerable

research to trace the reference. I have the honour to remain,

Yours faithfully, ISIDORE TUFTON
(Author of *The Growth of the Moustache Movement*, *The Topiary Art as applied to Whiskers*, and the article on "Pogonotrophy" in *The Hair-dressers' Encyclopædia*).

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A PORBEAGLE.

DEAR SIR,—The following verses, though not strictly relevant to the crocodile incident, commemorate an occurrence illustrating the extent to which piscine intelligence can be developed in favourable circumstances:—

"There was an unlucky porbeagle
Who was picked up at sea by an eagle;
On reaching the nest
It began to protest
On the ground that the speed was illegal."

I am Sir, Yours faithfully,

GEORGE WASHINGTON COOK.

"Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy said it had been advocated in *The Times*.

The Premier: I will be prepared to believe anything of *The Times*, but really I do not think it has ever suggested tat."—*Daily Mail*.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is always ready to give *The Times* tink-for-tat.



Guest (to Fellow-Guest at garden-party who has offered to introduce her to well-known Socialist). "I DON'T THINK SO, THANKS. HE LOOKS RATHER FEARSOME."

Fellow-Guest. "MY DEAR, HE'S ONE OF THE FEW DECENT PEOPLE HERE—BELONGS TO AN OLD ENGLISH LABOURING FAMILY."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

(Carefully imitated from the best models, except that it has somehow got into metre and rhyme.)

FOUR-AND-NINETY English winters
Having flecked my hair with snows,
I am ready for the printers,
And my publishers suppose
That these random recollections
Of a mid-Victorian male,
Owing to my high connections,
Ought to have a fairish sale.

Comrades of my giddy zenith,
Gazing back in retrospect,
I should say Lord Brixton (Kenneth)
Had the brightest intellect;
Though of course no age enfeebles
James Kircudbright's mental vim
(Now the seventh Duke of Peebles)—
I have lots of tales of Jim.

We were gilded youths together
In our Foreign Office days;
Used to fish and tramp the heather
At his uncle's castle, "Braes;"

I recall our wild elation

One day when we stole the hat,
At the Honduras Legation,
Of a Danish diplomat.

James had scarcely any vices,
His career was made almost
When the Guatemalan crisis
Caused him to resign his post;
He possessed a Gordon setter
On whose treatment by a vet
I once wrote *The Times* a letter
Which has not been published yet.

Politics were dry and dusty,
Still they had their moods of fun,
As, for instance, when the crusty
Yet delightful Viscount Bunn
Broke into the Second Reading
Of a Church Endowment Bill
With a snore of perfect breeding
Which convulsed the Earl of Brill.

Through my kinship with the Gortons
I was much at Widnes Square;
People of the first importance
Often came to luncheon there;
GLADSTONE, DIZZY, even older
Statesmen used to throng the hall;

PALMERSTON once touched my shoulder—
Which one I do not recall.

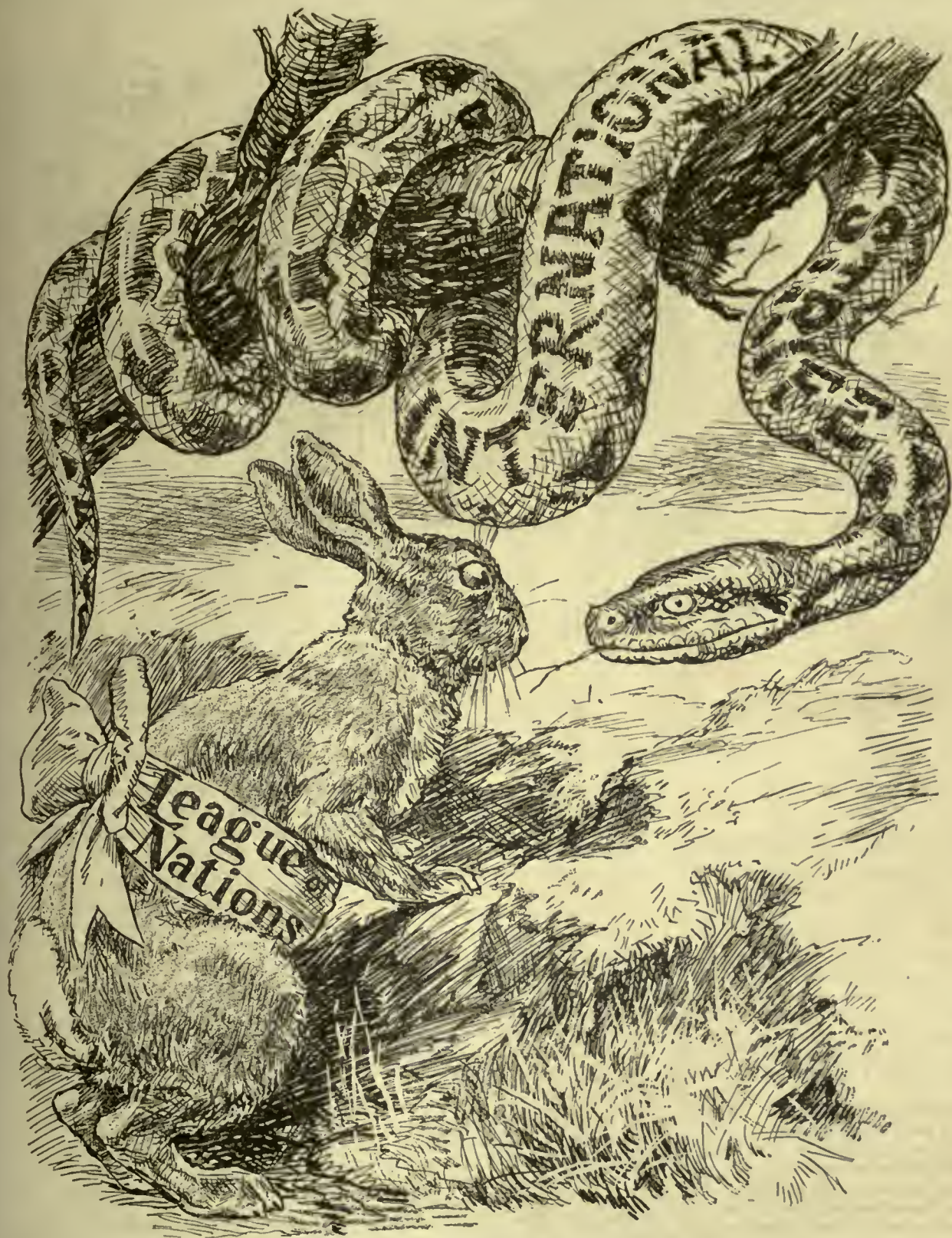
Then I went to routs and dances,
Ah, how fine they were, and how
Different from the dubious prances
That the young indulge in now;
There I first encountered Kitty,
Told the girl I was a dunce,
But implored her to have pity,
And she said she would, at once.

Eh, well, well! I must not linger
On those glorious halcyon days;
Time with his relentless finger
Brings me to the second phase;
Politics were always creeping
Like a ghost across my view—
I contested Market Sleeping
In the Spring of Seventy-Two.

GLADSTONE—[No, please not. Ed.]
EVOE.

"BRIGHTON.—The —. One minute sea,
West Pier, Lawns. Gas fires in beds."
Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

Thanks, but we prefer a hot-water
bottle.



MORAL SUASION.

THE RABBIT. "MY OFFENSIVE EQUIPMENT BEING PRACTICALLY NIL, IT REMAINS FOR ME TO FASCINATE HIM WITH THE POWER OF MY EYE."

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

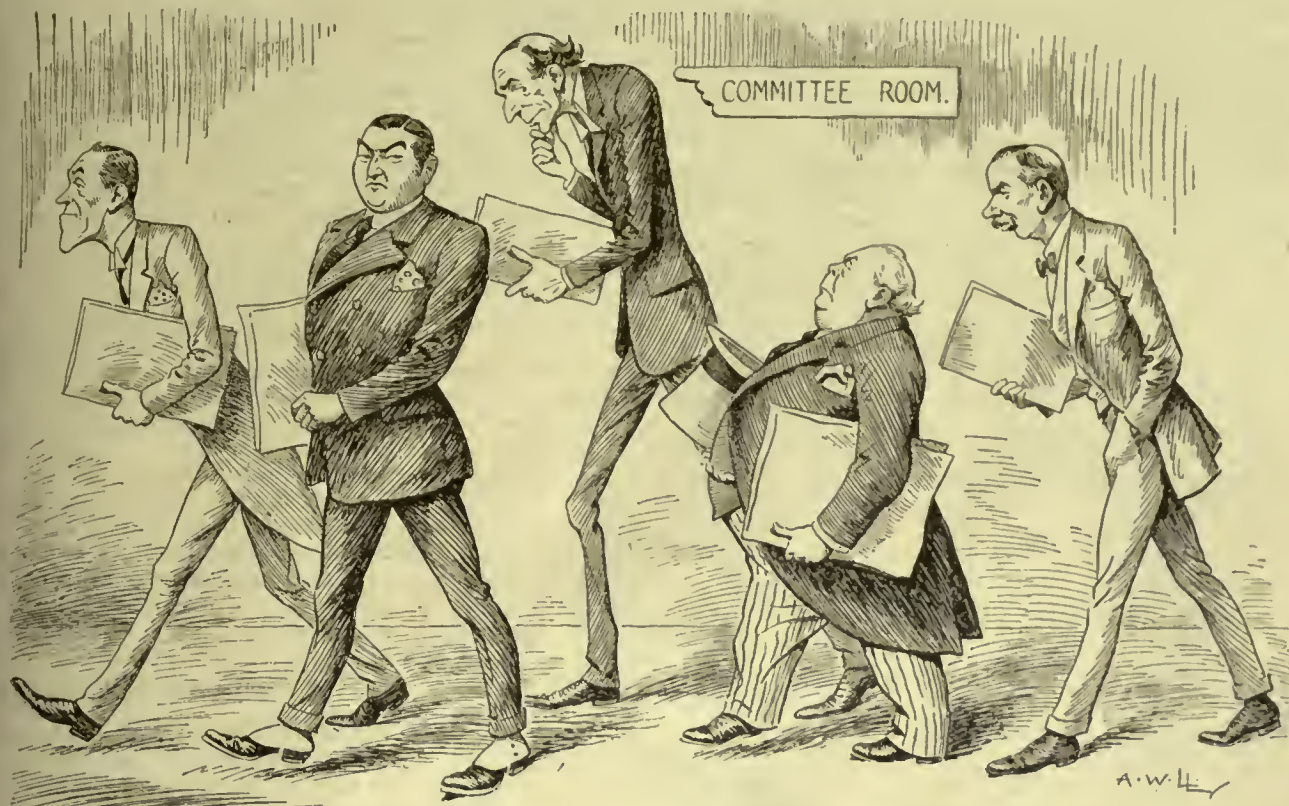


FIGURE 1

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE INCOHERENTS.

The reply of the Soviet Government to the Spa Conference was described by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as "incoherent; the sort of document that might be drawn up by a committee composed of Colonel WEDGWOOD, Commander KENWORTHY, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Mr. THOMAS." It is understood that these hon. Members intend to hold an indignation meeting to discuss means—if any—of refuting this charge.

Monday, July 19th.—Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the Peers in reopening the DYER case, but the large audience which assembled in the galleries, where Peeresses and Indians vied with one another in the gorgeousness of their attire, testified to the public interest in the debate. At first the speakers made no attempt to "hot up" their cold porridge. In presenting General DYER's case Lord FINLAY was strong without rage. In rebutting it the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA proved himself a grave and reverend SINHA, without a trace of the provocativeness displayed by his Chief in the Commons. Not until the LORD CHANCELLOR intervened did the temperature begin to rise. His description of the incident in the Jullianwallah Bagh was only a little less lurid than that of Mr. MONTAGU. The Peers would, I think, have liked a little more explanation of how an officer who admittedly exhibited, both before and after this painful affair, "discretion, sobriety and resolution," should be regarded as having on this one day committed "a tragic error of judgment upon the most conspicuous stage," and may

have wondered whether, if the stage had been less conspicuous, the critics would have been more lenient.

For as long as I can remember the French have been *partant pour la Syrie*. Now they have got there, with a mandate from the Supreme Council, and have come into collision with the Arabs. As we are the friends of both parties the situation is a little awkward. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE hoped we were not going to fight our Arab allies, and was supported by Lord WINTERTON, who saw service with them during the War. A diplomatic speech by Mr. BONAR LAW, who pointed out that the French were in Syria on just the same conditions as we were in Mesopotamia, helped to keep the debate within safe limits.

Tuesday, July 20th.—The Lords continued the DYER debate. Lord MILNER confessed that he had approached the subject "with a bias in favour of the soldier," and showed how completely he had overcome it by finally talking about "Prussian methods"—a phrase that Lord SUMNER characterised as "facile but not convincing." Lord CURZON hoped that the Peers would not endorse

such methods, but would be guided by the example of "Clemency" CANNING. The Lords however, by 129 to 86, passed Lord FINLAY's motion, to the effect that General DYER had been unjustly treated and that a dangerous precedent had been established.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was inundated with questions about the pylon and explained that it had been designed by Sir FRANK BAINES entirely on his own initiative. Its submission to the Cabinet had never been contemplated, and its exhibition in the Tea Room was due to an hon. Member, who said that a number of people would be interested. Apparently they were.

Asked if the scheme might be regarded as quite dead, Sir ALFRED MOND replied that he certainly thought so. In fact, to judge by his previous answer, it was never really alive.

There is still anxious curiosity regarding the increase of railway fares, but when invited to "name the day" Mr. BONAR LAW remained coy. Suggestions for postponements in the interests of this or that class of holiday-maker finally goaded him into asking

sarcastically, "Why not until after Christmas?" Whereupon the House loudly cheered.

Wednesday, July 21st.—Tactful man, Lord DESBOROUGH. In urging the Government to call a Conference to consider the establishment of a fixed date for Easter he supported his case with a wealth of curious information, some of it acquired from the Prayer-book tables, as he said, "during the less interesting sermons to which I have listened." You or I would have said "dull" *tout court*, and in that case we should not have deserved to receive, as Lord DESBOROUGH did, the almost enthusiastic support of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

In spite of this Lord ONSLOW, for the Government, was far from encouraging. He quite recognised the drawbacks of the movable Easter, and agreed that it was primarily a matter for the Churches. But he feared the Nonconformists might dissent, and displayed a hitherto unsuspected reverence for the opinion of the Armenians. Besides, what about the Dominions and Labour? And with Europe in such a state of unrest ought we to throw in a new apple of discord? With much regret the Government could not see their way, etc. Whereupon Lord DESBOROUGH, who seems to be easily satisfied, expressed his gratitude and withdrew his motion.

In an expansive moment Mr. MONTAGU once referred to Mr. GANDHI as his "friend." He did so, it appears, in the hope that the eminent agitator would abandon his disloyal vapourings. But the friendship is now finally sundered. Mr. GANDHI has been endeavouring to organise a boycott of the PRINCE OF WALES' visit to India, and, as Mr. MONTAGU observed more in sorrow than in anger, "Nobody who suggests disloyalty or discourtesy to the Crown can be a friend of any Member of this House, let alone a Minister."

If anyone were to take exception to the accuracy of some of the PRIME MINISTER's historical allusions in his post-Spa oration he would doubtless reply, "I don't read history; I make it." He was tart with the Turks, gratulatory to the Greeks, peevish with the Poles and gentle to the Germans. The German CHANCELLOR and Herr von SIMONS were described as "two perfectly honest upright men, doing their best to cope with a gigantic task." Their country was making a real effort to meet the indemnity; it was not entirely responsible for the delay in trying the war-criminals, and even in the matter of disarmament was not altogether blameworthy. The Bolsheviks also were handled more tenderly than usual. Their reply was "incoherent" rather than

"impertinent"—it might have been drawn up by a WEDGWOOD-KENWORTHY-CECIL-BOTTOMLEY-THOMAS syndicate. Still they must not be allowed to wipe out Poland, foolish and reckless as the Poles had been.

A well-informed speech was made by Mr. T. SHAW, evidently destined to be the Foreign Minister of the first Labour Cabinet. Having travelled in Russia he has acquired a distaste for the Soviet system, both political and industrial, and is confident that no amount of Bolshevik propaganda will induce the British proletariat to embrace a creed under which he would be compelled to work.

Thursday, July 22nd.—The Peers held an academic discussion on the



AN ARABIAN KNIGHT AT HOME.
LORD WINTERTON.

League of Nations. Lords PARMOOR, BRYCE and HALDANE, who declared themselves its friends, were about as cheerful as Job's Comforters; Lord SYDENHAM was frankly sceptical of the success of a body that had, and could have, no effective force behind it; and Lord CURZON was chiefly concerned to dispel the prevalent delusion that the League is a branch of the British Foreign Office.

The Commons had an equally unappetising bill-of-fare, in which Ireland figured appropriately as the *pièce de résistance*. Sir JOHN REES' well-meant endeavour to furnish some lighter refreshment by an allusion to the Nauru islanders' habit of "broiling their brothers for breakfast" fell a little flat. The latest news from Belfast suggests that in the expression of brotherly love Queen's Island has little to learn from Nauru.

A SCENE AT THE CLUB.

I NEVER liked Buttinbridge. I considered him a vulgar and pushful fellow. He had thrust himself into membership of my club and he had forced his acquaintance upon me.

I was sitting in the club smoking-room the other day when Buttinbridge came in. His behaviour was characteristic of the man. He walked towards me and said in a loud voice, "Cheerio, old Sport!"

I drew the little automatic pistol with which I had provided myself in case of just such an emergency, took a quick aim and fired. Buttinbridge gave a convulsive leap, fell face downwards on the hearthrug and lay quite still. It was a beautiful shot—right in the heart.

The room was fairly full at the moment, and at the sound of the shot several members looked up from their newspapers. One young fellow—I fancy he was a country member recently demobilised—who had evidently watched the incident, exclaimed, "Pretty shot, Sir!" But two or three of the older men frowned irritably and said, "Sh-sh-sh!"

Seeing that it was incumbent upon me to apologise, I said, in a tone just loud enough to be audible to all present, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen." Then I dropped the spent cartridge into an ash-tray, returned the pistol to my pocket and was just stretching out my hand to touch the bell when old Withergreen, the *doyen* of the club, interposed.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am a little deaf, but almost simultaneously with the fall of this member upon the hearthrug I fancied I heard the report of a firearm. May I claim an old man's privilege and ask if I am right in presuming a connection between the two occurrences, and, if so, whether there has been any recent relaxation of our time-honoured rule against assassination on the club premises?"

Shouting into his ear-trumpet, I said, "I fired the shot, Sir, which killed the member now lying upon the hearthrug. I did so because he addressed me in a form of salutation which I regard as peculiarly objectionable. He called me 'Old Sport,' an expression used by bookmakers and such."

"Um! Old Port?" mumbled old Withergreen.

"OLD SPORT," I shouted more loudly. Then I stepped to the writing-table, took a dictionary from among the books of reference, found the place I wanted and returned to the ear-trumpet.

"I find here," I said, for the benefit of the room at large, for all were now

listening, though with some impatience, "that in calling me a 'sport' the deceased member called me a plaything, a diversion. If he had called me a sportsman, which is here defined as 'one who hunts, fishes or fowls,' he would have been not necessarily more accurate but certainly less offensive."

At this point there stood up a member whom I recognised as one of the committee. "I am sure, Sir," he said, "that all present are agreed that you fired in defence of the purity of English speech, and that the incident was the outcome of an unfortunate attempt to relieve the financial embarrassment of the club by relaxing our former rigorous exclusiveness. Speaking as one of the committee, I have no doubt that the affair will be dismissed as *justifiable homicide*."

Having bowed my acknowledgments I rang the bell. When the waiter appeared I bade him "Bring me a black coffee and then clear away the remains of Mr. Buttinbridge."

* * * * *

Then I was awakened by the voice of Buttinbridge yelling, "Wake up, old Sport!"

THE PECULIAR CASE OF TOLLER.

Toller first floated into public notice on the fame of Rodman, who by an irony of fate is now all but forgotten. Rodman, it may be remembered, was a promising young poet during the first decade of this century. Out of a scandalous youth whose verses made their appearance in slim periodicals that expired before their periodicity could be computed, he was evolving into a reputable poet who was given a prominent position facing advertising matter in the heavy magazines when he met with his regrettably early end. Apart from his poems he left no literary remains, except a few letters too hideously ungrammatical for publication. The sole materials for a biography lay in the memory of Toller, who by a stroke of luck happened to have known him intimately.

By an equal piece of good fortune Toller had taken a course of mind training and his memory was exceptionally retentive. His *Life of Rodman* achieved instant success, a far greater than *Rodman's Collected Works*. The undomesticities of a poet's life naturally excite greater interest in the cultured than his utterances on Love, Destiny and other topics on which poets are apt to discourse. Toller, until then a struggling journalist, became all at once a minor literary celebrity, much in demand at conversaziones and places where they chatter. Sympathy for Rodman aroused curiosity which only Toller could sat-



Grocer. "NOW, MY MAN, THE BUTTER YOU BROUGHT US LAST WEEK—EVERY PACKET OF IT WEIGHED ONLY FIFTEEN OUNCES."

Farmer's Man. "WELL, TO BE SURE, SIR, WE'D LOST OUR ONE-POUND WEIGHT; BUT WE TOOK ONE OF YOUR POUND PACKETS OF TEA TO WEIGH IT WITH."

isfy. His memory, continually stimulated by questions, gained further in strength. The more he was asked the more he remembered, and so on in a virtuous circle. His Rodmaniana provided him with a comfortable income. He removed from Earl's Court to luxurious chambers off Jernyn Street, from which he poured out article after article on the deceased poet.

Then suddenly, without warning, probably from overstrain, his memory gave way. Everything in the past, Rodman included, vanished from his mind. A greater calamity one could not conceive. It was as though a violinist had lost a hand, a popular preacher his voice. His livelihood was gone. Much as his babble about Rodman had bored me I could not but feel some sorrow for him, fallen from

his little pinnacle of fame and affluence. Judge, then, of my surprise when I passed him about a fortnight ago faultlessly dressed and wearing an air of great prosperity. He showed of course not the smallest recollection of me.

"How does Toller manage to live?" I asked Cardew, who knows him better than I do.

"He still writes," was the reply.

"What—without a memory?"

"Yes, he finds it an advantage. You see, since the fusion of the old parties and the formation of new ones, the possession of a memory is often a source of considerable embarrassment to a leader writer. Toller now does the political articles for a prominent morning paper. The proprietors consider him a wonderful find."

BUCKLER'S.

To acquire an estate is, even in these days of inflated prices and competitive house-hunters, an easy matter compared with finding a name for it when it is yours. It is then that the real trouble sets in.

Take the case of my friend Buckler.

A little while ago he purchased a property, a few acres on the very top of a hill not too far from London and only half-a-mile from his present habitation, and there he is now building a home. At least the plans are done and the ground has been pegged out. "Here," he will say, quite unmindful of the clouds emptying themselves all over us—with all an enthusiast's disregard for others, and an enthusiast, moreover, who has his abode close by, full of changes of raiment—"here," setting his foot firmly in the mud, "is where the dining-room will be. Here," moving away a few yards through the slush, "is the billiard-room." Then, pointing towards the zenith with his stick, "Above it"—here you look up into the pitiless sky as well as the deluge will permit—"are two spare rooms, one of which will be yours when you come to see us." And so forth.

He then leads the way round the place, through brake fern wetter than waves, to indicate the position of the tennis-courts, and in course of time you are allowed to return to the dry and spend the rest of the day in borrowed clothes.

Everyone knows these Kubla Khans decreeing pleasure domes and enlarging upon them in advance of the builders, and never are they so eloquent and unmindful of rain and discomforts as when their listeners are poor and condemned to a squalid London existence for ever.

But that is beside the mark. It is the naming of these new country seats that leads to such difficulties.

That night at dinner the question arose again.

"As it is on the top of the hill," said a gentle wistful lady, "why not call it 'Hill Top'? I'm sure I've seen that name before. It is expressive and simple."

"So simple," said Buckler, "that my nearest neighbour has already appropriated it."

"I suppose that would be an objection," said the lady, and we all agreed.

"Why not," said another guest, "call it 'The Summit'? or, more concisely, just 'Summit'?"

"Or why not go further," said a frivolous voice, "and suggest hospitality too—and Buckler's hospitality is notorious—by calling it 'Summit-to-Eat'?"

Our silence was properly contemptuous of this sally.

"If you didn't like that you might call it 'Summit-to-Drink,'" the frivolous voice impenitently continued. "Then you would get all the Americans there too."

The voice's glass having been replenished (which, I fancy, was its inner purpose) we became serious again.

"As it is on the top of the hill," said the first lady, "there will probably be a view. Why not call it, for example, 'Bellevue'? 'Bellevue' is a charming word."

"A little French, isn't it?" someone inquired.

"Oh, yes, it's French," she admitted. "But it's all right, isn't it? It's quite nice French."

We assured her that, for a French phrase, it was singularly free from impropriety.

"But of course," she said, "there's an Italian equivalent, 'Bella Vista.' 'Bella Vista' is delightful."

"I passed a 'Bella Vista' in Surbiton yesterday," said the frivolous voice, "and an errand-boy had done his worst with it with a very black lead pencil."

"What could he do?" the gentle lady asked wonderingly, with big violet eyes distended.

"It is not for me to explain," said the frivolous voice; "but the final vowel of the first word dissatisfied him and he substituted another. The capabilities of errand-boys with pencil or chalk should never be lost sight of when one is choosing a name for a front gate."

"I am all at sea," said the lady plaintively. Then she brightened. "Is there no prominent landmark visible from the new house?" she asked. "It is so high there must be."

Our hostess said that by cutting down two trees it would be possible to see Windsor Castle.

"Oh, then, do cut them down," said the lady, "and call it 'Castle View.' That would be perfect."

During the panic that followed I made a suggestion. "The best name for it," I said, "is 'Buckler's.' That is what the country people will call it, and so you may as well forestall them and be resigned to it. Besides, it's the right kind of name. It's the way most of the farms all over England once were named—after their owners, and where the owner was a man of character and force the name persisted. Call it 'Buckler's' and you will help everyone, from the postman to the strange guest who might otherwise tour the neighbourhood for miles searching for you long after lunch was finished."

"But isn't it too practical?" the first lady asked. "There's no poetry in it."

"No," I said, "there isn't. The poetry is in its owner. Any man who can stand in an open field under a July rainstorm and show another man where his bedroom is to be in a year's time is poet enough." E. V. L.

TO ISIS.

Isis, beside thine ambient rill
How oft I've snuffed the Berkshire breezes,

Or, prone on some adjoining hill,
Thrown off with my accustomed skill
The weekly fyttle of polished wheezes;

How oft in summer's languorous days,
With some fair creature at the pole, I
Have thrird the Cherwell's murmurous ways

And dared with lobster mayonnaise
The onslaughts of Bacillus Coli?

Once—it was done at duty's call—
My labouring oar explored thy reaches;
They said I was no good at all
And coaches noting me would bawl

Things about "angleworms and breeches;"

But oh! the shouts of heartfelt glee
That rang on thine astonished margins
As we bore (rolling woundily)

Full in the wake of Brasenose III.
And bumped them soundly at the barges.

That night on Oxenford there burst
A sound of strong men at their revels,
And stroke, in vinous lore unversed,
Retired, if you must know the worst,

On feet that swam at different levels,
Nor knew till morning brought its cares
That, while the cup was freely flowing,

He'd scaled a flight of moving stairs
And commandeered his tutor's chairs
To keep the college bonfire going.

Immortal youth it was that bound
Us twain together, beauteous river;
And, though these limbs just crawl around

That once would scarcely touch the ground,

And alcohol upsets my liver,
Still, in a punt or lithe canoe
I can revive my vernal heyday,

Pretend the sky's ethereal blue,
The golden kingcups' cheery hue,
Spell my, as well as Nature's, May-day.

The evening glows, the swallow skims
Between the water and the willows;
The blackbirds pipe their evening hymns,
A punt awaits at Mr. Tims'

With generous tea and lots of pillows,
And of all girls the first, the best

To play at youth with this old fossil;
Then Isis as we glide to rest
Upon thy shadow-dappled breast,

We'll pledge thee in a generous was-sail.
ALGOOL.



Mistress. "DID EVERYTHING COME FROM THE STORES THAT I ORDERED?"

Maid. "EVERYTHINK, MUM, 'CEPT THE 'ADDICK, WHICH IS COMING ON BY ITSELF LATER."

ENGLAND UNBENDS.

REPORTS FROM SPA AND SHORE.

SCARGATE.—This famous Yorkshire Spa is now in a condition of hectic activity and offers a plethora of attractions. A recent analysis of the waters shows that the proportion of sapid ovaloid particles and sulphuretted trinitrotoluene is larger than ever. Lieutenant Platt-Stithers' stincopated anthropoid orchestra plays four times daily—in the early morning and at noon for the relief of the water-drinkers, and in the afternoon and evening in the rotating Jazz Hall. Special attractions this week include cinema lectures daily on the domestic life of the Solomon Islanders by Mr. Nicholas Ould; a recital on the Bolophone on Thursday by Mr. Tertius Quodding, and, at the Grand Opera House, *Pope Joan* and *The Flip-Flappers*. On Saturday the Stridear Golf Club will hold a series of competitions in rational fancy dress for the benefit of the Phonetic Spelling Association.

FALLALMOUTH.—Visitors to this romantic resort are offered a wide field of entertainment and moral uplift. The steamer excursions embrace trips up

the lovely river Fallal to Gongor, famous for the prehistoric remains of the shrine of Saint Opodeldoo, and to beauty spots in the harbour like Glungallion, Trehenna and Pangofflin Creek. There are also excursions in armed motor-char-a-bancs to Boscagel, Cadgerack and Flapperack. To-day visitors can view the gardens at Poljerriek, where many super-tropical plants, including man-eating cacti, are growing in the most unbridled luxuriance. There is a fine sporting nine-hole golf-course on the shingle strand at Grogwalloe, where the test of niblick play is more severe than on any links save those of the Culbin Sands near Nairn. Among other attractive features are the brilliant displays of aurora borealis over the Bay, which have been arranged at considerable cost by the Corporation in conjunction with the Meteorological Society.

BORECAMBE.—The demand for bathing-machines and tents continues to increase, though the shopkeepers are complaining of a decreasing spending power on the part of the visitors and a disinclination to pay more than a shilling a head for shrimps. The practice of dispensing with head-gear is also much resented by local outfitters, but other-

wise the situation is well in hand. On Monday last Mr. Silas Pargeter, an old resident, caught a fine conger-eel, weighing fifty-six pounds, which he has presented to the Museum. As Borecambe is a good jumping-off ground for the Lake District there are daily char-a-banc excursions to the land of Wordsworth and Ruskin, each passenger being supplied with a megaphone and a peashooter.

DOWN CHANNEL.

The chime of country steeples,
The scent of gorse and musk,
The drone of sleepy breakers
Come mingled with the dusk;
A ruddy moon is rising
Like a ripe pomegranate husk.

The coast-wise lights are wheeling
White sword-blades in the sky,
The misty hills grow dimmer,
The last lights blink and die;
Oh, land of home and beauty,
Good-bye, my dear, good-bye!

PATLANDER.

How to be Lonely though Married.

"Lonely Officer (married, with three children) wants Sealyham Terrier Dog."—*Times*.



Lancelotti Speed

Golfer. "LET'S SEE—WHAT'S BOGEY FOR THIS HOLE?"

Caddie (fed up). "DINNA FASH YERSEL' ABOUT BOGEY. YE'VE PLAYED FIFTEEN AN' YE'RE NO DEID YET—(aside) WORSE LUCK."

MY DROMEDARY.

I SEE by *The Times* that dromedaries are on sale at sixty-five pounds apiece.

In these days, when commodities of all kinds are so expensive, one cannot afford to overlook bargains of whatever nature they may be. And it seems to me that a dromedary at sixty-five pounds is really rather cheap.

For after all sixty-five pounds to-day is little more than thirty pounds in pre-war times. Considering their trifling cost I am surprised that more people do not possess dromedaries. Most of my neighbours during the past two years have built garages, but not one, so far as I am aware, has built a dromedary-drome.

I think I shall buy one of these attractive pets if my pass-book encourages me. Cheaper than a motor-car and far more intelligent and responsive to human affection, a dromedary will add distinction to my establishment and afford pleasant occupation for my leisure. It brings no attendant annoyance from the Inland Revenue authorities; there are no tiresome registration fees or regulations as to the dimensions of a number-plate.

As long as I can remember I have lived in a state of uncertainty as to whether a dromedary has two humps

and a camel one, or a camel two humps and a dromedary one. With one of these exotic quadrupeds tethered only a few yards away from the kitchen door that condition of doubt need not exist in the future for more than a few moments. In a good light it should be perfectly easy to count the humps or hump. Then again a dromedary will come for a walk on a fine evening without involving one in a dog-fight. It will provide quiet yet healthful exercise for the two children. If it turns out that the type possesses two humps it will be able to convey Edgar and Marigold at one and the same time, thus saving delay and inconvenience.

It will be a protection to the house. When we have gone to bed the faithful creature will lie on guard in the hall, and no amount of poisoned liver thrust through the letter-box will assuage its ferocity or weaken its determination to protect the hearth and home of its master against marauders. For the dromedary is not only a strict teetotaler and non-smoker, but a lifelong vegetarian. Famous for its browsing propensities, a dromedary about the garden will save untold labour and expense, keeping the lawn trimmed and the hedges clipped. And indoors its height will serve me admirably in enabling me, while seated on its hump

or one of its humps, to attend in comfort to a little whitewashing job which will not brook further postponement.

I will look at my pass-book to-morrow.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

COLT'S FOOT.

WHEN the four Horses of the Sun
Were little leggy things,
When they could only jump and run
And hadn't grown their wings,
The Sun-God sent them out to play
In a field one July day.

Oh, the four Horses of the Sun
They galloped and they rolled,
They leapt into the air for fun
And felt so brave and bold;
And when they'd done their galloppings
They'd grown four splendid pairs of wings.

The Sun-God fetched them in again
To draw his car of gold;
But you can still see very plain
Where each one leapt and rolled;
For from each hoof-mark, every one,
There sprang a little golden sun,
And that same little golden flower
People call Colt's Foot to this hour.

"The stove will stand by itself anywhere.
It omits neither smoke nor smell."

Provincial Paper.

We know that stove.



Lady. "CAN YOU SHOW ME SOMETHING SUITABLE FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN?"

Shopwalker. "MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT ON THE NEXT FLOOR, MADAM."

Lady. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THE GIFT IS FOR MY HUSBAND."

Shopwalker. "OH, PARDON, MADAM. BARGAIN COUNTER IN THE BASEMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT every regiment has the good luck to find for chronicler one who is not only a distinguished soldier but a practical and experienced man of letters. This fortune is enjoyed by *The Gold Coast Regiment* (MURRAY) in securing for its historian Sir HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G., from whose book you may obtain a vivid picture of a phase of the Empire's effort about which the average Briton has heard comparatively little. The very strenuous campaigns of the G.C.R., the endurance and achievements of its brave and light-hearted troops, and the heroism and fostering care of its officers, make an inspiring story. Almost for the first time one gains some real idea of the difficulties of the East African campaign, that prolonged tiger hunt, in which every advantage of mobility, of choice of ground, ambush and the like lay with the enemy; and over very tough physical obstacles, as, for example, rivers so variable that, in the author's incisive phrase, they "can rarely be relied upon, for very long together, either to furnish drinking-water or to refrain from impeding transport." It is interesting to note that Sir HUGH, while giving every credit to the remarkable personality of the German commander, entirely demolishes the theory, so grateful to our sentimentalists, that the absence of surrenders on the part of the enemy's black troops was due to any devotion to VON LETTOW-VORBECK as leader; the explanation being the characteristic German dodge of creating from the natives a military caste so highly privileged, and consequently unpopular with their fellows, that surrender, involving return to native civilian life, became a practical impossibility.

Much the best part, and a good best, of *Sir Harry* (COLLINS) is the opening, which is not only delightful in itself but contains almost the sole example of a chapter-long letter (of the kind usually so unconvincing in fiction) in which I have found it possible to believe as being actually written by one character to another. The explanation of which is that this one is supposed to be sent to his wife by the new *Vicar of Royd*, himself a successful novelist, on a visit of inspection to his future parish. The efforts of *Mrs. Grant*, at home, to disentangle essential facts from the complications of the literary manner form as pleasant and human an introduction to a story as any I remember. The story itself is one highly characteristic of its author, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, both in charm and truth to life, as also in one minor drawback, of which I have taken occasion to speak before. Nothing could be better done than the picture of the household at Royd Castle, the boy owner, *Sir Harry*, sheltered by the almost too-encompassing care of the three elder inmates, mother, grandmother and tutor. When the fictionally inevitable happens and an Eve breaks into this protected Eden there follow some boy-and-girl love-scenes that may perhaps remind you—and what praise could be higher?—of the collapse of another system on the meeting of *Richard* and *Lucy*. I will not anticipate the end of a sympathetically told story, which I myself should have enjoyed even more but for Mr. MARSHALL's habit (hinted at above) of following real life somewhat too closely in the matter of non-progressive discussion. How I should like him to lay his next scene in a community of Trappists!

The Haunted Bookshop (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a daring, perhaps too daring, mixture of a browse in a second-hand

bookshop and a breathless bustle among international criminals. To estimate the accuracy of its technical details the critic must be a secret service specialist, the mustiest of bookworms and a highly-trained expert in the science and language of the American advertising business. Speaking as a general practitioner, I like Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY best when he is being cinematographic; he hits a very happy mean with his spies and his sleuths, giving a nice proportion of skill and error, failure and success, to both. There is a strong love-interest which will be made much of and probably spoilt by the purchasers of the film-rights; and, though strong men will doubtless applaud hoarsely and women will weep copiously, as the bomb in the bookshop throws the young lovers into each other's arms, I feel that the book gives a more attractive portrait of *Titania Chapman*, the plutocrat's daughter, than ever can be materialised in the film-man's "close-up." I am afraid that Mr. MORLEY will not thank me for praising his brisk melodrama at the cost of his ramblings in literature. But, if he has

the knowledge, he lacks the fragrance; not to put too fine a point on it, he is long-winded and tends to bore in his disquisitions upon books and bookishness; which is no proper material for a novelist. The story is all about America and is thoroughly American; inevitably therefore there is some ambitious word-coining. The only novelty which sticks in my memory and earns my gratitude is the title for the female Bolshevik, to wit, Bolshevixen.

Wayward and capricious heroines who marry young are entitled, I think, to a certain amount of introspective treatment by their authors. Without some knowledge of their mental working it is not very easy

for the reader to have patience with them. I was introduced to *Anne* (HEINEMANN) when she was fifteen, and in the act of snatching a loaf of bread from a baker's cart and running away with it merely to annoy the baker; and, as she had large blue eyes and two young men as self-appointed guardians, I was prepared for a certain amount of heart trouble later on. One of these heroes she married at the age of seventeen, and, after various innocent but compromising vagaries (including a flight to Paris after the death of her son in order to study art), she followed the other one, still innocently, to Ireland, because he had been in prison and she was sorry for him. Both these guardians discharged their duty to *Anne* at least as well as OLGA HARTLEY, who chronicles but does not explain; and this is a pity, for with a rather different treatment she might have made her heroine a very likeable person. Looked at from another point of view, *Anne* may be taken as a mild piece of propaganda against divorce. I am glad it didn't come to that, of course, but I do feel that a cross-examining K.C. would have discovered a good deal more about *Anne's* soul for me than I learnt from the writer of her story.

John Fitzhenry (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those pleasant

stories about people who live in big country houses, a subject that seems to have a particular attraction for the large and ungrudging public which lives in villas. We have already several novelists who tell them very ably, and I feel that some one among them has served as Miss ELLA MACMAHON's model. The tale deals with the affairs of a showy fickle cousin and a silent constant cousin who compete for the love of the same delightful if rather nebulous young woman, and moves to its *dénouement* against a background of the great War, which Miss MACMAHON has very sensibly decided to view entirely from the home front. It contains some fine thinking and some bad writing (the phrase telling of the middle-aged smart woman who "waved her foot impatiently" gives a just idea of the author's occasional inability to say what she means), some quite extraneous incidents and some scenes very well touched in. The people, with a few exceptions, are of the race which inhabits this sort of book, and, as we have long agreed with our novelists that "the county" is just like that, I don't see why Miss MACMAHON should be blamed for it.



IN OLD VERSAILLES.

Mother. "GOOD NEWS, MY SON! EVEN AS I PONDERED WHETHER I SHOULD EAT OUR LAST CRUST THE EVER-KIND ABBÉ CALLED TO SAY HE HAD FOUND THEE A HIGHLY-PAID APPOINTMENT AT COURT."

Son. "YES—BUT DID HE TELL YOU IT WAS AS FOOD-TASTER TO HIS MAJESTY, WHO DAILY EXPECTS TO BE POISONED?"

hard with a scandalmongress of the type we happily meet less often in life than in fiction. I hope he will not be quite so dental in his next book. I didn't so much mind *Mrs. Hopper's* teeth, which "flashed like an electric advertisement," but when he made two golfers also flash "triumphant teeth" I recoiled.

The Golden Bird of Miss DOROTHY EASTON (HEINEMANN) is indeed lucky to set out on its flight with a favouring pat from Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. He asserts that these short studies of people and things in England and France are very well done indeed; that moreover, though the short sketch may look, and the bad short sketch may be, one of the easiest of literary feats, the good short sketch is in fact one of the most difficult. Now who should know this if not Mr. GALSWORTHY, and who am I that I should presume to disagree? As a matter of fact I don't. Quite the contrary. But naturally I shall get no credit for that. I will only add that Miss EASTON has not a majority mind, that she sees the sad thing more easily than the gay, that I like her work best in her more objective moods, and that, like so many writers of perception, she finds the quintessence of England's beauty in happy Sussex.

CHARIVARIA.

A DROUGHT is reported from India and Eastern Africa. Considering the amount of water which has recently escaped from clouds over here it is not surprising to find that they are feeling the pinch in other countries.

A correspondent writes to a weekly paper inquiring when Sir ERIC GEDDES was born. We admire the fellow's restraint in not asking "Why?"

We understand that one wealthy connoisseur has decided to give up buying Old Masters in order to save up for the purchase of a railway ticket.

The *Daily Mail* points out that Lord NORTHCLIFFE has left England for the Continent. Sir ERIC GEDDES is said to have remarked that he will catch his lordship coming back.

A gentleman who is about to travel to a South Coast resort writes to inquire what his position will be if some future Government reduces the railway fares before he arrives at his destination.

In view of the increased railway fares there is some talk of starting a Mansion House Fund to convey Scotsmen home from England before it is too late.

Of the new railway rates it can be said that those who go farthest will fare worse.

With reference to the man who was seen laughing in the Strand the other day, it should be pointed out that he is not an English tax-payer but a Colonial who was catching the boat home next morning.

A Christmas-card posted at Farnham in December, 1905, has just been delivered at Ivychurch. The theory is that the postal authorities mistook it for a business communication.

The monocle is coming into fashion once again, and it is thought that a motorist wearing one goggle will soon be quite a common sight.

In view of their unwieldiness and size it is being urged that motor charabanes should be required to carry a special form of hooter, to be sounded

only when there is no room for a vehicle coming in the other direction to pass. A more elaborate system of signals is also suggested, notably two short squawks and a long groan, to signify "My pedestrian, I think."

According to a County Court judge it is the duty of every motorist who knocks down a pedestrian to go back and ask the man if he is hurt. But surely the victim cannot answer such a question off-hand without first consulting his solicitor.

A great pilgrimage of house-hunters has visited the enormous marrow which is growing in an allotment at Ingatestone, but the strong military guard sent to protect it has succeeded up to

precipice, but escaped without injury. We understand that in spite of many tempting offers from cinematograph companies the motorists have decided not to repeat the experiment.

SOLVING THE HOLIDAY FARE PROBLEM.

"None but the rich can pay the fare" is as true at this moment as when the words were first penned.

The reference, of course, is to the return fare, for the single fare of tomorrow is hardly more than we paid without complaint in years gone by for the journey there and back.

How comparatively few people seem to be aware that the solution of the difficulty lies in not returning. Could anything be simpler?

Nobody wants to return. In preparing for a holiday our thoughts are concentrated on when to go, where to go and how to get there. Who bothers himself about when to come back, where to come back from, and how to do it? After all, holiday-making is not to be confused with prize-fighting.

That we have come back in the past has been due as much to custom as to anything. Someone introduced the silly fashion of returning from holidays, and we have unthinkingly acquired the habit. Once we shake off this holiday convention the problem of the return fare is solved.

Just stay where you are and all will be well. Sooner or later your friends or

your employer (if your return is really considered desirable) will send a money-order. But that is their look-out. The point is that the return fare need not trouble *you*. And you can please yourself as to what you buy with the money-order.

Why all this outcry then about the cost of travelling in the holiday season?

"M. Lappas, the young Greek tenor whose debut last season won him a host of fiends."
Daily Paper.

As *Mephistopheles*, we presume.

"Lost, Monday, July 19th, silver purse containing 10s. note and photographs; also lady's bathing costume."
Local Paper.

Wrapped up in the "Fisher," no doubt.

I once knew a bowler named Patrick Who, after performing the "hat-trick,"

Remarked, as he bowed
His respects to the crowd,
"It's nothing: I often do that trick!"



The Girl. "ISN'T THAT MR. JONES BOWLING?"

The Enthusiast. "YES. THE OTHER DAY HE TOOK THREE WICKETS FOR SIX."

The Girl. "HOW DREADFUL! I'D NO IDEA HE DRANK."

the present in frustrating all attempts to occupy it.

A motor fire-engine dashed into a draper's shop in the North of London last Tuesday week. We understand that one of the firemen with great presence of mind justified his action by immediately setting fire to the building.

A petrified fish about fifty feet long has been discovered in Utah. This is said to be the largest sardine and the smallest whale America has ever produced.

Building operations were interrupted in North London last week, when a couple of sparrows built a nest on some foundations just where a bricklayer was due to lay a brick the next day.

Six tourists motoring through the mountainous district of Ardèche Department fell a thousand feet down a

BADLY SYNGED.

THE scene is the morning-room of the Smith-Hybrows' South London residence. It is the day following the final performance of the Smith-Hybrows' strenuous season of J. M. SYNGE drama, undertaken with the laudable intention of familiarising the suburb with the real Irish temperament and the works of the dramatist in question.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow is seated at the breakfast-table, her head buried behind the coffee urn. She is opening her letters and "keening" softly as she rooks in her chair.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow (scanning a letter). Will I be helping them with the sale of work? It's little enough the like of me will be doing for them the way I was treated at the last Bazaar, when Mrs. McGupperty and Mrs. Glyn-Jones were after destroying me with the cutting of the sandwiches. And was I not there for three days, from the rising of the blessed sun to the shining of the blessed stars, cutting and cutting, and never a soul to bear witness to the destroying labour of it, and the two legs of me like to give way with the great weariness (*keens*)? I'll have no call this year to be giving in to their prayers and beseechings, and I won't care the way the Curate will be after trying to come round me, with his eyes looking at me the way the moon kisses the drops of dew on the hedgerows when the road is white.

[Opens another letter, keening the while in a slightly higher key. Enter Gertrude Smith-Hybrow. She crosses to the window and stares out.]

Gertrude. There are black clouds in the sky, and the wind is breaking in the west and making a great stir with the trees, and they are hitting one on the other. And there is rain falling, falling from the clouds, and the roads be wet.

Mrs. S.-H. It is your mackintosh you will be wanting when you are after going to the Stores.

Gertrude (coming to the table and speaking with dull resentment). And why should I be going to the Stores the way I have enough to do with a meeting of the League for Brighter Homes and a luncheon of the Cubist Encouragement Society? Isn't it a queer hard thing that Dora cannot be going to the Stores, and her with time enough on her hands surely?

[Sits in her place and begins keening. While she has been speaking Dora has entered hurriedly, buttoning her jumper.]

Dora (vigorously). And is it you, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, that will be

talking about me having time on my hands? May the saints forgive you for the hard words, and me having to cycle this blessed day to Mrs. Montgomery's lecture on the Dadaist Dramatists, and the méringues and the American creams to be made for to-night's Tchekoff *Conversazione*. Is it not enough for a girl to be destroyed with the play-acting, and the wind like to be in my face the whole way and the rain falling, falling?

[Sits in her place and keens.]

Mrs. S.-H. (after an interval of keening). Is it your father that will be missing his train this morning, Dora Smith-Hybrow?

Dora (rousing herself and selecting an egg). It is my father that will be missing his train entirely, and it is his son that would this minute be sleeping the blessed daylight away had I not let fall upon him a sponge that I had picked out of the cold, cold water.

Gertrude. It is a flapper you are, Dora Smith-Hybrow.

Dora. It is a flapper you will never be again, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, though you be after doing your queer best to look like one.

Mrs. S.-H. Whisht! Is it the time for loose talk, with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling, and the price of butter up another threepence this blessed morning?

[They all three recommence keening. Enter Mr. Smith-Hybrow followed by Cyril.]

Mr. S.-H. (staunching a gash in his chin). Is it not a hard thing for a man to be late for his breakfast and the rain falling, falling, and the wind rising, rising. It's destroyed I am with the loss of blood and no food in my stomach would keep the life in a flea.

[Sits in his place and opens his letters savagely. Cyril, a cadaverous youth, stares gloomily into the depths of the marmalade.]

Cyril (dreamily). There's gold and gold—caverns of gold. And there's a woman with hair of gold and eyes would pick the locks of a man's soul, and long shining hands like pale seaweed. Is it not a terrible thing that a man would have to go to the City when there is a woman with gold hair waiting for him in the marmalade pot—waiting to draw him down into the cold, cold water?

Dora. Is it another spongeful you are wanting, Cyril Smith-Hybrow, and myself destroyed entirely waiting for the marmalade?

[Cyril blushes, passes the marmalade, sits down languidly and selects an egg. Mrs. S.-H. pours out the coffee and resumes her keening.]

Mr. S.-H. (glaring at her). Is it not a nice thing for the wife of a respectable City stockbroker to sit at the breakfast-table making a noise like that of a cow that is waiting to be milked?

Mrs. S.-H. (hurt). It is keening I am.

Gertrude (passing him "The Morning Post"). Is it not enough that the price of butter is up another threepence this blessed day, and the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling?

Mr. S.-H. It is destroyed we shall all be entirely.

Cyril (gazing into the depths of his egg). There was a strange queer dream I was after having the night that has gone. It was on the rocks I was . . .

Mr. S.-H. (glaring at the market reports). It is on the rocks we shall all be.

Cyril. . . on the rocks I was by the sea-shore . . .

Dora (slightly hysterically). With the wind rising, rising?

Cyril (nodding). . . and the rain falling, falling. And a woman of the chorus drove up in a taxi, and the man that had the driving of it was eating an orange. The woman came and sat by the side of me, and the peroxide in her hair made it gleam like the pale gold coins that were in the banks before the Great War (*more dreamily*). Never a word said she when I hung a chain of cold, cold sausages about her neck, but her eyes were shining, shining, and into my hands she put a tin of corned beef. And it is destroyed I was with the love of her, and would have kissed her lips but I saw the park-keeper coming, coming out of the sea for tickets, and I fled from the strange queer terror of it, and found myself by a lamp-post in Hackney Wick with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling.

[He stops. The others stare at him and at one another in piteous inquiry. The women begin keening. Mr. S.-H. seizes the remaining egg and cracks it viciously.]

Mr. S.-H. (falling back in his chair). Damnation!

[The air is filled with a pungent matter-of-fact odour. Dora, holding her handkerchief to her nose, rushes valiantly at the offender and hurls it out of the window on to a flower-bed. The SYNGE spell is broken.]

Mr. Punch begs to thank the seven hundred and forty-three correspondents who have so thoughtfully drawn his attention to the too familiar fact that "there's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lipton."



THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEA.

COLUMBIA. "YOUR HEALTH, SIR THOMAS, AND BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON. "'BUT LEAVE A KISS WITHIN THE CUP
AND [very tactfully] I'LL NOT ASK FOR WINE.'"



Professional (to self-made man having his first lesson). "YOU'VE HIT THIS ONE HARD ENOUGH, SIR, AND NO MISTAKE. WHY, I'VE NEVER SEEN A BALL CASHIED LIKE THAT BEFORE."

Self-made Man. "WELL, LAD, AH MOSTLY DO GET RESULTS FROM ANYTHING AH TAKES OOP."

THE SUCCULENT COMEDIANS.

AMONG the literary and artistic treasures of American collectors the manuscript of LAMB's essay on Roast Pig is eminent. I have seen this rarity, which is now in the strong room where Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN keeps his autographs safe equally from fire and from theft—if not from the desire to thieve. Much did I covet in this realm of steel, and LAMB's MS. not least. The essay occupies both sides of large sheets of foolscap, written in a minute hand, with very few corrections, both the paper and the time occupied in transcription, if not also in actual composition, being, I should guess, the East India Company's. It is not, I imagine, the first draft, but the first fair copy after all the changes had been made and the form was fixed; and its author, if he is in any position to know what is going forward on a planet which he left some six-and-eighty years ago, must have been amused when he heard that so much money—thousands and thousands of dollars—had been given for it at auction the other day.

Reading the essay again, in the faded ink on the yellowing paper, I realised once more that everything that can be

said about little pigs, dead and ripe for the eater, had been said here and said finally. But the living? That very evening I was to find little live pigs working for their maintenance under conditions of which I had never dreamed, in an environment less conducive, one would suppose, to porcine activity than any that could be selected.

It was at Coney Island, that astonishing permanent and magnified Earl's Court Exhibition, summer Blackpool and August-Bank-Holiday-Hampstead-Heath, which New York supports for its beguilement. In this domain of switch-backs and chutes, merry-go-rounds and shooting-galleries, dancing-halls and witching waves, vociferous and crowded and lit by a million lamps, I came suddenly upon the Pig Slide and had a new conception of what quadrupeds can do for man.

The Pig Slide, which was in one of the less noisy quarters of Luna Park, consisted of an enclosure in which stood a wooden building of two storeys, some five yards wide and three high. On the upper storey was a row of six or eight cages, in each of which dwelt a little live pig, an infant of a few weeks. In the middle of the row, descending to the ground, was an inclined board, with

raised edges, such as is often installed in swimming-baths to make diving automatic, and beneath each cage was a hole a foot in diameter. The spectators and participants crowded outside the enclosure, and the thing was to throw balls, which were hired for the purpose, into the holes. Nothing could exceed the alert and eager interest taken by the little pigs in the efforts of the ball-throwers. They quivered on their little legs; they pressed their little noses against the bars of the cages; their little eyes sparkled; their tails (the only corkscrews left in America) curled and uncurled and curled again: and with reason, for whereas, if you missed—as was only too easy—nothing happened, if you threw accurately the fun began, and the fun was also theirs.

This is what occurred. First a bell rang and then a spring released the door of the cage immediately over the hole which your ball had entered, so that it swung open. The little pig within, after watching the previous infirmity of your aim with dejection, if not contempt, had pricked up his ears on the sound of the bell, and now smiled a gratified smile, irresistible in infectiousness, and trotted out, and, with the smile dissolving into an expression of



Ordinary Artist (to Ultra-Modern ditto). "HOW TOPPING THOSE KIDDIES LOOK WITH THE SUN ON THEM! OH, I FORGOT—I MEAN THOSE THINGS SPLASHING ABOUT OVER THERE. OF COURSE YOU DON'T SEE THEM AS HUMAN BEINGS."

absolute beatitude, slid voluptuously down the plank: to be gathered in at the foot by an attendant and returned to its cage all ready for another such adventure.

It was for these moments and their concomitant changes of countenance that you paid your money. To taste the triumph of good marksmanship was only a fraction of your joy; the greater part of it consisted in liberating a little prisoner and setting in motion so much ecstasy.

We do not use baby pigs in this entertaining way in England. At the most we hunt them greased. But when other beguilements weary we might. The R.S.P.C.A. could not object, the little pets are so happy. And what a privilege is theirs, both alive and dead, to enchant creation's lord.

"In order to give a lead in economy King George and Queen Mary and a number of peeresses have decided not to wear plumes or tulle veils at the opening of Parliament."

Australian Paper.

Very self-sacrificing of HIS MAJESTY.

"My husband says I must leavee too-night," said a wife at Acton. "Oh, hee ceance't givee you...notice to quit," said the magistrate."

Evening Paper.

His worship seems to have settled the matter with e's.

THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

[Yawning, it is now claimed, is an excellent thing for the health.]

STRETCHED prone upon my couch of pain,

An ache in every limb,
Fell influenza having slain
My customary vim,
I mused, disconsolate, about
The pattern of my pall,
When lo! I heard a step without
And Thomson came to call.

"Your ruddy health," I told him,
"mocks

A hand too weak to grip
The tea-cup with its captive ox
And raise it to my lip;"
To which he answered he had come
To bring for my delight
Red posies of geranium
And roses pink and white.

'Twas kind of Thomson thus to seek
To mitigate my gloom,
But why did he proceed to speak
Of how he'd reared each bloom,
Telling in language far from terse
On what his blossoms fed
And how he made the greenfly curse
The day that it was bred?

He told me how he rose at dawn
To titivate the land

('Twas here that I began to yawn
Behind a courteous hand),
And how he thought his favourite pea
Had found the soil too dry
(And here I feared my yawns would be
Apparent to his eye).

On fruit and blossom good and bad
He rambled on unchecked,
Until his conversation had
Such curative effect
That in the end it drove away
My weak despondent mood.
I clasped his hand and blessed the day
He came to do me good.

"MORE DEARER PUBLICATIONS."
Daily Mail.

More dearer nor what they was?
Dear, dear!

From *Young India*, the organ of Mr. GANDHI:—

"In our last issue the number of those in receipt of relief is given at 500. This is a printer's devil. The number is 5,000."

MR. GANDHI ought to exorcise that devil.

"The tests were entirely satisfactory, and the pilot manœuvred for a quarter of an hour at a height of 500 metres and a speed of 150 millimetres an hour."—*Aeronautics.*

This is believed to be the nearest approach to "hovering" that has yet been achieved by a machine.

NITRATES.

All alone I went a-walking by the London Docks one day,
 For to see the ships discharging in the basins where they
 lay;
 And the cargoes that I saw there they were every sort and
 kind,
 Every blessed brand of merchandise a man could bring to
 mind;
 There were things in crates and boxes, there was stuff in
 bags and bales,
 There were tea-chests wrapped in matting, there were
 Eastern-looking frails,
 There were baulks of teak and greenheart, there were stacks
 of spruce and pine,
 There was cork and frozen carcasses and casks of Spanish
 wine,
 There was rice and spice and cocoa-nuts, and rum enough
 was there
 For to warm all London's innards up and leave a drop to
 spare;
 But of all the freights I found there, gathered in from far
 and wide,
 All the smells both nice and nasty from the Pool to Barking-
 side,
 All the harvest of the harbours from Bombay to Montreal,
 There was one that took my fancy first and foremost of
 them all;
 It was neither choice nor costly, it was neither rich nor
 rare
 And, in most ways you can think of, it was neither here
 nor there,
 It was nothing over-beautiful to smell nor yet to see—
 Only bags of stuffy nitrate—but it meant a lot to me.

I forgot the swarming stevedores, I forgot the dust and din,
 And the rattle of the winches hoisting cargo out and in,
 And the rusty tramp before me with her hatches open
 wide,
 And the grinding of her derricks as the sacks went overside;
 I forgot the murk of London and the dull November sky—
 I was far, ay, far from England, in a day that's long
 gone by.

I forgot the thousand changes years have brought in ships
 and men,
 And the knots on Time's old log-line that have reeled away
 since then,
 And I saw a fast full-rigger with her swelling canvas spread,
 And the steady trade-wind droning in her royals overhead,
 Fleecy trade-clouds on the sky-line—high above the
 Tropic blue—
 And the curved arch of her foresail and the ocean gleaming
 through;
 I recalled the Cape Stiff weather, when your soul-case
 seemed to freeze,
 And the trampling, cursing watches and the pouring,
 pooping seas,
 And the ice on spar and jackstay, and the cracking, volleying
 sail,
 And the tatters of our voices blowing down the roaring
 gale . . .
 I recalled the West Coast harbours just as plain as yester-
 year—
 Nitrate ports, all dry and dusty, where they sell fresh water
 dear—
 Little cities white and wicked by a bleak and barren shore,
 With an anchor on the cliff-side for to show you where to
 moor;

And the sour red wine we tasted, and the foolish songs we
 sung,
 And the girls we had our fun with in the days when we
 were young;
 And the dancing in the evenings down at Dago Bill's saloon,
 And the stars above the mountains and the sea's eternal
 tune.

Only bags of stuffy nitrate from a far Pacific shore,
 From a dreary West Coast harbour that I'll surely fetch
 no more;
 Only bags of stuffy nitrate, with its faint familiar smell
 Bringing back the ships and shipmates that I used to know
 so well;
 Half a lifetime lies between us and a thousand leagues of
 sea,
 But it called the days departed and my boyhood back to
 me.

C. F. S.

ROSES ALL THE WAY.

Fired by an Irish rose-grower's pictures of some of his
 beautiful new seedlings we are tempted to describe one or
 two of our own favourite flowers in language similar to
 his own. This is an example of the way he does it:—

"LADY MAUREEN STEWART (*Hybrid Tea*).—A gloriously-finished
 globular slightly imbricated cupped bloom with velvety black scarlet
 cerise shell-shaped petals, whose reflex is solid pure orangey maroon
 without veining. An excellent bloom, ideal shape, brilliant and non-
 fading colour with heavy musk roso odour. Erect growth and flower-
 stalk. Foliage wax and leathery and not too large. A very flori-
 ferous and beautiful rose. 21s. each."

Why not also these?—

DAVID (*Hybrid Tory-Lib*).—A gloriously-finished true-
 blue-slightly-imbricated-with-red-flag coalition rose whose
 deep globular head with ornate decorative calyx retains its
 perfect exhibition-cross-question-hostile-amendment sym-
 metry of form without blueing or burning in the hottest
 Westminster sun. Its smiling peach and cerise endear-
 ments terminating in black scarlet shell-shaped waxy Berlin
 ultimata are carried on an admirably rigid peduncle. Equally
 vigorous in all parts of Europe. Superbly rampant. Not
 on sale.

AUSTEN (*Tea and most other things*).—This bottomless-
 cupped bank-paper-white-edged-and-rimmed-with-tape-
 pink-margin bloom, the reflex of whose never-fading demand
 notes is velvety black thunder-cloud with lightning-flash
 six-months-in-the-second-division veinations, has never been
 known to be too full. It is supported by a landlordly stalk
 of the utmost excess-profits-war-profits-minor-profits
 rigidity. A decorative, acquisitive and especially captivat-
 ing rose, and already something more than a popular
 favourite. 18s. in £1.

SIR THOMAS (*Ceylon and India Tea*).—This true sport
 from the British bull-dog rose has a slightly globular
 double-hemisphere-popular greatly-desiring-and-deserving-
 to-be-cupped bloom whose pearly preserved-cream flesh is
 delicately flushed and mottled with tinned salmon and dried
 apricot. Rich golden and banking-account stamina, foliage
 deep navy blue with brass buttons and a superb fragrance
 of western ocean. Its marvellous try-try-try-again flori-
 ferousness in all weathers is the admiration of all beholders.
 Price no object.

From a weather forecast:—

"General Outlook.—It appears probable that further expressions will
 arrive from the westward or north-westward before long, and that
 after a temporary improvement the weather will again become un-
 settled, with much cloud and occasional rain."—*Evening Paper*.

In which event further expressions (of a sultry character)
 may be expected from all round the compass.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."



"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS
AND THEN——"



—TAKE HANDS."

[The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.]

QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

THE Fairy Queen shook her head in answer to my question. "No," she said, "I have no favourite flower."

She had dropped in after dinner, as was her occasional habit, and at the moment sat perched on a big red carnation which stood in a flower-glass on the top of my desk.

"You see," she continued, floating across to where I was sitting and lowering her voice confidentially, for there were a good many flowers about—"you see it would never do. Just think of the trouble it would cause. Imagine the state of mind of the lilies if I were to show a preference for roses. There's always been a little jealousy there, and they're all frightfully touchy. The artistic temperament, you know. Why, I daren't even sleep in the same flower two nights running."

"Yes, I see," I said. "It must be very awkward."

I lapsed into silence; I had had a worrying day and was feeling tired and a little depressed. The Queen fluttered about the room, pausing a moment on the mantel-shelf for a word or two with her old friend the Dresden china shepherdess. Then she came back to the desk and performed a brief *pas seul* on the shining smooth cover of my pass-book. My mind flew instantly to my slender bank-balance and certain recent foolishnesses.

"Talking of favourites," I said—"talking of favourites, do you take any interest in racing?"

Instantly the Queen subsided on to my rubber stamp damper, which was fortunately dry.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I take a great interest in racing. I love it. I can give you all sorts of hints."

I thought it was a pity she hadn't called a week or two earlier. I might have been a richer woman by a good many pounds.

"And there are so many kinds," continued the Queen earnestly. "Now in a butterfly race it's always best just to hold on and let them do as they like. It's not a bit of use trying to make them go straight. Rabbits are better in that way, but even rabbits are a little uncertain at times. Full of nerves. But have you ever tried swallow-racing?" she went on enthusiastically. "It's simply splendid. You give them their heads and you never know *where* you may get to. But, anyway, it doesn't really matter in the least afterwards who wins; it's only while it's happening that you feel so thrilled, isn't it?"

I didn't acquiesce very whole-heartedly. I'm afraid my thoughts were

with my lost guineas. It had rather mattered afterwards. I really had been very foolish.

"You look depressed," said the Fairy Queen. "Can I help you? I'm really extremely practical. You know, don't you," she leaned forward and looked at me earnestly, "that I should be delighted if I could assist you with any advice?"

I hesitated. Just before she came I had been anxiously considering as to how I was going to make one hundred pounds do the work of two during the next few weeks; but somehow I didn't quite like to mention such material matters to the Queen; it didn't seem suitable.

I looked up and met her kind eyes fixed on mine with an expression of the gentlest interest and solicitude.

"I wonder," I said, still hesitating, "whether you know anything about stocks and shares?"

"Stocks and shares," she repeated slowly, looking just a little vague and puzzled. And then—"Oh, yes, of course I do, if that's all you want to know."

I felt quite pleased now that I had really got it out.

"If you could just give me a useful hint or two I should be tremendously grateful," I said. Already thousands loomed entrancingly before me. Already I saw myself settled in that darling cottage on the windy hill above Dacombe Wood. Already—

"I think I had better get a pencil and paper," I said. "My memory's dreadful."

But the Fairy Queen shook her head.

"I'll write it down for you," she said, "and you can read it when I'm gone. That's so much more fun. But I don't need paper."

She drew a tiny shining implement from her pocket and, picking up a couple of rose-petals which had fallen upon the table, she busied herself with them for a moment at my desk, her mouth pursed up, her brows contracted in an expression of intense seriousness.

"There," she said, "that's that. And now show me *all* your new clothes."

We spent quite a pleasant evening over one thing and another, and I forgot all about the rose-leaves until after she had gone; but when I came back to my empty sitting-room they shone in the dusk with a soft radiance which came, I discovered, from the writing on them. It glowed like those luminous figures on watches which were so entrancing when they first appeared. I had never realised before that they were fairy figures.

I spread the petals out on my palm, feeling quite excited at the prospect of

making my fortune by such means, though I was a little anxious as to how I was going to make use of the information I was about to acquire.

"I will ask Cousin Fred," I decided (Cousin Fred being a stockbroker), and I smiled a little to myself as I thought how amazed and possibly amused my dapper cousin would be when he learnt the source of my knowledge. He might even refuse to believe in it—and then where should I be?

I needn't have troubled. When I unfolded my rose-petals this is what I read:—

"*Stocks.*—The white ones are much the best and have by far the sweetest scent.

Shares.—*Always go shares.*" R. F.

HEART OF MINE.

(Being a rather hysterical contribution from our Analytical Novelist.)

Friday.—I suppose one never realises till one is actually dead how nearly dead one can be without actually being it. You see what I mean? No. Well, how blithely; how recklessly one rollicks through life, fondly believing that one is in the best of health, in the prime of condition, and all the time one is the unconscious victim of some fatal infirmity or disease. I mean, take my own case. I went to see my doctor in order to be cured of hay fever. He examined my heart. He made me take off my shirt. He hammered my chest; he rapped my ribs with his knuckles to see if they sounded hollow. I don't know why he did this, but I think he was at one time attached to a detective and has got into the habit of looking for secret passages and false panels and so on.

Anyway, he suspected my chest, and he listened at it for so long that any miscreant who had been concealed in it would have had to give himself away by coughing or blowing his nose.

After a long time he said, "Your heart's dilated. You want a complete rest. Don't work. Don't smoke. Don't drink. Don't eat. Don't do anything. Take plenty of exercise. Sit perfectly still. Don't mope. Don't rush about. Take this before and after every meal. Only don't have any meals." I laughed at him. I knew my heart was perfectly sound, much sounder than most men's. I went home. I didn't even have the prescription made up.

Saturday.—Now comes the tragic thing. *That very night I realised that he was right.* There is something wrong with my heart. It is too long. It is too wide. It is too thick. It is out of place. It would be difficult to say *exactly* where the measurements



Sympathetic Old Lady. "AND WHEN YOU WENT DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME THE WHOLE OF YOUR PAST LIFE OF COURSE FLASHED BEFORE YOUR EYES?"

Longshore Billy. "I EXPECT IT DID, MUM, BUT I 'AD 'EM SHUT AT THE TIME, SO I MISSED IT."

are wrong, but one has a sort of *sense* . . . you know? . . . One can feel that it is too large . . . A swollen feeling . . . Somehow I never felt this before; I never even felt that it was there . . . but now I always know that it is there—trying to get out . . . I put my hand on it and can feel it definitely expanding—like a football bladder. Sometimes I think it wants to get out at my collar-bone; sometimes I think it will blow out under my bottom rib; sometimes some other way. It is terrible . . .

I have had the prescription made up.

Sunday.—The way it beats! Sometimes very fast and heavy and emphatic, like a bad barrage of 5-9's. Fortunately my watch has a second-hand, so that I can time it—forty-five to the half-minute, ninety-five to the full minute. Then I know that the end is very near; everyone knows that the normal rate for a healthy adult heart is seventy-two. Then sometimes it goes very slow, very dignified and faint, as when some great steamer glides in at slow speed to her anchorage, and the engines thump in a subdued and profound manner very far away, or as when at night the solemn tread of some huge policeman is heard, remote and soft and

dilated—I mean dilatory, or as when—But you see what I mean.

Monday.—How was it, I wonder, that all this was hidden from me for so long? And now what am I to do? I am a doomed man. With a heart like this I cannot last long. I have resigned my clubs; I have given up my work. I can think of nothing but this dull pain, this heavy throbbing at my side. My work—ha! Yesterday I met another young doctor at tea. He asked me if there was any "murmur." I said I did not know—no one had told me. But after tea I went away and listened. Yes, there was a murmur; I could hear it plainly. I told the young doctor. He said that murmurs were not considered so important nowadays. What matters is "the reaction of the heart to work." By that test I am doomed indeed. But the murmur is better.

Tuesday.—I have told Anton Gregorovitch Gregorski. He says he has a heart too.

Wednesday.—I have been learning things to-day. I am worse even than the doctor thought. In a reference book in the dining-room there is a medical dictionary. It says: "Dilatation leads to dropsy, shortness of breath and blueness of the face." I have got

some of those already. I have never seen a face so blue. It is like the sea in the early morning.

Thursday.—The heart is bigger again to-day—about an inch each way. The weight of it is terrible to carry . . . I have to take taxis . . . This evening it was going at thirty-two to the minute. . . .

Friday.—Last night, when I tried to count the beats, I could not find it. . . . It must have stopped. . . . Anton Gregorovitch says it is the end. . . . This is my last entry. . . .

Saturday.—My face is very blue. It is like a forget-me-not . . . it is like a volume of *Hausard*. . . .

I shall go to see the doctor as I promised . . . he can do nothing, but it will interest him to see how much bigger the heart has grown in the last few days. . . .

No more . . .

Sunday.—The doctor said it was much better . . . It is undilated again . . . After all I am not going to die. But the reaction to work is still bad. This evening I make it sixty to the minute. . . .

Monday.—This morning's count was seventy-two. It is terrible. . . .

A. P. H.



Mollie. "AUNTIE, DON'T CATS GO TO HEAVEN?"

Auntie. "NO, MY DEAR. DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE VICAR SAY AT THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE THAT ANIMALS HADN'T SOULS AND THEREFORE COULD NOT GO TO HEAVEN?"

Mollie. "WHERE DO THEY OET THE STRINGS FOR THE HARPS, THEN?"

FLOWERS' NAMES.

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

THERE was a silly shepherd lived out at Taunton Dene
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!)
And oh, but he was bitter cold! and oh, but he was mean!
The maidens vowed a bitterer had never yet been seen
At Taunton in the summer.

He lived to gather in the gold—he loved to hear it chink
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
And he could only dream of gold—of gold could only
think;
And all the fairies watched him, and they watched him
with a wink

At Taunton in the summer.

At last one summer noonday, when the sky was blue and
deep
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
They made him him heavy-headed as he watched beside
his sheep
And all the little Taunton elves came stealing out to peep
At Taunton in the summer.

They opened wide his wallet and they stole the coins away
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
They took the round gold pieces and they used them for
their play,
They rolled and chased and tumbled them and lost them in
the hay
At Taunton in the summer.

And when they'd finished playing they used all their magic
powers—

(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!);
The silly shepherd woke and wept, he sought his gold for
hours,
And all he found was drifts and drifts of tiny greenish
flowers

At Taunton in the summer.

More Work for His Majesty's Judges.

"Potato disease has unfortunately made its appearance in the — district, the early and second early crops being seriously attacked. The late crops are free from disease up to the present, and it is hoped by judicial spraying to save them."—*Local Paper*.

From an interview with the Superintendent of Regent's Park:—

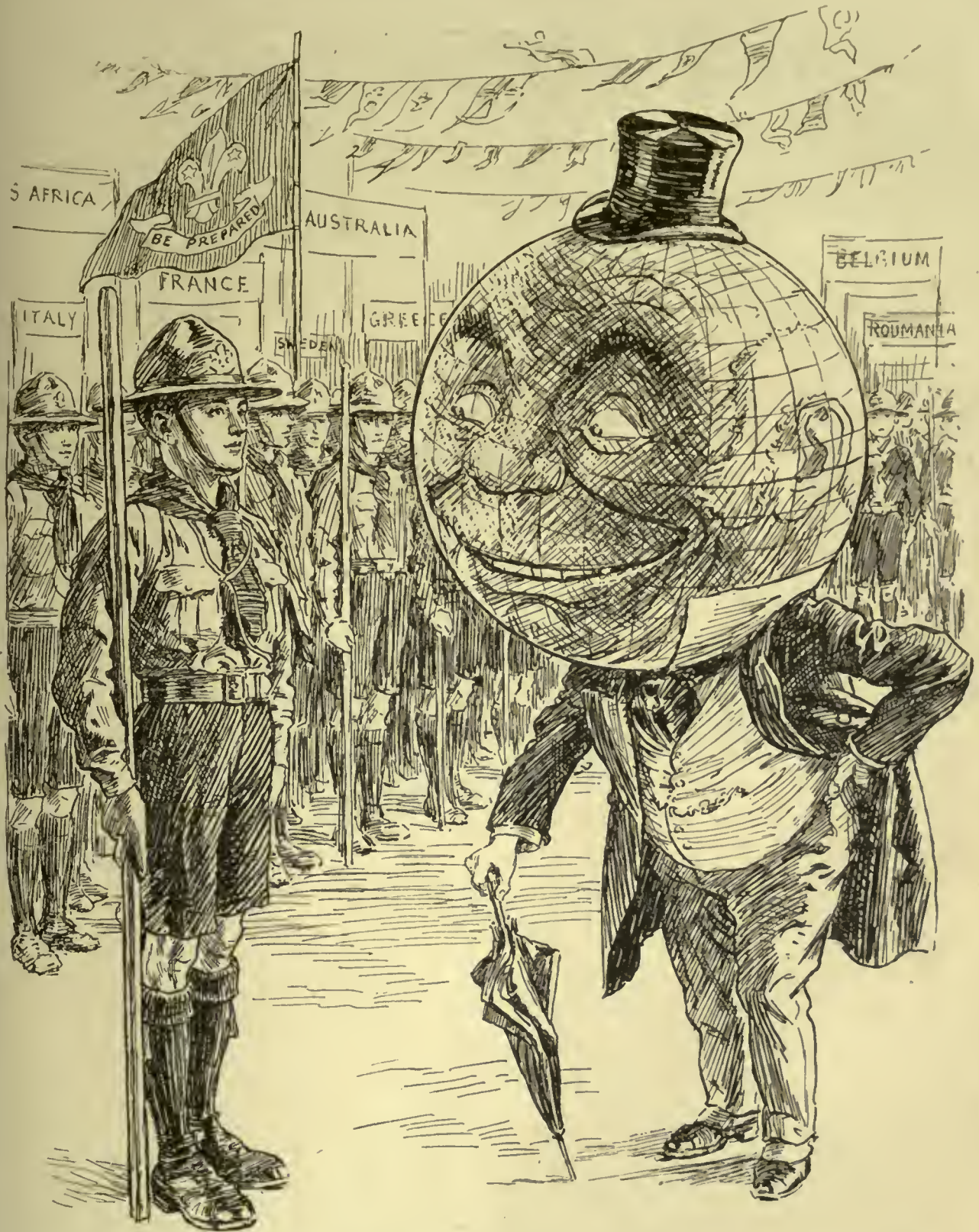
"People seem surprised," he said, "when I tell them that within a few minutes' walk of Baker Street Station, and the incessant din of Marylebone Road, such birds as the cuckoo, flycatcher, robin and wren have reared their young."—*Observer*.

To hear of the cuckoo bringing up its own family in any circumstances was, we confess, a little bit of a shock.

"Idling, my dear fellow!" was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's decisive answer to my question: "What do you most like doing at holiday-time?"

"But if, and only when, I am really driven to exertion, let me have a horse between my legs, a pair of oars, and a billiard-table, and I ask nothing more of the gods."—*Answers*.

The next time Mr. JEROME indulges in this performance may we be there to see.



THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

WAR-WEARY WORLD (*at the Jamboree*). "I WAS NEARLY LOSING HOPE, BUT THE SIGHT OF ALL YOU BOYS GIVES IT BACK TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 26th.—When the Peers were about to discuss the Law of Property Bill, which seeks to abolish the distinction between land and other property, Lord CAVE dropped a bombshell into the Committee by moving to omit the whole of Part I. Lords HALDANE and BUCKMASTER were much upset and loudly protested against the proposal to cut out "the very heart and substance of the measure." The LORD CHANCELLOR was less perturbed by the explosion and was confident that after further discussion he could induce the CAVE-dwellers to come into line with modern requirements. Thirty-four clauses thus disappeared with a bang; and of the hundred and odd remaining only one gave much trouble. Objection was taken to Clause 101, granting the public full rights of access to commons, on the grounds *inter alia* that it would give too much freedom to gipsies and too little to golfers. Lord SALISBURY, who, like the counsel in a famous legal story, claimed to "know a little about manors," was sure that only the lord could deal faithfully with the Egyptians, but, fortified by Lord HALDANE's assurance that the clause gave the public no more rights and the lords of the manor no less than they had before, the House passed it by 42 to 29.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN, for the Board of Trade, bore the brunt of the early questioning in the House of Commons. He sustained with equal imperturbability the assaults of the Tariff Reformers, who asserted that British toy-making—an "infant industry" if ever there was one—was being stifled by foreign imports; and those of the Free Traders, who objected to the Government's efforts to resuscitate the dyeing trade.

The alarming rumours in the Sunday papers about the PRIME MINISTER's state of health were effectually dispelled by his appearance on the Front Opposition, a little weary-looking, no doubt, but as alert as ever to seize the weak point in an adversary's case and to put his own in the most favourable light. From the enthusiasm of his announcement that the Soviet Govern-

ment had accepted our invitation to attend a Conference in London, one would have thought that the Bolsheviks had agreed to the British proposals unconditionally and that peace—"that is what the world wants"—was now assured.

Abhorrence of the Government of Ireland Bill is the one subject on which all Irishmen appear to think alike. It is, no doubt, with the desire to preserve that unanimity that the PRIME MINISTER announced his intention of pressing the measure forward after the Recess "with all possible despatch."

But before that date it looks as if Irishmen would have despatched one

Before and after this melancholy interlude good progress was made with the Finance Bill, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made several further concessions to the "family-man."

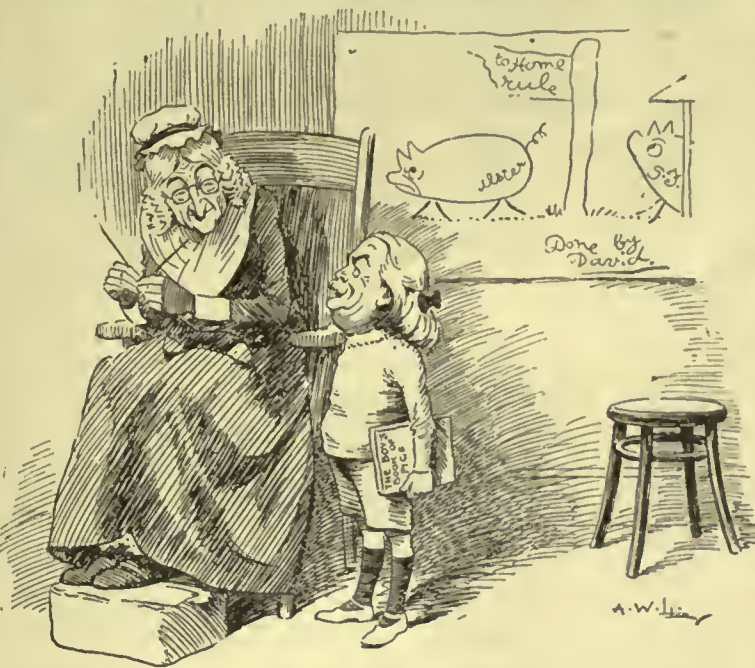
Tuesday, July 27th.—The Lords rejected the Health Resorts and Watering Places Bill under which local authorities could have raised a penny rate for advertising purposes. Lord SOUTHWARK's well-meant endeavour to support the Bill by reminding the House that Irish local authorities had enjoyed this power since 1909 was perhaps the proximate cause of its defeat, for it can hardly be said that the last few weeks have enhanced the reputation of Ireland as a health resort.

Mr. HARMSWORTH utterly confounded the critics of the Passport Office. Its staff may appear preposterously large and its methods unduly dilatory, but the fact remains that it is one of the few public departments that actually pays its way. Last year it spent thirty-seven thousand pounds and took ninety-one thousand pounds in fees. "See the world and help to pay for the War" should be the motto over its portals.

It is, of course, quite proper that soldiers who wreck the property of civilians—albeit under great provocation—should receive suitable punishment. But a sailor is hardly the man to press for it. Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY received a much-needed lesson in etiquette when

Major JAMESON gravely urged, in his penetrating Scotch voice, that soldiers in Ireland should be ordered not to distract the prevailing peace and quiet of that country, but should keep to their proper function of acting as targets for Sinn Féin bullets.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dealt very gingerly with Sir ARTHUR FELL's inquiry as to whether "any ordinary individual can understand the forms now sent out by the Income Tax Department?" Fearing that if he replied in the affirmative he would be asked to solve some particularly abstruse conundrum, he contented himself with saying that the forms were complicated because the tax was complicated, and the tax was complicated because of the number and variety of the reliefs granted to the taxpayer. It does not seem to have oc-



David. "YOU KNOW THE RHYME, GRANDMAMMA, THAT SAYS—
'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET,
AND THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME'?"

The Mother of Parliaments. "YES, DAVID, DEAR. WHY DO YOU MENTION IT?"

David. "OH, I WAS MERELY WONDERING WHAT WAS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT."

another. The little band of Nationalists had handed in a batch of private-notice Questions arising out of the disturbances in Belfast. Their description of them as the outcome of an organised attack upon Catholics was indignantly challenged by the Ulstermen, and the SPEAKER had hard work to maintain order. The contest was renewed on a motion for the adjournment. As a means of bringing peace to Ireland the debate was absolutely futile. But it enabled Mr. DEVLIN to fire off one of his tragical-comical orations, and Sir H. GREENWOOD to disclaim the accusation that he had treated the Irish problem with levity. "There is nothing light and airy about me," he declared; and no one who has heard his pronouncement of the word "Belfast" would doubt it.

curred to him that it is the duty of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to make the tax simple as well as equitable. Is it conceivable that he can have forgotten ADAM SMITH's famous maxims on the subject, and particularly this: "The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear and plain to the contributor, and to every other person?"

The House did not rise till half-past one this morning, and was again faced with a long night's work. In vain Sir DONALD MACLEAN protested against the practice of taking wee sma' Bills in the wee sma' oors. Mr. BONAR LAW was obdurate. He supposed the House had not abandoned all hope of an Autumn recess. Well, then, had not the poet said that the best of all ways to lengthen our days was to steal a few hours from the night?

The Report stage of the Finance Bill was finished off, but not until the Government had experienced some shocks. The Corporation tax, intended partially to fill the yawning void which will be caused some day by the disappearance of E.P.D.—on the principle that one bad tax deserves another—was condemned with equal vigour, but for entirely different reasons, by Colonel WEDGWOOD and Sir F. BANBURY. They "told" together against it and had the satisfaction of bringing the Government majority down to fifty-five.

The champions of the Co-operative Societies also put up a strong fight against the proposal to make their profits, for the first time, subject to taxation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declined, however, to put them in a privileged position as compared with other traders, but carried his point only by sixty-one votes.

Wednesday, July 28th.—In spite of the limitation of Questions the Member for Central Hull still manages to extract a good deal of information from the Treasury Bench. This afternoon he learned from Mr. LONG that the Board of Admiralty was not created solely for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity; and from Mr. KELLAWAY that the equipment of even the most versatile Under-Secretary does not include the gift of prophecy.

At long last the House learned the Government decision regarding the increase in railway fares. It is to come into force on August 6th, by which time the most belated Bank-Holiday-maker should have returned from his revels. Mr. BONAR LAW appended to the announcement a surely otiose explanation of the necessity of the increase. Everybody knows that railways are being run at a loss, due in the main to the increased wages of miners and rail-

way-men. Mr. THOMAS rather weakly submitted that an important factor was the larger number of men employed, and was promptly met with the retort that that was because of the shorter hours worked.

Cheered by the statement of its Leader that he still hoped to get the adjournment by August 14th the House plunged with renewed zest into the final stage of the Finance Bill. Mr. BORTOMLEY, whose passion for accuracy is notorious, inveighed against the lack of this quality in the Treasury Estimates. As for the war-debt, since the Government had failed to "make Germany pay," he urged that the principal burden should be left for posterity to shoulder.

These sentiments rather shocked Mr. ASQUITH, who, while mildly critical of Government methods, was all in favour of "severe, stringent, drastic taxation."



MR. BONAR LAW PACKS HIS TRUNKS.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN repeated his now familiar lecture to the House of Commons, which, while accusing the Government of extravagance, was always pressing for new forms of expenditure. In the study of economy he dislikes abstractions—except from the pockets of the taxpayer.

"Company's water is on to the house and cowshed."—*Advert. in Daily Paper.*

Now we know why our water is sometimes contaminated with milk.

"One of the most striking of the collection of exhibits of fascinating interest [at the Imperial War Museum] is the Air Force map for carrying out the British plan for bombing Berlin. Specimens of the bombs, weighing 3,000 pounds each, are also included in this museum of war souvenirs with the object of demonstrating the resources of the Empire and giving a stimulus to its trade."

South African Paper.

Motto for British traders: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try trinitrotoluene."

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

I WENT into the morning-room with a worried frown upon my brow. Kathleen was doing the accounts at the table.

"Kathleen," I said, "it's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday and——"

"What did you say seven eighths were?" said Kathleen. "I asked you last week."

"I can't possibly carry complicated calculations in my head from week to week," I said; "you should have made a note of it at the time. It's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday, and what do you think she wants?"

But Kathleen was enthralled by the greengrocer's book. "Have we really had eight cabbages this week?" she said. "We must, I suppose. Greengrocers are generally honest; they live so near to nature. Well, now," she shut up her books, "what were you saying, dear?"

I sighed, cleared my throat and began again. "It's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday, and what do you think she wants? She wants," I said dramatically, "a 'frush' from the bird-shop in the village. The ones that hang in cages outside the door."

"Well," said Kathleen, "why not?"

"Why not?" I became more than serious. "A daughter of ours has demanded for a plaything a caged bird. Psychologically it is an important occasion. Now or never must she learn to look upon a caged bird with horror. What I am thinking of is the psychological effect upon the child's character. The psychological——"

"You needn't worry about Veronica's psychology," said Kathleen. "Veronica's psychology is in the right place."

"You misunderstand the meaning of the word," I said loftily. "However, if you wish to wash your hands of Veronica's training, if you refuse to cope with your own child, I must take it upon myself."

"Do," said Kathleen sweetly; "I'll listen."

* * * * *

It was Veronica's birthday. We were outside the bird-shop. The thrushes in cages hung around the door.

Veronica lifted grave blue eyes to me trustingly. "You promised me a frush, darlin'," she said.

Veronica is small for her name and has a disarming habit of introducing terms of endearment into her conversation.

"You didn't quite understand me," I said gently. "I said I'd think about it."

"Yes, but that means promising, doesn't it? Finking about it means promising. I *fought* you meant promising."



The Colonel. "ANYONE MAY MISS THE TIDE OR GET STUCK UPON A MUD-BANK; BUT TO LOSE THE MATCHES AND FORGET THE WHISKY IS TO PROVE YOURSELF UNWORTHY OF THE NAME OF 'YACHTSMAN'!"

I fought all night you meant promising. Darlin'." The last word was a sentence all by itself.

Kathleen raised her eyebrows when we came out with the bird in the cage.

"This isn't quite the moment," I said with dignity; "it's best to let her get it first and realise afterwards."

"Let's all go to Crown Hill now," said Veronica in a voice that admitted of no denial.

We were on Crown Hill. Veronica had hugged the cage to her small bosom all the way, making little reassuring noises to its occupant.

"Now," said Kathleen, "hadn't you better begin? Isn't this the psycho—you know what moment?"

I took a deep breath and began.

"Veronica," I said, "listen to me for a moment. If you were a little bird——"

But she wasn't listening to me. She had held up the little wooden cage, opened the clasp of the door and, with a rapt smile on her small shining face, was watching the "frush" as he soared into the air with a sudden burst of song.

We none of us spoke till he had vanished from sight. Then Veronica broke the silence.

"It's all my very own plan," she said proudly. "I planned it all by myself. An' all my birddays I'm going to have

one of that nasty man's frushes for a present, and we'll all free come up here and let it out—always an' always an' for ever an' ever—right up till I'm a hundred."

"Why stop at a hundred?" I murmured, recovering myself with an effort. But I could not escape Kathleen's eye. "I hope you feel small," it said. I did.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

I.

I NEVER heard of Ruislip, I never saw its name,

Till Underground advertisements had brought it into fame;

I've never been to Ruislip, I never yet have heard

The true pronunciation of so singular a word.

I'd like to go to Ruislip; I'd like to feast my eyes

On "scenes of sylvan beauty" that the posters advertise;

But, though I long to view the spot, while I am in the dark

About its name I dare not face the booking-office clerk.

Suppose I ventured "Riz-lip" and in answer to his "Eh?"

Stammered "Ruse-lip, Rise-lip, Rees-lip," just imagine how he'd say,

"Well, where do you want to book to?" and the voices from behind, "Must we wait until this gentleman has ascertained his mind?"

II.

The trains that stop at Down Street—(Sing willow-waly-O!)

They run through Hyde Park Corner as fast as they can go;

And trains at Hyde Park Corner that stop—(Oh dearie me!)

Contrariwise at Down Street are "non-stop" as can be.

There's a man at Down Street Station—he came there years ago

To get to Hyde Park Corner—(Sing willow-waly-O!)

And, as the trains go past him, 'tis pitiful to see

Him beat his breast and murmur, "Oh dearie, dearie me!"

"The Rev. R. S. — has accepted the post of librarian of Pussy House, Oxford."

Local Paper.

And will soon get to work on the catalogue.

"WANTED—a middle-aged Witty Indian to read Bengali religious books and capable of telling witty and fairy tales from 12 to 3 p.m."

Indian Paper.

This might suit Mr. GANDHI. If not witty, he is very good at fairy-tales.

VADE MECUMS.

I HAVE invented a new sort of patience. It is called Vade Mecums. The rules are quite simple and all the plant you need for it is a "Vade Mecum" traveller's handbook and a complete ignorance of all languages but your own. Get one of these fascinating little classics, a passport and a single to Boulogne, and you can begin at once.

The game consists in firing off (in the local lingo) every single phrase that occurs in the book. The only other rule in the game is that the occasion for making each remark must be reasonably apposite. You need not keep to the order in the book and no points are awarded for pronunciation, provided that the party addressed shows by word or deed that he (or she) has understood you. By way of illustration I will give some account of my first experiments in this enthralling pastime.

As it happened I was able to start at once—too soon, in fact, to be altogether comfortable. We had scarcely put out from Folkestone before I got my chance. The sea was distinctly rough, but I just had time to open my Vade Mecum at page 228 (sub-heading, "On embarking and what happens at sea"), and to read to a passing French steward the first sentence that caught my eye. It was as follows: "The wind is very violent; the sea is very rough; the waves are very high; the rolling of the vessel makes my head ache; I am very much inclined to be sick."

After that I made no more progress till we reached Boulogne; but from the steward's subsequent actions I judged that he had understood; so I was one up.

My Vade Mecum, like most of its kind, was unfortunately compiled many years ago and had never been brought up to date. This, of course, saved me the expense of having to hire aeroplanes or even motor-cars, but it landed me in quite a number of difficulties at the opposite extreme, as you will see.

For instance, in order to polish off the heading, "Of what may happen on the road," I was compelled to obtain a carriage. Judge then my joy when, on reaching a carriage builder's, I discovered a whole section tucked away in a corner of the book dealing exclusively with that very topic. I can think of no other conceivable circumstances under which I could have said, "The wheels are in a miserable state; the body is too heavy; the springs are too light; the shafts are too short; the pole is too thin; the shape is altogether old-fashioned, and the seats are both high and uncomfortable."

Yet now I said it all—in two halves, it is true, and in two different shops; but still I said it all. The first half cost me three front teeth, which fell out while the outraged *carrossier* was ejecting me; the second cost me a large sum of money, because somehow or other I found I had *bought* the vehicle in question. This I fancy must have been occasioned by my turning over two pages at once, so that I suppose I really said, "Mr. X., you are an honest man; I will give you ten thousand francs, but on condition that you furnish splinter-bars and traces also for that price."

Still one must pay for one's pleasures, and once *en route* I made short work of the "What-may-happen-on-the-road" section. The sentence from which I anticipated most trouble was this: "Postilion, stop. A spoke of one of the wheels is broken; some of the harness is undone; a spring is also broken and one of the horses' shoes is come off." I got out all this (without having to tell a lie too) and was just looking feverishly through the book to find phrases to describe the rickety state of every other part of the vehicle when the off hind-wheel came in half, the front axle snapped and the carriage rolled over on its side stone dead. When I came to myself I found that I was comfortably seated in a ditch, my driver beside me and my Vade Mecum still open in my hand; so I had the gratification of being able to continue the conversation where I had left off. "We should do well," I read, "to get out."

I will not detain you long over the difficulties that I had with the "Society" section. But I feel I ought to mention the business of the Countess, if only to put intending players on their guard. There is a puzzling phrase which occurs in answer to the observation, "Pray come nearer the fire; I am sure you must be cold." The proper answer is, "No, I thank you. I am very well placed here beside the Countess." It took me a month to find a Countess, two to meet her in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, and four to recover from the hole which the irascible little Count made in me when we met next morning on the field of honour.

So I pass sadly and with tears of chagrin to my ultimate defeat. I met my Waterloo, my friends, in the section labelled "The Tailor." Requests within reason I can comply with, for the fun of the thing. Eatables and drinks, suites of rooms and carriages, when ordered on the lavish scale of my Vade Mecum, are not exactly *cheap* now-a-days. But it's about the limit when one's Mecum expects one to squander

the savings of a lifetime in ordering several suits of clothes at once. And yet there it was as large as life, the accursed sentence that made me shut the book with a snap and come home:—"These coats fit me well, though the cut is not fashionable. I shall require also three pairs of trousers, three nankeen pantaloons and four waistcoats."

If anyone feels inclined to try my patience—and theirs—I should like to mention that I have a nice annotated Mecum and a good second-hand carriage for disposal at a very moderate figure.

A VICTIM OF FASHION.

LIKE everybody else that one knows, Kidger is an ex-service man. During the last year of that war on the Continent some time ago he had the acting rank of captain, as second in command of a six-mangle army laundry.

When I knew him in pre-war days he was an amiable character, with only two serious weaknesses. One of these was an exaggerated fastidiousness about clothes, and the other an undue deference to the dicta of the Press. A leader in *The Tailor and Cutter* would make him thoughtful for days. This fatal concern about clothing amounted to a mania where neckwear was concerned.

In pre-war days he wore the ordinary single, perpendicular variety of collar, with sharp turn-over points, starched and white to match his shirts.

Before leaving England to join his laundry, Kidger, with a magnificent gesture, abandoned his fine collection of collars to his aunt, bidding her convert them to some patriotic end. The fond lady, however, fearing lest anything should befall her nephew if a hot sector of the line moved up to the laundry, preserved them carefully, and Kidger was very glad to reclaim them on his demobilisation.

One unfortunate day Kidger's morning paper contained one of those Fashions for Men columns, where he learned that the best people were wearing only soft collars, as they couldn't stand being cooped up in starch after the freedom of uniform. Kidger felt that as an ex-army man it was up to him to maintain any military tradition, and he immediately bought several dozen soft white collars with long sharp points. The fellow in the shop said they were correct.

A week later another expert mentioned in print that no man who had any self-respect wore collars with sharp corners.

Kidger is not a manual worker. He reduced his cigarette allowance and bought some round-cornered ones, white as before. And then his aunt directed the poor fellow's attention to



She. "I TOLD 'EE TO GREASE THE WHEELS AFORE WE COME OUT."
He. "IT BE AS MUCH AS I CAN DO TO KEEP UP WITH IT AS 'TIS."

a paragraph by an authority signing himself "The Colonel," which stated that none but the profiteer was wearing white collars, and that you might know the man who had done his bit by the fact that he wore a blue one with slightly rounded corners, accompanied by a self-coloured tie of a darker shade, tied in a neat butterfly bow.

This was a blow to Kidger, but he resigned from his golf club and laid in some haberdashery in accordance with "The Colonel's" orders. Recommendations would be too mild a word. I saw the paragraph—most peremptory.

But in a rival paper "Brigadier" mentioned only three days later that none but the most noxious bounder and tout would be found dead in a blue collar with a white shirt. Kidger saw the truth of this at once; he had receptivity if not intuition. After a trying interview with his banker he bought several blue shirts.

Then the General who contributes "Sartorial Tips" to several leading

journals remarked that, since all kinds of people were wearing coloured shirts and collars, the man who desired to retain or achieve that touch of distinction which means so much must at any cost wear white ones; and that, further, Society was frowning on the slovenly unstarched neck-wear of the relaxed temporary gentleman.

Kidger began to show signs of neurasthenia. His stock of pre-war collars was exhausted, or rather eroded. His faithful aunt, however, remembered a neglected birthday and gave him a dozen new ones, of the up-and-down model, to save Kidger's delicate neck. These, with his nice butterfly-bow ties, looked really well, and Kidger recovered his old form.

I warned him to keep to the police and Parliamentary news in the papers, but his eyes would wander. The result was that he learned from "Brigade Major" that the wearing of a butterfly bow with a double event collar was a solecism past forgiveness or repent-

ance, and that its smart appearance was the deadly bait which caught the miserable bumpkin who ignorantly fancied that a man could dress by the light of nature.

Kidger collapsed. His aunt volunteered to sell her annuity and help him, but the innate nobility of the man forbade him to accept this useless sacrifice.

His medical attendant tells me that he is now allowed to read only poetry, wearing a sweater meanwhile, and that arrangements are being made for him to join a sheep-farming cousin in Patagonia, where collars are despised and newspapers invariably out of date.

W. K. H.

A Superfluous Announcement.

"The Government have found it impossible to proceed with the Government of Ireland before the Autumn Session."—*Daily Paper*.

"Clerk (Junior) Wanted for Spinners' Office, age 1617.—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"Junior," we take it, is a misprint.

EDWARD AND THE B.O.F.

It was the first Sunday of the season, and the select end of Folkesbourne revealed in each carefully curled geranium leaf, in each carefully-combed blade of grass, the thought and labour expended by the B.O.F. (Borough of Folkesbourne).

Upon the greensward stood orderly rows of well-washed chairs, each with B.O.F. neatly stencilled upon its back. On this day, however, and at this hour (12.30 p.m.) scarce a B.O.F. was visible; each was hidden by a well-dressed visitor. And between the orderly rows of well-dressed visitors paraded orderly pairs of superbly-dressed visitors.

I was standing at the corner by the steps leading to the lower parade and thence to the beach and the rocks where the common people (myself on week-days, for instance) go to paddle with their children. I was wearing my new pale-grey suit which cost—but you will know more or less what it cost; I need not labour an unpleasant subject—and I was actually talking at the time to a member of the B.O.F.

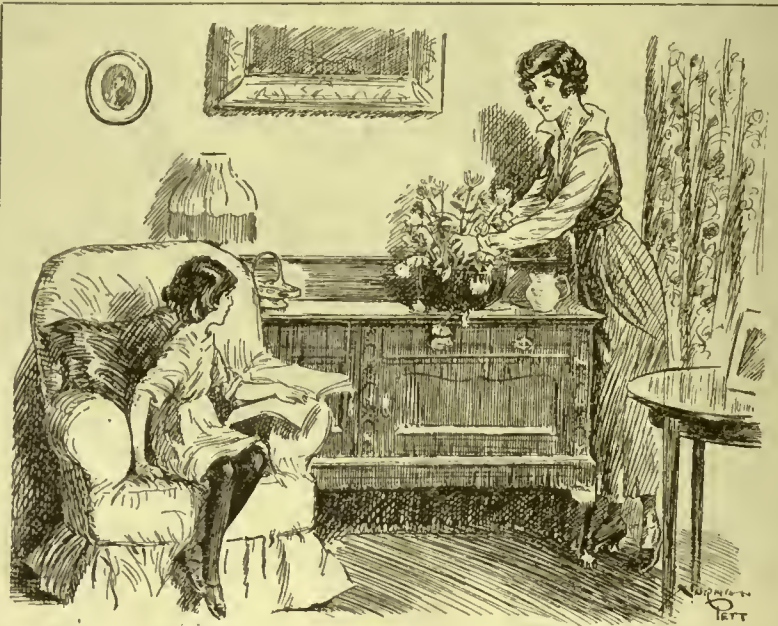
"This is Peace at last," he was saying; "the place really begins to look—"

It was at this moment that Edward appeared. His route was the very centre of the lawn. He was wearing a battered Panama hat, a much-darned brownish jersey, and his nether man—or rather boy, for Edward's years are but four—was encased in paddling drawers made of the same material as a sponge-bag. Black sand-shoes completed his outfit, and a broken shrimping-net trailed behind him. At the moment when Edward first caught my horrified eye a particularly well-groomed young gentleman of about his own age caught Edward's eye in turn. Edward paused to survey this silken wonder with interest. Then, as if prompted thereto by the sight, he snatched off his hat and, casting it upon the ground, kicked it vigorously across the grass.

The removal of the hat was the last straw, for Edward's hair is provocatively red. My friend of the B.O.F. advanced towards him with the intention of

exerting authority and restoring discipline. Edward turned at the sound of a stern voice. Possibly he might have put out his tongue—you never know with Edward. But, what was worse, far worse, he saw me. With a glad cry of "Daddy" he rushed to me and, regardless of the fact that his front was covered with green slime, the result of going *ventre à pierre* over the rocks, he flung his arms round my legs.

I would gladly have sunk into the ground. All eyes were upon us, and remained, as I felt, upon me, even when a breathless nursery-maid had retrieved Edward and borne him seawards once more.



Mother. "IT IS VERY NAUGHTY TO TELL UNTRUTHS, KITTY. THOSE WHO DO SO NEVER GET TO HEAVEN."

Kitty. "DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL AN UNTRUTH, MUMMY?"

Mother. "NO, DEAR—NEVER."

Kitty. "WELL, YOU'LL BE FEARFULLY LONELY, WON'T YOU, WITH ONLY GEORGE WASHINGTON?"

One especially I had noticed, a very superbly dressed female visitor who had paused to witness the whole scene and was now resuming her promenade. I dreaded the comment which I felt I should overhear as she passed me—"What a horrible child!" it would be at the very least. But women are strangely unaccountable, even in so highly civilised an atmosphere as this. I distinctly heard her say, "What a darling!"

The Horrors of Peace.

"WANTED.—Boy for Butchering, about 15 years old."—*Local Paper*.

Extract from a solicitor's letter:—

"The sale of the above premises is now nearing completion and we expect to have the conveyance ready for execution in the course of a short period the length of which depends to some extent upon how soon we can obtain the execution of the Bishop."

NEO-TOPICS.

THERE was a young neo-DELANE
Whose writing was frequently sane;
But the name of LLOYD GEORGE
So uplifted his gorge
That it threatened to swallow his brain.

There was an adored neo-Queen
Who ruled the whole world on the screen;
She simply knocked spots
Off poor MARY OF SCOTS,
But she doubled the gloom of our Dean.

There was an advanced neo-Georgian,
Or perhaps we should say Georgy-
Porgian,
When asked to declare
What his principles were,
He invariably answered,
"Pro-Borgian."

There was a great neo-
Art critic
Whose style was extremely mephitic;
He treated VAN GOGH
AND CÉZANNE as dead
dog,
And JOHN as a growth
parasitic.

Our Bloated Pluralists.

"Wanted, Organist. Small country church. Salary £20. Good lodgings. (Could be held with post of Milker on Manor Farm; permanent work; Sundays free; ample salary.)"—*Church Times*.

"The Grimsby trawler Silurian has towed Sir George Grahame, Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of the Belgians."—*Provincial Paper*.

We really think the Government might have provided him with a torpedo-boat.

"The one thing which the Cabinet does not intend to do is to authorise the proclamation of marital law. It would engage far too many troops."—*Provincial Paper*.

The Irish girls are so attractive.

"A friend of mine bought from a bookseller who was also, oddly enough, a bibliophile himself, a copy of Arnold's very rare book, *The Strayed Reveller*, by A. He gave 6d. It is worth £5."—*Book Post*.

Surely more than that!

"An Ipswich omnibus pushed its bonnet through the window of a millinery shop."—*Daily Paper*.

This intelligent animal (believed to be the female of the Brontosaurus) was probably seeking a change of headgear.



Tripper. "I'VE A BLOOMIN' GOOD MIND TO REPORT YOU FOR PROFITEERING."

Old Sal. "WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT?"

Tripper. "WELL, THEM SHRIMPS I BOUGHT OFF YOU. ONE OF EM'S GOT ONLY ONE EYE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RATHER wish that the publishers of *Invincible Minnie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had not permitted themselves to print upon the wrapper either their own comments or those of Miss ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING, the author. Because for my part, reading these, I formed the idea (entirely wrong) that the book would be in some way pretentious and affected; whereas it is the simple truth to call it the most mercilessly impersonal piece of fiction that I think I ever read. There is far too much plot for me to give you any but a suggestion of it. The story is of the lives of two sisters, *Frances* and *Minnie*; mostly (as the title implies) of *Minnie*. To say that no one but a woman would have dared to imagine such a heroine, much less to follow her, through every phase of increasing hatefulness, to her horrid conclusion is to state an obvious truism. It is incidentally also to give you some idea of the kind of person *Minnie* is, that female Moloch, devastating, all-sacrificing, beyond restraint. . . . As for Miss HOLDING, the publishers turned out to be within the mark in claiming for her "a new voice." I don't, indeed, for the moment recall any voice in the least like it, or any such method; too honest for irony, too detached for sentiment and, as I said above, entirely merciless. Towards the end I found myself falling back on the old frightened protest, "People don't do those things." I still cling to this belief, but the fact remains that Miss HOLDING has a haunting trick of persuading one that they might. Minor faults, such as an irritating idiom and some carelessness of form, she will no doubt correct; meanwhile you have certainly got to read—"to suffer" would be the apter word—this remarkable book, whose reception I await with curiosity.

A much misunderstood man is Count BERNSTORFF, formerly German Ambassador at Washington. While we were all supposing him to be a bomb-laden conspirator, pulling secret strings in Mexico or Canada or Japan from the safe protection afforded to his embassy, really he was the most innocent of men, anxious for nothing but to keep unsophisticated America from being trapped by the wiles of the villain Britisher. One has it all on the best of authority—his own—in *My Three Years in America* (SKEFFINGTON). Of course awkward incidents did occur, which have to be explained away or placidly ignored, but really, if the war-lords at home had not been so invincibly tactless in the matter of drowning citizens of the United States, this simple and ingenious diplomat might very well have succeeded, he would have us believe, in persuading President Wilson to declare in favour of a peace-loving All-Highest. As an essay in special pleading the book does not lack ingenuity, and as an example of the familiar belief that other peoples will shut their eyes and swallow whatever opinions the Teuton thinks good to offer them, it may have interest for the psychologist. For the rest it is a very prosy piece of literature, only saved occasionally in its dullness by the unconscious crudity of the hatreds lurking beneath its mask of plausibility. One of these hatreds is clearly directed against Ambassador GERARD, to whose well-known book this volume is in some sort a counter-blast. Neither a historian seeking truth nor a plain reader seeking recreation will have any difficulty in choosing between them.

Mr. D. A. BARKER, in *The Great Leviathan* (LANE), doesn't merely leave you to make the obvious remark about his having taken Mr. H. G. WELLS's loose, tangential and, for a beginner, extraordinarily dangerous method as a model,

but rubs it in (stout fellow!) by transplanting his hero to India, seemingly in order to have excuse for writing a passage which one would say was obviously inspired by that gorgeous description of the jungle in *The Research Magnificent*. Mr. BARKER has enough matter for two (or three) novels and enough skill in portraiture to make them more coherent and plausible than this. The theme is old but freshly seen. Tom Seton, resolved to avoid risking for his beloved the unhappiness which his mother had found in the bondage of marriage, offers her—indeed imposes on her—a free union. How the pressure of *The Great Leviathan* (Mrs. Grundy—well, that's not perhaps quite the whole of the idea, but it will serve) drove her into the shelter of a formal marriage with a devoted don, I leave you to gather. I don't think the author quite succeeds in making Mary's defection inevitable, nor do I see the significance of the apparently quite irrelevant background of Indian philosophy and intrigue. But here's a well-written book, with sound positive qualities outweighing the defects of inexperience.

Captain ALAN BOTT ("Contact") has a literary gift of a high order, the gift of getting the very last thrill out of his experiences while telling his tale in the simplest and most straightforward way. In *Eastern Nights* (BLACKWOOD) he describes his adventures as a prisoner of the Turks, first in Damascus and Asia Minor and finally in Constantinople. The narrative, which is purely one of action, the action being supplied by the efforts, finally successful, of the author and various brother-officers to escape from their most un-

attractive captivity, nevertheless offers a most vivid picture of the social fabric of the Near East and in particular of the attitude of the *mélange* of Oriental peoples that comprised the Turkish Empire towards the War in which they found themselves taking part, most of them with reluctance and all inefficiently. Apathy rather than calculated brutality was chiefly responsible for the hardships suffered by the prisoners of war of all nations who were unfortunate enough to fall into Turkish hands. From the point of view of an officer determined to escape, however, the prevalence of this quality was not without its advantage. Most of the officials (Turks and Germans excepted) with whom Captain Bott and his fellow-officers had to do were pro-Ally at heart and ready enough to assist an escaping prisoner if they did not happen to be too timid. And even the Turk was amenable on occasion to baksheesh. Altogether a most fascinating book, *Eastern Nights* is likely to win wide appreciation not alone for its literary merit but as a stirring record of the courage and resource, under desperate and trying conditions, of the Empire's soldiers.

Miss HENRIETTA LESLIE belongs to the school of novelists

who believe in telling you all about their characters and leaving you to pass judgment on them yourself, without expert assistance. It is a fine impartial method which succeeds in representing life and the indecisiveness of human nature very well; but such books somehow lack the glow of more partisan writings. In *A Mouse with Wings* (COLLINS) she tells the story of a woman's life from the time of her engagement until her son is a young man and she herself married again. *Olga* is a splendid creature, but, as Miss LESLIE cleverly lets you see for yourself, the belief in her own principles and their application, which is the essence of her character, alienates her husband and makes something like a ninny of *Arnold*, her son. *A Mouse with Wings* is not only the sobriquet of *Beryl*, the cheerful young Suffragette whom he loves, but has its application also to poor *Arnold*, who finds the courage to face life and a way out of it fighting in France. It is a nicely-written book with a little air of distinction, but, in case anyone should

blame me for hushing it up, I ought to mention that both *Olga* and *Beryl* would probably have admired *Arnold* a great deal more had he "found himself" by way of Conscientious Objection.

I can testify that Mr. ZANE GREY's *The Man of the Forest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a yarn told with considerable zest and with just that undercurrent of sentiment which sweeps large portions of the British public completely off its feet. In this book the heroine, *Helen Rayner*, and her sister, *Bo*, leave Missouri for their uncle's ranch in New Mexico; but before they reach their destination many and wonderful adventures



ATMOSPHERE IN OUR RIVER BUNGALOWS.

Hostess (to her husband just arrived from Town). "YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE CHOP-STICKS, JOHN. YOU'VE SPOILT THE PARTY!"

tures befall them. To escape from being kidnapped by some superb scoundrels they were hustled off to *Milt Dale's* home in the forest, and there they had for a long time to remain. *Milt* was one of nature's gentlemen, but as his boon companion was a cougar (whose uninviting picture is to be seen upon the paper cover), this forest home had its slight inconveniences. Mr. GREY, however, writes of it so admirably that he almost persuades me to be a camper-out, provided always that I may live in a cavern and not in a caravan. Cowboys, bandits, Mormons and other vigorous characters keep things moving at a terrific pace. But stirringly full of incident as this tale is, Mr. GREY never forgets that it is love that really makes the world go round. He is in short a born storyteller, with a style by no means to be despised, and I see no reason why his popularity should not continue to wax here, and ultimately to rival its American magnitude.

Another Geddes Promotion.

"Among celebrities who will watch British seamanship matched against American are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Sir Auckland Geddes, British Admiral to the United States."—*Canadian Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

"We doubt," says a contemporary, "if the Government has effected much by refusing to let Dr. MANNIX land on Irish shores." We agree. What is most wanted at the moment is that the Government should land on Ireland.

We feel that the time is now ripe for somebody to pop up with the suggestion that the wet summer has been caused by the shooting in Belfast.

Manchester City Council has decided to purchase the famous Free Trade Hall for the sum of ninety thousand pounds. A thorough search for the Sacred Principles of Liberalism, which are said to be concealed somewhere in the basement, will be undertaken as soon as the property changes hands.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, after listening to the grand howl of the Wolf Cubs at Olympia, declared that it was a very tame affair for anyone used to listening to Mr. DEVLIN.

"Kangaroos and wallabies," says a Colonial journalist, "are about the only things that the Australian sportsman can chase." Members of the M.C.C. team declare that they expect to change all that.

Reports that the gold had been removed from the Bank of Ireland to this country for the sake of safety have caused consternation in Dublin. There was always a possibility, the Irish say, that the Sinn Feiners might not lay hands on the stuff, but there isn't one chance in a hundred of it getting past Sir ERIC GEDDES.

A propos of the growing reluctance on the part of railway servants to take tips from holiday-makers, it appears that they are merely following the example set by the higher officials. We have positive information that only a week or so since Sir ERIC GEDDES flatly refused to take a tip from *The Daily Mail*.

While approving in principle of the proposal that the finger-prints of all

children should be registered, Government officials point out that the expense would certainly be out of all proportion to the advantage obtained, in view of the prevailing high prices of jam.

There is just this one consolation about the weather of late. So far the Government have not placed a tax on rain.

"Soldiers are very dissatisfied with the way in which ex-service men are now being treated," states a Sunday paper. We understand that, if this dissatisfaction should spread, Mr. CUNNINGHAM may call upon the Army to resign.

After exhaustive experiments Signor

owing to the failure of the Registrar to appear. It was not until the best man, who denied having mishandled the Registrar, had been thoroughly searched that the ceremony was abandoned.

A burglar accused of stealing sixteen volumes of classical poetry was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The defence that he was insane was evidently ignored.

The Westminster magistrate, the other day, described a prisoner as "a very clever thief." It is said that the fellow intends printing this testimonial on his letter-paper.

A man knocked down by a racing motorist in New York is reported to

have had both legs and an arm fractured, several ribs broken, and other injuries. Motorists in this country incline to the theory that it was the work of an amateur.

A Swiss guide recently discovered a chamois within sixty feet of the summit of the Jungfrau. Only on receiving the most explicit assurance that the Fourth Internationale would not be held at Grindelwald would the creature consent to resume its proper place in the landscape.

According to the conductor of the Southern Syncopated Orchestra the modern fox-trot has been evolved from a primitive negro dance called "The Blues." The theory that the Blues are the logical outcome of a primitive negro dance called the fox-trot is thus exploded.

A gentleman advertises for an island for men who are fed up with taxation. We can only say that Great Britain is just the very place.

"In some ways the American woman, it must be confessed, can give we English points on good dressing."—*Evening Paper*.

She might now extend her beneficence and include some points on syntax.

"The clergy had to work far more than forty-eight hours per day, but their pay was quite inadequate."—*Local Paper*.

We don't see how it would be possible to give adequate remuneration for such a feat.



The Laird. "Now, who on earth might those people be, DONALD, DRESSED LIKE TOURISTS?"

MARCONI has failed to obtain any wireless message from Mars. Much anxiety is being felt by those persons having friends or mining shares there.

The youngest son of Sir ERIC GEDDES is learning to play golf. It is hoped by this plan to keep his mind off thoughts of a political career.

A reader living in Aberdeen informs us that the last batch of Scotch refugees arrived from England last Thursday in an exhausted condition.

"Cats are very poor swimmers," states a writer in a weekly journal. This no doubt accounts for the exceptionally high infantile mortality among these domestic pets.

Last week a wedding at Ibstock, Leicestershire, had to be postponed after the ceremony had already begun,

IN DEFENCE OF DOROTHY.

I WAS greatly pained to read, the other day, in one of our leading dailies a most violent and uncalled-for attack on a popular favourite. Perhaps I should say one who *was* popular, for, alas, favourites have their day, and no doubt this attack was but to demolish the reputation of the setting star and enhance that of a rising one. Still it was unnecessarily churlish; it criticised not only the colour of her complexion, the exuberance of her presence, but her very name was held up to ridicule, the fault surely of her god-parents.

There has been, not unnaturally, quite a sensation in her circle over this attack; Papa Gontier and Maman Cochet clasped each other's hands in sympathy and said, "What will people say next of us, a respectable and time-honoured old couple, if they flout pretty popular little Dorothy Perkins?" "Of course, if people who live in a brand-new red-brick villa choose to invite Dorothy into their garden, one can't expect her to look her best; but, after all, there's only that languishing Stella Gray who can stand such a trial as that, and perhaps the stout Frau Druschki." "She, poor thing, is quite out of favour just now—hardly mentioned in polite society. Quite under a cloud; in fact a greeting from Teplitz is the only one she gets." "Now William Allen Richardson (there's a ridiculous long name, if you like!) was saying only yesterday how grateful we should all feel to dear Dorothy, who never seems to mind the weather and cheers us up when all else fails." "I must say I don't feel quite sure of William's sincerity, he is so very changeable, you know, and does not *really* care to be seen in Dorothy's company."

Pretty little Mme. Laurette Messimé was quite hanging her head about it all. "I live in harmony with *all* my neighbours," she simpered. "Ah, yes," flaunted Lady Gay, in that unblushing manner of hers, "that's very easy to do for colourless people." At this Caroline Testout turned quite pale and stammered, "Well, Dorothy *does* scream so." "Hush, hush, my children," said the deep voice of the venerable Marshal Niel. Though yellow with extreme old age the old gentleman bore himself proudly and his dress was glossy and clean. "We all have our place in the world. Let carping critics say what they please, whether it is Dorothy in her gay gown or Liberty in her revolutionary wear, our showy American cousins, our well-beloved Scotch relations, or our Persian guests—they are *all* welcome, *all* beautiful." "Hear, hear!" murmured the other roses.

MORE MARGO BIOGRAPHY.

PROPOSALS — CARLYLE — BISMARCK —
DISRAELI — A NEW BROWNING POEM
— NAPOLEON ON LIVING BRITISH
STATESMEN.

[Readers of the vivacious but too reticent serial now appearing in *The Sunday Times* may have noticed that the narrative is now and then interrupted by a row of what Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, during one of his conversations with Mrs. ASQUITH and JOWETT, called (to the immense delight of the MASTER OF BALMOL) "those damned dots." Mr. Punch has, at fabulous expense, acquired the right to publish certain of the omitted passages, a selection of which is appended.]

Many Admirers.

No sooner was I in my earliest teens and had made up my mind as to the best cigarettes, than proposals began to be a matter of daily occurrence, so that whenever I saw the fifth footman or the third butler stealthily approaching me I knew that he was concealing a *billet doux*. Sometimes they were very flattering. Here is one, written in the big boyish hand of a Prince of the Blood:—

My beautiful, there is no one like you. They want me to marry the daughter of a royal house, but if you will say "Yes" I will defy them. We will be married by the Archbishop, who marries and buries so beautifully; but I shall never need burying, because those who marry you never die.

Poor boy, I had to send him a negative by the fifteenth groom in the third phaeton, drawn by a pair of dashing chestnuts which another of my unsuccessful adorers had given me. I noticed that when they got back to Grosvenor Square the chestnuts had turned to greys.

The Sage of Chelsea.

THOMAS CARLYLE loved to have me trotting in and out of his house in Cheyne Row, and we had endless talks on the desirability of silence. "Yon wee Meg," he used to say, for he refused to call me "Margot," declaring it was a Frenchified name—"yon wee Meg is the cleverest girl in Scotland—and the wittiest."

I remember once that RUSKIN was there too, and we had a little breeze.

RUSKIN (*patronisingly*). What do you think of the paintings of TURNER?

MARGOT. He bores me.

RUSKIN (*drawing in a long breath*). Bores you?

MARGOT (*with a slow smile*). He probably bores you too, only you daren't admit it.

What would have happened I cannot imagine had not dear old CARLYLE offered me a draw of his pipe, while remarking laughingly, "She's a wonder, is Meg; she'll lead the world yet."

One day he asked me what I thought of his writing.

MARGOT. Too jerky and overcharged. CARLYLE (*wincing*). I must try to improve. What is your theory of authorship?

MARGOT. I think one should assume that everything that happens to oneself must be interesting to others.

CARLYLE (*as though staggered by a new idea*). Why?

MARGOT (*simply*). Because oneself is so precious, so unique.

I asked him once what he really thought of Mrs. CARLYLE, but he changed the subject.

Bismarck.

It was in Berlin, when I was seventeen, that I met BISMARCK. It was at the Opera, where, being a young English girl, I was in the habit of going alone. The great Chancellor, who was all unconscious that I had penetrated his identity, watched me for a long while between the Acts and then overtook me on my way home and in French asked me to supper.

MARGOT (*also in French*). But I am not hungry.

BISMARCK. In Germany you should do as the Germans do and eat always; (*with emphasis*) I do.

MARGOT (*scathingly*). I wonder if you are aware that I am English?

BISMARCK (*muttering something I could not catch about England lying crushed at his feet*). But you are beautiful too! Some day you will be a countrywoman of mine.

MARGOT. How?

BISMARCK. Because we shall make war on England and conquer it, and it will then be our own and all of you will be our people and our slaves. At least we should conquer it if—

MARGOT. If what?

BISMARCK. If it were not for a young man who will then be Prime Minister. It is of him we are afraid.

MARGOT. What is his name?

BISMARCK. ASQUITH.

Could prescience further go? BISMARCK then left me with another ungainly effort at French: "*Au revoir, Mademoiselle.*" But we never met again.

Disraeli's Last Days.

I was with DISRAELI (who was one of the few men who did not propose to me) not long before the end, and he gave me many confidences; although he knew all about my friendship with GLADSTONE. But then I have always chosen my friends impartially from all the camps. My exact memory enables me to repeat my last conversation with DIZZY word for word:—

MARGOT. You look tired. Shall I dance for you?

(Continued on page 104.)



THE REAL MUSIC.

JOHN BULL. "I WISH THEY'D LET ME HEAR THE LADY."



The Wife (bitterly). "YES, IT MAKES A NICE OUTIN' FOR ME, DON'T IT—SETTIN' IN THE RAIN ALL DAY GUARDIN' A TIN O' WORMS?"

DIZZY. No, no.

MARGOT (*brightly*). Let us be sensible and talk frankly about your approaching death. Have you any views as to your biography?

DIZZY. Need there be one?

MARGOT. Of course.

DIZZY (*earnestly*). Would you write it? You would be so discreet.

I had to refuse, but I am sure I could have made a more amusing job of it than Mr. BUCKLE has done, in spite of the love-letters. What a pity they didn't entrust it to my dear EDMUND GOSSE!

A Browning Poem.

Here is a little poem that BROWNING wrote for me on hearing me say that when we were girls "we did not know the meaning of the word 'fast'":—

We all of us worship our Margot,
She's such a determined escargot.

Talks with the Dead.

The great NAPOLEON had died many years before I was born; and how unjust it is that the lives of really interesting people should not coincide! But with the assistance of my beloved OLIVER LODGE I have had many con-

versations with him. Our first opened in this manner:—

MARGOT. Do you take any interest in current English politics?

NAPOLEON. *Oui* (Yes).

MARGOT. What do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?

NAPOLEON. An opportunist on horse-back.

MARGOT. I love riding too. I met most of my friends in the hunting-field. You should have seen me cantering into the hall of our town mansion. Who do you think our greatest statesman?

NAPOLEON. ASQUITH beyond a doubt.

Both PLATO and JULIUS CÆSAR, whom my beloved OLIVER has also introduced to me, said the same thing.

E. V. L.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

Oh, lordly was KING SOLOMON
A-stepping down so proud,
With his negro slaves and dancing girls
And all his royal erowd;
His peacocks and his viziers,
His eunuchs old and grey,
His gallants and his chamberlains
And glistening array.

Oh, blithesome was KING SOLOMON

That burning summer day
When lo! a humble shepherdess
Stood silent in his way;
Then stepped down kingly SOLOMON,
And proud and great stepped he,
And there he kissed the shepherdess—

Kissed one and two and three.

Then proudly turned the peasant-maid—

Pale as a ghost was she—
"For all ye are KING SOLOMON,
What make ye here so free?"
Oh, lordly laughed KING SOLOMON,
"Shalt be my queen," quoth he;
"These kisses pledged KING SOLOMON
And sealed him to thee."

Then on went splendid SOLOMON
And all his glittering band,
And the wondering white peasant-girl

He led her by the hand;
But in that place sprang flower-stems

All green, for kingly pride,
With the small white kisses hanging down
With which he sealed his bride.

SQUATTERS.

Ursula came into the study, carrying something that had once been a photograph, but which the ravages of time had long since reduced to a faded and almost indecipherable problem.

"Dear," she said, "you know this portrait of Clara's boy, the one in the sailor suit, from my writing-table? I was looking at it just now——"

I interrupted her (it really was one of my rushed mornings). "I've been looking at it any time these fifteen years," I observed bitterly, "watching it become every day more and more fly-blown and like nothing on earth. What entitles it to special notice at this moment?"

"Nothing—much," said Ursula; but from the tone of her voice experience taught me that sentiment was only just out of sight. "I was wondering whether to burn it——"

"Good."

"And then I thought that, as he was married the other day and is quite likely to have a boy of his own, it would be interesting to compare this early portrait."

"It would," I assented grimly. Perhaps disappointment had made me brutal. "There's almost nothing, from the Alps at midnight to Royalty down a coalmine, with which it would not be equally safe and appropriate to compare it. Only, as I gather that this involves its continued existence for a further indefinite period, my one request is that in the meantime you remove it. Shut it in the safe. Bury it. But don't leave it about."

"Aren't you being rather excited about nothing?"

"No. This is a matter of principle, and I am speaking for your own good. Fifteen years ago that photograph, unframed and in the first flush of youth, was casually deposited on your writing-table. Perhaps you only meant to put it out of your hand for a moment while you attended to something else. But you know what the result has been. It has remained there, gradually establishing a prescriptive right. No doubt it has been dusted, with the rest of the room, seven times a week . . ."

"Six times," said Ursula, smiling, but blushing a little too—I was glad to observe that.

" . . . and as often been replaced. Its charm for the observant visitor has, to put the thing mildly, long since vanished. I doubt if either of us would so much as see it had it not attained for me the fascination of an eye-sore. Yet it stays on, simply because no one has the initiative to take action. To put it concisely, it is a squatter."



Peter Fraser.
Navy. "WHY DON'T YER WEAR THEM BOARDS THE RIGHT WAY ROUND?"
Sandwichman. "WOT! IN ME DINNER-HOUR? NOT ME!"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I was never more serious in my life. This speckled travesty, this photographic mummy, is but one example out of many. I do not know whether other homes resemble ours in the same tendency towards the mausoleum. But I strongly suspect it."

"What things are there besides this?" broke out Ursula, suddenly defensive. "Tell me a list of them."

"You forget, sweetheart, that as a professional literary man my time, especially in the morning, has a certain commercial value, but I will endeavour to do as you ask. You would of course justly repudiate any comparison between your own artistic setting and those Victorian houses wherein the 'drawing-room book' reposed always in the same sacred corner. Yet in the matter of derelict articles we are millionaires, we are beset by squatters."

I could see that Ursula was impressed, though she tried to conceal the fact. "Professional literary men seem to be strangely under the dominion of one word," she began coldly.

At that moment a bell tinkled.

"Eliza!" cried Ursula; "and I'm not dressed." As she fluttered from the room I had a distinct impression that she was not sorry for an excuse to break off the interview.

I re-settled myself at my desk, smiling a little cynically. How long would the lesson last? Then I happened to glance towards the mantelpiece, beside which Ursula had been standing. There, hastily propped against the clock, was that detestable photograph. It still quivered in the movement of release, as though shaking its shoulders, settling down palpably for another decade. With an uncontrollable impulse I leapt up, seized the abomination and, flinging it on the floor, ground it to powder with my heel.

In one word, the anti-squatting campaign had definitely begun. A. E.

"Some five or six million years hence, therefore, it is prophesied, the earth will fall into the grip of an ice age. There will descend on all living things the blight of eternal cod."

Scotch Paper.

Although the danger is not immediate it deserves the serious consideration of the FOOD CONTROLLER.

SQUISH.

(Being some notes on a bye-path in politics.)

THE Board of Agriculture has been biding its time. In the fierce light of publicity which has been beating of late upon Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Sir ERIC GEDDES the attempt of this rustic Ministry to assert itself has passed almost unnoticed. Our gaze has been fixed upon the London railway termini, upon Warsaw and upon Belfast; we have been neglecting Campden (Glos.). Yet in that town, I read, "the Ministry of Agriculture has completed arrangements for a commercial course in the State Fruit and Vegetable College to instruct students in the manufacture of preserved fruit products."

I have considered the last part of the sentence quoted above very carefully in the light of the Rules and Regulations governing procedure in State Departments, Magna Carta, the Habeas Corpus Act and the Constitutions of Clarendon, and have come to the conclusion that it means "making jam." I am very sure, as the PRIME MINISTER would say, that things are about to happen in preserved fruit products; things will become very much worse and very much sterner in jam. And if in jam why then also in jelly and in marmalade. Even at this moment in the offices of the Board of Agriculture there are a number of clerks, I suppose, sitting with schedules in front of them, something like this:—

	No. of candidates in training in	No. of candidates awaiting training in	No. of candidates fully trained	No. of candidates trained, but not full	No. of candidates full, but not trained	TOTAL
1. Jam . . .						
2. Jelly . . .						
3. Marmalade .						
TOTAL . . .						

The perfect beauty of schedules framed upon this model is only to be apprehended by those who realise that when they are filled in and added up correctly the figure at the base of the vertical "Total" column on the right is identical with the figure on the right of the horizontal "Total" column at the base. It is the haunting magic of this fact that gives to Government clerks the wistful far-away look which they habitually wear.

It is not a good schedule this, of course—not a complete, not an exhaustive one. After a month or so it will be discovered with a cry of astonishment that no record has been kept of the number of candidates who are being trained in jam or jelly (combined) but not in marmalade, in jelly and marmalade (combined) but not in jam, and in jam and marmalade (combined) but not in jelly. And so a new and a greater schedule will have to be compiled. But even after that for a long time no one will notice that nothing has been said about the number of candidates who are being trained in jam and jelly and marmalade all combined and mashed up together, as they are at a picnic on the sands.

Of the many debatable issues raised by this new Government project, in so far as it affects the spheres of jelly and jam, I do not propose to speak now; I prefer to confine my attention for the moment to the fruit product which touches most nearly the home breakfast-table—namely, marmalade.

There are three schools of thought in marmalade. There are those who like the dark and very runny kind with large segments or wedges of peel. There are those who prefer a clear and jellified substance with tiny fragments of peel

enshrined in it as the fly is enshrined in amber. And there are some, I suppose, who favour a kind of glutinous yellow composition, neither reactionary nor progressive, but something betwixt and between. There can be very little doubt which kind of marmalade the State Marmalade School will produce.

And then, mark you, one fine day the President of the Board of Agriculture will turn round and issue a *communiqué* to the Press like this:—

"Preferential treatment in the supply of sugar for the purpose of conducting the processes of manufacture of fruit products will henceforward be given to those who possess the Campden diploma for proficiency in the conduct of the above-named processes."

And where is your freedom then? Cooks and housewives will be condemned either to make State marmalade or to make no marmalade at all. Personally I am inclined to think that the President of the Board of Agriculture will go further than this. I think that encouragement will be given to those who take the State Marmalade course to follow it up with a subsidiary or finishing course of wasp treatment.

And in wasp treatment also there are three schools. There is what is called the CHURCHILL school, which hits out right and left with an infuriated spoon. Then there is the MONTAGU school, which takes no provocative action, but sits still and says, "They won't sting you if you don't irritate them;" it says this especially when they are flying round somebody else's head. And lastly there is the Medium school, which, choosing the moment when the wasp is busily engaged, presses it down gently and firmly into the marmalade, so that the last spoonfuls of the dish are not so much a fruit product as a kind of entomological preserve. The last way, I think, will be the State way of dealing with wasps, and a reward will probably be offered for the stings of all wasps embalmed on Coalition lines.

The electorate has stuck to the Government through the Peace Treaty, through Mesopotamia, through Ireland and through coal. Can it stick to them, is what I ask, through marmalade?

EVOE.

MENS CONSCIA MALI.

THE lightning flashed and flickered, roared the thunder,

Down came the rain, and in the usual way Pavilionward we sped to sit and wonder

Was this the end of play.

In scattered groups my comrades talked together,

Their disappointment faded bit by bit,
So soothing can it be to tell the weather

Just what you think of it.

But I—I sat aloof as one distressed by

A painful tendency to droop and wilt;
Though none suspected it, I was oppressed by
A conscience charged with guilt.

I watched the pitch become a sodden pulp, a
Morass, a sponge, a lake, a running stream,
What time a sad repentant *Mea culpa*

Was all my musing's theme.

Mine was the cricket sin too hard to pardon

In one whose age should carry greater sense;
On Friday night I'd watered all the garden,

Thus, tempting Providence.

"Mr. — asserted that the Russian people would be permitted 'untrammelled to pork out their own salvation.'"—*Canadian Paper*.
And why not the Irish people too?

THE MAN WHO WOULD GET TO THE SEASIDE.



TRAINS FULL.



CHARABANCS FULL.



AEROPLANES FULL.



THE LAST RESOURCE.



SEA, SANDS AND HOTELS FULL.

THE COUNTER-IRRITANT.

Most men have a hobby. Timbrell-Timson's is to bear on his narrow shoulders the burden of Middle Europe. He calls it Mittel-Europa. Lately he has been sharing his burden with me.

"You know," he said, frowning—he always frowns, because of the burden—"I am rather uneasy about the Czecho-Slovaks."

"I'm not too comfortable about them myself," I said truthfully.

"There seems to be a certain lack of stability about their new constitution," said T.-T., "a—a—a—what shall I say?"

"A—er—um—a," I put in.

"Exactly; just so," said T.-T. He then got into his stride and gave me twenty minutes' Czecho-Slovakism when I was dying to discover whether Hobbs had scored his two-millionth run.

As T.-T. talked my mind wandered away into regions of its own—Aunt Jane's rheumatic gout, my broken niblick, the necessity for getting my hair cut. But sub-consciously I reserved a courteous minimum of attention for T.-T., and said, "H'm" and "Ha" with decent frequency. He went on and on, shedding several ounces of the burden. I decided that Aunt Jane ought to have a shot at Christian Science.

"... very much the same plight as the Poles," said T.-T., emerging from a cloud of Czecho-Slovakism and pausing to clear his meagre throat.

I felt it was up to me. "Of course," I said, "the Poles don't strike one as being—er—very—that is—"

"Precisely. They are not," said T.-T., as I knew he would. "But I am very relieved to see that M. Grabski—"

This was something new and sounded amusing. "Grabski?" I said. "What's happened to dear old—I mean, I thought M. Paderewski was—"

"I am referring to the recent Spa Conference," said T.-T. severely.

"Of course, how silly of me," I murmured.

T.-T. gave me another twenty minutes of Poland. Then he released me, with a final word of warning against putting too much faith in M. Daschovitch. I promised I wouldn't.

T.-T. shook me cordially by the hand and said, "It has been a pleasure to talk to such a sympathetic listener."

What led me to revolt was T.-T.'s hat-trick. Three evenings in succession he unloaded on me chunks of the burden. Probably he thought the third time made it my own property.

I asked advice from Brown, a man of commonsense.

"During the Great War," said Brown,

"I went down with pneumonia. They painted my chest yellow, and, when I asked the Sister why, she said it was a counter-irritant. That's what you want to use now, my lad. Stand up to your little friend and beat him at his own game."

"But how?" I said. "I can't. What he doesn't know about the gentle Czech isn't worth a cussovitch."

"Cultivate a counter-burden," said Brown, "and make him eat it as he has made you eat his."

When I left Brown it was decided that I was henceforth to be an authority on Mittel-Afrika. The next evening I was purposely unoccupied in a corner of the smoking-room when T.-T. came in, frowning and bowed down by his burden, to which apparently I had brought no relief.

"Well, to-day's news from Mittel-Europa is hardly—" he began.

"Scarcely glanced at it," I said. "I was so busy with the news from Mittel-Afrika—Abyssinia, in fact."

T.-T. looked surprised, partly, no doubt, because he knew as well as I did that Abyssinia is nowhere near the middle of Africa. Then he gained balance and reopened with the remark that "The ineradicable weakness of the Czecho-Slovak is—"

"Just what I feel about the Ethiopians," I said.

"Of course there is in the Czecho a fundamental—" began T.-T. once more.

"Not half so fundamental as in the Abyssinians," I said promptly.

T.-T. was puzzled but obstinate. The burden, I think, was rather bad that evening. He tried me with Grabski and got as far as saying that he had little respect for that gentleman's antecedents.

I broke in by comparing Grabski's antecedents with the antecedents of B'lumbu, the Abyssinian Deputy Under-Secretary of the Admiralty, much to the detriment of the latter. Then I launched out into a long and startling *exposé* of what I called the Swarthy Peril. I told T.-T. that the Ethiopians ate their young, and warned him that, unless he was careful, they would soon be over here devouring his own spectacled progeny. I told him about the Ethiopic secret plans for the invasion of Mexico as a stepping-stone to the subjugation of Mittel-Amerika. I hinted that Abyssinian spies were everywhere—that even one of the club waiters was not above suspicion.

For thirty-five minutes I held T.-T. in his chair (may the Abyssinian gods forgive me!). After the first three minutes he forgot his burden and never a word spake he.

Then I released him with a final warning against putting any faith at all in Gran'slam, the Abyssinian Assistant Foreign Secretary, and as we parted I said gratefully, "It has been a pleasure to talk to such a sympathetic listener."

I don't think T.-T. really believes even now in the Swarthy Peril, but the counter-irritant has done its work.

ANOTHER GARDEN OF ALLAH.

[The Metropolitan Water Board announces an advance in the Water Rate.]

I CANNOT fill the bounteous cup

Munificently as of yore

Because the water's going up

(It didn't at Lodore);

No longer now can I regale

The canine stranger with a pail

Drawn from my cistern's store.

Let Samuel the sunflower die,

Let Gerald the geranium fade,

And all the other plants that I

Have hitherto displayed;

The virgin grass within my plot

May call for water—I will not

Preserve a single blade.

Henceforth let Claude the cactus dress

My garden beds, who bravely grows

Without a frequent S.O.S.

To water-can and hose.

I've cast these weapons to the void

And permanently unemployed

Is Hildebrand the hose.

Within the house by words and deeds

I've run an Anti-Waste Campaign;

On every tap the legend reads:

"Teetotalers, abstain!"

While on each bath and tub of mine

I've drawn freehand a PLIMSOLL line,

Impressionist but plain.

When upward mount my chops and cheese

I fain must bend beneath the blow;

I have to pay the price for these

Whether I will or no.

But here at least, by dint of thought,

I feel that I can bring to naught

The rise in H₂O.

You'll find that I shall keep in check

The gross expense of water when

Domestic *nettoyage à sec*

Rules my ancestral den.

I, unlike Nature, don't abhor

A "vacuum"—to clean the floor:

In fact I've ordered ten.

"At Bremen . . . the crowd seized the stalls in the market, and sold the goods at prices between 100 and 200 per cent. lower than the prices demanded."—*Provincial Paper*.

The correspondent who sends us the above cutting demands similar reductions in English markets in order that he may live within his income of *minus* two pounds a week.



INCORRIGIBLES.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR—I'M DOWN HERE FOR A REST CURE, AND NOT ALLOWED TO LOOK AT A NEWSPAPER. PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLING ME WHAT KAFFIRS STOOD AT YESTERDAY?"

"SORRY I CAN'T OBLIGE YOU. I'VE SWORN OFF NEWSPAPERS MYSELF. THIS IS *THE SHRIMPTON COURIER* FOR FEBRUARY 12 THAT MY LANDLADY WRAPPED MY SANDWICHES IN."

THE BEGINNER.

Six months ago Maurice Gillstone's flat was the home of unrest. Maurice was one of those authors who tire of their creations before completion. He would get an idea, begin to write and then turn to some other theme.

It made the domestic atmosphere difficult. You would go to call on the Gillstones and find them plunged in despair. Maurice would gaze at you with a wild unseeing eye, pass his hand through his dishevelled hair, mutter "The inspiration has left me," and fling himself into a chair and groan. Mrs. Maurice would burst into tears.

The flat was strewn with fragments of manuscripts. Plays, novels, poems (none finished) littered the rooms in profusion; a brilliant but isolated Scene I., stray opening chapters of novels, detached prologues of mighty epics.

"His beginnings are wonderful," Mrs. Maurice would wail between her sobs; "keen critics and men of the most delicate literary taste rave over

them; but if he can't finish them, what's the use?"

It was very sad.

Then John Edmund Drall, the inventor of the non-alcoholic beverage which is now a household word and an old friend of the Gillstones, came along and tried to cure Maurice of his literary defect by the sort of ruse one would employ on a jibbing horse. He sent Maurice a bottle of his Lemonbeer and asked him to write an appreciation of that noxious fluid.

"I have asked Maurice," Drall confided to me, "to scribble a testimonial to Lemonbeer. It will kind of break the spell, and it wouldn't be Maurice if he didn't turn out a perfect gem of literary composition. I know my Lemonbeer is really good and I know that Maurice is extremely appreciative. Maurice is under a spell. It must be broken. If he can write a complete testimonial he will easily finish all those beginnings of his." The idea seemed sound.

Well, Maurice drank the Lemonbeer and, in spite of an increasing tendency to swoon, did begin to write a gem of a

testimonial. He had, however, written but the first four words of it when he fainted. These words were "Lemonbeer is the best . . ."

Maurice would do anything for a friend, and, as I say, had actually written "Lemonbeer is the best . . ." after drinking a whole bottle of it.

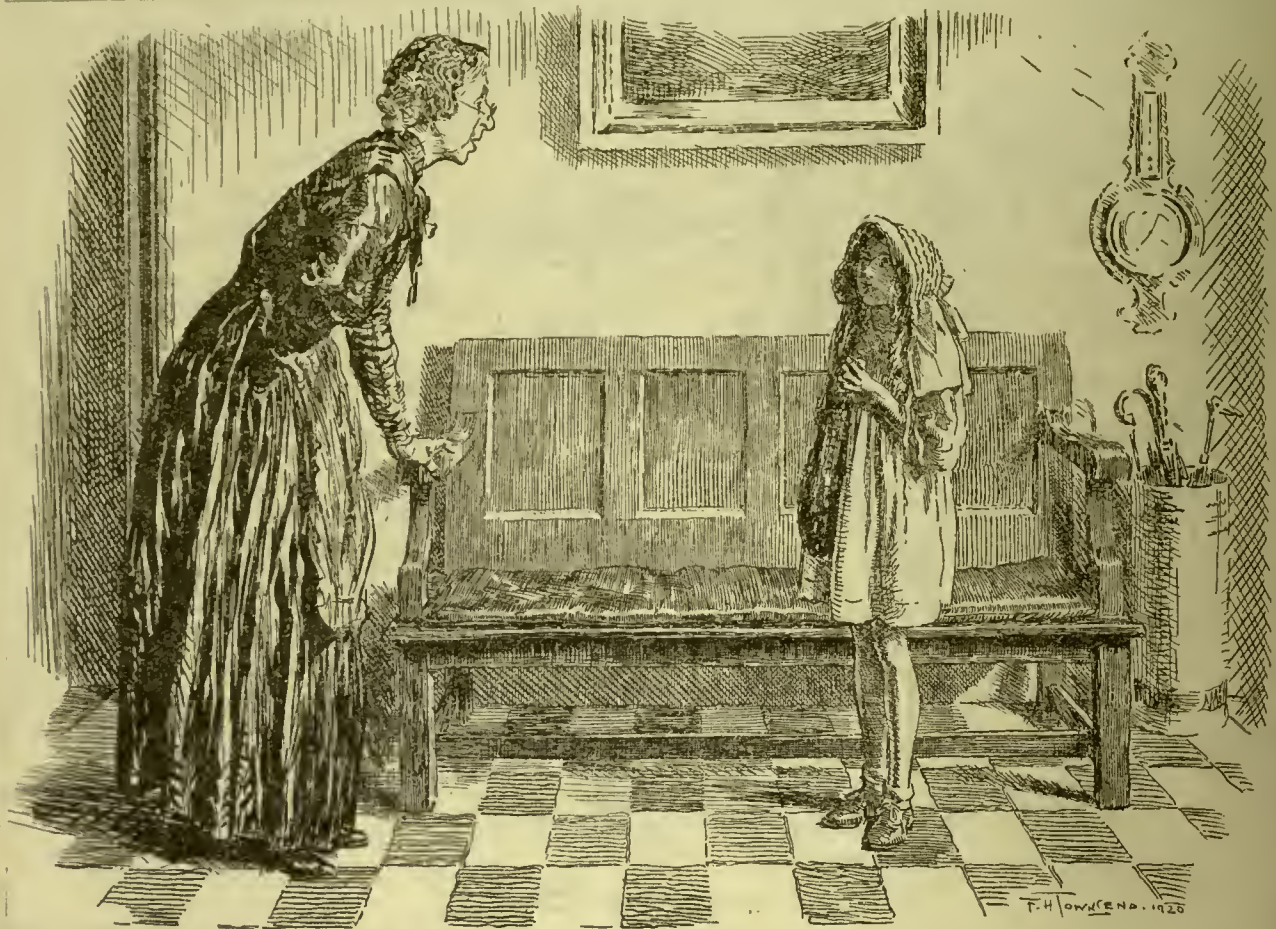
It was Drall's advertisement manager who said that in point of selling power this testimonial was unsurpassed. "The finished completeness of the composition," he said, "shows sheer genius. Just four words. A word added or subtracted would ruin it."

When Maurice came to and learnt how brilliant he had been he simply put on his hat and walked round to a Film Agency to say that he was prepared to write—and complete—any number of masterpieces. Since that day he has never looked back.

Commercial Candour.

"ANTIQUE SILVER.

Mr. — invites all interested to inspect his fine stock which he can offer just now at exceptionally low prices."—*Daily Paper.*



Peggy. "PLEASE, MISS JUDKIN, MUMMY SAYS WILL YOU KINDLY LET HER HAVE A LITTLE BRANDY FOR OUR GOAT? IT'S VERY ILL AND MUMMY IS AFRAID IT'S DYING."

Miss Judkin. "TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M VERY SORRY, BUT THE ONLY BRANDY I'VE GOT IS VERY OLD."

Peggy. "OH, THAT WILL DO SPLENDIDLY. IT'S A VERY OLD GOAT."

THE FAIR.

Look up, my child, the sirens whoop
 Shrill invitations to the Fair,
 The yellow swing-boats soar and swoop,
 The Gavioli-organs blare;
 Bull-throated show-men, bracken-
 brown,
 Compete to shout each other down.

Behold the booths of gingerbread,
 Of nougat and of peppermints,
 The stall of toys where overhead
 Balloons of gay translucent tints
 Float on the breeze and drift and sway;
 Fruit of a fairy vine are they.

Within this green fantastic grot
 Bright-coloured balls are danced and
 spun
 On jets ("Ere, lovey, 'ave a shot");
 A gipsy lady tends a gun,
 A very rose of gipsy girls,
 With earrings glinting in her curls.

Will marvels cease? This humble booth
 Enshrines a dame of royal birth,
 Princess Badrubidure, forsooth,
 The fattest princess on the earth;

Come; we will stand where kings have
 stood,
 And you shall pinch her if you're
 good.

The brasses gleam, the mirrors flash,
 How splendid is the Round-About!
 The organ brays, the eymbals clash,
 The spotted horses bound about
 Their whirling platform, full of beans,
 And country girls ride by like queens.

Professor Battling Bendigo
 (Ex-ten-stone champion of the
 West)

Parades the stage before his show
 And swells his biceps and his chest;
 "Is England's manhood dead and
 gone?"
 He asks; "Won't no one take me
 on?"

A big drum booms, revolvers crack;
 Who is this hero that appears,
 A velvet tunie on his back,
 His whiskers curling round his
 ears?

'Tis he who drew the jungle's sting,
 Diabolo, the Lion King.

Within are birds beyond belief
 And creatures colourful and quaint:
 Lean dingoes weighed with secret grief
 And monkey humourists who ain't;
 Bears, camels, pards—Look up, my
 dear,

The wonders of the world are here!
 PATLANDER.

"CELLS BELOW ZERO FOR T.B. PATIENTS."

Ink in Nurses' Pens Froze when Taking Men's
 Temperature."—*Canadian Paper*.

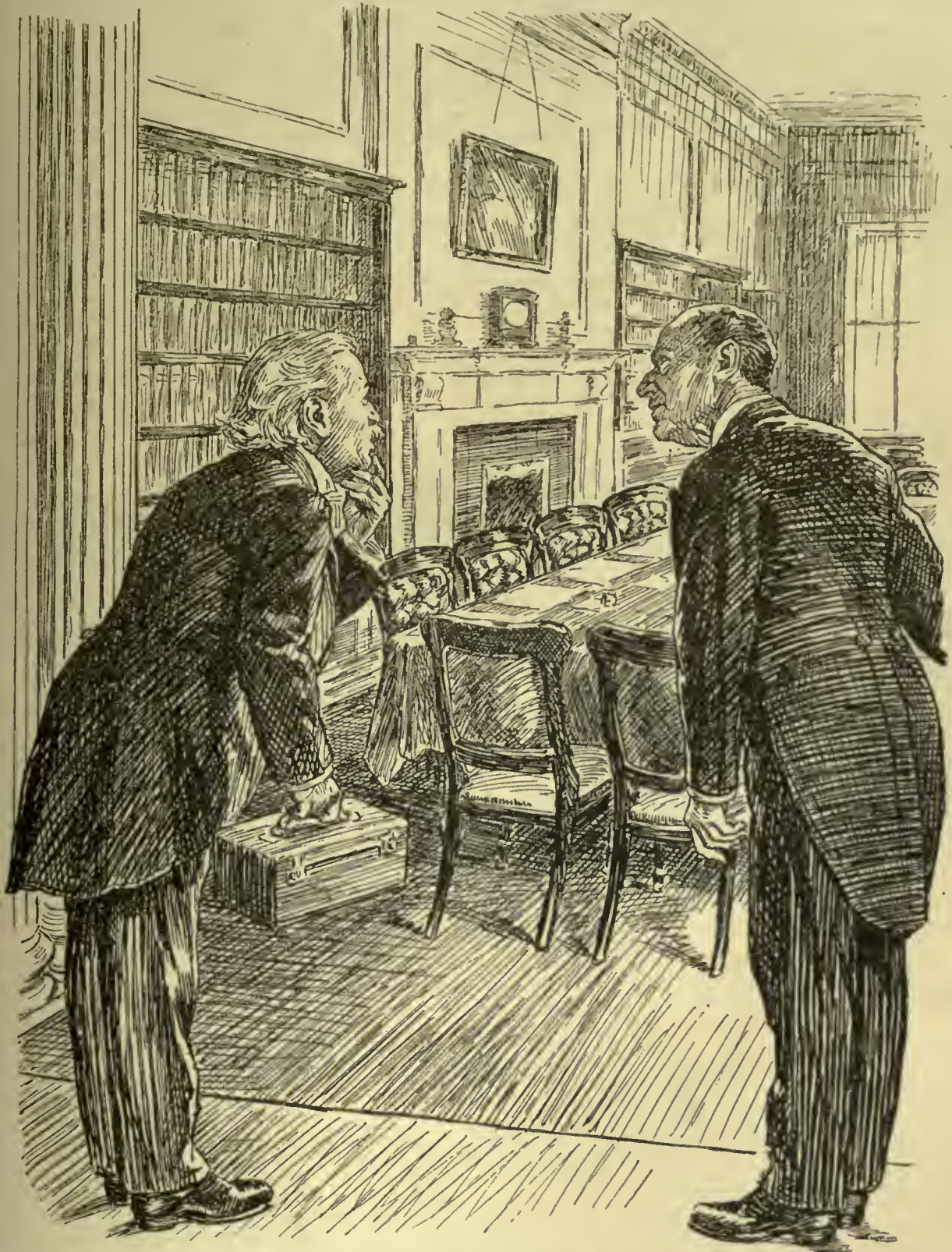
Personally, we prefer having ours taken
 with a thermometer.

"OFFENCES UNDER THE LIGHTING ORDERS.
 —At Thursday's petty session Emile — was
 paid £1 for having no near side light on his
 motor car."—*Local Paper*.

But ought foreign offenders to be
 favoured in this way?

"Richmond camp is a scene of bustling
 activity from sunrise to reveille, or 'Taps' as
 the Americans term it."—*Evening Paper*.

And after that the boy scouts would
 appear to have had a nice long day to
 themselves.



IF WINSTON SET THE FASHION —

PREMIER (*entering Cabinet Council Room*). "WHAT—NOBODY HERE?"

BUTLER. "YOU FORGET, SIR. THIS IS PRESS DAY. THE GENTLEMEN ARE ALL FINISHING THEIR NEWSPAPER ARTICLES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 2nd.—The rain that drenched the Bank-holiday-makers had its counterpart inside the House of Commons in the shower of Questions arising out of Mr. CHURCHILL's article on the Polish crisis in an evening newspaper. Members of various parties sought to know whether, when the WAR SECRETARY said that peace with Soviet Russia was only another form of war and apparently invited the co-operation of the German militarists

sion, even in a newspaper hostile to the Government, so long as they were consistent with the policy of the Government; and that he was not aware of anything in this particular article that "cut across any declaration of policy by His Majesty's Government."

This does not sound very convincing perhaps, but it was sufficient to satisfy Members, whose chief anxiety is to get off as soon as possible to the country, and who voted down by 134 to 32 an attempt to move the adjournment.

The CHIEF SECRETARY formally in-

Tuesday, August 3rd.—That genial optimist Lord PEEL commended the Ministry of Mines Bill as being calculated to restore harmony and goodwill among masters and men. According to Lord GAINFORD the best way to secure this result is to hand back the control of the mines to their owners, between whom and the employes, he declared, cordial relations had existed in the past. Still, the owners would work the Bill for what it was worth, and hoped the miners would do the same. Lord HALDANE said that was



A LONG PARTNERSHIP.

Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN (to Mr. ASQUITH). "ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU TOOK THE GLOVES OFF AND HAD A GO AT 'EM YOURSELF?"

Top Row (reading from left to right).—Mr. G. R. THORNE, Mr. DEVLIN, Sir DONALD MACLEAN, Mr. CLYNES, Gen. SEELY, Col. WEDGWOOD.

Middle Row.—The SPEAKER, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. ASQUITH, Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN.

Bottom Row.—Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, Mr. WHITLEY (Chairman of Committees).

to fight the Bolsheviks, he was expressing the views of the Government; and if not, what had become of the doctrine of collective responsibility?

The PRIME MINISTER manfully tried to shield his colleague from the storm, but the effort took all his strength and ingenuity, and more than once it seemed as if an unusually violent blast would blow his umbrella inside out. His principal points were that the article did not mean what it appeared to say; that if it did it was not so much an expression of policy as of a "hankering"—("HANKERING. An uneasy craving to possess or enjoy something"—*Dictionary*); that he could not control his colleagues' desires or their expres-

tioned a Bill "to make provision for the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland." Earlier in the sitting the PRIME MINISTER had declined Mr. DE VALERA's alleged offer to accept a republic on the Cuban pattern, and had reiterated his intention to pass the Home Rule Bill after the Recess.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is a declared opponent of both these measures, but that did not prevent him from contrasting the lightning speed of the House when passing coercion for Ireland with its snail-like pace when approaching conciliation. In fifty years it had not given justice to Ireland; it was to be asked to give injustice to Ireland in fewer hours.

just what the miners had announced their intention of not doing unless they were given a great deal more power than the Bill proposed. But this lack of enthusiasm in no way damped Lord PEEL's ardour. Indeed he observed that he had "never introduced a Bill that was received with any sort of enthusiasm." Mollified by this engaging candour the Peers gave the Bill a Second Reading.

I am glad to record another example of Government economy. To Mr. GILBERT, who desired that more sandpits should be provided in the London parks for the delectation of town-tied children, Sir ALFRED MOND reluctantly but sternly replied that "in view of the

considerable expenditure involved" he did not feel justified in adding to the existing number of three.

Dumps suggest dolefulness, but the debate on the action of the Disposals Board in disposing of the accumulations at Slough, St. Omer and elsewhere was decidedly lively. Mr. HORE led off by attacking the recent report of the Committee on National Expenditure, and declared that its Chairman, though a paragon of truth, was not necessarily a mirror of accuracy. The Chairman himself (Sir F. BANNURY), seated for the nonce upon the Opposition Bench, replied with appropriate vigour in a speech which caused Sir GORDON HEWART to remark that the passion for censoriousness was not a real virtue, but which greatly pleased the Labour Party, in acknowledging whose compliments Sir FREDERICK severely strained the brim of his tall hat.

After these star-turns the "walking gentlemen" had their chance. Sixteen times were they called upon to parade the Division Lobbies by an Opposition which on one occasion registered no fewer than fifty-three votes.

Wednesday, August 4th.—One of the few Irish institutions which all Irishmen unite in praising is the mail service between Kingstown and Holyhead. Even the Sinn Feiners would think twice before cutting this link between England and Ireland. Yet, according to Lord ORANMORE AND BROWNE, the British Post Office has actually given notice to terminate the contract. He was assured, however, by Lord CRAWFORD that tenders for a new contract would shortly be invited and that, whoever secured it, the efficiency of the service would be maintained.

It was nearly eight o'clock before the Ministry of Mines came on. Lord SALISBURY thought it would be improper to consider so important a measure after dinner; Lord CRAWFORD thought it would be still more improper to suggest that the Peers would not be in a condition to transact business after that meal. He carried his point, but at the expense of the Bill, for Lord SALISBURY, returning like a giant refreshed, induced their Lordships to transform the Minister of Mines into a mere Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade, thus defeating, according to

Lord PEEL, the principal purpose of the measure.

It was another day of rather small beer in the Commons. There were, however, one or two *dicta* of note. Thus Sir BERTRAM FALK, who was concerned because Naval officers received no special marriage allowance, was specifically assured by Sir JAMES CRAIG that the Admiralty will not prevent men from marrying. I understood, however, that it will not recognise a wife in every port.

Thursday, August 5th.—With lofty

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD made as good a defence of the Bill as was possible in the circumstances. But neither he nor anybody else could say how courts-martial, which are "to act on the ordinary rules of evidence," will be successful in bringing criminals to justice if witnesses refuse to come forward.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR re-delivered the anti-coercion speech which he has been making off and on for the last forty years. Mr. DEVLIN was a little more up-to-date, for he introduced a reference to the Belfast riots and drew from the

CHIEF SECRETARY an assurance that the Bill would be as applicable to Ulster as to the rest of Ireland.

Mr. ASQUITH denounced the Bill with unusual animation, and was sure that it would do more harm than good. Cromwellian treatment needed a CROMWELL, but he did not see one on the Treasury Bench. "CROMWELL yourself!" retorted the PRIME MINISTER. The only unofficial supporter of the Bill, and even he "no great admirer," was Lord HUGH CECIL; but nevertheless the Second Reading was carried by 289 to 71.

The House afterwards gave a Second Reading to the Census (Ireland) Bill, on the principle, as Captain ELLIOTT caustically observed, that if you can't do anything with the people of Ireland you might at least find out how many of them there are.

Friday, August 6th.—The remaining stages of the Coercion Bill were passed under the "guillotine." Mr. DEVLIN declared that this was not "cricket," and refused to play any longer; but it is only fair to say that he had not then seen our artist's picture.



"AN' WHEN I TOLD 'IM IN THE OFFICE THAT ME MONEY WASN'T RIGHT, HE SAYS, 'ERE'S A READY RECKONER—WORK IT OUT YERSELF; AN' BELIEVE ME OR BELIEVE ME NOT, BUT WHEN I LOOKED AT THE BLESSED BOOK I FOUND IT WAS LAST YEAR'S."

disregard of a hundred-and-twenty years of history the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND informed the Peers that the present state of Ireland was due to Bolshevism. Having diagnosed the disease so clearly he ought to have been ready with a remedy, but could suggest nothing more practical than the holding of mass meetings to organise British public opinion.

Meanwhile the Commons were engaged in rushing through with the aid of the "guillotine" a Bill for the restoration of order in the distressful country. Mr. BONAR LAW, usually so accurate, fell into an ancient trap, and declared that the Sinn Fein leaders had "raised a *Frankenstein* that they cannot control."

"At this stage the Chairman withdrew complaining of a head-ache without nominating a successor, darkness set in and there were no lights. Along with the Chairman some forty people also left in a body. What happened afterwards is not clear."

Indian Paper.

We don't wonder the reporter was baffled.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Re the authorship of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, may I quote from *Twelfth Night*, Act 1., Scene V.? Thank you.

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

This is unquestionably bacon.



The Vicar (in a gallant attempt to cover his opponent's eloquence) sings, "WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS AND SCATTER—"

ROAD CONDITIONS FOR CHARABANCs.

THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Charabane Defence Association:—

The Lushborough road is good and free from obstruction as far as Great Boundingley, but from Chatback to Wrothley the conditions are unfavourable. The bridge one mile south of the former place has been occupied by a strong force of unfriendly natives, and several cases of tarring have been reported. There is, however, an alternative route *via* Boozeley, but great caution is advised in passing through Wrothley, passengers being recommended to provide themselves with a good supply of loose metal before entering the village, where most of the houses are protected with iron shutters. Helmets should not be removed before reaching Cadbridge, where there is no danger of retaliation.

Bottles may be discharged freely all along the Muckley road as far as Rud-diham, but caution is needed at Bashfield Corner, from which a small band of snipers has not yet been dislodged, though their ammunition is running short. Passengers should be prepared to use all the resources of their vocabulary at Bargingham, where the inhabi-

tants enjoy a well-deserved repute for their command of picturesque invective. It would be humiliating to the whole charabane confraternity if they were to yield their pre-eminence in this branch of education to a small rural community.

Thanks to the vigilance of the well-armed patrols of the Charabane Defence Association the main roads in East Anglia are almost clear of the enemy. Caution must still be observed in passing through Garningham at night. One of the hardest "charabankers" was recently prostrated in that village by a well-aimed epithet from the oldest inhabitant. A writer in a Norwich paper recently described the area within ten miles of Whelksham as "a paradise for baboon-faced Yahoo-ligans." But these futile ebullitions of malice are powerless to check the triumphal progress of the charabane in the Eastern Counties.

But no route at present offers more favourable or exhilarating opportunities to the high-minded excursionist than the main Gath road from Scrapston to Kinlarry. Excellent sport is afforded just outside Stillminster, where Sir John Goodfellow's greenhouses are within easy bottle-throw of the road and furnish a splendid target. On the whole, however, it is thought advisable to

abstain from saluting the neighbouring hospital for shell-shock patients with a salvo of megaphones, local opinion being adverse to such manifestations.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Ealing trains run frequently,
The Ealing trains run fast;
I stand at Gloucester Road and see
A many hurtling past;
They go to Acton, Turnham Green,
And stations I have never seen,
Simply because my lot has been
In other places cast.

The folk on Ealing trains who ride
They, pitying, bestow
On me a look instinct with pride;
But I would have them know
That, while on Wimbledonian plains
My humble domicile remains,
I HAVE NO USE FOR EALING TRAINS,
Though still they come and go.

Conversation of the moment in a City restaurant:—

REGULAR CUSTOMER (looking down menu). "Waiter, why is cottage pie never on now?"

WAITER. "Well, Sir, since this 'ere shortage of 'ouses we ain't allowed to make 'em any more."

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(Written after reading Mr. FRANCIS W. GALPIN'S "Old English Instruments of Music.")

I AM no skilful vocalist;

I can't control my *mezza gola*;

I have but an indifferent fist

(Or foot) upon the Pianola.

But there are instruments, I own,

That fire me with a fond ambition

To master for their names alone

Apart from their august tradition.

They are the Fipple-Flute, a word

Suggestive of seraphic screeches;

The Poliphant comes next, and third

The Humstrum—aren't they perfect peaches?

About their tone I cannot say

Much that would carry clear conviction,

For, till I read of them to-day,

I knew them not in fact or fiction.

As yet I am, alas! without

Instruction in the art of fippling,

Though something may be found about

It in the works of LEAR or KIPLING.

And possibly I may unearth

In LUCKY or in LAURENCE OLIPHANT

Some facts to remedy my dearth

Of knowledge bearing on the Poliphant.

But, now their pictures I have seen

In GALPIN'S learned dissertation,

So far as in me lies I mean

To bring about their restoration.

Yet since I cannot learn all three

And time is ever onward humming,

My few remaining years shall be

Devoted wholly to humstrumming.

That, when my bones to rest are laid,

Upon my tomb it may be written:

"He was the very last who played

Upon the Humstrum in Great Britain."

THE SPIDER.

LATELY we had occasion to consider the place of the grasshopper in modern politics. Now let us consider the place of the spider in our social life.

It seems to me that the spider is the most accomplished and in some ways the most sensible insect we have in these parts. In my opinion a great deal too much fuss has been made about the bee. She is a knowing little thing, but the spider is her superior in many ways. Yet no one seems to write books or educational rhymes about the spider. It is really a striking example of the well-known hypocrisy and materialism of the British race. The bee is held up to

the young as a model of industry and domestic virtue—and why? Simply because she manufactures food which we happen to like. The spider is held up to the young as the type of rapacity, malice and cruelty, on the sole ground that he catches flies, though we do not pretend that we are fond of flies, and conveniently ignore the fact that, if the spider did not swat that fly, we should probably swat it ourselves.

The real charge against the spider is that he doesn't make any food for us. As for the virtue and nobility of the bee, I don't see it. The only way in which she is able to accumulate all that honey at all is by massacring the unfortunate males by the thousand as soon as she conveniently can, a piece of Prussianism which may be justified on purely material grounds, but is scarcely consistent with her high reputation for morality and lovingkindness. If it could be shown that the bee consciously collected all that honey with the idea that we should annex it there might be something to be said for her on moral grounds; but nobody pretends that. Now look at the spider. We are told that as a commercial product spider-silk has been found to be equal if not superior to the best silk spun by the Lepidopterous larvæ, with whom, of course, you are familiar. "But the cannibalistic propensities of spiders, making it impossible to keep more than one in a single receptacle . . . have hitherto prevented the silk being used . . . for textile fabrics." So that it comes to this: if spiders are useless because they eat each other, the bees do much the same thing (only wholesale), but it makes them commercially useful. The bee therefore we place upon a pinnacle of respectability, but the spider we despise. Faugh! the hypocrisy of it makes me sick. My children will be taught to venerate the spider and despise the bee.

For, putting aside the question of moral values, look what the spider can do. What is there in the clammy, not to say messy, honey-comb to be compared with the delicate fabric of the spider's web? Indeed, should we ever have given a single thought to the honey-comb if it had had no honey in it? Do we become lyrical about the wasp's comb? We do not. It is a case where greed and materialism have warped our artistic perceptions. The spider can lower itself from the drawing-room ceiling to the floor by a silken thread produced out of itself. Still more marvellous, he can climb up the same thread to the ceiling when he is bored, winding up the thread inside him as he goes, and so making pursuit impossible. What can the bee do to equal that? And how is it done? We

don't even know. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* doesn't know; or if it does it doesn't let on. But the whole tedious routine of the bee's domestic pottering day is an open book to us. Ask yourself, which would you rather do, be able to collect honey and put it in a suitable receptacle, or be able to let yourself down from the top floor to the basement by a silken rope produced out of your tummy, and then climb up it again when you want to go upstairs, just winding up the rope inside you? I think you will agree that the spider has it. It is hard enough, goodness knows, to wind up an ordinary ball of string so that it will go into the string-box properly. What one would do if one had to put it in one's bread-box I can't think. When my children grow up, instead of learning

"How doth the little busy bee . . ."

they will learn—

How doth the jolly little spider
Wind up such miles of silk inside her,
When it is clear that spiders' tummies
Are not so big as mine or Mummy's?
The explanation seems to be,
They do not eat so much as me.

That will point the moral of moderation in eating, you see. There will be a lot more verses, I expect; I can see *cram* and *diaphragm* and possibly *jam* coming very soon. But we must get on.

The spider is like the bee in this respect, that the male seems to have a most rotten time. For one thing he is nearly always about two sizes smaller than the female. Owing to that and to what *The Encyclopædia Britannica* humorously describes as "the greater voracity" of the female (there is a lot of quiet fun in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*), he is a very brave spider who makes a proposal of marriage. "He makes his advances to his mate at the risk of his life and is not infrequently killed and eaten by her before or after" they are engaged ("before or after" is good). "Fully aware of the danger he pays his addresses with extreme caution, frequently waiting for hours in her vicinity before venturing to come to close quarters. Males of the *Argyropida* hang on the outskirts of the webs of the females and signal their presence to her by jerking the radial threads in a peculiar manner." This is, of course, the origin of the quaint modern custom by which the young man rings the bell before attempting to enter the web of his beloved in Grosvenor Square. Contemporary novelists have even placed on record cases in which the male has "waited for hours in her vicinity before venturing to come to close quarters;" but too much attention must not be paid to these imaginative accounts. If I have said enough to secure that in future a



Mr. Moore. "YOU'LL REALLY HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL, DEAR, NOW YOU SPEAK TO THE COOK OR SHE'LL BE LEAVING US."

Mrs. M. "PERHAPS I WAS RATHER SEVERE."

Mr. M. "SEVERE! WHY, ANYONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING TO ME."

little more kindness and respect will be shown to the spider in the nurseries of this great Empire, and a little less of it wasted on the bee, I have not mispent my time.

But I shall not be content. Can we not go further? Can we not get a little more of the simplicity of spider life into this hectic world of ours? In these latitudes the spider lives only for a single season. "The young emerge from the cocoon in the early spring, grow through the summer and reach maturity in the early autumn. *The sexes then pair and perish* soon after the female has constructed her cocoon." How delicious! No winter; no bother about coal; no worry about the children's education; just one glorious summer of sport, one wild summer of fly-catching and midge-eating, a romantic, not to say dangerous wooing, a quiet wedding in the autumn, dump the family in some nice unfurnished cocoon—and perish. Is there nothing to be said for that? How different from the miserable bee, which just goes on and on, worrying about posterity, working and working, fussing about. . . .

Yet all our lives are modelled on the bee's.

A. P. H.

DOWN-OUR-COURT CIRCULAR.

Why should not some of the other people, who also enjoy life, have their movements recorded too? Like this:—

During Mr. William Sikes' visit to the Devonshire moors Mrs. Sikes will remain in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harris have arrived in London from Southend.

Miss Levi, Miss Hirsch and Master Isaacson are among the guests at Victoria Park, where some highly successful children's parties have been given.

Epping is much in favour just now, and a large number of (public) house-parties have been arranged. Among those entertaining this week are Mr. Henry Higgins, Mr. Robert Atkins and Mr. John Smith.

Mr. Henry Hawkins, Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. Henry Hawkins, junior, and Miss Hawkins left town on August 2nd for Hampstead Heath, for a day's riding and shooting. A large bag of nuts was obtained. Mr. Hawkins has not yet returned.

"LITTLE PROGRESS MADE. KING STILL DEFIANT."

Daily Paper.

Oh, dear! Another complication! Who is the monarch? Which the nation?

We breathe again. The Leicester pro. Kept up his end four hours or so.

"Another of the big round landlords of London is selling his estate.

Sir Joseph Doughty Tieborno is selling his Doughty Estate of 14 acres."—*Evening Paper.* It recalls the famous case. "The Claimant" would certainly have made "a big round landlord."

"Here then is a new development of serious local journalism. Just an unpretentious but exceedingly well-printed village sheet, breathing local atmosphere, emitting nothing that can possibly interest the natives."

Local Paper.

But we seem to have seen journals like this before.

From a Dutch bulb-grower's catalogue:—

"Nothing but inferior quality being sent out from my Nurseries. My terms are Cash with order only."

In matters of commerce this Dutchman appears to be maintaining his country's reputation.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

It began as quite an ordinary day. I read my paper at breakfast and Kathleen poured out the coffee. She wore that little frown between her eyebrows that means that she is thinking out the menu for lunch and dinner and hoping that Nurse hasn't burnt Baby's porridge again. This is married life.

Then I started in a hurry for the office, hurling a "Good-bye, dear" through the open window as I passed. The 9.15 leaves little time for affection. That too is married life.

It was the sweetbriar hedge that made me decide to miss the 9.15. It clutched hold of me suddenly and told me that the sky was very blue and the woods very green, and that the office was an absurd thing on such a day.

I went slowly back home round the outside of the garden wall. Someone was singing in the garden. I stopped and whistled a tune. A face appeared over the wall—rather an attractive face.

"Hello!" it said; "someone I knew a long time ago used to whistle that tune outside my garden."

"Hello!" I said; "come out for a walk?"

"I can't come out at the bidding of young men on the highway. It isn't done."

"Never mind. Come out."

"Have I ever been introduced to you?"

"Introductions went out years ago. Come by the side gate."

She came. She held a shady hat in her hand and walked on tip-toe.

"Sh!" she cautioned; "no one must see me. I have a reputation, you know. I don't want the Vicar to denounce me from the pulpit on Sunday in front of Baby."

"I will be quite frank with you," she went on, holding out her left hand with a dramatic flourish; "I am married—I have a husband."

I gave a hollow groan; then, with a manly effort, I mastered my emotion.

"I hope he's nice to you," I said.

"No, he isn't. He grouches off to the office in the morning and grouches back in the evening and reads newspapers. He's just grouched off now."

"The callous brute!" I hissed through my teeth.

"There's worse than that," she said darkly.

"No!"

"Yes. To-day, to-day is an anniversary, and he forgot it." The manner was that of Madame BERNHARDT.

"Anniversaries," I said reassuringly, "are difficult to remember. They accumulate so."

"Are you defending him?" she protested.

"Er—no," I said hastily. "The man's an unmitigated scoundrel. He ought to be divorced or something. What anniversary was it?"

"Our wedding-day," she said with a sob in the voice.

"Heavens!" I said. "Oh, the dastardly ruffian!"

"You wouldn't forget your wedding-day, would you?"

"Never!" I said hoarsely.

"You're quite rather nice," she sighed.

"You're adorable," I said readily.

"How lovely! My husband never says things like that." And she leant against my shoulder.

We got on rather well after that. We had lunch in an inn garden, where you could smell lavender and sweet peas and roses and where there were box hedges turned under magical spells into giant birds. We discovered a stream in a wood with hart's-tongue fern growing along its banks. I picked her armfuls of wild roses.

"It's to make up," I said, "because your brute of a husband forgot your wedding-day."

"I'd love to be married to you," she said brazenly.

I turned aside to brush away a bitter tear.

It was almost dusk when we got back to the side gate.

"Good-bye," she whispered. "Go away quickly; I believe that's the Vicar coming down the road."

Then she shut the gate with gentle swiftness in my face. I walked round to the front door. She was in the hall.

"Hello!" she said; "I hope you had a good day at the office?"

"Thanks," I said; "pretty rotten."

"I've had a lovely day," she said;

"I picked up such a nice young man in the high road. He's taking me out to-night. He's just going to ring up for seats."

Without a word I went to the telephone.

The Right Order of Things at Last.

"A Gentleman would be pleased to Recommend his Butler in whose service he has been three years."—*Daily Paper*.

"TO AMERICANS IN LONDON.—The —, Cornwall, offers you comfortable home while on this side; far away from the madding crowd."—*Daily Paper*.

Republican prejudices respected.

There was a hard-swearing old sailor Whose speech might have startled a jailer;

But he frankly avowed

That the charabane crowd

Would not be allowed on a whaler.

THE PATIENTS' LIBRARY.

THOUGH a West-End physician of repute, he must, I think, have had a course of American training, if rapidity of action be any indication thereof.

Scarcely had the maid ushered me into his study and I had taken a seat than he came forward brusquely, looked at me with the glowering eye of the *Second Murderer*, grasped a large piece of me in the region of the fourth rib and barked, "You're too fat."

Having been carefully bred I refrained from retaliation. I did not tell him that his legs were out of drawing and that he had a frightfully vicious nose. But before I had time to explain my business he had started on a series of explosive directions: "Eat proper food. Plenty of open air. Exercise morning, noon and night and in between. Use the Muldow system. You need a tonic."

He turned to his table and was, I suppose, about to draw a cheque for me on the local chemist's when I decided to say my little piece.

"Excuse me, Sir," said I mildly, "I am not a patient."

The combination fountain-pen and thermometer almost fell from his hand. "I am," said I, "the sole proprietor and sole representative of the Physicians' Supply Association. I gave your maid my card. I have called with a thrilling offer of magazines for your waiting-room."

"What dates?" said he, a gleam of interest in his dark eye.

"All pre-war," said I proudly; "none of them are later than 1900 and some go back to 1880."

"Not B.C.?" said he, with a look in which hope and disbelief were mingled.

"No," said I. "All are A.D.; but they include two Reports of Missions to Deep Sea Fishermen in 1885—very rare. I'm sure they would match splendidly the Proceedings of the Royal Commission on Aniline Dyes which you have in the waiting-room."

"No," said he firmly. "I have one of the most important practices in Harley Street. I likewise possess one of the finest collections of old magazines in the profession. That blue-book on Aniline Dyes is barely fifty years old. It was left me by my father, and I retain it simply through affection for him in spite of its modernity. But the rest go back to the Crimean vintage and earlier. When you have something really old, come to me. But"—and he threw in a winning smile in his best bedside manner—"not till then."

I am now in search of a young practitioner who is merely starting a collection.



SCENE.—A Flower Show: Garden Ornament Section.

Mother. "I DON'T CARE FOR THAT LITTLE FIGURE. HE'S TOO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FOR MY TASTE."

Critical Little Girl (who has lately taken part in tableaux-vivants). "HOW CAN YOU TELL WHAT CENTURY HE IS, MOTHER? HE'S GOT NO CLOTHES ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF sorrow's crown of sorrow is as the poet says, it should be equally true that there is enough satisfaction in remembering unhappier things to ensure success for *The Crisis of the Naval War* (CASSELL), the large and dignified volume in which Admiral of the Fleet Viscount JELlicoe OF SCAPA, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., reminds us how near the German submarines came to triumph in 1917, and details the various ways by which their menace was overcome. It is a solid book, written with authority, and addressed rather to the expert than to the casual reader; but even the latter individual (the middle-aged home-worker, for instance, remembering the rationed plate of beans and rice that constituted his lunch in the Spring of 1917) can thrill now to read of the precautions this represented, and the multiform activities that kept that distasteful dish just sufficiently replenished. I have observed that Viscount JELlicoe avoids any approach to sensationalism. His book however contains a number of exceedingly interesting photographs of convoys at sea, smoke-screens, depth-charges exploding, and the like, which the most uninformed can appreciate. And in at least one feature of "counter-measures," the history of the decoy or mystery ships, the record is of such exalted and amazing heroism that not the strictest language of officialdom can lessen its power to stir the heart. Who, for example, could

read the story of *The Prize*, and the involuntary tribute from the captured German commander that rounds it off, without a glow of gratitude and pride? Do you recall how we would attempt to stifle curiosity with the unsatisfactory formula, "We shall know some day"? Here in this authoritative volume is another corner of the curtain lifted.

Although he is still comparatively a newcomer, a book with the signature of Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is already something of a landmark in the publishing season. To this repute *Linda Condon* (HEINEMANN) will certainly add. In many ways I incline to think it, or parts of it, the best work that this unusual artist has yet done. The development of *Linda*, in the hateful surroundings of an American "hotel-child," through her detached and observant youth to a womanhood austere, remote, inspired only by the worship of essential beauty, is told with an exquisite rightness of touch that is a continual delight. Mr. HERGESHEIMER has above all else the gift of suggesting atmosphere and colour (ought I not in mere gratitude to bring myself to say "color"?); his picture of *Linda's* amazing mother and the rest of the luxurious brainless company of her hotel existence has the exotic brilliance of the orchid-house, at once dazzling and repulsive. Later, in the course of her married life, inspiring and inspired by the sculptor *Pleydon* (in whose fate the curious may perhaps trace some echo of recent controversy), the story of *Linda* becomes inevitably

less vivid, though its grasp of the reader's sympathy is never relaxed. In fine, a tale short as such go nowadays, but throughout of an arresting and memorable beauty. The state of modern American fiction has, if I may say so without offence, been for some time a cause of regret to the judicious; let Mr. HERGENROTHER be resolute in refusing to lower his standard by over-production, and I look to see him leading a return towards the best traditions of an honourable past.

It is not an impossible conception that *Sniping in France* (HUTCHINSON) will still be available in libraries in the year 2020 A.D., and I can imagine the title then catching the eye of some enthusiastic sportsman, whose bent for game is stronger than his knowledge of history. Feeling that here is a new class of shooting for him to try his hand at, he will hasten to acquaint himself with the details and will discover that the first of the essentials is a European war in full blast. Whether or not he will see his way to arrange that for himself, I don't know and, since I shall not be present, I don't care. But in any case he will be absorbed in an eminently scientific and indeed romantic study of perhaps the most thrilling and deadly-earnest big game hunting there has ever been, and he will be left not a little impressed with the work of the author, Major H. HESKETH PRICHARD, D.S.O., M.C., his skill, energy and personality. As to this last he will find a brief summing-up in the foreword of General Lord HORNE, and he will be able to visualise the whole "blunderbuss" very clearly by the help of the illustrations of Mr. ERNEST BLAICKLEY, of the late Lieut. B. HEAD, and of the camera. There is undoubtedly much controversial matter in the book, which must necessarily give rise to the most remarkable gun-room discussions. I can well imagine some stout-hearted Colonel, prompted by his love for the plain soldier-man and his rooted dislike of all "specialists," becoming very heated in the small hours of the morning about the paragraph on page 97, in which a division untrained in the Sniping Schools is in passing compared to a band of "careless and ignorant tourists."

Señor IBÁÑEZ' new novel, *Mare Nostrum* (CONSTABLE), is ostensibly a yarn about spies and submarines, its hero a gallant Spanish captain, *Ulysses Ferragut*, scion of a long line of sailors. And there can be no doubt of the proper anti-German sentiments of this stout fellow, even though his impetuous passion for *Freya Talberg*, a Delilah in the service of the enemy, did make him store a tiny island with what the translator will persist in calling combustibles, meaning, one supposes, fuel. But more fundamentally it is an affectionate song of praise of the Mediterranean and the dwellers on its littoral, especially the fiery and hardy

sailors of Spain, and of Spaniards, in particular the Valencians and Catalonians. Signor IBÁÑEZ' method is distinctly discursive; he gives, for instance, six-and-twenty consecutive pages to the description of the inmates of the Naples Aquarium and is always ready to suspend his story for a lengthy disquisition on any subject, person or place that interests him. This puts him peculiarly at the mercy of his transliterator, who has a positive genius for choosing the wrong word and depriving any comment of its subtlety, any well-made phrase of its distinction. Even plain narrative such as the following is none too attractive:—"The voluminous documents would become covered with dust on his table and Don Esteban would have to saddle himself with the dates in order that the end of the legal procedures should not slip by."

What ingenious person authorises this sort of "authorised translation"?



The Knight. "LET'S SEE. WE HAVE ALREADY OVERCOME THE CHIEF JAILER AND HIS TEN ASSISTANTS, AND SLAIN THE FEARSOME HOUND WHICH GUARDED THE COURTYARD. WE HAVE NOW TO DESTROY THE ONE-EYED GIANT AND THE BEAN-FED DRAGON, SCALE THE OUTER WALL, SWIM THE MOAT AND THEN TO HORSE. COURAGE, SWEET LADY! YOU ARE PRACTICALLY SAVED."

own, thus appealing to a well-known instinct of boyhood, but rendering the whole business of a more than Meredithian obscurity to the uninitiate. I have hitherto forgotten to say that the particular volume before me is called *The War Lord of Mars* (METHUEN). I may add that it closes with the heroic *Carter* hailed as Jeddak of Jeddaks, which sounds eminently satisfactory, though without conveying any definite promise of finality.

Do Poultry Pay?

"Six Hens for sale, some laying 7s. each."—*Local Paper*.
You will find three of them as good as a guinea-fowl.

"But the germ of Socialism or BZolshevism—however you like to call it—has hardly entered the Polish working-class blood."

Provincial Paper.

We fear, however, that it has got into our contemporary's composing-room.

CHARIVARIA

THE grouse-shooting reports are coming in. Already one of the newly-rich has sent a brace of gamekeepers to the local hospital. *

"A few hours in Cork," says a *Daily Mail* correspondent, "will convince anyone that a civil war is near." A civil war, it should be explained, is one in which the civilians are at war but the military are not. *

Lisburn Urban Council has decided to buy an army hut for use as a day nursery. It is this policy of petty insult that is bound in the end to goad the military forces in Ireland to reprisals. *

"Who invented railways?" asks a weekly paper. We can only say we know somebody who butted in later. *

"Mr. Churchill," says a contemporary, "has some friends still." It will be noticed that they are very still. *

"It may interest your readers to know," writes a correspondent, "that it would take four days and nights, seven hours, fifty-two minutes and ten seconds to count one day's circulation of *The Daily Mail*." Holiday-makers waiting for the shower to blow over should certainly try it. *

Coloured grocery sugars, the Food CONTROLLER announces, are to be freed from control on September 6th. A coloured grocery is one in which the grocer is not as black as he is painted. *

A conference of sanitary inspectors at Leeds has been considering the question, "When is a house unfit for habitation?" The most dependable sign is the owner's description of it as a "charming old-world residencee." *

The Warrington Watch Committee, says a news item, have before them an unusual number of applications for pawnbrokers' licences. In the absence of any protest from the Sleeve Links and Scarf Pin Committee they will probably be granted. *

"I earn three pounds and fourpence a week," an applicant told the Willesden Police Court, "out of which I give my wife three pounds." The man may be a model husband, of course, but before taking it for granted we should want to know what he does with that fourpence. *

Scarborough Corporation has fitted up and let a number of bathing vans for eight shillings a week each. To avoid overcrowding not more than three families will be allowed to live in one van. *

"Three times in four days," says a *Daily Express* report, "a Parisian has thrown his wife out of a bedroom window." *

are being imported in large numbers. It should be pointed out, however, that dachshunds are still sold in lengths. *

A contemporary complains of the high cost of running a motor-car to-day. It is not so much the high price of petrol, we gather, as the rising cost of pedestrian. *

The police, while investigating a case of burglary in a railway buffet, discovered a bent crowbar. This seems to prove that the thieves tried to break into a railway sandwich. *

Mexican rebels have been ordered to stop indiscriminate shooting. It is feared that the supply of Presidential Candidates is in danger of running out. *

"A Manchester octogenarian has just married a woman of eighty-six," says a news item. It should be pointed out, however, that he obtained her parents' consent. *

"Although the old penny bun is now sold for twopence or even threepence it contains three times the number of currants," announces an evening paper. This should mean three currants in each bun. *

A parrot belonging to a bargee escaped near Atherstone in Warwickshire last

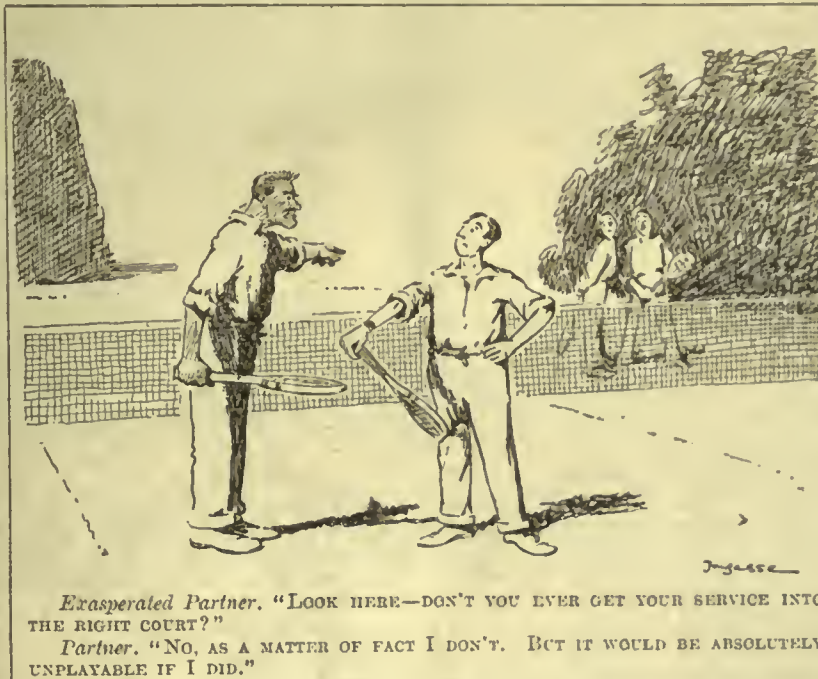
week and has not yet been recaptured. We understand that all children under fourteen living in the neighbourhood are being kept indoors, whilst local golfers have been sent out to act as decoys. *

It is announced that a baby born in Ramsgate on August 6th is to be christened "Geddes." We are given to understand that the news has not yet been broken to the unfortunate infant. *

The Result of a Leap-Year.

"Bishop — says he will not be able to consider any more proposals for engagements till after the summer of 1921."—*Local Paper*.

AN ECHO FROM BISLEY.—A musical correspondent writes to point out that sol-faists have an unfair advantage in the running-deer competition, because they are always practising with a "movable Doh."



Exasperated Partner. "LOOK HERE—DON'T YOU EVER GET YOUR SERVICE INTO THE RIGHT COURT?"

Partner. "NO, AS A MATTER OF FACT I DON'T. BUT IT WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY UNPLAYABLE IF I DID."

dow." Later reports point out that all is now quiet, as the fellow has found his collar-stud. *

"Who Will Fight For England?" asks a headline. To avoid ill-feeling a better plan would be to get Sir ERIC GEDDES to give it to you. *

A noiseless gun has just been invented. It will now be possible to wage war without the enemy complaining of headache. *

"Everyone sending clothes to a laundry should mark them plainly so that they can be easily recognised," advises a weekly journal. It is nice to know that should an article not come back again you will be able to assure yourself that it was yours. *

At the present moment, we read, dogs

FROM SPA AND SHORE.

GROGOWN.—All available accommodation has been monopolised by Glasborough visitors, among whom this resort is becoming more alarmingly popular every year. Sixty charabancs arrived on Monday and the Riot Act was read several times before the passengers could be induced to desist from their badinage of the residents, most of whom have since retired behind the wire-entanglements at Kelrose. The municipal orchestra was subjected to a brisk fusillade of rock-cakes on Saturday night; the conductor and several of the instrumentalists suffered contusions, and their performances have since been discontinued. This has not unnaturally given rise to a certain amount of dissatisfaction amongst the visitors, but otherwise there has been no recrudescence of rioting. A company of the Caithness Highlanders, with machine-guns, are now encamped on the links, and sunshine is all that is needed to complete the success of the season.

KIGNESS.—On Tuesday the Mayor presented a jar of whisky, fifty years old, to the winning charabane team in the bottle-throwing competition, and the subsequent scenes afforded much diversion. A notable feature at present is a large whale, which was washed ashore in a gale about six months ago. The oldest inhabitants declare that they have never known anything like it, and it is certainly an unforgettable experience to be anywhere within a mile of this apparently immovable derelict. Excursions to all surrounding places out of nose-shot are extremely popular, and the beach is practically deserted save by a few juvenile natives engaged in the blubber industry.

MUDHALL SPA.—Without the least reflection on chalybeates and the rest, it must be allowed that the most popular beverage in Mudhall at present is that which draws its virtue from a cereal and not a mineral source. Hilarity is rife at all hours, and the effort to enlist a body of local volunteers to control the exuberance of anti-Sabbatarian "charabankers" is meeting with unexpected support. The casualties in the daily collisions between the Hydro-pathic League and the Anti-Pussy-Foot-Guards are steadily increasing and now compare favourably with those of any other Midland health-resort.

"A Boylston (Massachusetts) farm labourer is said to have been identified as one of the heirs to a £400,000 estate at Dundee, for whom starches have been made for years, but nothing is known at Dundee of such an estate."

Daily Paper.

But this lucid paragraph should help to clear up the mystery.

AMONG THE PEDESTALS.

THE rumour that a number of London's statues are to be moved to make room for new has caused many a marble heart to beat faster; and on making a round of calls I gathered that Sir ALFRED MOND has few friends in stone or bronze circles. Not the least uneasy is George IV. in Trafalgar Square. Uneasiness of body he has always known, riding there for ever without any stirrups; but now his mind is uneasy too. "If they take Father from Cockspur Street," he argued very naturally, "why not me?"

A few of the figures feel secure, of course, but very few. Nelson on his column has no fears; Nurse Cavell is too recent to tremble; so is Abraham Lincoln. But the others? They are in a state of nervous suspense, wondering if the sentence of banishment is to fall and resenting any disturbance of their lives. "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is their motto.

Abraham Lincoln gave me a hearty welcome and extended an invitation that is not within the power of any other graven image in the city. "Take a chair," he said.

I did so and am thus, I suppose, the first Londoner to put that comfortable piece of furniture to its proper use.

"How do you like being here?" I asked.

He said that he enjoyed it. The only blot on his pleasure was the fear that the Abbey might fall on him, and he therefore hoped that *The Times'* fund was progressing by leaps and bounds.

His immediate neighbours, on the contrary, exhibited no serenity whatever, and I found Canning and Palmerston shivering with apprehension in their frockcoats. The worst of it was that I could say nothing to reassure them.

Here and there, however, a desire for locomotion was expressed. Dr. Johnson, in the enclosure behind St. Clement Danes, is very restive. I asked him if he would object to removal. "Sir," said the Little Lexicographer (as his sculptor has made him), "I should derive satisfaction from it. A man cannot be considered as enviable who spends all his time in the contemplation, from an unvacatable position, of a street to the perambulation of which he devoted many of his happiest hours."

I ventured to agree.

"Nor," continued the sage, "is it a source of contentment to a man of integrity to observe an unceasing procession of Americans on their way to partake of pudding in a hostelry that has made its name and prosperity out of a mythical association with himself and be unable to correct the error."

"Are you in general in favour of statuary?" I made bold to ask.

"Painting," said he, "consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. Look around you; look at me. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot."

But one effect of this General Post among the statues is good, and it should delight Mr. ASQUITH. Cromwell, now outside Westminster Hall, is to be moved into the House. E. V. L.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

MARIGOLDS.

As MARY was a-walking

All on a summer day,
The flowers all stood curtsying
And bowing in her way;
The blushing poppies hung their heads

And whispered MARY's name,
And all the wood anemones
Hung down their heads in shame.

The violet hid behind her leaves
And veiled her timid face,
And all the flowers bowed a-down,
For holy was the place.
Only a little common flower
Looked boldly up and smiled
To see the happy mother come
A-carrying her Child.

The little Child He laughed aloud
To see the smiling flower,
And as He laughed the Marigold
Turned gold in that same hour.
For she was gay and innocent—
He loved to see her so—
And from the splendour of His face
She caught a golden glow.

An Optimist.

"I have just completed a fortnight's tour on a tandem, and can recommend this form of a holiday as the best I know of . . . One Sunday in June, without exaggeration, I was nearly killed twice, and my wife was overcome with fright."—*C. T. C. Gazette.*

"In a competition at Claygate, Surrey, three children caught 182 green wasps." *Daily Paper.*

It is believed that they would not have been caught if they had not been green.

From a recent Admiralty Order:—

"Approval has been given for frocks to be issued to N.C. Officers and men (Royal Marines) during the current year, for walking out purposes only."

It is believed that His Majesty's Jollies have received the order without enthusiasm, on the ground that no mention is made of anything being inside the frocks.



THE ICONOCLAST.

SIR ALFRED MOND. "I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO DISTURB YOUR MAJESTY, BUT, OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF SITES——"

GEORGE III. "SHORTAGE OF SIGHTS, INDEED!"

[It is understood that a number of London statues, including that of George III. in Cockspur Street, are to be removed by the Office of Works to make room for new ones.]



Heavy Father. "PUT YOUR 'AT ON THIS MINUTE, SIR. DO YOU WANT TO CATCH YOUR DEATHERCOLD?"

THE VISIONARY.

'Twas last week at Pebble Bay
That I saw the little goat,
Harnessed to a little shay.

Old was he and poor in coat,
And he lugged his load along
Where the barefoot children throng
Round the nigger minstrels' song.

But his eye, aloof and chill,
Said to me as plain as plain,
"I am waiting, waiting still,
Till the gods come back again;
Starved and ugly, mean, unkempt,
I have dreams by you undreamt,
And—I hold you in contempt!

"Dreams of forest routs that trooped,
Shadowy maidens crowned with
vines,
Dreams where Dian's self has stooped
Darkling 'neath the scented pines;
Or where he, old father Pan,
Took the hooves of me and ran
Fluting through the heart of man.

"Surely he must come again,
He the great, the hornéd one?

Shan't I caper in his train
Through the hours of feast and
fun!"
And he looked with eyes of jade
Through the sunshine, through the
shade,
Far beyond Marine Parade.

* * * * *
Should you go to Pebble Bay,
Golfing or to bathe and boat—
Should you see a loaded shay,
In the shafts a scarecrow goat,
Tell him that you hope (with me)
Pan will shortly set him free,
Pipe him home to Arcady.

CRICKET NOTES.

MR. P. F. WARNER has received countless expressions of regret on his retirement from first-class cricket. Among these he values not least a "round robin" from the sparrows at Lord's, all of whom he knows by name. In the score-book of Fate is this entry in letters of gold:

"Plum" c Anno b Domini 47.
Long may he live to enjoy the cricket
of others!

The test team of Australia being now complete, all correspondence on the subject of its exclusions must cease. We therefore do not print a number of letters asking why there is no one named Geddes on the side.

MR. FENDER and HOBBS are said to be actuated by the same motto, "For Hearth and Home." Both are pledged to return covered with "the ashes."

In the recent Surrey and Middlesex match Mr. SKEET bewildered the crowd by fielding as if he liked it. Hitherto this vulgar manifestation has been confined to HITCH and HENDREN.

Although so late in the season Yorkshire has great hopes of a colt named HIRST, who has just joined the side. He was seen bowling at Eton and was secured at once.

There is a strong feeling in Worcestershire that a single-wicket match between LEE of Middlesex and Mr. PERRIN of Essex would be a very saucy affair.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE UNKNOWN."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, who recently intrigued and perhaps just a little scandalised the town with a most engagingly flippant and piquant farce all about an accidentally bigamous beauty, certainly shows courage in launching so serious a discussion as *The Unknown*. And in the silly season too. I see that in a quite unlikely interview (but then all modern interviews are unlikely) he defends his right to discuss religion quite openly on the stage. Of course. Why should anybody deny that religion is to the normally constituted mind, whatever its doxy, an absorbingly interesting subject; or that the War hasn't made a breach in the barriers of British reticence? Whether to the point of making a perfectly good married Vicar (anxious to convict a doubting D.S.O. of sin) ask in a full drawing-room containing the Vicar's wife, the Doctor and the D.S.O.'s fiancée, mother and father, "For instance, have you always been perfectly chaste?"—I am not so sure. Nor whether the War has really added to bereaved Mrs. Littlewood's bitter "And who is going to forgive God?" any added force. If that kind of question is to be asked at all it might have been asked, and with perhaps more justice, at any time within the historical period. For the War might reasonably be attributed by the Unknown Defendant thus starkly put upon trial to man's deliberate folly, whereas . . .

No doubt, however, Mr. MAUGHAM would say the shock of war has (like any other great catastrophe) tested the faith of many who are personally deeply stricken and found it wanting, while the whisper of doubt has swelled the more readily as there are many to echo it. So Major John Wharton, D.S.O., M.C., having found war, contrary to his expectation of it as the most glorious manly sport in the world, a "muddy, mad, stinking, bloody business," loses the faith of his youth and says so, not with bravado but with regret. The Vicar, with dignity and restraint, but without much understanding and not without some hoary clichés; his wife, with venom (suggesting also incidentally sound argument for the celibacy of the clergy); the old Colonel and his sweet unselfish wife, with affection; and Sylvia, John's betrothed, with a strange passion, defend the old faith, Sylvia to the point of breaking with her lover and getting her to a nunnery—a business which will in the end, I should guess, lay a heavier burden upon the nuns than upon John. The indecisive battle sways hither and thither. It is the Doctor who sums up in a compro-



Generous Stranger. "WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER PINT? (No answer.) I SAY—WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER PINT?"

Hodge. "DON'T 'EE ASK ZILLY QUESTIONS. ORDER IT."

mise which would shock the metaphysical theologian, but may suffice for the plain man, "God is merciful but not omnipotent. In His ago-long fight against evil we can help—or hinder; why not help?"

The most signal thing was Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT's personal triumph as Mrs. Littlewood—a very fine interpretation of an interesting character. Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE adds another decent Colonel to his military repertory. This actor always plays with distinction and with an ease of which the art is so cleverly concealed as perhaps to rob him of his due meed of applause from the unperceptive. Lady TREE made a beautiful thing of the character of Mrs. Wharton, whose simple unselfishness was the best of all Mr. MAUGHAM'S

arguments for the defence. Mr. R. H. HIGNETT nobly restrained himself from making a too parsonic parson, yet kept enough of the distinctive flavour to excite a passionate anti-clerical behind me into clamorously derisive laughter; a very good piece of work. Miss O'MALLEY acted a difficult, almost an impossibly difficult, part with a fine distinction. Mr. BASIL RATHBONE'S Major and Mr. BLAKISTON'S Doctor were excellent. I am sorry to be so monotonously approving . . .

I am not convinced that Mr. MAUGHAM'S experiment has succeeded. T.

"Mr. — maintained that it was extraordinary that if he was only slightly dead deceased did not hear the lorry."

Most extraordinary.

Local Paper.

THE MYSTERY.

George and I are two ordinary people. He studies the Weather Reports every day; I do occasionally. He thinks he understands meteorology; I don't. But lately I felt that I *must* have some explanation of the weather, so I asked George to explain it.

He said, "Certainly; it's quite simple. Take wind. Wind is caused by differences of *pressure*."

"What is pressure? Who is pressing what?"

"Pressure is what the barometer tells you—not the thermometer; you must keep the thermometer out of this. Suppose it is very hot in London——"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Well, suppose it is very hot at a place A——"

"I thought we were keeping the thermometer out of this."

"It comes in indirectly. But don't keep interrupting. If it is very hot at the place A, the air at A rises. You see?"

"No."

"Obviously it does. If you light a candle——"

"Yes, yes, I do see that. Don't begin about candles."

"Well, the result of that is that there is less *pressure* at A. In other words, there is more room for the air to move about. When that happens the air at the place B——"

"Where is that?"

"Oh, anywhere. I told you to think of two places, A and B."

"No, you told me to think of a place A, and I am still thinking of it, because it is very hot there."

"Well, this is another place, where the pressure is simply frightful. When the air rises at A the air from B rushes over to A to fill up the gap, and that is what we call wind."

"I see."

"No, you don't. It isn't quite so simple as that. Now, the atoms of air rushing from B to A don't go *straight* there, but they travel in—in sort of *circles*."

"Why do they do that?"

"Well, the fact is that these atoms are so keen to get over to A, where there is plenty of room, that they jostle each other, and that makes them go round and round. If they go round and round *against* the clock, like that, they are called cyclones, or depressions, or low-pressure systems. If they go with the clock, like that, it is an anti-cyclone."

"Oh!"

"What do you mean—'Oh'?"

"What I said; but go on."

"Now suppose this air——"

"Which air?"

"The air from B. Suppose it is travelling in a cyclone——"

"But isn't a cyclone a low-pressure thingummy?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you say that B was a high-pressure place?"

"Yes."

"Then how does the air coming from B manage to be low-pressure stuff?"

"I see what you mean. There is an explanation, but it would take too long to hazard it now. Suppose the air is coming from B in an anti-cyclone, then . . ."

"All right. I'll suppose that."

" . . . it rushes over to A and fills up the gap. There is more pressure at A and the barometer goes up——"

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains. You see, the air from B is colder than the air at A was before the air came from B."

"I don't see."

"Well, obviously it *must* be."

"How 'obviously'?"

"Well, the whole thing started with it being very hot at A, you remember, so that the air rose. If it had been hotter still at B just then the air would have risen at B instead, and it couldn't have rushed over to A. There'd have been a frightful muddle."

"There is."

"Well, it's your own fault for interrupting. This air, then——"

"Which air is this?"

"The air from B. The air from B cools the air at A——"

"But I thought the air at A had risen."

"Not all of it. And that makes it rain."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, I can't go into that. It's something to do with condensation. Air absorbs more moisture when it is hot than when it is cold——"

"So do I. I understand that."

"When the air cools the water condenses."

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains, you fool."

"When is it fine?"

"Wait a bit. The falling of the rain of course generates heat——"

"Why 'of course'?"

"I can't explain *exactly*, but you know perfectly well that it's always warmer on a cold day after the rain."

"Yes, but not on a hot day."

"Yes, it is."

"No, it isn't."

"It is, really. Anyhow, this is a cold day."

"No, it isn't. You said it was very hot at A."

"I'm not going to argue. You must

take it from me that rain generates heat."

"All right. Is it fine then?"

"No. Heat being generated the air rises. The result of that is that there is less *pressure* at A——"

"Is it fine then?"

"I've explained already what happens then. The air from B——"

"Do we begin all over again now?"

"More or less, yes."

"So that at this place, A, it's always raining or just going to rain?"

"Yes, if it starts by being hot there, as it did just now, I suppose it is."

"What happens if it starts by being cold?"

"It rains. I've explained that. The cold air can't contain so much moisture——"

"Don't begin that again. What about B? Is it any good going there? We had frightfully high pressure there at one time."

"Yes, but it rains so much at A that more and more air rushes from B to A to fill up the gap caused by the air rising on account of the heat generated by the rain falling, and very soon you get frightfully low pressure at B——"

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains."

"You surprise me. But suppose it had started by being low pressure at B?"

"Why, then of course it would have been raining the whole time at B."

"Where would A have got its rush of air from then?"

"From the place C."

"Is it fine there?"

"No, it's raining. It is like B was after the air rose at A."

"Oh. Then whatever happens at these places, A, B and C, it *must* rain."

"More or less, yes. More really."

"Are there any more places? I mean, if I am at A where ought I to go?"

"There is a place, D——"

"What happens there?"

"Conditions are favourable for the formation of secondary depressions."

"Then where do you advise me to go?"

"I'm not advising you. You asked me to explain the weather, and I have."

"I think you have. I understand it now."

* * * * *

I hope you all do. A. P. H.

"Sir,—I can recall no better description of a gentleman than this—

'A gentleman is one who never gives offence unintentionally.'

Unfortunately I do not know to whom tribute should be paid for this very neat and apt definition."—*Letter in Daily Paper*.

We rather think the printer had a hand in it.



THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE AT COUNTRY WEDDINGS, OWING TO THE CHANGED CONDITIONS OF VILLAGE LIFE, HAS LED MESSRS. HARRIDGES TO COME TO AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THE CHORUS OF THE FRIVOLITY THEATRE TO ATTEND AND FURNISH THE REQUISITE NOTE OF PICTURESQUE SIMPLICITY. TERMS ON APPLICATION.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF BOWLES.

LITTLE Mr. Bowles was very happy as long as he was only second mechanic at the garage of Messrs. Smith Brothers, of High Street, Puddlesby. It was when he became a member of the Puddlesby Psychical Society that his troubles began. Up till then he had been as sober and hard-working a little man as ever stood four foot ten in his shoes and weighed in at seven stone four. But above all he was an expert in rubber tyres; he knew them, I had almost said, by instinct.

The Puddlesby Psychical Society believes in the Transmigration of Souls. As I am not a member myself I'm afraid that that is all I can tell you about it. It is a little difficult at first sight, perhaps, to see the connection between Transmigration and rubber tyres, but if you will have patience I think I can promise to show you *that* at least.

One night our Mr. Bowles came home late from a meeting of the P.P.S., fell asleep at once and had what he regarded as a "transmigratory experience in a retrogressive sense." The world was not the world he knew. He perceived that it was sundown on the 8th of August, 1215, that he was no longer plain Bowles, but rather Sir

Bors the Bowless, Knight of the Artful Arm, and known to his intimates as "The Fire-eater"; that he had just been challenged to fight his seven hundred and forty-seventh fight, and (for the seven hundred and forty-seventh time) he had accepted. He soon added to the stock of his information the fact that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of time, place and weapons.

He was naturally a little perturbed at first, for the most formidable warrior that he ever remembered fighting was his little sister, whose hair he had pulled when they were children, and the biggest thing he had ever killed was undoubtedly the hen that he had run over on the Boodle Road. He felt inclined, therefore, in the first flush of terror, to propose as the time 1925, as the place Puddlesby Football Field, and as the weapon, motor-tyre valve pins, at two hundred yards. He even got as far as mentioning these conditions to his

friend Sir Hugh the Hairy, who, however, did not seem particularly struck with the suggestion, but made a counter-proposal of maces on horseback at the neighbouring lists in three days' time.

Before our hero knew what he was about he found that he had agreed. He got through a deal of heavy thinking on his way home to his castle, but had fortunately completed his plan of campaign before he arrived, for the esquire of his enemy was awaiting him there, demanding to know the details of the coming contest. He made the conditions suggested by Sir Hugh, merely adding that the maces must be smooth and not knobbed, as was customary in the better-class combats of that day.

He then began to make his prepara-

hole till there be no more breath in thy vile bodie. Blow me hard and leally. Blow an thou burst in ye blowinge."

Whereupon the trusty varlet blew. - Thus it fell out that when the trumpet sounded and the Black Baron of Beaumaris, his foe, rode forth from his sable pavilion, armed cap-a-pie in a suit of highly-polished steel and bestriding a black and rather over-dressed charger, he saw through the chinks of his lowered visor an object which he would undoubtedly have mistaken for a diminutive observation balloon if he had lived a few centuries later. In short, Sir Bowles, having been sufficiently inflated by his now exhausted esquire, had inserted his valve-pin into the tube (which he had tucked away and laced

up like an association football), and now emerged upon the lists with a feeling of elation that he had not experienced for several days.

They approached each other. It was with some difficulty that our hero wielded his mace, owing, first, to the inflated condition of his right arm, and, secondly, to the unaccustomed weight of the weapon. His hold also upon his curvetting steed was a little precarious, and he hoped that no one in the crowd would notice the string that tied his legs together beneath the horse's belly.

If the Baron was surprised at what he saw he made no sign, but, riding straight at his strange antagonist, he dealt him a mighty blow on the left side of the head, which had quite an unlooked-for result. The string which attached our hero's legs held, it is true, but he naturally lost his balance, and, being knocked to the right, disappeared temporarily from the Baron's view. But the force of his swing was such that, at the moment when he was head downwards under the horse, he still had enough way on to bring him up again on the other side. No sooner had he regained a vertical position than the Baron repeated the blow on the same spot and with the same result.

Then the same thing happened again and again; and indeed Sir Bowles might have revolved indefinitely, to the intense delight of the distinguished audience, had not the string broken at the thirty-fourth revolution.



Guide (after ascent of a hundred-and-twenty steps). "THESE, SIR, ARE THE FAMOUS GARGOYLES I MENTIONED."

Perspiring American. "GEE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'GARGLES.'"

tions. At first he was considerably depressed by the entire absence of all rubber, until dire necessity compelled him to find a serviceable substitute in the shape of untanned ox-skins. These he carefully sewed together with his own knightly hands, coating the stitches over with pitch and resin. He was a good workman and did not fail to be ready in time.

When the hour of combat arrived he vanished into the painted pavilion reserved for him at one end of the lists, accompanied only by his faithful esquire. Hastily he donned his suiting of reinforced ox-hide, which covered the whole of his person from head to foot, and hung stiffly in folds all round him. Then, holding out a metal tube which was attached to the front of the costume, he presented it to his esquire, saying in the vernacular of those stout times—

"Ho, varlet! Blow me down yon



Wicket-Keeper (by way of showing sympathy to victim of demon bowler). "RUM GAME, CRICKET."

Now the involuntary movements of our hero had accelerated at every turn, and when finally he parted company with his trusty steed he was going very fast indeed. Falling near the edge of the lists, he found touch, first bounce, in the Royal Box, whence some officious persons rolled him back again into the field of play.

It must not be supposed that poor Sir Bowles was comfortable during these proceedings. The rather ingenious apparatus whereby he had hoped to catch a glimpse of his adversary had got out of order at the first onslaught, and he was in total darkness. Moreover, he soon discovered that the haughty Baron was taking all sorts of liberties with him; was slogging him round the lists; in short, was playing polo with him.

But apart from the physical and mental discomfort of his situation he was not actually hurt, and at length he felt himself come to rest. The Baron, worn out by his unproductive labours, was thinking.

So was Bowles. He was just saying to himself, "Thank heaven I thought of choosing smooth maces. A spike would have punctured the cover in no

time," when he felt something which made his hair stand on end.

His enemy was fumbling at the lacing of his tunic!

Then poor little Sir Bowles gave himself up for lost and almost swooned away. He felt the Baron undo the lace and pull out the tube. There was a perplexed pause . . .

And just as the Baron was pulling out the valve pin little Mr. Bowles woke with a shriek.

* * * * *

I suppose it was the fact that he had come straight from a symposium on transmigration that made little Bowles imagine he had been recurring to a previous existence. I myself should have thought that the rules of the game required the reincarnation of Sir Bors to be a rather more bloodthirsty and pugnacious person than our hero; and the sequel seems to prove that little Bowles thought the same. I think he felt he was not quite the man for this sort of rough work, even in the retrospect of dreams. Anyway, shortly after his painful experience he withdrew his subscription from the Puddlesby Psychical Society and ceased for ever to assist at their séances.

The Overland Route.

"MAIL AND STEAMSHIP NEWS.

Morea, Bombay for London, at Versailles, 8th."—*Scottish Paper*.

"James —, a boy of 13, was charged at Belgium, Greece, V and Czecho-Slovakia, and pleaded that he took the money because he felt he must have some amusement."

Evening Paper.

The little Bolshevik!

A "Historic Estate" is announced for sale in the following terms by a contemporary:—

"In the Heart of the Albrighton Country, and in direct railway communication with Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Bristol and other northern and western centres."

Evidently a case where evil communications corrupt good spelling.

From a feuilleton:—

"Before the podgy dealer knew what had happened, she had sprung right round him, seized the telephone instrument and placed her mouth to the receiver. She smiled at him defiantly. 'Yes, I will,' she panted."

Daily Paper.

And then, we suppose, she wrote to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to complain of the inefficiency of the service.



Junior Partner of Firm (exempted on business grounds during the War, interviewing applicant for employment, a demobilised officer, D.S.O., M.C., mentioned twice in despatches and wounded three times). "YOU SAY YOU WERE THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS IN FRANCE AND YET DON'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE? IT SEEMS TO ME YOU WASTED YOUR TIME ABROAD, SIR."

CHANGES IN CLUB-LAND.

(By a Student of Manners.)

THE Roman satirist sang of poets reciting their verses in the month of August. If he were alive now he would find as fruitful a subject in the renovations and decorations of Clubland. Clubs are strange institutions; they go in for Autumn not Spring cleaning. Happily all Clubs are not renovated at the same time, otherwise the destitution of members would be pitiful to contemplate. Even as it is the temporary accommodation offered by their neighbours is not unattended by serious drawbacks. The standard of efficiency in bridge and billiards is not the same; the cuisine of one Club, though admirable in itself, may not suit the digestions of members of another; the opportunities for repose vary considerably. In short, August and September are trying months for the clubman who is obliged to remain in London. But by October Pall Mall is itself again, and we are glad to be able to state that

in certain Clubs the amenities and comforts available will be greatly enhanced.

For example the Megatherium, which is now in the hands of the decorators, is being painted a pale pink outside, a colour which recent experiments have shown to exert a peculiarly humanising and tranquillising influence on persons of an irritable disposition. A sumptuous dormitory is being erected on the top floor, where slow music will be discoursed every afternoon, from three to seven, by a Czecho-Slovak orchestra. A roof-garden is being laid out for the recreation of the staff, and the velocity of the numerous lifts has been keyed up to concert pitch. Steam heat will be conveyed from the basement to radiators on every floor, and each room is being provided with a vacuum-cleaning apparatus, a wireless telephonic outfit and an American bar. The renovation of the library is practically complete, the obsolete books which cumbered its shelves having been replaced by the works of DELL, BARCLAY, WELLS, ZANE GREY and BENNETT. Three interest-

ing rumours about the future of the Club may be given with due reserve—the first, that in the near future women will be admitted to membership; the second, that Lord Ascliffe has obtained a complete control of its resources; and the third, that its name will be shortly changed to "Alfred's," on the analogy of "Arthur's."

From Smith Minor's French Paper:

"Translate 'La femme avait une chatte qui était très méchante.'—The farmer was having a chat with thirteen merchants."

"Archbishop Mannix . . . says he can go anywhere in England except to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and possibly Fishguard."

Daily Mirror.

Another injustice to Scotland.

"But this Bill creates new grounds for the dissolution of the marriage bond, which are unknown to the law of Scotland. Cruelty, incurable sanity, or habitual drunkenness are proposed as separate grounds of divorce."

Scotch Paper.

And so many Scotsmen are incurably sane.



THE PROBLEM.

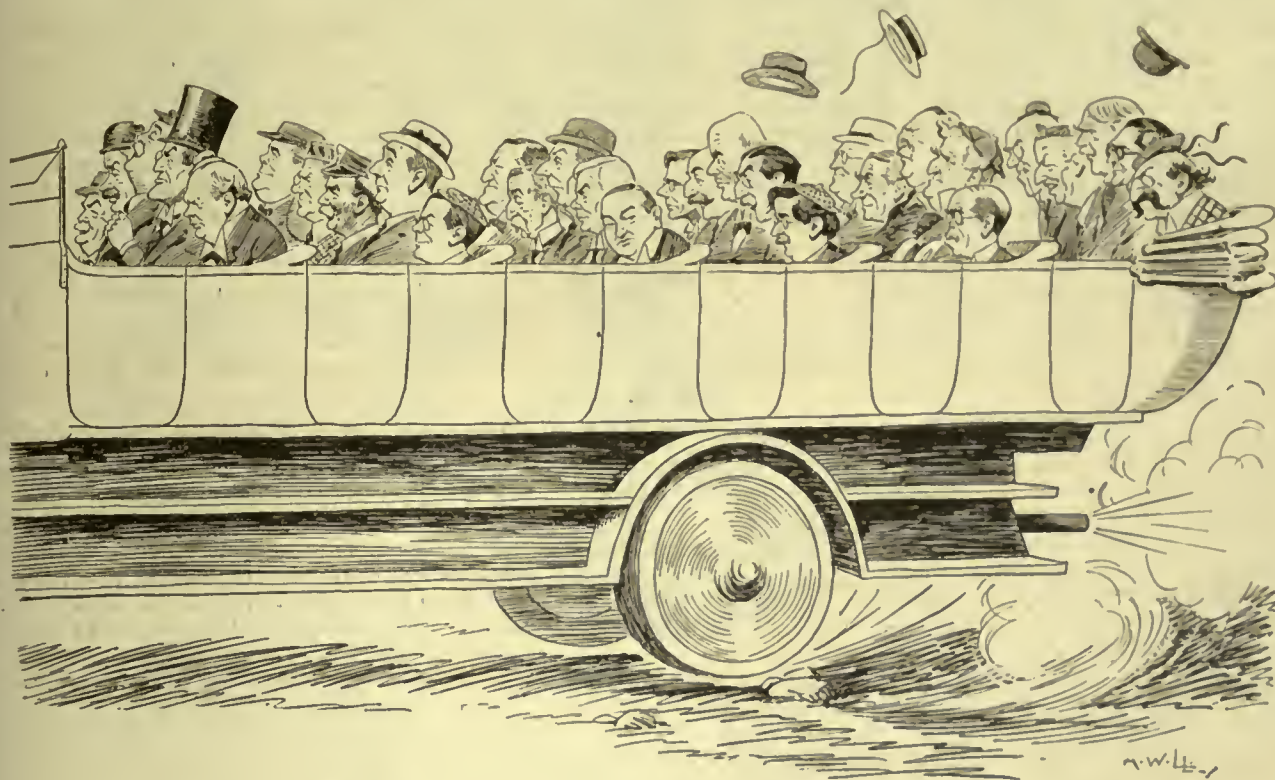
POLAND (to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, organizer of the Human Chess Tournament). "HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY THE GAME? I WAS LED TO BELIEVE I WAS TO BE A QUEEN, BUT I FIND I'M ONLY A PAWN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 9th.—In an atmosphere of appropriate gloom the House of Lords discussed the latest Coercion Bill for Ireland. Even the LORD CHANCELLOR could say little more for the measure than that it might possibly enable some of the persons now in custody to be tried; and most of the other Peers who spoke seemed to think that it would be either mischievous or use-

When Viscount CURZON renewed his anti-charabanes campaign and Sir ERIC GEDDES was doing his best to maintain an even mind amid the contradictory suggestions showered upon him, the Ministerial eye was caught by the red gleam from Colonel WEDGWOOD's shirt-front. At once the old railway instinct reasserted itself. Recognizing the danger-signal and hastily cranking on his brakes, Sir ERIC observed that it would be "a great

A week ago the Peers decided by a very small majority—28 to 23—that there should be no Minister of Mines, but only an Under-Secretary. Lord PERI now sought to induce them to change their minds. His principal argument was that a Minister would only cost five hundred pounds a year more than a Secretary and would secure the "harmony in the coal-trade" now so conspicuously lacking. The Peers evidently thought this too good to be true,



GOING TO THE COUNTRY?

"I think it would be a calamity if we did anything to prevent the economic use of charabanes."—Sir ERIC GEDDES.

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| First "Banc." | Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. CHURCHILL. |
| Second " | Sir E. GEDDES, Mr. SMURTT, Mr. LONG, Sir ROBERT HORNE, Col. AMERY. |
| Third " | Mr. ILLINGWORTH, Lord E. TALBOT, Mr. FISHER, Dr. ADDISON, Sir GORDON HEWART. |
| Fourth " | Mr. KELLAWAY, Sir M. BARLOW, Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS, Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN, Mr. TOWYN JONES. |
| Fifth " | Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, Mr. BALDWIN, Sir JAMES CRAIG, Mr. DENIS HENRY, Mr. NEAL. |
| Sixth " | Mr. MONTAGU, Dr. MACNAMARA, Mr. MCCURDY, Mr. IAN MACPHERSON, Sir A. MOND. |

less. The only confident opinion expressed was that of the elderly Privy Councillor, who from the steps of the Throne ejaculated, "If you pass this Bill you may kill England, not Ireland." But despite this unconventional warning the Peers took the risk.

The event of the day in the House of Commons was Colonel WEDGWOOD's tie. Of ample dimensions and of an ultra-scarlet hue that even a London and South-Western Railway porter might envy, it dominated the proceedings throughout Question-time. Beside it Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER's pink shirt paled its ineffectual fires.

calamity" to prevent the economic use of the charabanes.

Tuesday, August 10th.—As Lord Great Chamberlain, and therefore official custodian of the Palace of Westminster, Lord LINCOLNSHIRE mentioned with due solemnity the regrettable incident of the day before. Lord CURZON thought the offender (the Right Hon. A. CARLISLE) should be allowed to explain his behaviour, and suggested that he should himself address to him a suitable letter. Several noble lords—anticipating, no doubt, that, whatever else came of it, the correspondence would furnish lively reading—said "Hear, hear."

for they proceeded to reassert their previous decision by 48 to 23.

There was a big assemblage in the Commons to hear the PRIME MINISTER's statement on Poland. The Duke of YORK was over the Clock, flanked by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY on one side and Messrs. KAMENEFF and KRASSIN (who sound, but do not look, like a music-hall "turn") on the other.

Some facts bearing, more or less, on the situation were revealed at Question-time. Mr. CHURCHILL denied that he had ever suggested an alliance with the Germans against Bolshevism, and, as we are keeping the Watch on the Rhine

with only thirteen thousand men—just three thousand more than it takes to garrison London—perhaps it is just as well. He has, I gathered, no great opinion of the Bolsheviks as soldiers. In his endeavour to describe the disgust of our troops in North Russia at being ordered to retire before “an enemy they cordially despised” he nearly dislocated his upper lip.

For two-thirds of his speech the PRIME MINISTER was the sober statesman, discussing with due solemnity the grave possibilities of the Russo-Polish crisis. The Poles had been rash and must take the consequences. We should not help them unless the Bolsheviks, not content with punishment, threatened the extinction of Poland's independence.

Then his mood changed, and for a sparkling quarter of an hour he chaffed the Labour Party for its support of the Soviet Government, an unrepresentative self-appointed oligarchy. To make his point he even sacrificed a colleague. LENIN was an aristocrat, TROTSKY a journalist. “In fact”—turning to Mr. CHURCHILL—“my right honourable friend is an embodiment of both.”

A brief struggle for precedence between Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. ADAMSON ended in favour of the EX-PREMIER, who doubted whether the best way to ensure peace was to attack one of the parties to the dispute, and proceeded to make things more or less even by vigorously chiding Poland for her aggression. Mr. CLYNES, while admitting that the Labour Party would have to reconsider its position if the independence of Poland was threatened, still maintained that we had not played a straight game from Russia.

Later on, through the medium of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, communication was established between the Treasury Bench and the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE read the terms offered by the Soviet to the Poles, and gave them a guarded approval.

Wednesday, August 11th.—A Bill to prohibit ready-money betting on football matches was introduced by Lord GAINFORD (who played for Cambridge forty years ago) and supported by Lord MEATH, “a most enthusiastic player” of a still earlier epoch. The Peers could not resist the pleading of these experts and gave the Bill a second reading; but when Lord GAINFORD proposed to rush it through goal straightaway his course was barred by Lord BIRKENHEAD, an efficient Lord “Keeper.”

A proposal for the erection at the public expense of a statue of the late Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN furnished occasion for the PRIME MINISTER and Mr.

ASQUITH to indulge in generous praise of a political opponent. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (with his eye on the Sovietists) pointed out that, as this was “essentially a Parliamentary country,” we did well to honour “a great Parliamentarian”; and the EX-PREMIER (with his eye on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) selected for special note among Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's characteristics that he had “no blurred edges.”

A humdrum debate on the Consolidation Fund Bill was interrupted by the startling news that France had decided, in direct opposition to the policy announced yesterday by the PRIME MINISTER, to give immediate recognition to General WRANGEL. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE expressed his “surprise and anxiety” and could only suppose that there had been an unfortunate misunderstanding. To give time for its



A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.

M. KRASSIN CONTEMPLATES THE COMMONS.

removal the House decided to postpone its holiday and adjourned till Monday.

More Headaches for the Historian.

Messrs. KAMENEFF and KRASSIN, the Soviet envoys, were in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery during the PRIME MINISTER's speech on Poland last week. Hence these tears:—

“In conversation they seem to betray only a limited acquaintance with English, but every word of Mr. Lloyd George's utterance seemed intelligible to them. Not only did they follow him with eager interest, but often with animated comment.”—*Evening Standard*.

“The two did not exchange a single remark during the whole of the Premier's speech.”
Evening News.

“Krassin could follow every word of Lloyd George. His colleague doesn't speak or understand English, so Krassin every few minutes leaned over and whispered a translation into the other's ear.”—*Star*.

“The Soviet envoys, especially M. Krassin, seemed somewhat restless, and appeared to take more interest in the scene than in the speech, but this I heard attributed to their difficulty in following the words of the Prime Minister.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

BLEWITT ON REAL PROPERTY.

229th ed., folio, 2 vols. (Sour and Tarwell, 85s.).

ALL persons interested in this entrancing subject will welcome the new edition of Mr. Blewitt's famous work. The book is one which should be found on every shelf throughout the country, and is undoubtedly, in its combination of erudition and artistic merit, one of the masterpieces of English literature. It has been well described by a more competent critic as one which “it is difficult to take up when once you have put it down,” and in this judgment most readers will, we believe, concur.

It seems needless for us to say anything about so well-known a work, and to say anything new is, we believe, impossible. Mr. Blewitt is invariably happy in his choice of subject, and in this treatise on *Real Property* his sparkling wit, his light style and clearness of expression do ample justice to the perennial freshness of his subject. The reader is swiftly carried from situation to situation and thrill follows thrill with daring rapidity. The plot is of the simplest, but worked out with surprising skill, while the events are related with that vivid imagination which the subject demands. Who is there that does not feel a glow of exaltation and rejoice with the heir when he comes, upon reversion, into the property from which he has been so long excluded? Mr. Blewitt treats this incident with a sense of romance and picturesqueness of language reminiscent of the ballad of “The Lord of Lynn.” In its facts the ballad bears a striking resemblance to those so graphically described by our author, but in point of execution lacks the true breath of poetic inspiration which pervades Mr. Blewitt's book.

Nor is his work wanting in pathos. There are few who will not sympathise with the hero when he discovers that the life-estate of the fair widow whom he adores with all the fierce yearnings of his passionate soul is subject to a collateral limitation to widowhood. Mr. Blewitt's silence on the disappointment which embittered his spirit and the doubts which tormented his mind is more eloquent than any soliloquy of *Hamlet*.

It is not however in description but in characterisation that Mr. Blewitt is pre-eminent. We know of nothing in works of this nature to equal the skilful psychological analysis, the sympathy of treatment and the fidelity to nature with which the author draws line by line the character of Q. The description of him as seised in fee simple is a touch of genius. We can remember nothing



NERVES ON THE GREEN.

Irascible Golfer. "CONFOUND IT! WHAT IS THAT INFERNAL OIL-ENGINE OR SOMETHING THAT BEGINS THUMPING WHENEVER I AM PUTTING?"

Cuddie. "I THINK IT MUST BE T'OTHER GENTLEMAN'S 'EART, SIR."

in the English language to compare with this unless it be that brilliant passage in which Mr. Blewitt sketches in a few lightning strokes the character of Richard Roe, a man at once pugnacious, overbearing, litigious and utterly regardless of truth and honesty.

The learned editors have rendered a great service to the cause of learning in publishing this new edition. The editing is very creditable to English scholarship. The additional matter is a new note on page 1069, in which the reader is referred to an article in a recent number of the *Timbuctoo Law Review*, which, in fairness to the editor (of *Real Property*), is not, of course, quoted here. The student will, we have no doubt, feel himself fully recompensed by this new matter for the price of the new volumes and the depreciation of the 228th edition.

"NEW MOTOR-BUS SERVICES.

Residents in the area between the county town and — are now able to do their shopping at either place with the maximum of inconvenience so far as travel is concerned."

Provincial Paper.

Just as in London.

GISH-JINGLE.

[*The Times* in a recent article on events in the Film world announces the impending arrival in Europe of Miss DOROTHY GISH, adding, however, that the visit is mainly undertaken for recreation.]

LET others discourse and descant
Upon MAXNIX the martyr archbish,
Me rather it pleases to chant
The arrival of DOROTHY GISH.

Among the *élite* of the Screen
She holds an exalted posit.;
But in Europe she never has been
Hitherto, hasn't DOROTHY GISH.

And it's well to consider aright
That she harbours the laudable wish
For a holiday, not for the light
Of the lime, does Miss DOROTHY GISH.

None the less with the wildest surmise
Do I muse on the bountiful dish
Of sensation purveyed for the wise
And the foolish by DOROTHY GISH.

* * * * *
Will you strengthen the hands of LLOYD
GEORGE

Or frown on the poor Coalit. ?
Will you force profiteers to disgorge,
Beneficent DOROTHY GISH ?

Do you hold by self-governing schools ?
Do you think that headmasters should
swish

Or adopt Montessorian rules,
Benevolent DOROTHY GISH ?

Will they give you an Oxford degree ?
Will you learn to call marmalade
"squish" ?

Will KENWORTHY ask you to tea
On the Terrace, great DOROTHY GISH ?

Do you favour the Russ or the Pole ?
Will you visit the Servians at Nish ?
Are you sound on the subject of coal ?
Are you Pussyfoot, DOROTHY GISH ?

Are you going to be terribly mobbed
When attending the concerts of
KRISH ?

Are your tresses luxuriant or "bobbed" ?
Do tell us, kind DOROTHY GISH !

Meanwhile we are moody and mad,
Like SAUL the descendant of KISH,
Oh, arrive and make everyone glad,
Delectable DOROTHY GISH !

"Wanted, Lady Clerk ; one accustomed to
milk ledgers preferred."—*New Zealand Paper.*
But how does one milk a ledger ?

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

A SOUTH INDIAN LOVESONG.

WHEN the long trick's wearing over and a spell of leave comes due

The most 'll go back to Blighty to see if their dreams are true;

There's some that 'll make for the Athol glens and some for the Sussex downs,

There's some that 'll cling to the country and some that 'll turn to towns;

But I know what I'll do, and I'll do it right or wrong, I'll just get back to the Blue Mountains, for that's where I belong.

Athol's a bonny country and Sussex is good to see, But it's long since I left Blighty and I'm not what I used to be;

And May in Devon's a marvel and June on Tummel's fine, And that may be most folk's fancy, but it somehow isn't mine;

For I know what I like, and the Land of Heart's Delight For me is just on the Blue Mountains, for that's where I feel right.

So I'll pack my box and bedding in the old South Indian mail

And wake to a dawn in Salem ghostly and grey and pale, And over by Avanashi and the levels of Coimbatore I'll see them hung in the tinted sky and I won't ask for more;

For I'll know I'm happy and I'll make my morning prayer Of thanks for the sun on the Blue Mountains and me to be going there.

The little mountain railway shall serve me for all I need, Crawling its way to Adderly, crawling to Runnymede; And the scent of the gums shall cheer me like the sight of a journey's end,

And the breeze shall say to me "Brother" and the hills shall hail me "Friend,"

While the clear Kateri River sings lovesongs in my ear, And I'll feel "Now I'm home again! Ah! but I'm welcome here."

Clear in the opal sunset I shall see the Kundahs lie And the sweep of the hills shall fill my heart as the roll of the Downs my eye;

And I'll see Snowdon and Staircase and the green of the Lovedale Wood,

And the dear sun shining on Ooty, and oh! but I'll find it good;

For I'll have what I wanted, and all the worrying done, Because I'm back to the Blue Mountains and they and I are one.

There's peace beyond understanding, solace beyond desire For minds that are over-weary, for bodies that toil and tire, And over all that a something, a something that says, "You know,

It's the one place of all places where the gods meant you to go."

Well, the gods know what they know, and I wouldn't say them nay,

And Blighty of course is Blighty, but it's terribly far away, So I'll get back to the Blue Mountains, and the betting is, I'll stay.

H. B.

Cricket in Wails—A Howling Success.

"E. H. — bawled consistently for the visitors, taking seven wickets of 168."—*Welsh Paper*.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.

As a sufferer from the prevailing complaint, house-famine, I have started a Correspondence Bureau, ostensibly for advising parents as to the pursuits their offspring should take up, but really for propaganda purposes, the object being the assuagement of this terrible evil.

Consequently my replies to inquiries are all moulded to this end.

For instance, one mother wrote from Surbiton:—

"My second son, Algernon, wishes to become a house and estate agent. Do please tell me if you think this quite a fitting avocation for one whose father is a member of the Stock Exchange."

I replied, "Quite. There is no nobler, and incidentally there are few more lucrative occupations outside Bradford, unless it be that of a builder, in which the scope is absolutely unlimited. I am enclosing a copy of last week's *Builder and Architect*, in which you will find some great thoughts expressed. Pray let Algernon read it. It may be the means of inducing him to perform great deeds for England's sake."

Another fond parent wrote:—

"Can you advise an anxious mother as to a career for her only son, John William? He is at present eight and a-half years old, has blue eyes and fair hair and is a perfect darling, so good and obedient, but he is firmly resolved to be a lift-man when he grows up."

I answered her soothingly thus:—

"John Willie is rather young to have made a final decision, I think. Let his youthful aspirations run through the usual stages; liftman, engine-driver, bus-conductor, sailor, etc. At fifteen or so he will have left these behind, and for the next few years will probably settle down to the idea of being nothing in particular, or else a professional cricketer. Then he will suddenly, for good or evil, make his choice. Neither his blue eyes nor his fair hair give any clue as to what that choice will be, but I should let him keep both, as they may be useful to him.

"If he should determine upon a career involving manual work, I should take steps to have him initiated into the Art and Mystery of Bricklaying. At the rate we are moving the working-hours would probably be about eight per week, with approximately eight pounds per day salary, by the time he arrives at bricklaying maturity.

"It is difficult to say yet whether he would have to graduate in Commerce before being eligible, but probably it would be necessary, as the best bricklayers, I'm told, always carry a mortar-board, and there is a sort of caucus in these plummy professions nowadays that is anxious to keep outsiders from joining their ranks. But the country needs bricklayers, and will go on needing them for years. Let John Willie step forward when he is old enough."

To the mother who asked if I considered that her youngest boy would be well advised to adopt the Housebreaking profession I wrote:—

"To which part of this profession do you refer? If to the Burgling branch I would ask, 'Has he the iron nerve, the indomitable will, above all has he the brain power for this exacting craft? Can he stand the exposure to the night air, the exposure before an Assize jury, and the rigours of the Portland stone quarries?' If so, let him take a course of illustrated lectures at the cinema.

"If you refer to the other branch, the mere pulling down of houses, I say, 'No! A thousand times, no!' He should be taught that there is a crying need for a constructive,



My Lady Bountiful. "SO YOUR MOTHER IS BETTER THROUGH TAKING THE QUININE I GAVE HER?"
Little Girl (doing her best to carry out instructions). "YES'M. BUT SHE SAYS SHE'S WORSE OF THE COMPLAINT WOT YOU GIVES 'ER PORT WINE FOR."

not a destructive policy. Let him adopt one; buy him drawing-paper and a tee-square at once, and teach him that the noblest work of creation is (unless it be a bricklayer or builder) an architect. Though the War is over we must still keep the home fires burning. This implies chimneys, and chimneys imply houses, and few there be that can plan houses that will both please the eye and pass the local authorities."

Lady Jubb wrote from Toffley Hall, Blankshire, to say that her elder son (seventeen) had no ideas for the future beyond becoming Master of the Barchester when he grew up, but that she was anxious that he should try for some more lucrative post, official preferred.

I replied thus:—

"So your son looks no higher than a Mastership of Foxhounds. Well, well, I suppose that so long as there are such things as hounds he, as well as another, may take on the job of Master.

"But I thoroughly approve of your desire that he should try for something higher in life, especially for some official post; and what official post is or can be superior to that of a Borough Surveyor? Can you not persuade him that this great office is what one chooses to make it, and that, as an autocrat, the M.F.H. is hardly to be compared to the B.S., for, whereas the former can at the most scorch the few people foolish enough to remain within ear-shot, the latter can with a breath damn a whole row of houses and blast the careers of an army of builders with a word."

And so the propaganda proceeds.

If my efforts result in even one house being erected I shall, I think, have earned my O.B.E., though I would rather have the house.

THE TERRITORIAL.

Oh, civil life is fine and free, with no one to obey,
 No sergeants shouting, "Show a leg!" or "Double up!"
 all day;

No buttons to be polished, no army boots to wear,
 And nobody to tick you off because you grow your hair.

It's great to sleep beneath a roof that keeps the rain outside,
 To eat a daintier kind of grub than quarter-blokes provide,
 To rise o' mornings when you wish and when you wish
 turn in,

To shirk a shave and never hear the truth about your chin;

And not to have to pad the hoof through blazing sun or rain,
 Intent on getting nowhere and foot-slogging back again,
 To realise no N.C.O. has any more the right
 To rob you of your beauty-sleep with "Guard to-morrow
 night!"

All this is great, of course it is, yet here we are once more
 Obeying sergeants just for fun and cheerier than before;
 We haven't any good excuse, we've got no war to win—
 But nothing's touched the kit-bag yet for packing troubles
 in.

W. K. H.

A TASTE OF AUTHORITY.

I HAVE often wished I were an expert at something. How I envy the man who, before ordering a suit of clothes from his tailor, seizes the proffered sample of cloth and tugs at it in a knowledgeable manner, smells it at close quarters with deep inhalations and finally, if he is very brave, pulls out a thread and ignites it with a match. Whereupon the tailor, abashed and discomfited, produces for the lucky expert from the interior of his premises that choice bale of pre-war quality which he was keeping for his own use.

I confided this yearning of mine to Rottenbury the other evening. Rottenbury is a man of the world and might, I thought, be able to help me.

"My dear fellow," he said, "in these days of specialisation one has to be brought up in the business to be an expert in anything, whether cloth or canaries or bathroom tiling. Knowledge of this kind is not gained in a moment."

"Can you help me?" I asked.

"As regards tea, I can," he replied. "Jorkins over there is in the tea business. If you like I'll get him to put you up to the tricks of tea-tasting."

"I should be awfully glad if you would," said I. "We never get any decent tea at home."

Jorkins appeared to be a man of direct and efficient character. I saw Rottenbury speak to him and the next moment he was at my elbow.

"Watch me 'carefully,'" said Jorkins, "and listen to what I say. Take a little leaf into the palm of your left hand. Rub it lightly with the fingers and gaze earnestly thus. Apply your nose and snuff up strongly. Pick out a strand and bite through the leaf slowly with the front teeth, thus. Just after biting pass the tip of the tongue behind the front teeth and along the palate, completing the act of deglutition. Sorry I must go now. Good day."

Now I felt I was on the right track. I practised the thing a few times before a glass, paying special attention to the far-away poetical look which Jorkins wore during the operation.

At the tea-shop the man behind the counter willingly showed me numbers

of teas. I snatched a handful of that which he specially recommended and began the ceremony. I took a little into the palm of my left-hand and gazed at it earnestly; I rubbed it lightly with my fingers; I picked up a strand and bit through the leaf slowly with the front teeth. Just after biting I passed the tongue behind the front teeth and along the palate, completing the act of deglutition.

So far as I could judge it was very good tea, but it would never do to accept the first sample offered; I must let the shopman see that he was up

nauseating, but the man was obviously impressed. At the conclusion of my performance I assumed a look of satisfaction. "Give me five pounds of that," said I with the air of a conqueror.

Next time I met Rottenbury I told him of my success.

"Oh, Jorkins put you up to the trick, did he?"

"He did. He taught me to titillate, to triturate, to masticate, to deglute—everything."

"And with what result?"

"With the result that I have in my possession five pounds of the finest tea that the greatest experts have blended from the combined products of Assam and China."

"Tea?" he asked.

"Yes, tea of course. You didn't suppose that I was talking of oysters?"

"Did I tell you Jorkins was a tea-taster?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he's not. He's in tobacco."

* * * * *

"Alured," said my wife, "I wish you wouldn't buy things for the house. That tea is low-grade sweepings."

"Sir Otto Beit has returned to London from South Africa, where he turned the first set of the new university."—*Daily Paper*.

Turned him out, we trust.

"In a brilliant peroration the Prime Minister warned his hearers that a nation was known by its soul and not by its asses."

South African Paper.

Yet some of our politicians seem to think that England is not past braying for.

"The doings (or rather sayings!) in the Legislature we are watching with sympathy and some impatience, much as a bachelor bears with the gambling of children who come to the drawing-room for an hour before dinner."

Weekly Paper.

And the worst of it is that the Legislature is gambling with *our* money.

"Miss —, director of natural science studies at Newnham College, Oxford, will preside."

Daily Paper.

We are glad to hear of this new women's college at Oxford, but surely they might have chosen a more original name for it.

A. G. J. writes: "Your picture of 'Come unto these Yellow Sands' in the number for August 4th explains for the first time the obscure following line, 'The Wild Waves Whist.'"



LE GRAND PENSEUR.

(With apologies to the late AUGUSTE RODIN.)

ADVERTISING ENTHUSIAST ON HIS HOLIDAY SEEKING INSPIRATION FOR A NEW ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

against one of the mandarins of the trade. So I said with severity, "Please don't show me any more common stuff; I want the best you have."

The man looked at me curiously and I saw his face twitching; he was evidently about to speak.

"Kindly refrain from expostulating," I went on; "content yourself with showing me your finest blend."

He went away to the back of the shop, muttering; clearly he recognised defeat, for when he returned he carried a small chest.

"Try this," said he, and I knew that he was boiling with baffled rage.

I took a handful and once more went through the whole ceremony. It was



"I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU AT CHURCH FOR TWO SUNDAYS, JOHN."

"No, Sir: NO OFFENCE T' YOU, BUT OI A-BIN DOIN' T' CHAPEL PASSON'S GARDEN, SO MISSUS THOUGHT WE'D BETTER GIVE 'IM A TURN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To review one of Mr. E. F. BENSON's social satires always gives me somewhat the sensations of the reporter at the special sermon—a relieved consciousness that, being present on business, my own withers may be supposed professionally unwrung. Otherwise, so exploratory a lash... I seldom recall the touch of it more shrewd than in *Queen Lucia* (HUTCHINSON), an altogether delightful castigation of those persons whom a false rusticity causes to change a good village into the sham-bucolic home of crazes, fads and affectation. All this super-cultured life of the Rischolme community has its centre in Mrs. Lucas, the acknowledged queen of the place (*Lucia* = wife of *Lucas*, which shows you the character of her empire in a single touch); the matter of the tale is to tell how her autocracy was threatened, tottered and recovered. I wish I had space to quote the description of the *Lucas* home, "converted" from two genuine cottages, to which had been added a wing at right-angles, even more Elizabethan than the original, and a yew-hedge, "brought entire from a neighbouring farm and transplanted with solid lumps of earth and indignant snails around its roots." Perhaps, apart from the joy of the setting, you may find some of the incidents, the faith-healer, the medium and so on, a trifle obvious for Mr. BENSON. More worthy of him is the central episode—the arrival as a Rischolme resident of *Olga Bracely*, the operatic star of international fame. Her talk, her attitude towards the place, and the subtle contrast suggested by her between the genuine and the pretence, show Mr. BENSON at his light-comedy best. In short, a charming entertainment,

in speaking of which you will observe I have not once so much as mentioned the word "Cotswolds."

Michael Forth (CONSTABLE) will doubtless convey a wonderful message to those of us who are clever enough to grasp its meaning; but I fear that it will be a disappointment to many admirers of Miss MARY JOHNSTON's earlier books. Frankly I confess myself bewildered and unable to follow this excursion into the region of metaphysics; indeed I felt as if I had fallen into the hands of a guide whose language I could only dimly and dully understand. All of which may be almost entirely my fault, so I suggest that you should sample *Michael* for yourselves and see what you can make of him. Miss JOHNSTON shouldered an unnecessarily heavy burden when she decided to tell the story of her hero in the first person, but in relating *Michael's* childhood in his Virginian home she is at her simplest and best. Afterwards, when *Michael* became intent on going "deeper and deeper within," he succeeded so well that he concealed himself from me.

Because I have a warm regard for good short stories and heartily approve the growing fashion of publishing or republishing them in volume form, I am the more jealous that the good repute of this practice should be preserved from damage by association with unworthy material. I'm afraid this is a somewhat ominous introduction to a notice of *The Eve of Pasqua* (HEINEMANN), in which, to be brutally frank, I found little justification for even such longevity as modern paper conditions permit. "RICHARD DEHAN" is admittedly a writer who has deserved well of the public, but none of the tales in this collection will do

anything to add to the debt. The best is perhaps a very short and quite happily told little jost called "An Impression," about the emotions of a peasant model on seeing herself as interpreted by an Impressionist painter. There is also a sufficiently picturesque piece of Wardour Street medievalism in "The Tribute of the Kiss," and some original scenery in "The Mother of Turquoise." But beyond this (though I searched diligently) nothing; indeed worse, since more than one of the remaining tales, notably "Wanted, a King" and "The End of the Cotillion," are so preposterous that their inclusion here can only be attributed to the most cynical indifference.

It may be my Saxon prejudice, but, though most of the ingredients of *Irish Stew* (SKEFFINGTON) are in fact Irish, and though Mrs. DOROTHEA CONYERS is best known as a novelist who delights in traditional Ireland and traditional horses, I am bound to confess that I enjoyed the adventures of Mr. Jones, trusted employé of *Mosenthals and Co.*, better than Mrs. CONYERS' stage Irishmen. "Our Mr. Jones" is neither a *Sherlock Holmes* nor an *Aristide Pujol*, neither a *Father Brown* nor a *Bob Pretty*, but nevertheless he is an engaging soul and we could do with more of him.

Mrs. CONYERS' hunting *clientèle* may much prefer to read about the dishonesties of *Con Cassidy* and his fellow-horse-copers and the simple but heroic *O'Toole* and his supernatural friends. But, as the average Irish hunting man cares little more for books than he does for bill-collectors, his preference may not be of paramount importance. In any case the Irish ingredients of *Irish Stew* would be easier to assimilate

if Mrs. CONYERS would refrain from trying to spell English as the Irish speak it. If the reader knows Ireland it is unnecessary and merely makes reading a task. If the reader does not know Ireland no amount of phonetic spelling will reproduce a single one of the multitudinous brogues that fill Erin with sound and empty it of sense. On the whole Mrs. CONYERS' public will not be disappointed with her latest sheaf of tales. But it is *Mr. Jones* who will give them their money's worth.

I was, I confess, a little sceptical—you know how it is—when I read what Messrs. HODDER and STOUTON's official reviewer said of Mr. HAL. G. EVARTS' *The Cross-Pull*: "The best dog story since *The Call of the Wild*," etc., etc. Well, I certainly haven't seen a better. Mr. EVARTS' hero, *Flash*, is a noble beast of mixed strain—grey wolf, coyote, dog. *The Cross-Pull* is the conflict between the dog and the wolf, between loyalty to his master and mistress whom he brings together and serves, and the wolf whose proper business is to be biting elks in the neck. Happier than most tamed brutes he is involved as chief actor in a round up of some desperate outlaws, among whom is his chief enemy, and he is fortunate enough to serve the state while pursuing to a successful end his bitter private quarrel. Brute *Brent* gets and deserves the kind of bite which was planned by a far-seeing providence for the elk . . . You can tell when an author really loves and knows animals or is merely

"putting it on." Mr. EVARTS understands, sentimentalises less than most interpreters; seems to know a good deal. The story loses no interest from being set in the American hinterland of a few decades ago. All real animal lovers should get this book—they should really.

If it be true art, as I rather think someone has said it is to state what is obvious in regard to a subject while creating by the manner of the statement an impression of its subtler features, then Mr. PERCY BROWN, in writing *Germany in Dissolution* (MELROSE), has proved himself a true artist. For in Germany about the time of the Armistice and during the Spartacist rising certain things happened which got themselves safely into the newspapers, and these he sets forth, mostly in headline form. Beyond this Germany was a seething muddle of contradictions and cross-purposes, which, it is hardly unfair to say, are capably reflected in his pages. Mr. Brown is a journalist of the school that does not stick at a trifle, a German prison, for instance, when his dear public wants news. His crowning achievement was to persuade Dr. SOLF, when Foreign Minister, to send through the official wireless an account of an interview with himself, which would, as he (SOLF)

fondly hoped, help to bamboozle British public opinion. When the article appeared, so well had the author's editor read between the lines of the message that the journalist had to run for his life. He was particularly fortunate too, or clever, in getting in touch with the Kiel sailors who set the revolution going, but in spite of much excellent material, mostly of the "scoop" interview variety, nothing much ever seems to

come of it all, and we are left at the end about as wise as we started. All the same, much of the book's detail is interesting, however little satisfaction it offers as a whole.

Ann's First Flutter (ALLEN AND UNWIN) will not arouse any commotion in the dovecotes of the intellectually elect, but it provides an amusing entertainment for those who can appreciate broad and emphatic humour. Mr. R. A. HAMBLIN has succeeded in what he set out to do, and my only quarrel with him is that I believe him to have a subtler sense of humour than he reveals here. *Ann* was a grocer's daughter, and after her attempt to flutter for herself had failed she married *Tom Bamfield*, a grocer's son. *Tom* had literary ambitions, and was the author of a novel which his father thought pernicious enough to destroy his custom. Strange however to relate, the novel failed to destroy anything except the author's future as a novelist, and when *Tom* did succeed in making some pen-money it was by means of a series of funny articles in *The Dry Goods Gazette*—articles so violently humorous that the author's father thoroughly appreciated them. Mr. HAMBLIN's fun, let me add, is never ill-natured. Even bilious grocers will not resent his jovial invasion of their kingdom.

"City gunsmiths have been busy these days furbishing up sportsmen's rifles for the '12th.'"—*Scotch Paper*.
Personally we use a machine-gun.



THE PRUDENT LOVER.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT we have got to do," says Lord ROTHESMERE, "is to keep calm and mind our own business, instead of worrying about the affairs of every other nation." It seems only fair to point out that *The Daily News* thought of this as long ago as August, 1914.

Gooseberries the size of bantams' eggs, says a news item, won a prize at the Deeside Horticultural Show. When we remember the giant gooseberries of a decade ago it rather looks as if the nation were losing its nerve.

With reference to the messenger seen running in Whitehall the other day a satisfactory explanation has now been given. He was doing it for the cinema.

The average Scot, says an Anti-Prohibition writer, cannot stand many drinks. Our experience supports this view; but he can be stood a good many.

A picture-paper gossip states that Mr. CHURCHILL enjoys very good health. Just a touch of writer's cramp now and then, of course.

In a recent riot in Londonderry, it is stated, a number of inoffensive neutrals were set upon and beaten by rowdies of both factions. We have constantly maintained that Irish unity can always be secured when there is something really worth uniting over.

A lighthouse is advertised for sale in *The Times*. It is said to be just the kind of residence for a tall man with sloping shoulders.

A correspondent asks in the weekly press for a new name for charabanes. We wish we could think there was any use in calling them names.

Seaside bathers are advised not to enter the water after a heavy meal. The seaside visitor who could pay for such a meal would naturally not have enough left to pay for a bathing-machine.

A Thames bargee was knocked down by a taxi-cab at Kingston-on-Thames last week. A well-known firm has offered to publish his remarks in fortnightly parts.

The West Dulwich man who struck a rate-collector on the head with a telephone claims credit for finding some use for these instruments.

Sir ERIC DRUMMOND has purchased the largest hotel in Geneva on behalf

of the League of Nations. It is said that he has been taking lessons from Sir ALFRED MOND.

Following closely upon the announcement of the noiseless gun invented in New York comes the news that they have now invented some sound-proof bacon for export to this country.

It is stated that the man who last week said he understood the Rent Act was eventually pinned down by some



Caller. "EXCHANGE? GET ME DOUBLE-SIX DOUBLE-FIVE NINE CENTRAL—AND GET IT QUICK, LIKE THEY DO IT ON THE PICTURES."

friends and handed over to the care of his relatives.

According to a morning paper another Antarctic expedition is to be organised very shortly. We understand that only those who can stand a northern wind on all four sides need apply.

It is reported that a poultry-farmer in the West of England is making a fortune by giving his hens whisky to drink and then exporting their eggs to the United States.

A golf-ball was recently driven through the window of an express train near

Knebworth. We are informed however that the player who struck the ball still maintains that the engine-driver deliberately ignored his shout of "Fore."

An amazing report reaches us from Yorkshire. It appears that a centenarian has been discovered who is unable to read without glasses or even to walk to market once a week.

The unveiling of one of the largest Peace memorials in the country is to take place on Armistice day this year. We hear that both the PREMIER and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have expressed a desire to attend unless prevented by the War.

Smart furriers, declares a fashion-paper, are pushing Beveren blue rabbit as one of the chic furs for the coming winter. The rabbit, our contemporary goes on to explain (superfluously, as it seems to us), is naturally blue.

On a recent occasion a meeting of the Dolgelly Rural Council had to be postponed, the members being absent hay-making. Parliament, on the other hand, has had to stop making hay owing to the Members being away in the country.

The Ministry of Food states that the period of normal supplies seems to come round in cycles of four years. Meanwhile the period of abnormal prices continues to come round in cycles of once a week. A movement in favour of postponing the cycle of payment till we get the cycle of plenty is not receiving adequate support from the provision trade.

Agricultural labourers near Peterborough have refused to work with Irishmen on the ground that the latter are troublesome. We always said that sooner or later someone would come round to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's view on this point.

A newspaper reports the case of a waiter who refused a tip. It is said that the gentleman who offered it is making a slow recovery and may be able to take a little fish this week.

The Growth of the Side-Car.

"MOTOR CARS, CYCLES, &c.

ARGYLL.—2 Bedrooms and sitting-room, with attendance."—*Scotch Paper*.

"BRIGHTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

PALACE PIER AND KEMP TOWN CARS EVERY FIVE YEARS."

Local Paper.

It is inferred that the Ministry of Transport has assumed control.

AN APOLOGY TO THE BENCH.

Humbly addressed to T. E. S.

If ever, where you hold the Seat of Doom,
I stand, my Lord, before you at the Bar,
And my forensic fame, a virgin bloom,
Lies in your awful hands to make or mar,
Let it not prejudice my case, I pray,
If you should call to mind a previous meeting
When on a champion course the other day
I gave your Lordship four strokes and a beating.

I own it savoured of contempt of court,
Hinted of disrespect toward the Bench,
That I should chuckle when your pitch was short
Or smile to see you in the sanded trench;
But Golf (so I extenuate my sin)
Brings all men level, like the greens they putt on;
One common bunker makes the whole world kin,
And Bar may scrap with Beak, and I with SCR-RT-N.

Nor did I give myself superior airs;
I made allowance for defective sight;
"The bandage which impartial Justice wears
Leaves you," I said, "a stranger to the light;
Habituated to the sword and scales,
If you commit some pardonable blunder,
If" (I remarked) "your nerve at moments fails
With grosser ironmongery, where's the wonder?"

So may the Law's High Majesty o'erlook
My rash presumption; may the memory die
Of how I won the match (and further took
The liberty of mopping up the bye);
Remember just a happy morning's round,
Also the fact that this alleged old fogey
Played at the last hole like a book and downed
The barely human feat of Colonel Bogey. O. S.

IF WE ALL TOOK TO MARGOTRY.

[Mrs. ASQUITH's feuilleton, which for so many people has transformed Sunday into a day of unrest, sets up a new method of autobiography, in which the protagonist is, so to speak, both JOHNSON and BOSWELL too. Successful models being always imitated we may expect to see a general use of her lively methods; and as a matter of fact I have been able already, through the use of a patent futurist reading-glass (invented by Signor Margoni), to get glimpses of two forthcoming reminiscent works of the future which, but for the *chronique égoïste* of the moment might never have been written, and certainly not in their present interlocutory shape.]

I.

FROM "FIRST AID TO LITERATURE."

By Edmund Gosse.

... Not the least interesting and delicate of my duties as a confidential adviser were connected with a work of reminiscences which created some stir in the nineteen-twenties. How it came about I cannot recollect, but it was thought that my poor assistance as a friendly censor of a too florid exuberance in candour might not be of disservice to the book, and I accepted the invitation. The volume being by no means yet relegated to oblivion's dusty shelves I am naturally reluctant to refer to it with such particularity as might enable my argus-eyed reader to identify it and my own unworthy share therein, and therefore in the following dialogue, typical of many between the author and myself, I disguise her name under an initial. *Quis custodiet?* It would be grotesque indeed if one whose special mission was to correct the high spirits of others should himself fail in good taste.

Mrs. A. (laying down the MS. with a bang). I see nothing but blue pencil marks, and blue was never my colour. Why are you so anxious that I should be discreet? Indiscretion is the better part of authorship.

EDMUND (earnestly). It is your fame of which I am thinking. If you adopt my emendations you will go down to history as the writer of the best book of reminiscences in English.

Mrs. A. (with fervour). I don't want to go down to history. I want to stay here and make it. And you (*with emotion*)—you have cramped my style. I can't think why I asked you to help.

EDMUND. Everyone asks me to help. It is my destiny. I am the Muses' *amicus curiæ*.

Mrs. A. Oh, blow Latin! (*Lighting two cigarettes at once*) What's the good of reminiscences of to-day, by me, without anything about L.G.?

EDMUND. Dear lady, it would never have done. Be reasonable. There are occasions when reticence is imperative.

Mrs. A. Reticence! What words you use!

(Cætera desunt.)

II.

FROM "A WEEK IN LOVELY LUCERNE."

By D. Lloyd George.

... I do not say that the mountains hereabout are not more considerable than those of our own beloved Wales, but as material to be employed in perorations they are far inferior. There is not the requisite mist (which may symbolise ignorance or obstinacy or any temporary disturbance or opposition), later to be dispelled by the strong beams of the sun (representing either progress generally or prime-ministerial genius or pure Coalitionism). Other local features I felt, however, I might find rhetorically useful, such as THORWALDSEN'S Lion, so noble, so—so leonine, but doomed ever to adhere to the rock, how symbolic of a strong idealist unable to translate his ameliorative plans into action! The old bridge too, uniting the two sides of the city, as one can attempt to link Radicalism and Coalitionism—how long could it endure? And so on. One's brain was never idle.

It was while we were at Lucerne that Lord RIDDELL and I had some of our most significant conversations. I set them down just as they occurred, extenuating nothing and concealing nothing.

Lord RIDDELL (with emotion). You are in excellent form to-day. Lucerne now has two lions—one of them free.

DAVID (surprised). I free? (*Sadly*) You forget that GIOLITTI is coming.

Lord RIDDELL. But that is nothing to you. Try him with your Italian and he will soon go.

DAVID. You are a true friend. You always hearten me.

Lord RIDDELL (with more emotion). But you are so wonderful, so wonderful! And now for to-day's amusements. Where shall we go? Up Mount Pilatus or to WILLIAM TELL'S Chapel?

DAVID. There is something irresistible to a Welshman in the word chapel. Let us go there. And WILLIAM TELL, was he not a patriot? Did he not defy the tyrant? I am sure that in his modest conventicle I can think of a thousand eloquent things. Let us go there.

Lord RIDDELL. My hero! my dauntless hero!

E. V. L.

"Even with a round of 73 in the morning Ray fell behind Vardon, who accomplished a remarkable round of 17 to lead the field."

Provincial Paper.

This is believed to be the first occasion on which any golfer has accomplished two holes in one shot.



“THE LION OF LUCERNE.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*having jodelled heavily*). “NOT A SINGLE DISSENTIENT ECHO! THIS IS THE SORT OF PEACE CONFERENCE I LIKE.” (*Continues to jodel.*)



Mabel (in barefaced attempt to detain Mother when saying "Good-night"). "OH, MUMMY, I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT THREE LITTLE BOYS."

Mother. "No, no; GO TO SLEEP. THERE'S NO TIME TO TELL A STORY ABOUT THREE LITTLE BOYS."

Mabel. "WELL, THEN, LET ME TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS."

THE RABBITS GAME:

"Don't forget to say 'Rabbits' to-morrow," said Angela. Angela is aged nine and my younger sister; I am thirteen and my name is Anne.

We both looked inquiringly at Father, and, as he didn't seem to remember, Angela in pained surprise began to explain. "If you say 'Rabbits' before you say anything else on the first day of a month you get a present during the month, but you mustn't say anything else first, or you won't."

It all came out in one breath and, though it looks clear enough now, Father was very stupid.

"I dislike rabbits," he said, "and I am very busy; your Mother will probably be glad of them for the servants."

The rebuke in Angela's eyes was severe. "We haven't got any rabbits," she said; "we are only going to say 'Rabbits' to-morrow morning when we wake up and we thought you might like to do the same."

"Oh, I should," said Father; "thank you very much, I won't forget." And he wrote "Rabbits" down on his blotting-

paper. "Now go and tell your Mother; she would like to say 'Rabbits' too, I know."

That seemed to terminate the interview, so we left him; but altogether it was not very satisfactory. You see, when we had "Bon-jour-Philippines," Father used to provide the presents; at least that was some time ago; we haven't had any "Bon-jour-Philippines" lately. The last time we did, Jack, that is my brother at Oxford, found one and split it with Father, and the next morning he said, "Bon-jour-Philippine" first and then asked for a present. Father asked him what he wanted, and he gave Father a letter that he had had that morning. Father got very angry and said that it was a disgrace the way tailors allowed credit to young wasters nowadays. He didn't say it quite like that, it was rather worse, and Mother said, "Hush, dear; remember the children," and Father said that they were all as bad and in the conspiracy to ruin him, and he went out of the room and banged the door.

Mother told Jack that he should have chosen a better moment, and Jack owned

he had made a mistake and said that he ought to have got it in before Father had looked at the paper and seen the latest news of LLOYD GEORGE. I don't quite know what he meant, but Father often talks about LLOYD GEORGE, and he must be a beast.

I asked Jack later if he got his present, and he said that he had, but—and here he copied Father's voice so well that I had to laugh—"It is the very last time, my boy; when I was at Oxford I used to consider my Father, and I would have worked in the fields and earned money sooner than have given him bills to pay." Jack said that he knew one of the dons at Oxford who knew Father, and from what he said he thought that Father must have spent as long in the fields as NERUCHAD-NEZZAR did.

I remembered all this as I went to find mother about "Rabbits," and I wasn't quite sure that we should get our present even if we did say it, so I told Angela, and she had a brilliant idea. "We will make Father say 'Rabbits' and give him a present ourselves, and he is sure to give us some-

thing in return." Angela is younger than I am, but she often thinks quite clever things like that, and they come in very useful sometimes.

We went to the summer-house in the garden to make plans. First we thought what would be the best present to give Father. Last Christmas we gave him a pipe, and he said that it was just what he wanted; it cost ninepence and was made like a man's head, and you put the tobacco in a hole in his hat.

Father lit it at once after breakfast, but two days after I saw Jakes the gardener smoking it. We thought at first that he had stolen it, and I went to Father, but he said that Jakes had thirteen children, and when a man was in trouble like that you ought to give up what you valued most to try to make that man happy, and that Jakes was awfully pleased when he gave him the pipe.

You see that made it very difficult, as we had to get something that Father would like and Jakes too, as he still had thirteen children; and then I remembered that Mrs. Jakes had once looked at a woollen jumper that I had on, and said that it would be just the thing for her Mary Ann, who had a delicate chest, and Jakes would be sure to like what Mrs. Jakes liked, or else he wouldn't have married her. Of course a jumper wasn't really the sort of thing that Father could wear, but I thought he might wrap his foot up in it when he next had gout, and besides I shouldn't be wanting it much more myself, as the summer was coming on.

Angela said that she thought that would do well, and she wouldn't mind giving Father her jumper next month if he said "Rabbits," and it would do for Mrs. Jakes' next little girl.

So that was decided, and then we had to arrange the plan. The most important thing was for us to wake before Father, so that we could wake him and remind him before he had time to say anything else, and Angela remembered that Ellen, that's the housemaid, had an alarm clock, which she used to set at a quarter to six each morning. We waited until Ellen had gone downstairs and then took it and hid it in Angela's bed.

Next morning the clock went off. We were both rather frightened, and it was very cold and the room looked funny, as the blinds hadn't been pulled up, but we put our dressing-gowns on. Then Angela said that she had heard that if you woke a person who was walking in their sleep they sometimes called out, so I took a pair of stockings from the basket that had just come back from the wash to hold over Father's



"LOOK 'ERE—THIS ABE-CROWN WON'T DO. IT AIN'T GOT NO MILLING ON ITS HEDGE."
"BLIMY! NOR IT 'AS! I KNEW I'D FORGOTTEN SOMEFINK."

mouth while we woke him. They were waiting to be mended and had a hole in them, but that didn't matter much, as I screwed them up tight, and then we went into Father's room. They were both asleep, and Father had his mouth open all ready for the stockings, which was very lucky, as I was wondering how I could get them in.

We crept up to the bed, and I know I shivered, and I think Angela did too, as I was holding her hand. Then she called out "Boo" as loud as she could, and I stuffed the stockings into Father's mouth, and then they both woke up, and everything went wrong.

Mother thought the house was on fire and screamed, and it made Angela begin to cry. I quite forgot to tell Father to say "Rabbits," and just pressed the stockings further into his mouth.

Father struggled and made awful noises, and when he did get the stockings out the things he said weren't a bit like "Rabbits," and the only thing that he did say that I could write down

here was that he thought he was going to be sick. The rest was dreadful.

We were both sent back to bed, and that morning as a punishment we were not allowed into the dining-room until Father and Mother had finished their breakfast; and Angela, who often thinks quite clever things, said that we had better not do "Rabbits" again for a good long time. But after all it didn't matter much as the weather got a great deal colder, and I wore my jumper a lot, and so did Angela.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

DAME'S DELIGHT.

THERE was a Lady walked a wood;
She never smiled, nor never could.
One day a sunbeam from the South
Kissed full her petulant proud mouth;
She laughed, and there, beneath the trees,
Fluttering in the April breeze,
Spread tracts of blossom, green and
white,
Courtseying to the golden light—
The broken laugh of Dame's Delight.

FIRST LOVE AND LAST.

[It is pointed out by a contemporary that the dressmaker's waxen model has quite lost her old insipid air. The latest examples of the modeller's art show the "glad eye" and features with which "any man might fall in love."]

Is the days when I started to toddle

I loved with a frenzy sublime
A dressmaker's beauteous model—

I think I was three at the time;
She was fair in the foolish old fashion,
And they found me again and again
With my nose in an access of passion
Glued tight to the pane.

But I thought they were gone past
returning

Till Time should go back on his tracks,
Those days of a child's undiscerning

But fervent devotion to wax;
Could a heart, though admittedly restive,
Recapture that innocent mood
At sixty next birthday? I'm blest if
I thought that it could.

But Art, ever bent on progression,
Has taken the model in hand,
And brought in the line of succession
A figure more pleasingly planned;
Her eyes with the gladdest of glances,
Her lips and her hair and her cheek
Can puncture like so many lances
A bosom of teak.

HARD TIMES FOR HEROINES.

"Oh, Bertram," breathed Eunice as she glided into his arms, "if Ernest knew, what would he think?"

At this point of my story I admit that I was held up. I myself couldn't help wondering how Ernest would regard the situation. He was a perfectly good husband and, personally, I preferred him to Bertram the lover. I might get unpopular with my readers, however, if they suspected this, so I continued:—

"Ernest can never appreciate you as I do, dearest," Bertram whispered hoarsely; "he is cold, hard, indifferent—"

Again I paused. If Eunice had been the really nice girl I meant her to be she would have asked Bertram what on earth he meant by saying such things about her husband, and would have told him the shortest cut to the front-door. In which case she might never have got into print.

The fact is the poor heroine of fiction has a hard time of it nowadays. Someone ought to write a treatise on "How to be Happy though a Heroine," or uphold her cause in some way. Twenty-five years ago she lived in a halo of romance. Her wooers were tender, respectful and adoring; she was never without a chaperon. Her love-story was conventional and ended in wedding

bells. To-day—just see how her position has altered. Generally she begins by being married already. Then her lover comes along to place her in awkward predicaments and put her to no end of inconvenience, very often only to make her realise that she prefers her husband after all. Or, on the other hand, the modern writer does not mind killing off, on the barest pretext, a husband who is perfectly sound in wind and limb and had never suffered from anything in his life until the lover appeared. The poor girl will tell you herself that it isn't natural.

Then there is the compromising situation. Magazine editors clamour for it—in fiction, I mean. We find the heroine flung on a desert island, with the one man above all others in the world that she detests as her sole companion. It is rather rough on her, but often still more rough on other people, as it may necessitate drowning the entire crew and passengers of a large liner just in order to leave the couple alone for a while to get to know each other better. And not until they find that they care for one another after all does the rescue party arrive. It will cruise about, or be at anchor round the corner, for weeks and weeks, so that it can appear on the horizon at the moment of the first embrace. This situation is so popular at present that it is surprising that there are enough desert islands to go round.

Again, the lonely bungalow episode is pretty cheerless for the heroine. She accepts an apparently harmless invitation to spend a week-end with friends in the country. When she arrives at the station there is no one to meet her. After a course of desert islands this ought to arouse her suspicions, but she never seems to benefit by experience. At the bungalow, reached in a hired fly and a blinding snowstorm, she finds the whole household away. The four other week-end guests, her host and hostess and their five children, the invalid aunt who resides with the family, the three female servants and the boot-boy who lives in—all have completely vanished. The only sign of life for miles is the hero standing on the doorstep looking bewildered and troubled, as well he might, for he knows that he must spend the night in a snowstorm to avoid compromising the heroine.

And when the family return next morning and explain that they went out to look at the sunset, but were held up at a neighbour's by the weather, nobody seems to think the excuse a little thin.

The heroine can never hope for a tranquil existence like other people. I read of one only recently who, just

because she strongly objected to the man her parents wanted her to marry, was flung with him on an iceberg that had only seating capacity for two. And when the iceberg began to melt—writers must at times manipulate the elements—it meant that she must either watch the man drown or share the same seat with him. The rescue party held off, of course, until the harassed girl was sitting on his knees, and then received the pair as they slid down, announcing their engagement.

What do I intend to do with Bertram and Eunice? I am undecided whether to place them in the vicinity of a volcano, which, unknown to Bertram, has eruptive tendencies, or to send them up in an aeroplane and break the propeller in mid-Atlantic just as the rescue party (including the husband)—What? Do I understand anything about aeroplanes? Certainly not; but I know everything about heroines.

EVIDENCE.

"WHAT's all this I hear about the Abbey?" said my friend Truscott when I met him yesterday.

Truscott has just returned from New Zealand and is for the moment a little behind the times. But he can pick up the threads as quickly as most men.

"It's in a bad way," I told him. "All kinds of defects in the fabric, and there's a public fund to make it sound again. You ought to subscribe."

"It may be in disrepair," he replied, "but it isn't going to fall down just yet. I know; I went to see it this morning."

"But how do you know?" I asked. "You may guess; you can't know."

"I know," he said, "because I was told. A little bird told me, and there's no authority half so good. Do you remember a few years ago a terrific storm that blew down half the elms in Kensington Gardens?"

I remembered. I had reason; for the trunks and branches were all over the road and my omnibus from Church Street to Piccadilly Circus had to make wide detours.

"Well," Truscott continued, "someone wrote to the papers to say that two or three days before the storm all the rooks left the trees and did not return. They knew what was coming. Birds do know, you know, and that's why I feel no immediate anxiety about the Abbey."

"Explain," I said.

"Well," he continued, "when I was there this morning I watched a sparrow popping in and out of a nest built in a niche in the stonework over the north door."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

From an Early-Victorian "Etiquette for Gentlemen."—"A GENTLEMAN CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL TO AVOID STEPPING ON A LADY'S DRESS WHEN ABOUT TO GET IN OR OUT OF A CARRIAGE."

THOUGHTS ON "THE TIMES."

(FROM A TRAIN.)

REALLY the news is very bad this morning. On the front page there are two Foreign crises and a Home one. On the next page there is one Grave Warning and two probable strikes. On every other page there is either a political murder or a new war. It is awful . . .

Yet somehow I don't feel depressed. I rather feel like giggling. An empty smoker in the Cornish express—empty except for me! Extraordinary! And all my luggage in the right van, labelled for Helston, and not for Hull or Harwich or Hastings. That porter was a splendid fellow, so respectful, so keen on his work—no Bolshevism about him. I gave him a shilling. I gave the taxi-man a shilling too. That guard is a pleasant fellow also; I shall give him two shillings, perhaps half-a-crown. Yet I see that the railways are seething with unrest.

I have just read *The Times'* leader. Everything seems to be coming undone . . . Persia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, India. This Bolshevik business . . . dreadful. The guard has got me a ticket for the Second Luncheon. A capital fellow. I gave him three shillings. Absurd. I have no more shillings now. I am overdrawn. There is a financial crisis. But that, of course, is general. I see that Mr. Iselbaum anticipates a general smash this winter. A terrible winter it is going to be . . . no coal, no food . . . We ought to be in by five, in time for a fat late tea . . . Cornish cream . . . jam. Gwen will be at the station, with the children, all in blue . . . or pink perhaps. How jolly the country looks! Superficial, of course; the harvest's ruined; no wheat, no fruit. And unemployment will be very bad. And the more people there are unemployed the more people will strike . . . Sounds funny, that; but true . . . Hope they've given us the usual table in the coffee-room, that jolly window-table in the corner, where one can look across the bay to the cliffs and the corn-fields and the hills . . . Only there's no corn, I suppose, this year . . . And one has a good view of the rest of the room there . . . can study the new arrivals at dinner, instead of having to wait till afterwards. Dinner is much the best time to study them; you can see at

once how they eat. And it is so much easier to decide which is the sister and which the fiancée of the young man when they are all stationary at a table. When you only see them rushing about passages in ones it takes days.

All the usual families will be there, I suppose—the Bradleys and the Clinks, old Mrs. Puntage and the kids—if they can afford it this year . . . Very likely they can't. I can't, certainly. But I'm going.

"Not since the fateful week-end of August, 1914, when the destinies of

that hotel . . . like the cost of living. Up another five points to-day, I see. Bread's going to be one-and-threepence. But of course there won't be any bread this winter, so the price doesn't much matter. But what about coal? and milk? and meat? "Several new sets of wage claims are due for decision within the next few weeks, and it is possible that two of them at least may not be determined without a cessation of work." More strikes . . . But not for a week or two. To-morrow there won't be any papers at breakfast;

there won't be any letters. I shan't catch the 9.5. After breakfast I shall smoke on the cliff—then some tennis. Most of the balls will go over the cliff, but when they have all gone one just slips down and bathes, and picks them up on the way. Undress on the rocks—no machines, no tents. Jolly bathing. Mixed, of course. This Tonbridge councillor is on about that again, I see. He ought to come to Mullion. Mixed bathing depends entirely on the mixture. He doesn't realise that. Of course, if he will bathe at Tonbridge . . .

"In diplomatic circles no one is attempting to conceal that the situation is extremely grave." Now which situation is that? That must be one of these world-plots. Don't really see how civilisation can carry on more than a week or two now. Lucky I only took a single, perhaps. It was only two pounds, but I hadn't enough for a return. Never shall have enough, probably—but no matter. If the world is coming to an end, might as well be in a good part of it at the time. And it would be sickening to be snuffed out with an unused return-ticket



J.H. DOWD 20

NATIONAL RESEARCH.

THE DAILY QUEST, EVER WITH ITS FINGER ON THE PUBLIC PULSE, SENDS A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO OUR HOLIDAY RESORTS TO DISCOVER WHICH HAS THE NICEST NECKS.

Europe were decided in a few hours, have issues of such gravity engaged the attention of the British race. . . . Dreadful. I shall get some tennis to-morrow. I shan't be called. I shall get up when the sun is on my face and not before. I shall dress very, very slowly, looking at the sea and the sands and the sun, not rushing, not shaving properly, not thinking, not washing a great deal, just sort of falling into an old coat and some grey flannels. . . . Then I shall just sort of fall downstairs—about half-past nine, and give the old barometer a bang. Then breakfast, very deliberate, but cheerful, because the glass went up when I banged it—it always goes up at

in one's pocket.

On the sands after lunch—build a few castles and dams and things for the children—at least, not altogether for the children, not so much as they think, anyhow. Tea at the farm, with plenty of cream, possibly an egg . . . No eggs this winter, I see; some question of non-unionists. Then a little golf before dinner—and perhaps a little dancing afterwards. Coffee, anyhow . . .

Then *The Times* arrives, all wrapped up, just as one is explaining about the seventh hole. It is all stiff and crinkly, and one spends a long time rearranging it, flattening out the folds . . .

And one never reads it. That's the best of all.

A. P. H.



The Cheerful One. "CONGRATULATIONS, OLD CHAP, ON FINDING YOUR GAME AGAIN."
Club Grouser. "FINDING MY GAME! WHY, I'VE JUST OFFERED TO SELL EVERY DAMNED CLUB IN MY BAG."
The Cheerful One. "YES, I KNOW. BUT YESTERDAY YOU WERE GIVING THEM AWAY."

PRONE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—I am an architect (of forty-three years' standing) and I like to keep *au courant* with everything in the world of building (or of being about to build). Consequently anything new in constructional material interests me, and in this connection I would like to ask you what is or what are Prone? I have only seen it (or them) mentioned once, and from the context I gather that the word "prone" stands for the plural of "prone" (as "grouse" is the plural of "grouse," and as "house" might well stand for the plural of "house" nowadays, considering the shortage of dwellings), and that it (or they) is (or are) used either as a floor covering or otherwise in connection with working on the floor or ground.

My reason for so thinking is contained in the following interesting item, culled from a well-known daily newspaper:—

"There is in London one man at least who works hard every day and has to lay prone to do it.

He may be seen daily in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey re-cutting the names on the flagged gravestones which have been worn

by countless pilgrims' feet. He has picked out many illustrious names, and others are to follow."

The sex and species of this hard-worker preclude the notion of any oviparous act, and I take it that one "lays prone" as one lays a mat or strip of carpet, for the purpose of facilitating labour that is done on the knees or stomach. If I am right I should like to get my builder to order some for his workmen absolutely at once.

Anything which would help to defeat the Trade Unions in their fight against speeding-up would be a blessing, especially to the architectural world, so perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me on the nature of Prone, and where obtainable.

Believe me, Yours very gravely,
 ONESIMUS STONE (F.R.I.B.A.).

From an American book on "How and What to Read":—

"Other great American short story writers include Bret Harte, Edward Everett Hale, Frank Stockton, and Mary E. Wilkins. With these may be included Thomas Hardy's 'Life's Little Ironies,' which are full of fun."

Mr. HANDY will be glad, no doubt, to add this little irony to his collection.

THE KELPIE.

THE scoffer rails at ancient tales
 Of lake and stream and river;
 The wise man owns that in his bones
 The kelpie makes him shiver.

Big salmon-flies the scoffer buys,
 Long rods and wading stockings;
 Unpicturesque he walks in Esk
 With unbelief and mockings.

"A river-horse! O-ho, of course!"
 And shouts with ribald laughter;
 He does not see in his cheap glee
 The kelpie trotting after.

The storm comes chill from off the hill;
 An eerie wind doth holla;
 And near and near by surges drear
 The water-horse doth follow.

A snort, a snuff; enough, enough;
 Fast prayer or human help he
 Comes never more to mortal door
 Who meets the water-kelpie.

"THE KING ARRIVES IN SCOTLAND
 ASKED TO LEAVE."

Consecutive Headlines in "The Daily Mirror."
 The habit of reading the headlines in our pictorial newspapers without glancing at the pictures beneath them is liable to create false impressions.



Mrs. Symons (wishing to draw attention, in the time-honoured manner, to the amount of dust on the drawing-room furniture). "Look at that, MARTHA; I CAN WRITE MY NAME ON THE PIANO."

Martha. "FANCY, NOW, YOU SPELLING IT WITH A 'Y.'"

TO A MAKER OF PILLS.

["The Pill Trade has fallen on evil days; no ex-service men seem to require pills."—*A pill manufacturer summoned for rates at Willesden.*]

O BENEFACTOR of the British Tommy,
So often sick in far unfriendly climes,
What tears of sympathy are flowing from me
To learn that you have fallen on evil times!
Yea, to my mind 'tis little short of tragic
That men no longer buy your potent spheres of magic!

Scarce less detested than the Bulgar bullet
Your bitter pellets of Quin. Sulph. gr. 5
Have often stuck in my long-suffering gullet,
Leaving me barely more than half alive,
Whilst the accursed drug, whose taste I dread,
Hummed like an aeroplane within my throbbing head.

And what about Acetyl-Salicylic,
And what of Calomels and Soda Sals?

Existence had been even less idyllic
Without those powerful and faithful pals!
Why, midst the fevers of the Struma plain you
Furnished the greater part of Tommy's daily menu.

Or what of that infallible specific,
Your Pil. Cathartic Comp., or No. 9,
Whose world-wide influence must have been terrific
Since first it found its footing in the Line?

The British Tommy took it by the million—
Why should it fail to sell now he has turned civilian?

It is not base ingratitude that blinds him
To recognition of an ancient debt,
But rather that the sight of these reminds him
Of painful days which he would fain forget,
When life was one long round of guards and drills,
Marches, patrols, fatigues and sick parades—and pills.

Yet hear me, maker of the potent pilule:
Although my days of soldiering are o'er,
I'm fondly trusting that, when next I'm ill, you
Come to my rescue as you came of yore;
Meanwhile you'll understand that I, for one,
Refuse to buy your wares and eat them just for fun.

A Dead Heat.

"In the high jump final, Landen (U.S.A.) was first with a jump of 6ft. 4½in.; Muller (U.S.A.) and E. Kelcend (Sweden) died for second place."—*Provincial Paper.*

"I heard Lord Rosebery say: 'Your little girl has got beautiful eyes.' I repeated this upstairs with joy and excitement to the family, who . . . said they thought it was true enough if my eyes had not been so close together."—*Extract from Autobiography of Margot Asquith.*
Her "I's" are generally rather close together.

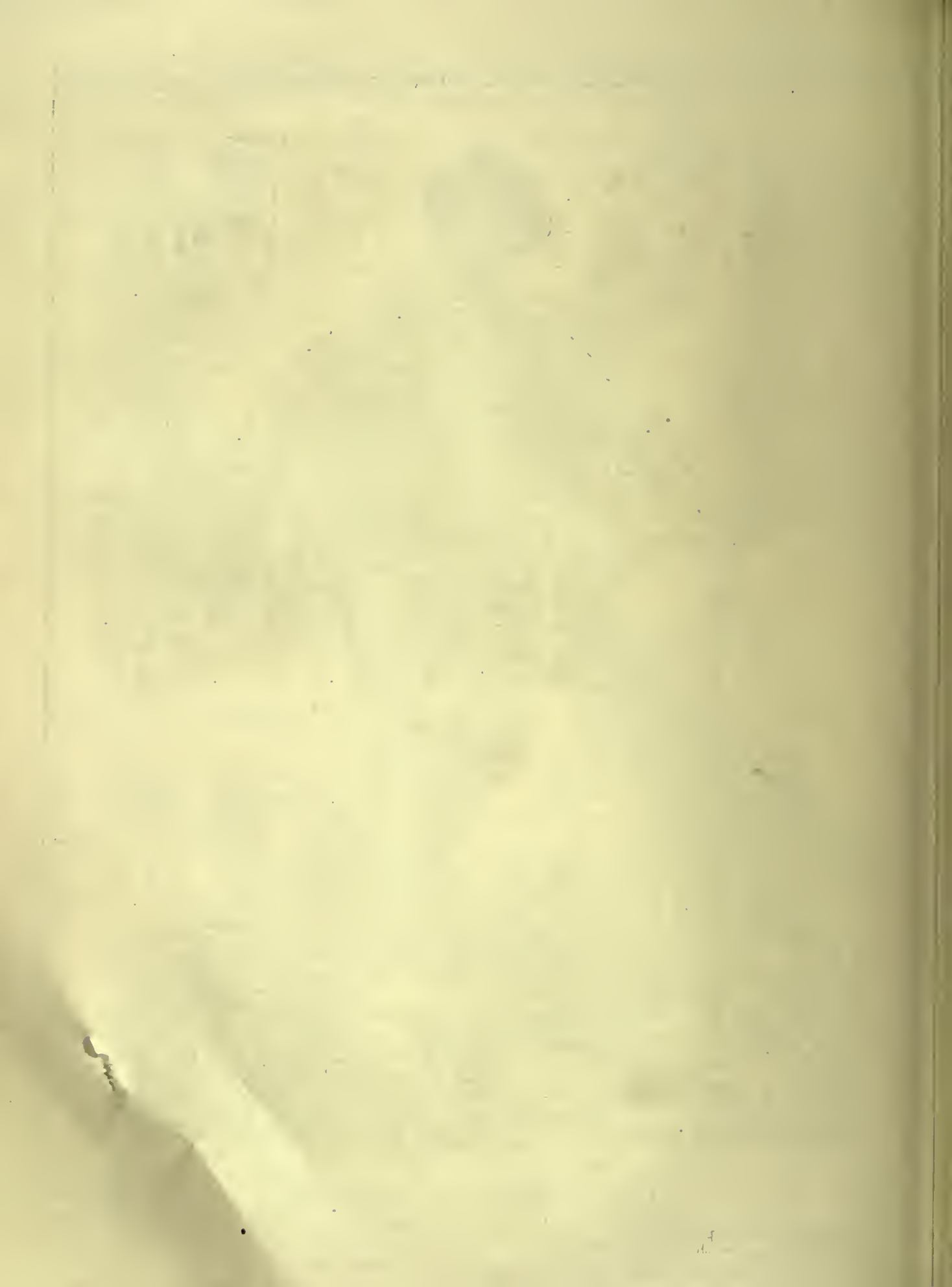
"The policy which should be adopted is first to take steps to prevent prices continuing to rise, and then to endeavour to reduce them until the purchasing power of the pound sterling is equal to the purchasing power of the dollar."—*Financial Paper.*

Judging by the New York exchange good progress has been made in this direction.



THE "HOUSE"-BREAKER.

OVERTHROW OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEMOCRACY; A DREAM OF THE "COUNCIL OF ACTION."





A. Wallis Mills.

Mother. "YOUR COUSIN JIM HAS OFFERED TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER AND A THEATRE TO-NIGHT. AREN'T YOU PLEASED?"

Daughter. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT HE LOOKS SO ROTTENLY RESPECTABLE."

GEORGE, JANE AND LENIN.

Now that Soviet rule in England is apparently so imminent it seems to me that we ought to consider a little more closely the application of its practical machinery. The morning papers reach this village at three o'clock in the afternoon, so that nobody is in to read them, and when one comes back in the evening one is generally too lazy, but a couple of rather startling sentences about the coming Communist régime have recently caught my eye.

"The people of England, like the people of Russia," runs the first, "will soon be working under the lash." And the second, so far as I remember, says, "Our rations will no doubt be reduced to half a herring and some boiled bird-seed, which is all the unhappy Russians are getting to eat."

Before these changes fall suddenly upon us I think we should ponder a little on the way in which they will affect our urban and agricultural life.

Take the House of Commons. A very large and symbolic knout might occupy the position of the present mace, and from time to time the SPEAKER

could take it up and crack it. As this needs a certain amount of practice it will be necessary to select a fairly horsey man as Speaker, and the Whips, who will follow the same procedure, should also be skilled practitioners. I see no difficulty in applying the same method to commercial and factory life in general, still less to the packing of the Underground Railway and the loading of motor-omnibuses and trams.

It is rather when we come to scattered rural communities that the system seems likely to break down. Take the case of George Harrison in this village. When I first met George Harrison, and he said that he thought the weather was lifting, he was carrying a basket of red plums which he offered to sell me for an old song. On subsequent occasions I met him—

1. Driving cows. (At least I suppose he was driving them; he was sitting sideways on a large horse doing nothing in particular, and some of the cows were going into one field and some into another, and a dog was biting their tails indiscriminately.)

2. Clearing muck and weeds out of the stream.

3. Setting a spring for rabbits.

4. Delivering letters, because the postman doesn't like walking up the hill.

Now I maintain that there would be insuperable difficulties in making George carry out all these various activities under the lash. Anyone, I suppose, under a properly constituted Soviet régime might be detailed as George Harrison's lasher, Mr. SMILLIE, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Lord CURZON, Mr. CLYNES or the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. Can you imagine Mr. CHESTERTON walking about on guard duty in a rabbit warren while George Harrison set springs in accordance with the principles laid down by the Third Internationale for rabbit-snaring? or the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND standing in gum-boots in the middle of a stream and flicking George Harrison about the trousers if he didn't rake out old tin cans at forty to the minute as laid down by the Moscow Code? Now I ask you.

And then there is this half a herring and boiled bird-seed arrangement. George Harrison has a sister of eighteen who kindly comes in to do cooking and housework for us every day. She thinks

us frightfully queer, and if we bought some herrings and bird-seed and asked her to cook them for us I have no doubt she would oblige, but, though she doesn't much care what we eat, there are a lot of things she doesn't eat herself, and fish is one of them. Porridge, which, I suppose, is a kind of bird-seed, is another.

Not that Jane calls it eating, by the way. She calls it "touching," and there are any number of things that she doesn't fancy touching. She will touch enormous platefuls of bacon or sausages or almost any derivative of the domestic pig, and the same applies to puddings and cake. But beef and mutton she does not touch, nor margarine, and we have to be almost as careful that Jane Harrison has plenty of the right things to touch as about the whole of the rest of the family.

Now here again I think it would be quite possible to induce the people of England in our large industrial centres to ration themselves on hoiled herring and bird-seed. We should not use those names, of course. The advertisements on the hoardings would say:—

THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST OF THE SEA BROUGHT TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE

OR

WHAT MAKES THE SKYLARK SO HAPPY?

TRY HARRABY'S HEMP.
A SONG IN EVERY SPOONFUL.

But propaganda of that sort would have no effect on Jane. She would simply say that she never cared to touch herrings and that she did not fancy hemp-seed.

When I consider the cases of George and Jane I am bound to believe either that the Russian moujiks (if this is still the right word) are more docile and tractable than ours, or else that the Soviet régime will need a great deal of adaptation before it can be extended to our English villages. Or, of course, it may be possible that some of the minuter details of M. LENIN's administration have not been fully revealed to me. I shall find out about this no doubt when I return to London. In the meantime I am banking on George and Jane, whatever the COUNCIL OF ACTION may do. EVOE.

The Old Order Changes.

"He brightened up a lot when his mother-in-law arrived," said an onlooker."

Provincial Paper.

LUCERNE.

O, every dog must have its day
And ev'ry town its turn;
For fair is fair... and, anyway,
Let's talk about Lucerne.

Lucerne is in Switzerland, and I am in Lucerne. The moment I heard that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was coming to Lucerne I felt that a new importance was added to Switzerland, to Lucerne, to me and, if I may say so, to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. But I felt that, if I didn't do something about it, Lucerne and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would get away with all the credit and my part in the affair would be overlooked.

The question arose as to what to call that "something"? After a great deal of thought I decided to try you with a short and simple "Lucerne," one of

and to have at last a little uninterrupted holiday. Probably he counts on the difficulty of getting at him there, having regard to that terrible bit of the journey Bern—Luzern, which covers sixty miles, takes three hours and involves twenty-four stops, even if you take the mid-day express. There is a train in the afternoon (its number is 5666, and I warn you against it) which takes four hours, though it only stops twenty-four times also. The sinister fact is that all the trains on this route stop as often as they can, which I attribute to that general wave of idleness which is to-day spreading over Europe. But number 5666 is worse than others; or else it is getting old and tired. I notice that among the trains doing the return journey there is

no number 5666; I suppose it has just as much as it can do to get there and that it never does return.

THE PREMIER was not far out to count on this protective element, and it is still the fact that, if you approach Luzern carelessly, it is ninety-nine to one that you will spend the best years of your young life on that particular stretch of railway. But nowadays there is a back way round, by Basel. Be quite firm in asking for your ticket. If the ticket man says, "You mean Bäle?" or, "You mean Basle?" say, "No, I don't. I mean Basel."



Wee Donald Angus. "PLEASE, SIR, WHAT TIME WULL IT BE?"
Literal Gentleman. "WIEN?"

my reasons being that, if you get down to the hard facts, there is no such place.

Try (as the G.P.O. suggests to disappointed envelopes)—try

LUZERN.

Now don't let us have any argument about it, please. It makes no difference how long you have called the place "Lucerne" or how many of you there are. It is no good saying that English people and French people call it "Lucerne" and as victors the Entente have the right to impose their wishes; and it is no good quoting authorities at me. Luzern calls itself Luzern, and, to satisfy myself that it is not mistaken on the point, I have obtained complete corroboration from the *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch*, an authority whose very name is enough to make your *Bradshaw* look silly and shut up.

The avowed object of the PREMIER is to get away from people and politics

You have me and my friend, *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch*, behind you. Stick firmly to your point, and by approaching Luzern from the North you will approach it by a real express which only takes two hours to do its sixty miles and hardly stops at all to take breath. So that finishes with Bern, as to the spelling of which, though you would personally like to see some more "e's," you now repose confidence in me. Would you like me to quote my authority? . . . All right; I won't say it again if it frightens the children.

In the old days of Peace, Luzern was full of honeymoon couples, and, when Peace and honeymoons and all that sort of nonsense were put a stop to, it became full of German interned prisoners of war. It boasts many first-class hotels. One of them is patronised by the Greek ex-Royal Family. A little unfortunate; but still you cannot expect to come and enjoy yourself in Switzerland without the risk of running



"ERE—CHUCK IT, MISSUS. WHY CAN'T YER LET US FIGHT IN PEACE?"

into an ex-Royal Family every corner you go round, and, what is more, a Royal Family that wouldn't be ex- if it wasn't for you. It is a very good hotel, and I recommend it for anyone who proposes just to pop over here.

Get hold of L. G. while he is not busy and explain to him how thoroughly misguided all his policies are, especially as to the Near East. My idea is to group, according to subject and side, all those who intend to get hold of the PREMIER, while he is alone, and to have a quiet chat with him. I have my eye on a large hangar on the other side of the Lake, which was built to house a dirigible and ought to hold the bulk of those who want a word about Ireland, a place they could put right in five minutes if it was left to them. Deputations which have some idea of declaring strikes, general strikes and international strikes, if matters are not arranged to their liking, will be received between the hours of ten and twelve, and two and four, at the Kursaal. Saturday afternoons and Sundays will be reserved for quiet walks. I am mapping out some interesting routes, marking with a red dot the spots where the PREMIER is likely to stop and admire the view, and

where you can approach him quietly from behind and involve him in an argument about Russia before he has time to get away.

Imagine a PREMIER arrived at the end of all the beautiful sights to be seen locally, inured to all the magnificent scenery around him, and no longer attracted by the novelty of life abroad, longing, it may be, for just one touch of home. Then is the moment for the little surprise I am keeping for him up my sleeve. "Come along to a place close by," I shall say to him, for I see myself with the whole business well in my hands now; "come along to a village I know, whose very name will make you feel at home."

Just outside Luzern we stop at Meggen, but it's not that. Kussnacht gets us well abroad again, and there is nothing particularly homely about Immenensee, Arth-Goldau, Steinen, Schwyz or Brunnen. In fact I can see my PREMIER getting suspicious and wondering what new political move this may be, when suddenly there will burst upon his astonished gaze—

FLUELLEN.

Let us leave him there, alone with

his emotions, into which it would be impertinent to probe. I may tell you quietly apart that there is a difference of opinion between me and *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch* about this name. He wants to ration the l's, but, having been there and heard the name pronounced, I have refused to be taught how to spell a good Welsh name by a darned foreigner. If we are going to have any nonsense about it I have said that I shall stand out for the proper, full and uncorrupt spelling: FLEWELLYN.

"That," declared Mr. Lloyd George amid loud cheers, "is one of the most formidable challenges ever given to democracy. Without hesitation every Government must accept that challenge." "Certainly we will," retorted the Prime Minister.—*Evening Paper*.

No wonder Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wants a holiday if he has begun to talk to himself.

"A telegram from Paris says: It is announced here that an agreement has been concluded between France, Great Britain and Italy regarding the delimitation of the open golf championship."—*Provincial Paper*.

It will be noticed that America seems once more to have held aloof from the councils of the Allies.

"TO HIM THAT HATH..."

It was Butterington who first put me up to the idea. I asked him a simple question about the habits of the Sigalion Boa, a certain worm in whose ways I was taking an interest at the time, and he at once replied that he himself was not in the fur line.

"Whenever," he went on, "I require information on any subject I apply to my bank. Why don't you do the same?"

This opened up an entirely new prospect. To me my bank was an institution which kept my accounts, issued money and, on occasion, lent it. It never entered my head that it was also ready to perform the functions of an inquiry office and information bureau.

Previous communications from me had always begun, "Sir, with reference to my overdraft"—you know the sort of thing one generally writes to banks; expostulating, tactful, temporising letters.

This time however I addressed them in different vein. Rejecting all mention of overdrafts as being in doubtful taste, I wrote:—

SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly inform me, at your early convenience:

(1) Whether it is a fact that the African rhinoceros has no hair on the hind legs?

(2) Whether, in the case of my backing Pegasus in the first race, 'any to come' on Short Time in the fourth, and Short Time not starting, I am entitled to my winnings over Pegasus?

(3) Whether, after perusing seventeen favourable reports from mining engineers and eighty-seven enthusiastic directors' speeches, I am justified in assuming that gold actually does exist in the Bonanzadorado mine?

Yours faithfully,

THESIGER CHOLMONDELEY BEAUCHAMP.

After some delay they answered as follows:—

SIR,—We have much pleasure in replying to the queries contained in your favour of the 27th ult.:—

(1) Yes; (2) Yes; (3) No.

Assuring you always of our best endeavours in your service,

We remain, Yours faithfully,
per pro The Cosmopolitan Bkg. Corpn.
C. O. SHINE.

So far so good. The Bank's manner left nothing to be desired, and its replies were certainly to the point. I began to think of Mr. C. O. Shine as my personal friend and speculated as to whether his first name were Claude or Clarence.

During the following week, whenever I became curious on any subject, I

made notes of fresh queries to propound. After accumulating a sufficient number I again wrote to the Bank. I forget the exact points upon which I required information; one of them, I fancy, was the conjectured geologic age of the Reichardtite strata. Anyhow I got no answer to any of them.

Instead, three days later, I received the following letter:—

SIR,—We regret to announce that, owing to a clerical error in this office, your account was last month wrongly credited with a cheque for £13,0975s.10d. which was made payable to another client of the same name.

Adjustments have now been made which reveal a balance on your account of £110 11s. 3d. in our favour. We trust that you will find it convenient to cover this overdraft at an early date.

With reference to your letter of the 19th inst. containing assorted inquiries, we beg to intimate that we can in no circumstances undertake to advise clients on general matters which lie outside the scope of our interests.

Yours faithfully,

per pro The Cosmopolitan Bkg. Corpn.

CHARLES O. SHINE.

And this time C. O. S. did not even "remain" in the plural.

I at once showed Butterington this offensive communication.

"Well," said he, "of course they won't answer communications unless you have a balance."

That is the way rich men talk.

"I am never without one," I replied with dignity, "on one side or the other."

"There you differ from your namesake, whose balance is clearly always on the right side. Hence that first kindly letter, addressed to you in error."

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following items, culled from recent issues of *The Daily Lure*, show where you should go to find really interesting, stimulating and flat-catching notices:—

Partner, with not less than five thousand pounds, wanted for a wild-duck farm in the island of Mull. Must be a man of iron constitution; Gaelic speaker and teetotaler preferred.

Wanted, a cheap Desert Island, with a good water-supply and home comforts, by a Georgian poet weary of the racket of Hammersmith.

Complete suits of armour, guaranteed bottle-proof, ten guineas each, suitable for elderly pedestrians in charabanc areas.

Madame Bogolubov, Crystal-gazer in

ordinary to the ex-King CONSTANTINE, is prepared for a small fee to advise intending explorers, prospectors or treasure-seekers as to suitable spots for excavation, oil-boring, etc.

Disused Martello Tower on the Irish coast, fifty miles from a police barrack, offered cheap as an appropriate basis of observation to psychic enthusiasts anxious to study the ways of leprechauns, banshees, etc.

Genuine portraits by VAN DYCK, VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT must be sold immediately to pay a debt of honour. Price thirty shillings each, or would take part payment in pre-war whisky.

Semi-paralysed Yugo-Slav professor, speaking seventeen languages, will give lessons to neo-plutocrats in the correct pronunciation of the names of all the foreign singers, dancers and artists performing or exhibiting in London.

Persons interested in edible fungi may be glad to take shares in a fungus plantation about to be started in the neighbourhood of Toller Percorum, Dorchester.

THE RETURN OF THE COLONEL.

HOUSE, the enigmatic Colonel, WILSON's right-hand man in France When the PRESIDENT was leading Peace's great Parisian dance, Once again returns to Europe as a journalist free-lance.

He's a most sagacious person, indisposed to carp or grouse, So we hope he'll be successful, aided by his tact and nous, In upholding Mr. WILSON, not in bringing down the House.

The Ubiquitous Scot.

From *The Times*' summary of news:—

"Our Constantinople correspondent, in a message reviewing the situation in Armenia, states that the Armenians have captured the ancient town of Nakhichevan, where a Tartan Government had been set up."

Small wonder that people complain that no place is safe from Scotland's activities. Meanwhile there seems a likelihood of a Tarzan Government being set up in the film world.

From Mrs. ASQUITH's reminiscences:

"One day after this conversation he [the late Lord Salisbury] came to see me in Cavendish Square, bringing with him a signed photograph of himself. This was in the year 1904, at the height of the controversy over Protection."—*Sunday Times*.

As Lord SALISBURY is generally supposed to have died in 1903, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has been requested to investigate the incident.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO.



THE LAST MAN WAS IN AND WITH ONLY ONE RUN WANTED—



SMITH, OF ALL PEOPLE, DROPPED A CATCH.



HE STOLE AWAY—



BUT HIS SIN FOLLOWED HIM.



HE DECIDED—



TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.



AFTER MANY YEARS HE RETURNED.



"GOOD HEAVENS, SMITH, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU DROPPED THAT CATCH AT THE CIRCLE."



"YES, I ONCE SAW HIM PLAY WHEN I WAS QUITE A LAD. ON THAT OCCASION HE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DROP A CATCH."

AT THE PLAY.

"HIS LADY FRIENDS."

THE humours of the average farce are so elemental that in the matter of its setting there is small need to worry about geographical or ethnical considerations. Of course, if its *locale* is French you may have to modify its freedom of thought and speech, but with a very little accommodation to national proprieties you can either transplant the setting of your play or you can leave it where it was and make use of the convention that for stage purposes all Frenchmen have a perfect command of our tongue and idiom. But to take a frankly English novel by an English writer, adapt it, as Messrs. NYTRAY and MANDEL have done, for the American stage with an American setting, and then bring it over here and produce it with only one or two actors in the whole east to illustrate the purity of the American accent, is perhaps to presume rather too much on our generous lack of intelligence.

However we have got Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY back again and that is what really matters. As a philanderer protesting innocence in the face of damning facts we know him well enough; but here we have him innocent and ingenuous as an angel, yet hard put to it to convince anyone but himself of his guilelessness. A millionaire (dollars) with a wife of economic disposition, who declines to spend his money for him; he feels drawn to a course of knight-errantry and rides abroad in search of damsels in pecuniary distress, with the avowed object of "spreading a little sunshine."

This quest, as you will easily understand, was not a very difficult one for a man prepared to be imposed upon by just any adventuress, and in the neighbourhood of his various business-branches, San Francisco, Washington, Boston, he soon found a ready channel for the employment of his superfluous wealth. The natural affection, however, which his generosity inspired was not utilised by him, and you must try to believe that, in spite of the most sinister appearances, he remained a faithful husband.

With the methods by which he appeased his wife's suspicions I will not trouble you, partly because I could not follow them myself, owing to the

obscurity of the plot at its most critical moment. Enough that all ends well with her firmly-expressed resolution that in the future she will herself do all the necessary squandering.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as *James Smith* was irresistible in most of the old ways and a few new ones. The play would have gone poorly without him, in spite of the piquancy of Miss JOAN BARRY as a flapper, the fourth and final recipient of his chaste bounty. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as *Mrs. James Smith* had no chance till just at the end with the turning of the worm. To the part of *Lucille Early*—the *Earlys*, as a couple, were designed to

the good fortune to read Miss EDOINTON's novel, but one might be permitted to assume, from the excellence of much of the wit, that, whatever the play may in other respects have lacked of subtlety or refinement, such defect was no fault of hers. What Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY himself thought of it all I cannot say, but the play did not begin to compare, either for irony or singleness of motive, with the last two in which he figured, *The Naughty Wife* and *Home and Beauty*. He clearly enjoyed his own part, but it was rather noticeable that in his brief speech at the fall of the curtain he confined himself to a personal acknowledgment of the public's sympathy with him in his illness and their loyalty throughout his career, and made no reference to the play or its authors. O. S.

A SUPER-SURPRISE.

I HAVE not seen the stalking
By a rabbit of a bear,
Nor yet an oyster walking
Sedately up the stair;
But a marvel as amazing
Inspires these doggerel
rhymes,
For I've read a leader praising
The PREMIER in *The Times*.

A House-Warming.

"Considerable damage was done by fire at — Cottage on Wednesday evening. The stairs, part of the floor, doors, furniture, etc., were destroyed.

— presided at the piano, and Mrs. — presided over the refreshments. 'God save the King' was sung at the close of the enjoyable day."—*Local Paper*.

The Labour "Council of Action" have kindly stated that they are "content to leave the French Government to the French people." They are however reserving the right to leave the British Government to the Bolsheviks.

"We must repeat the Scots proverb that—'Delays are dangerous.'"—*Sunday Paper*.
Or, as DRYDEN says in his Address to a Haggis, "De'il tak' the hindmost."

"The proportion of sane to insane persons in civilized countries is about one to 300."
Canadian Paper.

Surely CARLYLE said something very like this years ago.

Commercial Candour.

"RAINCOATS AT LESS THAN COST PRICE LAST 3 DAYS."—*Advert. in Provincial Paper*.

"Lady has Left-off Clothing; privately."
Provincial Paper.

Of course. That goes without saying.



"I want to spread a little sunshine."

James Smith Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Eva Johns Miss JOAN BARRY.

contrast with the *Smiths*, the wife in this case spending the money which the husband hadn't got—Miss ATHENE SEYLER, who was meant for better things, gave a certain distinction, but perhaps "pressed" a little too much. Mr. JAMES CAREW, who played *Edward Early*, was conspicuous as the sole male representative of the American language in this American play. The fleeting visions that we had of Miss MONA HARRISON as a refractory and venal cook excited general approval. The three *protégées* of *James Smith* were only faintly distinguishable in their rather crude banality.

The fun of the farce differed from that of most farces in depending less upon situations than upon dialogue. The First Act, with the situations still to come, was the best. I have not had



Trainer (to Irish apprentice who has finished among the "also ran"). "WHY DIDN'T YOU HANG ON TO THE FAVOURITE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE HE WAS AFRAID OF."

Apprentice. "THAT'S JUST IT, SORR. 'T WAS THE WAY HE WAS SO AFRAID OF ME, WHIN WE CAME INTO THE STRAIGHT, HE JUST FLED AWAY FROM ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOSE who appreciate the short story of quality will be pleasantly stirred by the announcement of *Island Tales* (MILLS AND BOON), a posthumous volume containing what is probably the last writing of the late JACK LONDON. I can say at once that these seven stories show his art in one aspect of its best. Not here the LONDON, whom some of us might prefer, of the strenuous adventure-tale, with whom there was no respite till, at the end of anything up to a hundred sinew-cracking pages, we won through to the appointed end. That South Sea atmosphere, so insidiously appealing to the literary temperament (from STEVENSON to STACPOOLE you can see it at work) has steeped these tales in the lotus-leisure of perpetual afternoon, so that the action of them tends to become overlaid by slow reflective talk, old memories and the sense of ancient things. Most notable is this in the first, where the actual romance, quick, human and haunting, does not so much as show its face till after forty pages of old-time local colour. Perhaps of all the seven I myself would prefer the last—"The Kanaka Surf," a slight intrigue, but a perfect epic of such bathing as, I suppose, can be understood nowhere but on these enchanted coasts. To read it is to realise what a loss we suffer in one who could put such jewelled loveliness on to the printed page—and what another loss in not seeing the

original for ourselves. I suppose no tribute to the power of genius could be more eloquent.

After the German Revolution of 1918, KARL KAUTSKY, a prominent Socialist, was appointed by the new Government to examine and edit the documents in the Berlin Foreign Office relating to the outbreak of the War. His work was completed in time for the Peace Conference and would, he believes, if published at that time, have convinced the Allies that the new German Government ought not to be made responsible for the sins of the old one. But it would also have shown that the old Government was the main instigator of the War, and that the German people, having danced to the tune, even if they did not call for it, deserved to pay the piper. For that reason, perhaps, the German Government withheld HERR KAUTSKY'S revelations. Now he has published them on his own account, under the title, *The Guilt of William Hohenzollern* (SKEFFINGTON). A more damning indictment has never been drawn. From the moment of the ARCHDUKE'S assassination the KAISER and his advisers determined to make it the pretext for destroying Serbia, and crushing Russia and France if they dared to interfere. BISMARCK once said that "never are so many lies told as before a war, during an election and after a shoot." His own manipulation of the Ems telegram was venial compared to the manner in which the German diplomats, egged on by their ruler—whose *marginalia* on the

despatches furnish the most amusing reading in the volume—used all the arts of chicanery to deceive Europe as to their real intentions and to defeat the efforts of England—on whose neutrality they confidently counted—to secure a peaceful settlement. Though primarily addressed to the German proletariat, Herr KAUTSKY's book has its value for all of us—"lest we forget."

On page 103 of *The White Hen* (MILLS AND BOON) we read that the Duke laughed softly. "'It is just like a romance,' he sighed happily;" which was precisely where, without intending it, the Duke placed his ducal finger upon the weak spot in the whole business. Because if ever a story was "like a romance," and like nothing else on earth, and filled with characters each and all pledged to preserve its unreality at all costs, here is that tale. The plot, of which there is a generous allowance, turns chiefly upon the problem, when is a white hen less a hen than a jewel casket? Answer, when she has swallowed, and is erroneously thought to have retained, a famous diamond, upon which an impoverished but noble (see above) French family had depended for the dot that should enable their daughter to wed a plutocratic but otherwise detestable suitor. I take it you will hardly need telling that this is the moment chosen by Romance, under the expert guidance of Miss PHYLLIS CAMPBELL, to bring along an even more wealthy young American, mistaken (of course) for his own chauffeur and working such havoc upon the heart of the heroine that, when the latter accidentally recovered the diamond from its feathered cache, she very sensibly decided to say nothing about it. Whereupon, because the other characters, especially an unpleasant Duchess, were unaware that, as the shop announcements say, "Poultry was Down Again," much profitable confusion resulted, though nothing to impugn the justice of the ducal verdict quoted above. So that, if your taste jumps with that of his Grace, you also can "sigh happily;" otherwise you will perhaps omit the adverb—and select a story less exclusively romantic.

There is a spirit of Yorkshire and a spirit, I suppose, characteristic of Suburbia, and on the outskirts of certain large manufacturing towns there must exist a formidable blending of these two. To express the double flavour of this essence requires, I should say, a subtler and more elaborate method than Mr. W. RILEY has attempted to use in *A Yorkshire Suburb* (JENKINS). He has imagined for the purpose of these sketches an architect, *Murgatroyd*, who in planning most of the houses in the locality has attempted to express in brick and stone the characters of their several occupants. This is a device which becomes rather monotonous as the book proceeds, besides imposing a series of strains which neither architecture nor credulity can easily bear. Since these are rather superior suburbanites, dialect is for the most part absent, and it is hard to feel

that they are very different people from those who live about the borders of Manchester or London; a character like *Mrs. Flitch*, for instance, who is angelic to behold but a spiteful gossip at heart, is, alas! to be found anywhere. And where the dialect does crop out it does not seem to be dependent on suburban soil for its raciness. I don't doubt the accuracy of Mr. RILEY's Yorkshiremanship, but I do think he has under-estimated the difficulty of localising the peculiar genius of villadom.

Though billed by her publisher as a merciless analyst, Mrs. MORDAUNT is really (if you want to fling this kind of title about) an eclectic synthetist or synthetic biologist. Her wicked people are prodigiously wicked, wickedness personified, in fact; her good folk are noble-hearted without stint or measure. I don't personally think that anybody could be quite so completely and gratuitously evil as good-looking *Charles Hoyland* in *The Little Soul* (HUTCHINSON); or, being so, could possibly be recommended, still less engaged, as tutor to a sensitive youth; or, being so engaged, tolerated for two days. He certainly could not hold down his job long enough to corrupt his pupil, *Anthony Clayton*, by exchanging souls with him under the nose of 'mad but perceptive Mrs. Clayton and sane sister *Diana*. This conspicuously chaste *Diana* is an attractive person, and so is the recklessly charitable Dr. McCabe, her appropriate mate, who first had to fly the country through helping a chorus-girl out of a difficulty and then (more or less) won the War by revolutionising bacteriology or something like that. However, Mrs. MORDAUNT interests because she is so palpably interested herself.

The scenes of *Lure of Contraband* (JARROLD) are laid in the Devonshire of some hundred years ago. It is, as its

title suggests, a tale of smuggling, and it contains an account of a hand-to-hand fight between the hero and the villain which I advise all members of the National Sporting Club to read. They may be shocked by the tactics of the villain, but at the same time they will see what a bout of fistieuffs meant in those days. Mr. J. WEARE GIFFARD is a master of atmosphere, and I, at any rate, lived happily in his Appledore, and imagined myself drinking prime (and cheap) French brandy in the Beaver Inn; while *Lieutenant Perkins*, who commanded the "preventive men," sat in his tall-backed chair by the fireplace and kept his eyes and ears open to detect anything that was suspicious. But he was not foolish enough to ask many questions about the French brandy. An excellent yarn, simply and straightforwardly told.

"A photograph of the Olympic games at Antwerp was transmitted yesterday to Paris, a distance of 200 miles, over a telephone wire. It is in the nature of an experiment, and if it succeeds Messrs. Cook hold out promises of further day trips to the Continent."—*Daily Paper*. Intending trippers must, of course, be proficient in the tight-rope wire.



J.H. DOWD. 20
Customer. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LLOYD GEORGE?"
Barber. "THINK OF 'IM, SIR? WITH A MOP OF 'AIR LIKE 'E'S GOT—A NICE EXAMPLE TO THE NATION!"

CHARIVARIA.

A NEWCASTLE miner who was stated to be earning a pound a day has been fined ten pounds for neglecting his children. The idea of waiting till September 20th and letting Mr. SMILLIE neglect them does not seem to have occurred to him. * *

"Beyond gardening," says a gossip writer, "Mr. SMILLIE has few hobbies." At the same time there is no doubt he is busy getting together a fine collection of strikes. * *

It is said that AMUNDSEN will not return to civilisation this year. If he was thinking of Ireland he isn't missing any civilisation worth mentioning. * *

"The POET LAUREATE," says a weekly paper, "has not written an ode to British weather." So that can't be the cause of it. * *

A Wolverhampton man weighing seventeen stone, in charging another with assault, said he heard somebody laughing at him, so he looked round. A man of that weight naturally would. * *

"There is work for everybody who likes to work," says Mr. N. GRATTAN DOYLE, M.P. It is this tactless way of rubbing it in which annoys so many people. * *

A contemporary has a letter from a correspondent who signs himself "Tube Traveller of Twenty Years' Standing." Somebody ought to offer the poor fellow a seat. * *

In connection with the case of a missing railway-porter one railway line has decided to issue notices warning travellers against touching porters while they are in motion. * *

"The United States," declares the proprietor of a leading New York hotel, "is on the eve of going wet again." A subtle move of this kind, with the object of depriving drink of its present popularity, is said to be making a strong appeal to the Prohibitionists. * *

One London firm is advertising thirty thousand alarm-clocks for sale at reduced prices. There is now no excuse for any workman being late at a strike.

A centenarian in the Shetlands, says a news agency, has never heard of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We have no wish to brag, but we have often seen his name mentioned. * *

Professor PETRIE's statement that the world will only last another two hundred thousand years is a sorry blow to those who thought that *Chu Chin Chow* was in for a long run. Otherwise the news has been received quietly. * *

"Nothing useful is ever done in the House of Commons," says a Labour speaker. He forgets that the cleaners are at work in the building just now. * *

We are informed that at the Brick-laying contest at the Olympic Games a British bricklayer lost easily.

of American bacon recently purchased by the Prisons' Department things might tend to improve. * *

"There is still a great shortage of gold in the country," announces a weekly paper. It certainly seems as if our profiteers will soon have to be content with having their teeth stopped with bank-notes. * *

We regret to learn that the amateur gardener whose marrows were awarded the second prize for cooking-apples at a horticultural show is still confined to his bed. * *

A neck-ruffle originally worn by QUEEN ELIZABETH has been stolen from a house in Manchester and has not yet been recovered. Any reader noticing

a suspicious-looking person wearing such an article over her *décolleté* should immediately communicate with the nearest police-station. * *

Hair tonic, declares the Washington Chief of Police, is growing in popularity as a beverage. The danger of this habit has been widely advertised by the sad case of a Chicago man who drank three shampoo cocktails and afterwards swallowed a hair in his soup. * *

The mystery of the City gentleman who has been noticed lately going up to public telephones and getting immediate answers is now solved. It appears that he is a well-known ventriloquist with a weakness for practical jokes. * *

"According to the latest census returns, the population of New York City is now £5,021,000."—*Indian Paper*.

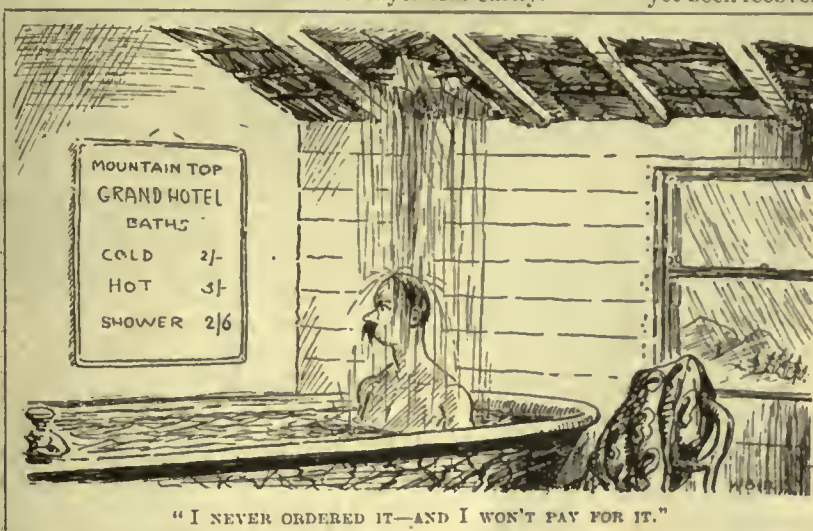
In dollars, of course, it would be considerably more.

"The Royal Dutch Mail steamer *Stuyvesant* will leave on Monday at 5 a.m. for Havre and Amsterdam. The tender leaves the Light-house Jetty at 8 a.m. punctually with passengers."—*West Indian Paper*.

Rather a mean trick to play on them.

"The Chairman said the Council had never paid one penny for the oiling and washing of the fire brigade."—*Local Paper*.

It is understood that while the noble fellows do not object to washing at reasonable intervals, they strongly deprecate oiling as unnecessarily adding to the risks of their dangerous calling.



"A dress designer," says a Camomile Street dressmaker in *The Evening News*, "must be born." We always think this is an advantage. * *

A gossip-writer points out that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's earliest ambition was to be an actor. Our contemporary is wise not to disclose the name of the man who talked him out of it. * *

"Whatever price is fixed it is impossible to get stone in any quantity," says a building trade journal. They have evidently not heard of our coal-dealer. * *

"Nothing of any value has been gained by the War," complains a daily paper. This slur on the O.B.E. is in shocking taste. * *

A Sunday newspaper deplores that there seems to be no means of checking the crime-wave which is still spreading throughout the country. If only the Government would publish the amount

MR. SMILLIE'S LITTLE ARMAGEDDON.

SHALL she, the England unafraid,
That came by steady courage through
The toughest war was ever made
And wiped the earth with WILLIAM TWO
(Who, though it strikes us now as odd,
Was, in his way, a sort of little god)—

Shall she that stood serene and firm,
Sure of her will to stay and win,
Cry "Comrade!" on her knees and squirm
To lesser gods of cheaper tin,
Spreading herself, a *corpus vile*,
Under the prancing heels of Mr. SMILLIE?

Humour forbids! And even they
Who toil beneath the so-called sun,
Yet often in an eight-hours' day
Indulge a quiet sense of fun—
These too can see, however dim,
The joke of starving just for SMILLIE's whim.

And here I note what looks to be
A rent in Labour's sacred fane;
The priestly oracles disagree,
And, when a house is split in twain,
Ruin occurs—ay! there's the rub
Alike for Labour and Beelzebub.

And anyhow I hope that, where
At red of dawn on Rigi's height
He jodels to the astonished air,
LLOYD GEORGE is bent on sitting tight;
Nor, as he did in THOMAS' case,
Nurses a scheme for saving SMILLIE's face.

Why should his face be saved? indeed,
Why should he have a face at all?
But, if he *must* have one to feed
And smell with, let the man install
A better kind, and thank his luck
That all his headpiece hasn't come unstuck.

O. S.

A WHIFF OF THE BRINY.

As I entered the D.E.F. Company's depôt, Melancholy marked me for her own. Business reasons—not my own but the more cogent business reasons of an upperling—had just postponed my summer holiday; postponed it with a lofty vagueness to "possibly November. We might be able to let you go by then, my boy." November! What would Shrimpton-on-Sea be like even at the beginning of November? Lovely sea-bathing, delicious boating, enchanting picnics on the sand? I didn't think. Melancholy tattooed me all over with anchors and pierced hearts, to show that I was her very own, not to be taken away.

I clasped my head in my hands and gazed in dumb agony at the menu card. A kind waitress listened with one ear.

"Poached egg and bacon—two rashers," I murmured.

While I waited I crooned softly to myself:—

"Poor disappointed Georgie. Life seems so terribly sad.
All the bacon and eggs in the world, dear, won't make you
a happy lad."

When the dish was brought I eyed it sadly. Sadly I raised a mouthful of bacon to my lips . . .

Swish!!! The exclamation-marks signify the suddenness with which the train swept into the station. I leapt down on to the platform and drew a long breath. The sea! In huge whiffs the ozone rolled into my nostrils. I gurgled

with delight. Everything smelt of the dear old briny: the little boys running about with spades and pails; the great basketsful of fish; the blue jerseys of the red-faced men who, at rare intervals, toiled upon the deep. At the far end of the platform I saw the reddest face of all, that of my dear old landlord. I rushed to meet him . . .

Ah me, ah me! The incrustated-papered walls of the depôt girt me in again. I took another mouthful of bacon—a larger one . . .

Bang! Someone was thumping on the door of my bathing-machine. What a glorious scent of salt rose from the sea-washed floor! "Are you coming out?" asked a persuasive voice. "No, no, no!" I shouted joyously. "I am going in." What a dive! I never knew before how superlatively graceful my dives could be. Away through the breakers with a racing stroke. Over on my back, kicking fountains at the sun. In this warm water I should stay in for hours and hours and . . .

Pah! That horrible incrustated paper back again! I bolted the remaining rasher . . .

The boat rocked gently in a glassy sea. They were almost climbing over the gunwale in their eagerness to be caught. Lovely wet shining wriggly fellows; all the varieties of the fishmonger's slab and more. In season or out, they didn't care; they thought only of doing honour to my line. No need in future for me to envy the little boys on the river-bank who pulled in fish after fish when I never got a bite. How delightfully salt the fish smelt! And the sun drew out the scent of salt from the gently lapping waves. It was all so quiet and restful. Almost could I have slumbered, even as I pulled them in and in and . . .

The waitress must have giggled. Once again the incrustated paper leered at me in all its horrible pink incrustiness. There was no bacon left on my plate. But the delicious scent of salt still lingered. Alas, my holiday was over! I must speed me or I should miss the train to town.

"Good-bye!" I shouted to the manageress and shook her by the hand. She seemed surprised. "Such a happy time," I assured her. "I wish I could have it all over again."

She said something which I could not hear. Sea-bathing tends to make me a little deaf.

"If I have forgotten anything—my pyjamas or my shaving strop—would you be so kind as to send them on? Good-bye again."

Something fluttered to the floor. The manageress stooped. I was just passing through the portals.

"You have forgotten this," she called.

It was the dear little square piece of paper which contained my bill. I looked at it in amazement.

"What!" I exclaimed—"only one-and-twopence for a poached egg and bacon and all that salt flavour thrown in?"

Our Modest Advertisers.

"European lady (widow), rather lovely, would like to hear from Army Officer or Civilian in a similar position, with a view to keeping up a congenial correspondence."—*Indian Paper*.

"A correspondent in the Air Force writes from Bangalore:—

"It is rather amusing to notice the number of people in the English community who have never before seen an aeroplane coming up to the aerodrome and gazing in wonder at the old buses."

Evening Standard.

Even in England this spectacle is still the object of remark.

"We really feel inclined to parody Kipling and say—

"One hand stuck in your dress shirt from to show heart is cline,
The other held behind your back, to signal, tax again."

Singapore Free Press.

We can only hope our esteemed contemporary will not feel this way again.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.

LABOUR. "WHAT'S YOUR GAME?"

MR. SMILLIE. "I'M OUT FOR NATIONALISATION."

LABOUR. "AH! AND YOU'RE GOING TO BEGIN BY NATIONALISING STARVATION?"



Mrs. Smithson-Jones (to her husband, who will garden in his pyjamas before breakfast). "Do come in, ADOLPHUS; YOU'RE DELAYING THE HARVEST."

THE ART OF POETRY.

IV.

Good morning, gentlemen. Before I pass to the subject of my lecture to-day I must deal briefly with a personal matter of some delicacy. Since I began this series of lectures on the Art of Poetry I notice that the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. W. P. KER, in what I think is questionable taste, has delivered an inaugural lecture on the same subject under the same title. On the question of good taste I do not wish to say much, except that I should have thought that any colleague of mine, even an entirely new Professor in a provincial university, would have recognised the propriety of at least communicating to me his intention before committing this monstrous plagiarism.

However, as I say, on that aspect of the matter I do not propose to dwell, though it does seem to me that decency imposes certain limits to that kind of academic piracy, and that those limits the Professor has overstepped. In these fermenting days of licence and indiscipline persons in responsible positions at our seats of learning have a great burden

of example to bear before the world, and if it were to go forth that actions of this type may be taken with impunity by highly-paid Professors then indeed we are not far from Bimetallism and the breaking-up of laws.

Now let us glance for a moment at the substance of the lecture. I should have been glad if Professor KER had had the courtesy to show it to me before it was delivered, instead of my having to wait till it was printed and buy it in a shop, because I might have induced him to repair the more serious errors and omissions in his work. For really, when you come to analyse the lecture, what thin and bodyless stuff it is. Let me at once pay tribute to my colleague's scholarship and learning, to the variety of his citations. But, after all, anyone can buy a Quotation Dictionary and quote bits out of SWINBURNE. That surely—(see FRIEDRICH'S *Crime and Quotation*, pp. 246-9)—is not the whole task of a Professor of Poetry.

Such a man, if he is to earn his pay, must be able—

- (a) to show how poetry is written;
- (b) to write poetry;

and it is no good his attempting (a) in

the absence of (b). It is no good teaching a man to slope arms if you are unable to slope arms yourself, because a moment will come when he says, "Well, how the dickens *do* you slope them?" It is no good professing lawn-tennis and saying, "Top-spin is imparted by drawing the racquet up and over," and so on, if, when you try to impart top-spin yourself, the ball disappears on to the District Railway. Still less is it useful if you deliver a long address to the student, saying, "H. L. DOHERTY was a good player, and so was RENSHAW, and I well remember the game between McLOUGHLIN and WILDING, because WILDING hit the ball over the net more often than McLOUGHLIN did."

Those students who have attended my lectures more regularly than others—and I am sorry there are not more of them—will do me the justice to remember that I have put forward no theory of writing which I was not prepared to illustrate in practice from my own work. My colleague, so far as I can discover, makes one single attempt at practical assistance; and even that is a minor plagiarism from one of my own lectures. He makes a good deal of play with what

he calls the principle and influence of the Italian *Canzone*, which simply means having a lot of ten-syllable lines and a few six-syllable ones. Students will remember that in our second lecture we wrote a poem on that principle, which finished:—

Terooodle—umti—oodle—umti—knife (or strife)
Where have they put my hat?

That lecture was prepared on May 27th; my colleague's lecture was delivered on June 5th. It is clear to me that in the interval—by what discreditable means I know not—he obtained access to my manuscript and borrowed the idea, thinking to cloak his guilt by specious talk about the Italian *Canzone*. The device of offering stolen goods under a new name is an old one, and will help him little; the jury will know what to think.

Apart from this single piece of (second-hand) instruction, what contribution does he make to the student's knowledge of the Art of Poetry? He makes no reference to comic poetry at all; apparently he has never heard of the Limerick, and I have the gravest doubts whether he can write one, though that, I admit, is a severe test. I am prepared however to give him a public opportunity of establishing his fitness for his post, and with that end I propose to put to him the following problems, and if his answers are satisfactory I shall most willingly modify my criticisms; but he must write on one side of the paper only and number his pages in the top right-hand corner.

The Problems.

(1) What is the metre of:—

"And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back."

(2) Finish the uncompleted Limerick given in my Second Lecture, beginning:

There was a young man who said "Hell!
I don't think I feel very well."

(3) In your inaugural lecture you ask, "Is it true, or not, that the great triumphs of poetical art often come suddenly?" The answer you give is most unsatisfactory; give a better one now, illustrating the answer from your own works.

(4) Write a Ballade of which the refrain is either—

(a) The situation is extremely grave;

or

(b) The Empire is not what it was;

or

(c) We lived to see Lord BIRKENHEAD.

NOTE.—Extra marks will be given for an attempt at (b) because of the shortage of rhymes to *was*.

(5) What would you do in the following circumstances? In May you have



Customer. "AND I HAD ONE OF THOSE LITTLE ROUND BUN ARRANGEMENTS."

Waitress. "THAT 'LL BE ANOTHER TUPPENCE."

Customer. "ONE OF THOSE THAT ARE HOLLOW, YOU KNOW."

Waitress. "OH—ONE OF THEM. THAT 'LL BE FOURPENCE."

sent a poem to an Editor, ending with the lines—

The soldiers cheered and cheered again—
It was the PRINCE OF WALES.

On July 20th the Editor writes and says that he likes the poem very much, and wishes to print it in his August number, but would be glad if you could make the poem refer to Mr. or Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS instead of the PRINCE. He must have the proof by the first post to-morrow as he is going to press. Show how you would reconstruct your last verse.

(6) Consider the following passages—

(i) I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.

(ii) Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.

(a) Carefully amend the above so that they rhyme properly.

(b) Do you as a matter of principle approve of these kinds of rhyme?

(c) If not, do you approve of them in (i) SHAKESPEARE, (ii) WORDSWORTH, (iii) SHELLEY, (iv) Any serious classic?

A. P. H.

"Four Volumes 'The Great World War,' pre-war price Rs. 40. What offers? Perfect."
Indian Paper.

A clear case of propheteering.

From an Irish Labour manifesto:—

"Impulsive cats, howsoever justifiable, may prove to be unwise."—Irish Paper.

Remember what happened at Kilkenny.

THE PRIVILEGES OF MARGOTISM.

[Something was said in *Punch* last week about the advantage to the reminiscence of being his (or her) own JOHNSON and BOSWELL too. Mrs. ASQUITH's recent adventures with the descendants of some of her late friends, of whose fair fame they are not less jealous than she, suggest certain of the pitfalls incident to this double rôle, particularly when the autobiographer is remote from his (or her) journals. Since however an inaccuracy always has a day's start and is never completely overtaken, while in course of time the pursuit ceases altogether, the greatest danger is not immediate but for the future. Let us imagine a case.]

FROM "THE MARGOTIST'S REMINISCENCES."

By the Author of *Statesmen I Have Influenced; My Wonderful Life; The Souls' Awakener; The Elusive Diary, etc., etc.*

One of my dearest friends in the early nineteen hundreds was Mr. Sadrock. I have known eleven Prime Ministers in my time and have assurances from all, signed and witnessed, that but for me and my vivacious encouragement they would never have pulled through; but with none was I on terms of such close communion as with Mr. Sadrock, who not only asked my advice on every occasion of importance, but spent many of his waking hours in finding rhymes to my name. Some of his four-lined couplets in my honour could not be either wittier or more charming as compliments.

He often averred that no one could amuse him as I did. He laughed once for half-an-hour on end when I said, "It takes a Liberal to be a Tory;" and on another occasion when I said, "The essence of Home Rule is, like charity, that it begins abroad." Nothing but the circumstance that he was already happily married prevented him from proposing to me.

Mr. Sadrock is now to many people only a name; but in his day he was a force to compare with which we have at this moment only one statesman and he is temporarily out of office.

The odd thing is that if the ordinary person were to be asked what Mr. Sadrock was famous for, he would probably reply, For his devotion to HOMER and the Established Church. But the joke is that when I was with him in 1902 he was frivolous on both these subjects. It was, I remember, in the private room at the House of Commons set apart for Prime Ministers, to which, being notoriously so socially couth, I always had a private key—the only one ever given to a woman—and he was more than usually delightful.

This is what was said:—

Mr. SADROCK (*mixing himself an egg nogg*). Will you join me?

MYSELF. No, thank you. But I like to see you applying yourself to Subsidiary Studies to the Art of Butler.

Mr. SADROCK (*roaring with laughter*). That's very good. Some day you must put your best things into a book.

MYSELF. You bet.

Mr. SADROCK. I wonder why it is that you make me so frank. It is your wonderful sympathetic understanding, I suppose. I long to tell you something now.

MYSELF (*affecting not to care*). Do. I am secrecy itself.

Mr. SADROCK. Would it surprise you to know that I am privily a Dissenter? Do you know that I often steal away in a false beard to attend the services of Hard-Shell Baptists and Plymouth Brethren?

MYSELF. I hope I am no longer capable of feeling anything so *démodé* as surprise.

Mr. SADROCK. And that I prefer *Robert Elsmere* to the *Iliad*?

MYSELF. May I print those declarations in my book?

Mr. SADROCK. Some day, yes, but not yet, not yet.

MR. SADROCK AND NONCONFORMITY.

To the Editor of "*The Monday Times*."

SIR,—I find it necessary, in the interests of truth and of respect for the memory of my uncle, Mr. Sadrock, to contest the accuracy of the Margotist's report of conversations with him in 1902. To begin with, my uncle died in 1898, four years before the alleged interview. She could therefore not have talked with him in 1902; and the *locale* of this meeting, the Prime Minister's room, becomes peculiarly fantastic. Secondly, no member of his family—and they saw him constantly—ever heard him utter anything resembling the sentiments which the Margotist attributes to him. Mr. Sadrock was both an undeviating Churchman and a devotee of HOMER to the end of his life.

I am, etc., THEOPHILUS SADROCK.

THE MARGOTIST'S REPLY.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Theophilus Sadrock's letter and am surprised by its tone. If Mr. Sadrock did not make use of the words that I attribute to him how could I have set them down? Because I was writing unobserved all the time he was talking, and I could produce the notes if they were, to others, legible enough for it to be worth while; surreptitious writing must necessarily be indistinct at times. As for the question of time and place, that is a mere quibble. Mr. Sadrock was alive when we had our talk, and I am sorry if I have misdated it. The talk remains. May I add that it is very astonishing to me to find people with the effrontery to suggest that they knew their illustrious relatives better than strangers could. Everyone is aware that the last place to go to for evidence as to a man is to his kith and kin. When my book appears there will be a few corrections; but in the main I stand by the motto which I invented for CHAMBERLAIN one evening: "What I have written I have written." I am, Yours, etc.,
The Woop. THE MARGOTIST.

FROM "SADROCK: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY."

Published in 1940.

Before leaving our consideration of Sadrock's Homeric studies it is however necessary to point out that late in life he made a very curious recantation. In a book of memoirs, published in 1920, by one who was in a position to acquire special information, it is stated in his own words that Sadrock preferred *Robert Elsmere* to the *Iliad*; while during the same conversation he confessed to a passion for the services of Dissenters, which, he said, he often frequented *incognito*. No biographer can disregard such admissions, and we must revise our opinion of the great statesman accordingly. E. V. L.

"SALE, Gent's Evening Suit, Tennis Trousers, Sweater, Black Silk Coat suit elderly lady."—*Irish Paper*.

The revolutionary movement in Ireland seems to have reached even the fashions.

"LONDON, JULY 16.

It is reported on reliable authority that General Wrangel has refused to withdraw to the Cinema in compliance with the terms of the proposed armistice."—*Statesman (Calcutta)*.

It is believed that "MARY" and "DOUG." were greatly relieved to be rid of so dangerous a rival.

"When is the demoralisation at some of our great London hotels to give place to reasonable service and cleanliness? On every side I hear complaints of inefficient attendance and dirty rooms. As for clean towels in the bathroom, they appear on the Ides of March."

Sunday Paper.

At one hotel, we understand, they failed to remember the Ides of March and are now waiting for the Greek Kalends.



THE "DO-IT-YOURSELF" AGE.
FATHER'S HOME-MADE SWEATER.

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH.

WE publish a few selected letters from the mass of correspondence which has reached us in connection with the controversy initiated by "A Bewildered Parent" in *The Morning Post* :—

A LEGUMINOUS LAUDATION.

SIR,—I confess I cannot share the anxiety of the "Bewildered Parent" who complains of the child of two and a-half years who addressed her learned parent as "Old bean." As a convinced Montessorian I recognise in the appellation a gratifying evidence of that self-expression which cannot begin too young. Moreover there is nothing derogatory in the phrase; on the contrary I am assured on the best authority that it is a term of endearment rather than reproach. But, above all, as a Vegetarian I welcome the choice of the term as an indication of the growth of the revolt against carnivorous brutality. If the child in question had called her parent a "saucy kipper" or "a silly old sausage" there would have been reasonable ground for resentment. But comparison with a bean involves no obloquy, but rather panegyric. The bean is one of the noblest of vegetables and is exceptionally rich in calories, protein, casein, carbo-hydrates, thymol, hexamyl, piperazine, salicylic dioxide, and permanganate of popocatapetl. This a learned parent, if his learning was real, ought to have recognised at once, instead of foolishly exploiting a fancied grievance. Yours farinaceously,

JOSIAH VEDGELEY.

THE OLD COMPLAINT.

SIR,—Some sixty years ago I was rebuked by my father for addressing him as "Governor." Thirty years later I was seriously offended with my own son for calling me an "old mug." He in turn, though not by any means a learned man, has within the last few weeks been irritated by his school-boy son derisively addressing him as an "old dud." The duel between fathers and sons is as old as the everlasting hills, and the rebels of one generation become the fogs of the next. I have no doubt that in moments of expansion the young MARCELLUS alluded to his august parent as "*faba antiqua*."

Yours faithfully, SENEX.

A TRIPLE LIFE.

SIR,—As a middle-aged mother I do

not appeal for your sympathy, I merely wish to describe my position, the difficulties of which might no doubt be paralleled in hundreds of other households. I have three children whose characteristics may be thus briefly summarised :—

(1) Pamela, aged nineteen, is an ultra-modern young woman. She hates politics of all shades, but adores SCRIABINE, STRAVINSKY and BENEDETTO CROCE. She smokes cigars, wears male attire and has a perfect command of the art of ornamental objurgation.

(2) Gerald, aged twenty-three, is war-weary; resentful of all authority;

only endure my companionship on the conditions that I smoke (which makes me ill); that I emulate the excesses of her lurid lingo (which makes me squirm), and that I paint my face (which makes me look like a modern Messalina, which I am not). Gerald is prepared to accept me as a "pal," provided that I play David to his Saul by regaling him on Sunday mornings with negroid melodies, which he punctuates with snorts on the trombone. If he knew that I went to early morning service all would be at an end between us. Finally, Anthony wants me to remain as I was and really am. So you see that I have to lead not a dual but a triple life, and am only spared the necessity of making it quadruple by the fact that my husband is fortunately dead. As Pamela gracefully remarked the other day, "It was a good thing for poor father that he went West to sing bass in the heavenly choir before we grew up." In conclusion I ought to admit that my future is not without prospects of alleviation. Pamela has just announced her engagement to an archdeacon of pronounced Evangelical views; Gerald is meditating a prolonged tour in New Guinea with a Bolshevik mission; Anthony contemplates neither matrimony nor expatriation.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,

A MIDDLE-AGED MOTHER.

THE CRY OF THE CHILD AUTHOR.

SIR,—As a novelist and dramatist whose work has met with high encomiums from Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Mr. C. K. SHORTER, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS and Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, I wish to impress upon you and your

readers the hardships and restrictions which the tyranny of parental control still imposes on juvenile genius. Though I recently celebrated my seventh birthday, my father and mother have firmly refused to provide me with either a latch-key or a motor-bicycle. Owing to the lack of proper accommodation in my nursery my literary labours are carried on under the greatest difficulties and hampered by constant interruptions from my nurse, a vulgar woman with a limited vocabulary and no aspirates. I say nothing, though I might say much, of the jealousy of adult authors, the pusillanimity of unenterprising publishers, the senile indifference of Parliament. But I warn them that, unless the just claims of youth to economic and intellectual independence are speedily



OUR SPORTING PURISTS.

Urchin. "COME AN' PLAY CRICKET, ALF."

Alf. "WOT! IN THE FOOTBALL SEASON?"



Meanest Member (seeking free advice, after driving out of bounds, from professional who is giving a lesson to another player). "FUNNY THING, BUT EVERY TIME I DRIVE THIS MORNING I SLICE LIKE THAT. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE CAUSE?"
Professional (after deep thought). "WELL, SIR, MEBBE YE'RE NO' HITTIN' 'EM RIGHT."

acknowledged, the children of England will enforce them by direct action of the most ruthless kind. The brain that rules the cradle rocks the world.
 Yours indignantly, PANSY BASHFORD.

A DOGGEREL SUMMARY.

SIR,—I have followed the *Youth v. Age* controversy with interest and venture to sum up its progress so far in ten of the worst lines in the world:—

There was an old don so engrossed
 In maintaining his rule of the roast
 That he made quite a scone
 When addressed as "Old bean,"
 And wrote to complain in *The Post*.
 Whereupon the disciples of WELLS
 Emitted a chorus of yells,
 And they fell upon Ago
 With unfilial rage
 And gave it all manner of hells.

I am, Sir, Yours, GALLIO JUNIOR.

"SWITZERLAND AGAIN.

"Fine weather has resigned with only brief interruptions since the season began."—*Times*.
 Just as in England.

"Aliso —, a married woman, was charged with unlawfully wounding her husband, Charles —, a labourer, by striking him with a pair of tongues."—*Local Paper*.

CHARLES has our sympathy. He might just as well have been a bigamist.

WESTWARD HO!

JAMES, if from life's little worries and trouble you
 Sigh to be wafted afar,
 Meet me at Paddington Station, G.W.
 R.

Thence, if our plans be not balked by some latterday
 Railwayman-unionist freak,
 We'll make a bold bid for freedom on Saturday
 Week.

Care may ride pillion or on the ship's deck set her
 Foot, but she'll hunt us in vain
 Once we've set ours on the ten-thirty
 Exeter
 Train.

Ours no "resort" where you run up iniquitous
 Bills at the "Royal" or "Grand,"
 Blatant with pier and parade and ubiquitous
 Band.

No "silver sea" where the gaudy and giddy come;
 We're for a peacefuller air
 Breathing of Uncle Tom Cobley and Widdicombe
 Fair.

Warm as a welcome the red of the til-
 lage is,
 Green are the pastures, and deep
 Down in the combs little thatch-cov-
 ered villages
 Sleep.

Far from society (praises to Allah be!),
 Wearing demobilised boots,
 Clad in our countrified (Deeley-cum-Mallaby)
 Suits,

We'll o'er the moor where the ways
 neyer weary us,
 Lunch at a primitive pub,
 Loaf till it's time to get back to more
 serious
 Grub.

Haply some neighbouring Dartmoor
 brooklet 'll
 Tempt us at eve to set out,
 Greenheart in hand, and endeavour to
 hook little
 Trout.

Well, there's a programme for three
 weeks of heaven, sheer
 Bliss, if you add to the scheme
 Farm eggs and bacon and junket and
 Devonshire
 Cream.



Customer. "I SAY—DO YOU EVER PLAY ANYTHING BY REQUEST?"

Delighted Musician. "CERTAINLY, SIR."

Customer. "THEN I WONDER IF YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO PLAY A GAME OF DOMINOES UNTIL I'VE FINISHED MY LUNCH!"

SAND SPORTS.

Two or three hundred yards behind the sandhills, which seem to be deserted but are really full of sudden hollows, with embarrassing little bathing tents in them, the village sports have just been held. They took place in a sloping grass field kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Bates. This means that you paid a shilling to enter the field, whereas on other days you can picnic in it or play cricket in it without paying anything at all. Mr. Bates is a kind of absentee landlord so far as we are concerned, for he is the butcher at Framford, four miles away, and only brings the proceeds of his butchery to us on Tuesdays and Fridays, which is the reason why on Mondays and Thursdays one usually has eggs and bacon for dinner.

It was an interesting afternoon for many reasons, most of all perhaps because many of the visitors saw each other for the first time in clothes—in land clothes, I mean—and it is wonderful how much smarter some of them looked than when popping red

or brown faces, with lank wisps of hair on them, out of the brine.

Some of the athletic events were open, like the Atlantic Sea, and some close, like the Conferences at Lympne, but very few of the visitors competed in any of them. I don't think any of us fancied our chances overmuch, but personally I was a little bitter about the three-mile bicycle race, because there were three prizes and only three competitors. I am past my prime at this particular sport, but as it happened one of the three broke his gear-chain somewhere about the seventh lap, and it was a long time before he mended it and rode triumphantly past the finishing flag. I felt then that I had missed what was probably my first and last chance of securing an Olympic palm.

The whole affair struck me as being very well managed; dull events, like the high jump and putting the shot, being held quietly in a corner by the hedge, whilst the really interesting things, like the sack race and the egg and spoon race, went on in the middle. We used potatoes instead of eggs, but whether there was a system of handi-

capping according to the weight and age of the potatoes I was unable to determine. I do feel confident, however, that that girl with the yellow hair and the striped skirt to whom the first prize was quite incorrectly awarded by the judges had put some treacle—But there, I will be magnanimous.

The postman was a great success. He had acquired a light suit of overalls, on which he had painted three large red stars, using, I hope, Government red ink, and with black cheeks and a floured nose footed it solemnly to the music of the Framford Comrades' Band. He also ran underneath the lath at the high jump and tumbled down in trying to put the shot. All round the field children could be heard asking, "What is he doing, Mummy?" and, when they were told, "Hush, dears, he's doing it for a joke," their eyes danced and they tried for a moment to control their emotion and then broke into shrieks of laughter. All the difficult open events which were not won by a young man in puce-coloured shorts were won by a friend of his in a yellow shirt. I have an idea that these two

IRISH PEACE
CONFERENCE



A SESSION OF COMMON SENSE.

ERIN. "I'VE GREAT HOPES OF THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT; BUT OF COURSE IT'S NOT AN OFFICIAL CONFERENCE."

PEACE. "WELL, TO JUDGE BY MY EXPERIENCE, IT'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT."



MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.

Patron. "DIDN'T I GIVE YOU SOMETHING IN HIGH STREET THIS MORNING?"

Artist. "YES, MUM. I'VE A BRANCH THERE."

young men came from Framford and go round doing this kind of thing and getting prizes for it, just as Mr. Bates goes round selling his beef.

Amidst all this fun and frolic, if you went up to the top of one of the sand-hills and looked across the blue bay to the little seaport opposite, you saw that it was also emptied of its folk this pious afternoon and was in fact holding aquatic revels. Little fishing-boats with brown sails were turning about a given mark. There were rowing races and diving competitions and a greasy pole and very probably a comic man dressed up as a buoy.

I have pondered deeply over these twin feasts, and it has occurred to me that, whilst land sports and water sports are both of them very good things in their way, neither expresses the real genius of a maritime resort, and also that we visitors, if we are too shy to enter with gusto into the local games, ought to provide some suitable entertainment in return. I have compiled therefore a programme of a Grand Beach Gala for next week, and have had a notice put up in the post-office window inviting entries. Not many

people buy stamps at the post-office, but, as you get bacon and spades and buckets and jam there, it is a pretty popular emporium, and I think my list of events should prove an attractive one. It runs as follows:—

1. *Pebble and Tent Competition.*—Fathers of families only. To be run if possible at low tide on a wet and windy day. Competitors to leave starting post in ordinary attire, enter tent, emerge in bathing costume, strike tents, sprint over shingle to the sea, swim to a given point, return, pitch tents, dress and run to winning-post.

FIRST PRIZE, a ham sandwich, with real sand.

2. *Sock Race.*—Under ten. Competitors to start barefooted in rock-pools and race at the sound of a dinner-bell to nurses, have feet dried, put on shoes and stockings and run to row of buns at top of beach. First bun down wins. Points deducted for sand in socks.

3. *Hundred Yards Paddle Dash.*—To be run along the edge of surf. Handicap by position. Tallest competitor to have deepest station. Open to all ages and sexes. Feet to be lifted clear

of the water at every stride. Properly raced this is a fine frothy event, productive of the greatest enthusiasm, especially if the trousers come unrolled.

4. *Sand Castle Contest.*—Open to all families of eight. Twenty minutes time limit. Largest castle wins. Moats must contain real sea-water.

5. *Impromptu Picnic.*—Ladies only. Materials must be collected from the village shops, brought down to beach and spread out at winning flag. For the purpose of this competition the sports must take place on a Thursday, when the weekly visit of the green-grocer coincides with one of the bi-weekly visits of the baker from Framford. Eggs and butter must be obtained at the Mill Farm, and you can do the rest at the post-office.

6. *Fifty Yards Hat Race.*—Under five. Fathers to be seated in a row on beach. Competitors to remove fathers' hats, run twenty-five yards, fill hats with sand, return and replace hats.

In order to prevent any ill-feeling that might arise from the thought that I had practised any of these races in private beforehand I have elected to be the judge.

Evor.

THE ROOM AT THE BACK.

[A story of the supernatural, which should not be read late at night by persons of weak nerves.]

OUTWARDLY, "Chatholme" was as all the other villas in Dunmoral Avenue, which were just detached enough to allow the butcher's boy to squeeze himself and his basket—and perhaps the cook—between any two of them, and differed from each other in nothing but names, numbers and window-curtains.

And the interior of the house, when the Pottigrews took possession of it, seemed equally commonplace. There is no need to show you all over it, but if you intend to peruse this narrative, in spite of the warning above, it is desirable that you should at least inspect the ground-floor.

On one side of the hall, which was faintly illumined in the daytime by a fanlight, was the drawing-room; on the other side was the dining-room, and behind the dining-room was a smaller room with a French-window looking on to the back-garden, which probably was described by the house-agents as the "morning-room," but was by Mr. Pottigrew designated his "study."

Prosaic enough, you will say. And yet there was that about the ground-floor of "Chatholme" which was anything but matter-of-fact, as the Pottigrews began to discover before they had been in residence many days.

Mrs. Pottigrew was the first to "sense" something out of the ordinary. She was of Manx origin, and therefore peculiarly sensitive to "influences;" one of those uncomfortable people who cannot visit such places as Hampton Court or the Tower without vibrating like harp-strings.

Mr. Pottigrew, however, was of the duller fibre of which cyclists rather than psychists are made; and when, on his return from the City one afternoon, his wife tried to get him to appreciate a certain eeriness in the atmosphere of the new home, he sniffed it dutifully, and declared that he could detect nothing but a confounded smell of onions.

"That's because they *won't* remember to shut the kitchen door," Mrs. Pottigrew explained. "But——"

"Well, it can't be the drains, because they've just been tested," said Mr. Pottigrew impatiently. And, like a stout materialist, he muttered, "Imagination!" as he strolled away to the sanctuary of his study, little guessing how his own imagination was about to be stimulated.

(Look here—this is where the creepy business begins. If, on consideration, you feel you'd rather read about cricket or politics or something, I'll excuse you.)

A little later, as Mrs. Pottigrew was crossing the hall, she was stopped short by a strange, gasping choky sound which came from the study. There followed the crash of a chair being overturned; the door opened and her husband staggered out with scared eyes in a face as white as marble, and beads of sweat on his brow.

When a stiff brandy had restored the power of speech to

Mr. Pottigrew, he described the remarkable and alarming seizure he had just experienced.

He had turned his arm-chair to the French-window, he said, with the intention of enjoying a quiet smoke, and no sooner had he seated himself and leaned back than an indescribable feeling of suffocation had crept upon him, and at the same time he had been aware of a curious loss of control over his jaws, so that he had been unable to prevent his mouth opening to its widest extent. When he had tried to rise to his feet an invisible force had seemed to be holding him down, and it was only by a tremendous effort of will that he had managed to keep his senses and struggle to the door.

He resolutely refused to see a doctor, but, deciding that the attack was a warning that he had been overdoing it, he retired forthwith to bed. By the morning he felt so well that he prescribed for himself a few quiet days by the sea. And so he packed his bag and took himself off by an early train to Brighton.

That afternoon was marked by another disagreeable occurrence.

After the way of her kind, Mrs. Pottigrew's Aunt Charlotte was attracted by the idea of using a room from which normally the female members of the household were excluded. So she took her needlework into the study and prepared to spend a quiet hour or so in the armchair facing the French-window.

Hardly had she settled down when she too experienced the same feeling of suffocation and the same involuntary opening of the jaws which Mr. Pottigrew had described. She struggled against it,

but, lacking the will-power of her robust nephew-by-marriage, she was overcome by unconsciousness. When she came to, a little dazed and faint, a few moments later, she was dismayed to discover that her expensive dental-plate—a full set—was lying on the floor, shattered beyond repair.

Not being a person of vivid imagination, she attributed her transient illness to intense sympathy with Mr. Pottigrew, and resigned herself to a diet of slops until she could be furnished with new means of mastication.

Next day, a Saturday, came the climax. Early in the evening an urgent telegram summoned Mr. Pottigrew back from Brighton. Hastening home, he was received by a wife distraught.

"What did I tell you?" she wailed. "Send for Sir CONAN DOYLE. Poor dear Aubrey! The doctor is upstairs with him."

Mr. Pottigrew hurriedly ascended to the bedroom of his son and heir, a fine healthy youth, just of an age to appreciate his father's cigars. (This, of course, is a pre-Budget story.)

The young fellow lying upon the bed smiled bravely as his father entered, but Mr. Pottigrew was shocked to see that he smiled with toothless gums. A grave professional-looking man rose from the bedside and beckoned Mr. Pottigrew out of the room.



"OH, MUMMY, WILL YOU GET THE TWOPENCE BACK?"



North-Country Farmer (to Profiteer fishing the Fell becks). "CAUGHT OWT?"

Profiteer. "I'VE NOT ACTUALLY LANDED ANY, BUT THINK I HAD A RISE—UNLESS IT WAS THE SPLASH FROM MY MINNOW."

"This extraordinary case, Sir," said the doctor as he closed the door behind him, "is the outcome of causes quite beyond the present scope of the medical profession. The sound, strong, firm teeth—a splendid set—of a healthy young man do not jump out of his head of their own accord, every one of them, for any natural reason."

He paused and lowered his voice as he continued: "I am afraid, Mr. Pottigrew, however reluctant we may be to admit the possibility, that there is no doubt that you have taken a haunted house. The previous tenant was a dentist—poor Mr. Aeres. The room which is your study was his operating room. He died in that room while administering gas to himself preparatory to extracting his own teeth."

Mrs. Gamp Rediviva.

"Nurse; 30; experienced bottle fed; £40 to £50."—*Daily Paper.*

Speeding the Parting Guest.

"Oban is proving an attractive centre, for Lord —, Lady — and many others have departed thence during the last day or so."—*Daily Paper.*

We think it only kind to suppress the names.

"All new demands for capital, whether for private or public purposes, had been met out of the sayings of the people."—*Daily Paper.*
Mr. Punch may perhaps be permitted to mention that he has himself given currency to a number of capital stories.

"It is to be hoped that, now that their unhappy country is in the throes of the most ghastly terror of her history, the irreconcilable elements in the Irish nation will see an all-compelling reason for exercising the demon of strife."—*Indian Paper.*
Unfortunately they seem to be doing so only too freely.

ANOTHER WAR TO END WAR.

[An address to the League of Nations on learning that it is considering a scheme to tackle the rat plague.]

NOT yours to lure the lands of Cross or Crescent
Back from Bellona where she hangs her drum,
Nor make this Hades, anyhow at present,
The New Elysium.

For still the sword gleams mightier than the pen in
Europe, you'll notice, at the Bolshies' beck;
Confess now that the case of Mr. LENIN
Gets you right in the neck.

So I have read with wondrous satisfaction,
Feeling in this your hands are far from tied,
That you propose to emulate the action
Of Hamelin's Piper (Pied).

And, though the task prove hard and ever harder,
From your crusade, I trust, you'll never cease
Till you've restored good-will to every larder
And to each pantry peace.

Then, when the cocksure critic in his crudeness
Pops you the question while his back he pats,
"What have you done?" you'll find at last, thank
goodness,
One ready answer—"Rats!"

"Puccinni's three one-act operas, erroneously described as a triptych . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

But what about the spelling of "Puccinni"? We fear our contemporary has, after all, been caught triptyching.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.

THE only way to build a house properly is to employ an architect to build it for you. All the best houses are built by architects—any architect will tell you that. But of course you will always be allowed to say that *you* built it, so it will come to the same thing.

The walls of an architect's office are covered with drawings of enormous public buildings which the architect has erected in every capital of Europe. There are also a few of the staterooms of England which he has put up in his spare time.

While you are waiting you compare these with your own scheme of the six-roomed villa you propose to build.

At last you are ushered into the presence and unless a stove-pipe protruding from your waistcoat pocket suggests that you are travelling in somebody's radiators you will probably be asked to sit down, and may even be given a cigarette. There is no difficulty in opening your business. The architect can see at a glance what you have come for and says quite simply, "You want to build a house?"

"I do," you reply.

"How many reception rooms?"

This rather staggers you. You had not intended to have any reception rooms at all. You never give receptions. All you wanted was a dining-room and a drawing-room, and a study with a round window over the fire-place.

But it is evidently impossible to confide this to the architect. All you can do is to reply as naturally as you can:—

"About half-a-dozen."

"Eight reception rooms," says the architect. "And how many bedrooms?"

"I don't really know; about one each."

"Twenty bedrooms," suggests the architect (there are three in your family). "And did you say a garage to hold two cars?"

By this time you realise that you are engaged in a game something like auction bridge and so far your opponent has done all the over-calling.

"Double two cars!" you cry excitedly.

"Five cars," rejoins the Architect.

"Six cars!"

"Garage to hold six cars," repeats the Architect, confessing defeat. "You are, of course, aware that a house on this scale will cost you at least twenty thousand pounds?"

"Of course," you reply, and you honestly think it would be cheap at the price.

After this the only thing to do is to get away as quickly as possible. It would be pure batlios to suggest any

of your wife's labour-saving devices, or introduce the subject of that circular bath-room with a circular bath hanging by chains from the ceiling and a spirit-stove under it—your pet invention. Recall a pressing engagement, shake the architect firmly by the hand and promise to come and see him next Tuesday about details. In the interval you can compose a letter at your leisure, informing him that in view of the high cost of materials, etc., etc., you have decided to postpone the building of your house, but you desire to build *at once* a gardener's cottage (so that the gardener can be getting the grounds into order) containing one dining-room, one drawing-room, one study (with one round window), three bedrooms, one circular bathroom (with one circular bath) and one tool-shed to hold one tool.

Even so you will probably have to make concessions. Your window will be hexagonal and your bath square. But your worries are over. The architect will choose a builder and between them they will build your house during the next six years, which you will spend in lodgings. It is a long time to wait, certainly, but you will find plenty of amusement in occasionally counting the number of bricks that have been laid since last time. And then in 1926, as you smoke your pipe in your study and gaze out of your hexagonal window, you will not covet the Paradise of ADAM, the first gardener.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

Adolphus Minns resides at Kew
And does what people ought to do.

In boarding trains his instincts are
To "let 'em first get off the car,"
Then "hurry up" himself to enter,
And "pass along right down the centre."

Though nigh his destination be
No selfish "door-obstructor" he;
Rather than bear such imputation
He'll travel on beyond his station.

His unexceptionable ways
E'en liftmen have been known to praise—
A folk censorious and, as such,
Not given to praising over-much.

Small need have they to shout a grim
"No smoking in the lift" at him,
Or ask if he's the only one
For whom the lift is being run.

Adolphus Minns, who lives at Kew,
Does all that people ought to do—
Retires to bed before eleven,
Is up and shaved by half-past seven—
And, when he dies, he'll go to Heaven.

Perhaps he's gone; I've never met
His like at Kew or elsewhere yet.

THE DISSIMULATION OF SUZANNE.

THE telephone bell rang just as I was beginning breakfast.

"What is your number, please?" asked an imperious voice.

In an emergency I never can remember my own number.

"Just hold on a minute while I look it up," I begged. Feverishly I turned over the leaves of the telephone directory and, cutting with a blunt finger the page containing the small advertisement that keeps my name before the public eye, at last found and transmitted the desired information.

"Don't go away," said the voice again, this time with a shade of weariness in its tone. "Chesterminster wants you."

I wasn't going away, because before Suzanne left me to visit her relatives in Middleshire I had vowed that nothing would induce me to do so. But Chesterminster wanted me. What should that portend?

"Tell them," I declaimed into the mouthpiece while I instinctively posed for the camera, "that I feel greatly honoured by their invitation and in other circumstances I should have been delighted to come forward as their Candidate. The Parliamentary history of Chesterminster constitutes one of the most romantic chapters in the chronicles of England; but just now I am busy writing verses for next week's *Back Chat*, so——"

"If you will keep on talking to yourself you won't get connected," interrupted the voice. "You're thr-r-rough, Chesterminster."

"Are you Chelsea niner-seven-double-seven?" inquired a new voice, a little more distant but not so haughty.

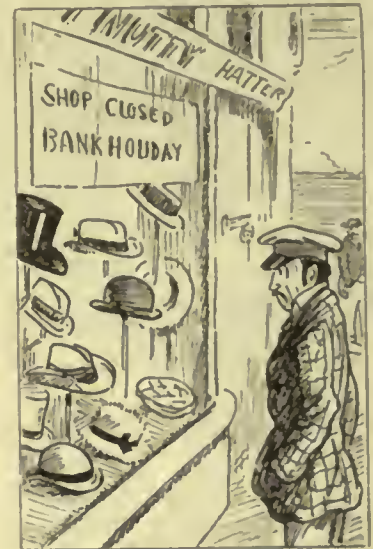
"No, nine—I mean niner-double-seven-seven," I replied.

"Same thing," said the voice of Chesterminster. "Stokehampton wants you."

"Tell them——" I began, but my oratory was drowned by a rapid succession of small explosions, and out of this unholy crepitation emerged a still small voice which said, "Is that you, darling?" Then I suddenly remembered that Stokehampton is Suzanne's relatives' nearest town of call.

"They want you to come to-morrow for the week-end," said Suzanne. "I lied to them and said you were busy working, but they said you can have the library to yourself whenever you want it, and spoke so nicely about you that I couldn't refuse to ring you up. Besides, I want you to come, and the figs and the mulberries are in splendid form."

Suzanne knows that my idea of



THE QUESTION OF THE YACHTING CAP.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE EVERY TOM, DICK AND HARRY, HE SAID, SO HE DECIDED TO GO IN HIS YACHTING CAP.

Heaven is a garden full of fig-trees and mulberry-bushes at the appropriate season of the year. But it was raining hard, and I abominate week-ends; and Suzanne's relatives are well-meaning folk who always want to arrange your day for you.

"No, Suzanne," I said, "emphatically, no. I can't think of a convincing excuse at the moment, so you'd better say I'll be delighted to come. But to-morrow morning you'll get a wire from me announcing that I'm sick of the palsy—no, malaria, which they know I sometimes get—and that'll give you a good ground for returning yourself to-morrow. Your three minutes is up. Good-bye."

With the inspiration still fresh upon me I wrote out the telegram and rang for Evangeline.

"Evangeline," I said, "I may possibly be detained in bed to-morrow morning. In case that should happen"—she never betrayed even a flicker of the eye, although she could, as she would, tell Suzanne some damning tales of late rising during her absence—"please send this telegram off before breakfast; that is, before *your* breakfast."

Evangeline curtseyed and withdrew. I had spent my leisure moments during the week teaching her the trick, as a surprise for Suzanne on her return.

Next morning, as I lay in bed thinking out the subject of my next Message to the Nation, I was gratified to notice that the rain had ceased and the sun was shining genially. I thought of Suzanne and the refreshing fruit in Suzanne's relatives' attractive gardens. Should I go after all? I rang the bell.

"Has that wire gone yet?" I asked.

"Indeed I took it these two hours back," replied Evangeline.

I looked at my watch and grunted.

"Bring me a telegram-form," I commanded, "and some hotter hot water."

So, having wired to Suzanne: "Malaria false alarm only passing effects of overwork coming by the one-thirty PERCIVAL," I found myself at tea-time being nursed back to health on mulberries-and-cream administered by the solicitous hands of Aunt-by-acquisition Lucy.

"Well," I said to Suzanne a little later as we strolled in the direction of the fig-trees, "how did it go off—my first wire, I mean?"

"Oh, I think I did it very well," she replied; "I gave a most realistic exhibition of wifely concern, and the car had just come to take me to the station when your second wire arrived."

"Then they didn't spot anything?" "No," said Suzanne—"no, I don't think so."

After dinner that night I was playing billiards with Toby, who is Suzanne's aunt's nephew-by-marriage. We had the room to ourselves.

"Dull part of the world this," he remarked. "By the way, what about that malaria of yours?"

"What about it?" I observed shortly. "Comes and goes rather suddenly, doesn't it?"

"Very," I agreed. "It's one of the suddenest diseases ever invented."

"'Invented' is a good word," said

boy arrived. Before anybody could discover whom the wire was addressed to, Suzanne snatched it from the boy, tore it open, placed her hand in the region of her heart and exclaimed, 'Oh, how provoking! Poor Percival's—' then she turned it the right way up, looked unutterably foolish and meekly handed it over to Aunt Lucy. It was from the old lady's stockbroker and referred to some transaction or other in Housing Bonds."

"And what did Aunt Lucy say?" I asked.

"Oh, she just looked the least little bit surprised," replied Toby, "but she didn't utter. Suzanne had to embrace the muddiest of all the cocker pups to hide her flaming cheeks."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Then? Oh, then the telegraph-boy fished out another wire from his wallet. I took it, glanced at the envelope and handed it to Suzanne. This time she read it very gingerly before exclaiming in a highly unemotional voice: 'Oh, how provoking! Poor Percival's got one of his sudden attacks of malaria and can't come. So, if you don't mind, Aunt Lucy, I'll catch the eleven-fifteen back.' Aunt Lucy was very sympathetic and went up to help her with her packing, which was accomplished in a surprisingly short time; as a matter of fact she had practically done it all before breakfast. Just as she was going to drive off to the station up came another telegraph-boy. That was your second wire, and Suzanne didn't seem any too pleased to receive it. I'm not at all convinced," concluded Toby, "that your wife would make her fortune on the stage."

"Do you think Aunt Lucy suspects?" I asked.

"Bless you, no. The dear old thing has the heart of a child."

Maybe, but I have my doubts. Suzanne's aunt insisted on my staying a week as a preventive against a nervous breakdown, and the tonic with which she herself dosed me several times a day was the most repulsive beverage I had ever tasted, effectually ruining the savour of figs and mulberries. Can it be that Aunt Lucy is not only of a suspicious but also of a revengeful nature?

Suzanne ridicules my doubts and declares that she could make her aunt swallow anything. I wish she could have made her swallow my tonic.

KAMENEFF to KRASSIN (on applying for passports): "*Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*"



BRITISH ASSOCIATION DELEGATES DISCUSSING ORIGIN OF STREET ARAB'S EJACULATION, "YAH—YAH—YAH—SHR-R-RUP!"

Toby. "You're a bit of an inventor, aren't you?"

"What do you mean? Are you venturing to imply——?"

"I imply nothing. I merely state that this morning Suzanne came down to breakfast in her travelling-clothes. And that wasn't all."

"Wasn't it?" I inquired weakly. "Tell me the worst."

"All through breakfast," continued Toby with relish, "she was restless and off her feed, and appeared to be listening for something. Afterwards nothing could induce her to leave the house, and I myself caught her surreptitiously studying the time-table. Every time a step was heard coming up the drive she started to her feet. At last a telegraph-



Host. "HALF A MINUTE! I'LL LIGHT YOU TO THE GATE; IT'S VERY DARK."

Cheerful Guest. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN SEE IN THE DARK. WHY, WHEN I WAS IN FLANDERS——"

Host. "YES, YES; BUT YOU'RE NOT IN FLANDERS NOW—YOU'RE IN MY CARNATION BED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It would certainly have been a thousand pities if the coming of Peace had deprived us of anything so cheerfully stimulating as the tales of "SAPPER" (CYRIL McNEILE). His *Bull-Dog Drummond* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) shows all the old breathless invention as active as ever, while the pugnacity—to give it no stronger term—is wholly unrestrained, even by what might seem the unpromising atmosphere of Godalming in 1919. It would, of course, be utterly beyond my scope to give in barest outline any list of the wild and whirling events that begin when *Captain Hugh Drummond* selects the most encouraging of the answers to his "Bored ex-soldier" advertisement and meets the writer, a cryptic but lovely lady, in the Carlton lounge. (Judging by contemporary fiction, what histories could those walls reveal!) After that the affair almost instantly develops into one lurid sequence of battle, murder, bluff and the kind of ten-minutes-here-for-courtship which proves that there is a gentler side even to the process of tracking crime. As usual, though less in this business than most, because of the engaging humour of the hero, I experienced a mild sympathy for the arch-villains; and indeed they might well feel some bitterness when, after being described as the master-intellects of the age, the author required them to conduct their most secret affairs in a lighted ground-floor room with the curtains undrawn. Most of them turn

out to be Bolsheviks, or at least in the receipt of Soviet subsidies—though I see a well-known Labour Daily reviewed the plot as unconvincing. Odd! Anyhow, a rattling story.

I am aware that, in confessing to an entire ignorance of any one of the so-called *Books of Artemas*, I place myself in a minority so small as to be almost beneath notice. This certainly is how the publishers regard the matter if one may judge by their ecstatically jubilant, "Artemas has written a novel! 7s. 6d. net," on the wrapper of *A Dear Fool* (WESTALL). Well, I have read the novel carefully, even I trust generously, with the unhappy result that (knowing how elusive and individual a thing is laughter) I can hardly bring myself to say how dull I found it. But the fact remains. It is all about nothing—a preposterous little plot for the identification, at a wildly inhuman reception, of an anonymous dramatist, revealed finally as the journalist hero who was nearly sacked for writing the play's only bad notice. In my day I have met both editors and critics; even dramatists. I don't say they were all pleasant people; many of them were not. But—here is my point—practically every one of them had at least sufficient of our common humanity to prevent them from behaving for one instant as their representatives do in this book. Let us charitably leave it at that. Probably the next man I meet will have invited apoplexy over his enjoyment of the same pages that moved me only to an irritated bewilderment. You never can tell.

I rather think that *The Man with the Rubber Soles* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN'S firstling, at least as far as fiction is concerned. If so, many others will share my hope that it may prove to be the eldest of a large family. For the author has not merely the knack of telling a good mystery story in a way that keeps one interested until the last page is turned; he tells it in a curiously dry matter-of-fact way that makes really startling adventures seem the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. The story concerns the pursuit of a gang of men who are engaged in importing forged Treasury notes on a large scale and uttering them through skilfully organised agencies. The police and various civilians between them—there is no super-sleuth to weary us with his machine-like prowess—run the thing to earth, partly by skill and partly by good luck, and the civilians in particular have a stirring time doing it. Bombs, automatic pistols, even soldiers and a submarine, assist quite naturally in sustaining the interest. And a pleasant little romance is really woven into the plot, not just pushed in anyhow. Altogether *The Man with the Rubber Soles* is a most excellent story of its kind, a real novel because plot and treatment are alike new, and one can safely prophesy that when Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN produces his nextling he will find a large and appreciative circle of readers waiting to welcome it.

Three things charmed me particularly about *Henry Elizabeth* (HURST AND BLACKETT), whose remarkable second name was due to the fact that he was born in the same year as the Virgin Queen and that his father had hoped that he too would be a girl. In the first place he became the greatest swordsman of his age and I was thus able to add him to my fine collection of Elizabethan heroes who have achieved this honour. What happens when two of these champions meet in those shadowy regions of romance where all costume novels are merged I do not know. It must be rather like the irresistible force and the immovable object. In the second place *H. E.* (no one could better deserve these formidable initials) was given the job of clearing Lundy Island of its piratical tenants, and I happened to have Lundy Island just opposite me as I read the book. It is not often that a reviewer has the chance of checking local colour with so little pains. And in the third place Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY informs me, on page 101, that his hero will "gaze one day upon rivers to which the Thames should seem little better than a pitiful rivulet." As *Henry* never gets further from his native Devon than London in the course of this novel I take it that this is a delicate allusion to the possibility of a sequel. I hope it is so, and that I shall hear of *Henry* in days to come, after a trip or two with RALEIGH or DRAKE, rebuilding his manor of Braginton, which was unfortunately burnt to the ground,

and settling down to plant potatoes and tobacco in prosperity and peace.

From the title, *Brute Gods* (HEINEMANN), you may guess that Mr. LOUIS WILKINSON'S new novel does not deal with homely topics in a vein of harmless frolic. In recommending this very serious work of an expert author and observer, I am bound to make some reservation. Unsophisticated youth, if such there be in these days, should be kept away from the affair between *Alec Glaire* and *Gillian Collett*. *Alec*, a mere boy, was in a dangerously unsettled condition when the lady crossed his path. His mother had upset a not too happy family by eloping with a literary *poscur*; the egoism of his father had been rendered even more oppres-

sive and his sarcasm even more acid thereby; and a Roman Catholic priest, intent on securing a convert for his Order, had been plying his young mind with too exciting conversations and too refreshing wines. Apart from external circumstances, *Alec* was tending to quarrel with humanity at large, and so he went the whole hog, more in search of a desperate ideal than by way of impetuous sin. Mr. WILKINSON treats the affair with deliberate, cold-blooded, even cynical analysis; and his portrayal of the snobbery and humbug of the upper-middle class, social and intellectual, in which his creatures move is searching and disturbing. But, I ask myself, are people really like that? Or rather are there enough of those unnaturals, extremists, moral Bolsheviks or whatever you like to call them, to justify their presentation as a modern type? Always an optimist, I think not; and I notice that the author gives a no less clever and a much more convincing impression of the normal, settled and pleasant characters who are incidental to the plot. Make for yourself the acquaintance of the charming *Wilfred Vail* and the most



ROMANCE AND PROSE.

The Youth. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE CASTLE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN?"

The Old Man. "I CAN, YOUNG MAN. BUT PERCHANCE THOU GOEST TO SEEK THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS? BEWARE, RASH YOUTH! IT IS A PERILOUS ADVENTURE. THOU WILT BE REQUIRED TO ACHIEVE MANY DANGEROUS TASKS. HAST THOU THOUGHT OF THE RISK?"

The Youth. "NOT MUCH. I'M GOIN' TO MEND THE KITCHEN BOILER."

amusing and seductive Cockney artiste, *Betty Barnfield*, and you will admit, however pessimistic your views, that there may be something in mine.

Palman Qui Meruit Ferat.

"The Czecho-Slovaks were greeted this afternoon by a committee of Vancouver ladies, representing the Red Cross Society. The war-worn veterans were presented with a package containing cigarettes, an orange and a chocolate bar, in recognition of valuable services rendered the Allied cause."—*Canadian Paper*.

"PRINCE GEORGE IN SWEDEN."

Prince George has been enjoying the sights of Christiania and its beautiful surroundings."—*Morning Paper*.

He should now visit Stockholm and give Norway a turn.

"Gentleman, no ties, will undertake any mission to anywhere."

Provincial Paper.

But surely not where neck-wear is *de rigueur*.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are rumours of Prohibition in Scotland. We can only say that if Scotland goes dry it will also go South.

By an order of the FOOD CONTROLLER rice has been freed from all restrictions as regards use. This drastic attempt to stem the prevailing craze for matrimony has not come a moment too soon.

We suppose it is due to pressure of business, but the Spanish Cabinet has not resigned this week.

The *Daily Mail* is offering one hundred pounds for the best now hat for men. The cocked hat into which Mr. SMILLIE hopes to knock the country is, of course, excluded from the competition.

A horse at Chichester has been run down by a train. Asked how he came to catch up with the horse the driver said he just let her rip.

Despite the repeated reports of his resignation in the London papers, Mr. DAVIS, the American Ambassador to Britain, states that he does not intend to retire. This contempt for English newspapers will be justifiably resented.

Mrs. LILLIAN RUSSELL, of Rockland, Mass., is reported to have offered to sell her husband for twenty thousand pounds. It is a great consolation to those of us who are husbands that they are fetching such high prices.

The road-menders in Oxford Street who went on strike have now resumed work. The discovery was made by a spectator who saw one of them move.

A contemporary reports the prospect of fair weather for another three weeks. It looks as if Mr. SMILLIE is going to have a fine day for it after all.

A New York message states that the congregation of a New Jersey church pelted the Rev. F. S. KOPFMANN with eggs. This is disgraceful with eggs at their present price.

We have just heard of a Scotsman

who has a pre-GEDDES railway timetable for sale, present owner having no further use for it.

It is stated in scientific circles that the present weather is due to the Gulf Stream. This relieves Mr. CHURCHILL of considerable responsibility.

"The length of a bee's sting," says *Tit Bits*, "is only one thirty-second of an inch." We are grateful for this information because when we are being stung we are always too busy to measure for ourselves.

Those who maintain that nothing good ever comes from Russia have suffered a nasty slap in the face. A news message states that the Bolsheviks

As a result of the new rise in the price of petrol many of the middle-class have been compelled to turn down their automatic cigarette-lighters.

Although we may appear to be a little previous, we have it on good authority that Mr. BOTTOMLEY is already making arrangements to predict that the approaching coal-strike will end before Christmas.

The various attempts to swim or cycle across the Channel having proved unsuccessful, we hear that interest is again being revived in the proposed Channel Tunnel.

It is rumoured that Councillor CLARK has recently purchased a large consignment of Government flannel, in order to provide adequate under-clothing for mixed bathers.

A large quantity of rusty piano wire, says a news item, has been found in a valuable milch cow at Boston, Lines. There is hope that the "Tune the Cow Died of" may now be positively identified.

According to a sporting paper there is a great shortage of referees this season. The offer to receive any member of this profession into the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary

without further qualifications is no doubt responsible for fifty per cent. of the loss, whilst fair wear and tear probably account for the remainder.

"It is high time," writes a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*, "that a clearly defined waist-line should be reintroduced into feminine dress." Others claim that as the neck-line is now worn round the waist the reintroduction of a waist-line elsewhere can only lead to confusion.

The Coal Strike.

"The part of the public is to keep cool." *The Times*.

A strike should make this fairly easy.

From the advertisement of a "Unique Battlefields Tour":—

"Passports and Visas obtained and annoyances reduced to a minimum."—*Daily Paper*. Then why this knightly precaution?



Insurance Clerk (taking personal particulars of prospective policy-holder). "AND WHAT IS YOUR PROFESSION, SIR?" Artist. "PAINTER." Clerk. "WHAT SORT OF PAINTER?" Artist. "SPLENDID."

have invited Mr. SMILLIE to visit Petrograd.

"Horsehair coats have made their appearance," says *The Outfitter*. Surely this is nothing very new. We have often seen horses wearing them.

A man who stole the same fowls twice has been charged at Grimsby. He pleads that his bookkeeper omitted to enter them in the day-book the first time.

It is now being hinted in political circles that Mr. WILLIAM BRACE, M.P., has consented to bequeath his moustache to the nation.

Mr. SMILLIE was much heartened by the news from Lucerne that the PRIME MINISTER had climbed down the Rigi in three hours.

A COUP FOR "THE DAILY TRAIL."

WE all knew at the office that Micklebrown had gone to Cocklesea for his holiday. If anyone had offered him a free pass to the Italian lakes or any other delectable spot Micklebrown would have declined it and taken his third return to Cocklesea. Like Sir WALTER RALEIGH when he started for South America to find a gold-mine, Micklebrown had an object in view. He hoped to discover a topaz in Cocklesea. We knew the reason for this optimism. We had been shown the lizard-brooch, a dazzling thing of gold and precious stones, which Micklebrown had picked up last Bank Holiday on the cliff at Cocklesea and presented to his *fiancée*, Miss Twitter, after inquiry at the police-station had failed to discover its owner.

Most people would have been satisfied to leave well alone, but Micklebrown is a man who hankers after the little more. The lizard's tail was composed of topaz stones, and from its tip one topaz was obviously missing. "My firm impression is that I did the damage when I trod on it," Micklebrown said. "You see I put my foot right slap on the thing. I can't get it out of my head that that topaz stuck in the mud and it's sticking there to this day. Anyway I go to Cocklesea for my holiday to look. I know the very identical spot." He closed his eyes the better to visualize it. "You go up a little path behind the mixed-bathing boxes, turn sharp to the right at the top of the cliff, past two pine-trees and a clump of gorse, go a trifle inland through a lot of thistles until you come on three blackberry bushes; the topaz should be ten inches south-west of the middle one."

"The colour 'll be a bit washed out, won't it?" young Lister said; "we've had a lot of rain since Bank Holiday."

Micklebrown's lip curled but he said nothing. Only to us, his intimates, did he confide that he had no expectation of finding the topaz on the surface; he expected to search through several strata of mud, and he was taking a magnifying-glass and a gravy-strainer with him.

We heard nothing further until I had a postcard from him saying that the rain had caused the blackberries so to multiply that he found it impossible to identify the particular bush near which he had stepped on the lizard; he was therefore making a general search over the area. After that we followed the tale in *The Daily Trail*:—

SEASIDE VISITOR'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Much curiosity has been aroused at

Cocklesea by the behaviour of a visitor who spends his days on the cliff burrowing in the earth in all weathers. Speculation is rife as to the object of his occupation. It is generally concluded that he is the victim of shell-shock.

ROMANTIC DISCLOSURE BY COCKLESEA CLIFF BURROWER.

In conversation with our representative yesterday Mr. Micklebrown, whose burrowing on the cliff at Cocklesea has been observed with such interest, indignantly denied the imputation of shell-shock. Mr. Micklebrown, it appears, is spending his vacation at Cocklesea in the hope of recovering a topaz which formed part of a valuable piece of jewellery which he had the good fortune to pick up on the cliff on Bank Holiday. Being anxious to notify his discovery without delay to the police (who however failed to trace the owner) and being bound to catch the return steamer, Mr. Micklebrown had no opportunity to prosecute a search at the time. He therefore determined to visit Cocklesea again at the earliest opportunity to do so.

In the meanwhile Miss Rosalind Twitter, Mr. Micklebrown's *fiancée*, is the happy possessor of the ornament. Interviewed by a correspondent, Miss Twitter, a winsome dark-eyed brunette in a cretonne chemise frock, said, "Yes, it is quite true that I sleep with it under my pillow. I hope Dinky (Rosalind's pet name for her lover) will find the topaz; he is a dear painstaking boy. I have never had such a lovely piece of jewellery in my life and I am going to be married in it." (Photo of Miss Twitter on back page. Inset (1) The brooch; (2) Mr. Micklebrown.)

SEARCH FOR MISSING TOPAZ AT COCKLESEA.

Owing to the publicity given to his story by *The Daily Trail* hundreds of willing hands assisted Mr. Micklebrown in his search yesterday. Pickaxes, shovels and wooden spades were being freely wielded on the cliff. Miss Twitter writes to us: "Every moment I expect a telegram from Dinky that the topaz is found. I can never be grateful enough to *The Daily Trail* for the interest it has taken in my brooch."

DRAMATIC SEQUEL TO SEARCH FOR COCKLESEA TOPAZ.

As a result of the wide circulation of *The Daily Trail* the brooch picked up by Mr. Micklebrown on the cliff on Bank Holiday has been claimed by Miss Ivy Peckaby, of Wimbledon. Miss Peckaby identified the brooch from the photograph which appeared in our issue of Friday. Conversing with our representative, Miss Peckaby, a slim, golden-haired girl in hand-knitted cerise jumper

with cream collar and cuffs, said, "I jumped for joy when I recognised my darling brooch on your picture page. I must have lost it at Cocklesea on Bank Holiday, but I didn't miss it until two Sundays afterwards. I shall never forget what I owe to *The Daily Trail*."

Questioned as to the missing topaz Miss Peckaby sighed. "It has always been missing," she said. "You see, Clarence" (Miss Peckaby's affianced husband) "bought the brooch second-hand; he is going to have another topaz put in when he can afford it; but topazes are so dreadfully dear." (Photo of Miss Peckaby recognising her brooch on the back page of *The Daily Trail*.)

LAST CHAPTER IN COCKLESEA ROMANCE. FREE GIFT OF A TOPAZ BY THE DAILY TRAIL.

Yesterday Miss Ivy Peckaby was the happy recipient of a topaz at the hands of a representative of *The Daily Trail*. The stone, which is of magnificent colour and quality, is the free gift of *The Daily Trail*. *The Daily Trail* is also defraying the entire cost of setting the gem in Miss Peckaby's brooch. (Photo on back page of Miss Peckaby acknowledging *The Daily Trail's* free gift of a topaz. Inset: The topaz.)

I have heard nothing further from Micklebrown.

RARA AVIS.

MANY birds there be that bards delight in;

I to one my tribute verse would bring;

Patience, reader! no, it's not the nightin-

gale I'm going to sing.

Sweet to lie at ease and for a while hark To a "spirit that was never bird;"

Still I don't propose to sing the skylark, As perhaps inferred.

I'm content to leave it to a fitter Tongue than mine to hymn the "moan of doves,"

Or the swallow, apt to "cheep and twitter

Twenty million loves."

I'm intrigued by no precocious rook, who

Haunts the high hall garden calling "Maud;"

Mine's no "blithe newcomer" like the cuckoo

WORDSWORTH used to laud.

Never could the blackbird or the thristle (From the poet each has had his due)

Win from me such perfectly colossal Gratitude as you.

You, I mean, accommodating partridge,

By some lucky chance (the only one, Spite of much expenditure of cartridge)

Fallen to my gun.



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN.

WAR VETERAN. "THEY TOLD ME I WAS FIGHTING FOR DEAR LIFE, BUT I NEVER DREAMT IT WAS GOING TO BE AS DEAR AS ALL THIS."



Father. "OH, YES, I USED TO PLAY QUITE A LOT OF CRICKET. I ONCE MADE FORTY-SEVEN."
 Son. "WHAT—WITH A HARD BALL, FATHER?"

THE HUMAN CITY AND SUBURBAN.

THE idea and the name for it were the invention of the ingenious Piggott. I am his first initiate, and with the zeal of the neophyte I am endeavouring to make his discovery more widely known. The game, which is healthy and invigorating, can be carried on in any of the remoter suburbs, where the train-service is not too frequent. All that is required is a fairly long and fairly straight piece of road, terminating in a railway-station, and a sufficiency of City men of suitable age and rotundity.

The scheme is based on the Herd instinct—on the tendency of most creatures to follow their leader. For example, if you are walking down to your early train, with plenty of time to spare as you suppose, and you observe the man in front of you looking at his watch and suddenly quickening his steps, first to a smart walk, then to a brisk jog-trot, it is not in human nature, however you may trust your own watch, not to follow suit. This is precisely what Piggott led me to do one morning about six weeks back.

When, on reaching the station ten

minutes too early, I remonstrated with him, he apologised.

"I am sorry," he said; "I didn't know you were behind me. I was really pace-making for 'Flyaway'—there, over there." And Piggott pointed to a stoutish man with iron-grey whiskers mopping his forehead and the inside of his hat, and looking incredulously at the hooking-hall clock.

"But that is Mr. Bludyer, senior partner in Bludyer, Spinnaway & Jevons," I said.

"It may be," replied Piggott. "But I call him Flyaway. I find it more convenient to have a stable-name for each of my racers." And he proceeded to expound his invention to me.

Like so many great inventors he had stumbled upon the idea by chance one morning when his watch happened to be wrong; but he had developed the inspiration with consummate art and skill. It became his diversion, by means of the pantomime that had so successfully deceived me—by dramatically shooting out his wrist, consulting his watch, instantly stepping out and presently breaking into a run—to induce any gentleman behind him who had reached an age when the fear of missing

trains has become an obsession to accelerate his progress.

"It is amazing," he said, "how many knots you can get out of the veriest old tubs. This morning, for instance, Flyaway has taken only a little over six minutes to cover seven furlongs. That's the best I have got out of him so far, but I hope to do better with some of the others."

"You keep more than one in training?" I questioned.

"Several. If you like I will hand some over to you. Or, better still," he added, "you might prefer to start a stable of your own. That would introduce an element of competition. What about it?"

I accepted with alacrity. The very next day I made a start, and within a week I had a team of my own in training. The walk to the station, which formerly had been the blackest hour of the twenty-four, I now looked forward to with the liveliest impatience. Every morning saw me early on the road, ready to loiter until I found in my wake some merchant sedately making his way stationwards to whom I could set the pace. I always took care, however, not to race the same one too fre-

quently or at too regular intervals, and I take occasion to impress this caution on beginners.

In the train on the way to the City Piggott and I would compare notes, carefully recording distances and times, and scoring points in my favour or his. It would have been better perhaps had we contented ourselves with this modest programme. Others will take warning from what befell. But with the ambition of inexperience I suggested we should race two competitors one against the other, and Piggott let himself be overpersuaded.

I entered my "Speedwell," a prominent stockjobber. Handicapped by the frame of a *Falstaff*, he happily harbours within his girth a susceptibility to panic, which, when appropriately stimulated, more than compensates for his excess of bulk. The distance fixed was from the Green Man to the station, a five-furlong scamper; the start to be by mutual consent.

Immediately on our interchange of signals I got my nominee in motion. This is one of Speedwell's best points: he responds instantly to the least sign, to the slightest touch of the spur, so to speak. Another is staying power. Before we had gone fifty yards I had got him into an ungainly amble, which he can keep up indefinitely. Though never rapid, it devours the ground.

Piggott was not so lucky. At the last minute he substituted for the more reliable Flyaway his Tiny Tim, a dapper little solicitor, not more than sixty, who to the timorousness of the hare unites some of her speed. In fact, in his excess of terror he sometimes runs himself to a standstill before the completion of the course. He suffers, moreover, from short sight and in consequence is a notoriously bad starter. On the morning in question he failed for several minutes to observe Piggott's pantomime, and Speedwell had almost traversed half the distance while Tiny Tim still lingered in the vicinity of the starting post. Only by the most exaggerated gestures did Piggott get him off. Once going, however, he took the bit in his teeth and went like the wind. Soon I caught the pit-pat of his footfall approaching. I pulled Speedwell together for a supreme effort. But there were still two hundred yards to cover as his rival drew abreast. A terrific race ensued. Scared at the spectacle of the other's alarm, each redoubled his exertions. Neck and neck they ran. Could Tiny Tim last? Had he shot his bolt? Could Speedwell wear him down?

Unfortunately the question was never settled. As they raced they overtook a group of business men, youngsters of forty or so, untried colts that had never



Old Dame (to visitor who has been condoling with her on a recent misfortune). "Och, I'm GEY ILL. I'VE BEEN CRYIN' SIN' FOWER THIS MORNIN', AN' I'M JUST OAXN TAE START AGEN AS SOON'S I'VE SIPPIT THIS BICKEN O' PABRITCH."

yet been run by Piggott or me. These suddenly took fright and bolted. Inextricably mingled with our pair the whole lot stampeded like a herd of mustangs. The station approach scintillated with the flashing of spats as the Field breasted the rise. It was a grand sight, though so many fouls occurred that it was obvious the race was off. But things became serious when the entire crowd attempted to pass simultaneously through the booking-hall doors. Speedwell sprained a pastern and Tiny Tim sus-

tained a severe kick on the fetlock. Both will require a fortnight's rest before they can be raced again.

This will be a warning to us and to others too, I hope. Still, it will not deter us from racing in the future. Nor should it deter others, for the sport is a glorious one and I hope it may become universal in the outer suburbs. Piggott and I will be only too glad to give advice or any other assistance that lies in our power to those who contemplate starting local clubs in and around London.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

ALL day long I had been possessed by that odd feeling that comes over one unaccountably at times, as of things being a little strange, interesting—somehow different, so that I was not at all surprised to find the Fairy Queen waiting for me when I entered my flat.

It was a warm evening and she sat perched on the tassel of the blind, lightly swaying to and fro in the tiny breeze that came dancing softly over the house-tops.

I saw her at once—one is always aware of the presence of the Fairy Queen.

I made my very best curtsy and she acknowledged it a little absent-mindedly.

"I want *your* advice this time," she said.

I smiled and shook my head deprecatingly.

"But how . . . ?" I began.

"It's about Margery and Max," she continued.

I was much astonished.

"Margery and Max," I echoed slowly. "But surely there's no need to trouble about them. It's a most delightful engagement. They're blissfully happy. I saw Margery only yesterday . . ."

"Oh, the engagement's all right," said the Queen. "As a matter of fact it was I who really arranged that affair. Of course they think they did it themselves—people always do—but it would never have come off without me. No, the trouble is I don't know what to give them for a wedding present: You see I'm particularly fond of Margery; I've always taken a great interest in her, and I do want them to have something they'll really like. But it's so difficult. They have all the essential things already: youth, health, good fortune, love of course; and I can't go giving them motor-cars and grandfather clocks and unimportant things of that kind. Now can I?"

I agreed. As it happened I was in a somewhat similar predicament myself, though from rather different causes.

"Can't you think of *anything*?" she asked a little petulantly, evidently annoyed at my inadequacy. I shook my head.

"I can't," I said. "But why not find out from them? It's often done. You might ask Margery what Max would like and then sound him about her."

The Queen brightened up. "What a good idea!" she said. "I'll go at once." She's very impulsive.

She was back again in half-an-hour, looking pleased and excited. Her cheeks were like pink rose-leaves.

"It's all right about Max," she said breathlessly. "Margery says the only thing he wants frightfully badly is a really smashing service. He's rather bothered about his. So I shall order one for him at once. I'm very pleased; it seems such a suitable thing for a wedding present. People often give services, don't they? And now I'll go and find Max." And she was off before I could utter a sound.

But this time when she returned it was evident that she had been less successful.

"It's absurd," she said, "perfectly absurd!" She stamped her foot, and yet she was smiling a little. "I told him I would bestow upon Margery anything he could possibly think of that she lacked. That any quality of mind or heart, any beauty, any charm that a girl could desire, should be hers as a gift. I assured him that there was nothing I could not and would not do for her. And what do you think? He listened quite attentively and politely—oh, Max has nice manners—and then he looked me straight in the eyes and 'Thank you very much,' he said; 'it's most awfully kind of you. I hope you won't think me ungrateful, but I'm afraid I can't help you at all. There's nothing—nothing. Margery—well, you see, Margery's perfect.' I was so annoyed with him that I came away without saying another word. And now I'm no further than I was before as regards Margery. Mortals really are very stupid. It's most vexing."

She paused a minute, then suddenly she looked up and flashed a smile at me. "All the same it was rather darling of him, wasn't it?" she said.

I nodded. "I wonder . . ." I began. "Yes?" interjected the Queen eagerly.

"... I wonder whether you could give her that, just that for always?"

"What do you mean?" said the Queen.

"I mean," I said slowly, "the gift of remaining perfect for ever in his eyes."

The Queen looked at me thoughtfully. "He'll think I'm not giving her anything," she objected.

"Never mind," I said, "she'll know."

The Queen nodded. "Yes," she said meditatively, "rather nice—rather nice. Thank you very much. I'll think about it. Good-bye." She was gone. R. F.

"On Monday evening an employee of the — Railway Loco. Department dislocated his jaw while yawning."—*Local Paper*.

It is expected that the company will disclaim liability for the accident, on the ground that he was yawning in his own time.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE CENTIPEDE.

The centipede is not quite nice;
He lives in idleness and vice;
He has a hundred legs;
He also has a hundred wives,
And each of these, if she survives,
Has just a hundred eggs:
And that's the reason if you pick
Up any boulder, stone or brick
You nearly always find
A swarm of centipedes concealed;
They scatter far across the field,
But *one* remains behind.
And you may reckon then, my son,
That not alone that luckless one
Lies pitiful and torn,
But millions more of either sex—
100 multiplied by x—
Will never now be born.
I daresay it will make you sick,
But so does all Arithmetic.

The gardener says, I ought to add,
The centipede is not so bad;
He rather *likes* the brutes.
The millipede is what he loathes;
He uses fierce bucolic oaths
Because it eats his roots;
And every gardener is agreed
That, if you see a centipede
Conversing with a milli—
On one of them you drop a stone,
The other one you leave alone—
I think that's rather silly.
They may be right, but what I say
Is, "Can one stand about all day
And *count* the creature's legs?"
It has too many, any way,
And any moment it may lay
Another hundred eggs;
So if I see a thing like this¹
I murmur, "Without prejudice,"
And knock it on the head;
And if I see a thing like that²
I take a brick and squash it flat;
In either case it's dead.

A. P. H.

(1) and (2). There ought to be two pictures here, one with a hundred legs and the other with about a thousand. I have tried several artists, but most of them couldn't even get a hundred on to the page, and those who did always had more legs on one side than the other, which is quite wrong. So I have had to dispense with the pictures.

Another Impending Apology.

"Ainsi parla l'éditeur du *Daily Herald*. Lord Lansbury a toujours été l'enfant chéri et terrible du parti travailliste anglais."

Gazette de Lausanne.

"WANTED."

Small nicely furnished house, nice locality, for nearly married couple, from August 1st."

Johannesburg Star.

We trust that no one encouraged them with accommodation.



THE MAKING OF A REFORMER.
SHOWING THE INFECTIOUS INFLUENCE OF ORATORY.

THE MUDFORD BLIGHT.

Mary settled her shoulders against the mantel-piece, slid her hands into her pockets and looked down at her mother with faint apprehension in her eyes.

"I want," she remarked, "to go to London."

Mrs. Martin rustled the newspaper uneasily to an accompanying glitter of diamond rings. Mary's direct action slightly discomposed her, but she replied amiably. "Well, dear, your Aunt Laura has just asked you to Wimbledon for a fortnight in the Autumn."

Mary did not move. "I want," she continued abstractedly, "to live in London."

Mrs. Martin glanced up at her daughter as if discrediting the authorship of this remark. "I don't know what you are thinking of, child," she said tartly, "but you appear to me to be talking nonsense. Your father and I have no idea of leaving Mudford at present."

"I want," Mary went on in the even tone of one hypnotised by a foregone conclusion, "to go and live with Jennifer and write—things."

Mrs. Martin's gesture as she rose expressed as much horror as was consistent with majesty.

"My dear Mary," she said coldly, "let me dispose of your outrageous suggestion before it goes any further. You appear to imagine that because you have been earning a couple of hundred a year in the Air Force during the War you are still of independent means. Allow me to remind you that you are not. Also that your father and I are unable and unwilling to bear the expenses of two establishments. Please consider the matter closed."

She swept from the room. Mary whistled softly to herself, then she walked to the desk and wrote a letter.

"... And that's that," she finished. "So now to business. I will send you some articles at the end of the week, and for goodness' sake be quick, because I can't stand this much longer."

When she had posted it she retired to her room and was no more seen till dinner.

They were bright articles and, like measles-spots, they appeared rapidly after ten days or a fortnight; unlike measles they seemed to be permanent. They dealt irreverently with Mudford society, draped in a thin veil of some alias material, and they signed themselves "Blight."

"Disgraceful!" snorted Colonel Martin, throwing one crumpled newspaper after another into the waste-paper basket. "Ought to be publicly burned! As if it weren't enough to find the beastly things all over the Club, without being pestered with them at home, making fun of the best people in Mudford. Bolshevism! Fellow ought to be shot! Wish I knew who he was and I'd do it myself. I will not have another word of this poisonous stuff in my house. D'you hear, Gertrude?"

Mrs. Martin trailed into the hall in search of her sunshade.

"It's so difficult," she complained en route, "to know what paper he's

Her mother started. "What do you mean?" she inquired sharply.

Mary rose languidly. "However," she added graciously, "I will put that right for you next week. I have several sketches that will do."

Mrs. Martin's face registered inquiry, incredulity, indignation and apoplexy in chronological order; then the garden gate clicked and a young man walked across the lawn. Mary looked down at her mother and spoke quietly.

"I think it is time you knew that I wrote those articles. One writes about what one sees, and as long as I remain here I shall see Mudford."

"Pardon me," began the young man, arriving, "but is this Colonel Martin's house?"

Mrs. Martin made no effort to reply and Mary reassured him.

"It's like this," he continued frankly. "I'm representing *The Daily Rebel*, and I'm awfully anxious to get certain information for my paper. I was speaking to Admiral Rogers just now and he told me I should probably get it here if I tried. He said he could only give me a guess himself and I had better come to headquarters. Madam," he bowed towards Mrs. Martin, "will you kindly tell me if you are the famous..."

Here Mary interposed. "My mother," she said serenely, "is not the Mudford Blight. Nor is my father."

The young man wheeled on her.

"Then you...?" he queried.

Mary hesitated, questioning her mother with a glance.

"My daughter," replied Mrs. Martin in a strangled voice, "cannot possibly be the person you seek since she is not a Mudford resident. She lives in

London and is only staying here till to-morrow—at the latest."

Mary smiled radiantly and sent a wire later in the afternoon.

The Gynecophobe.

"While crossing a field near Berwick a gamekeeper noticed a deer coming in his direction and he took cover in a hayrick."

Scotch Paper.

"PARLOURMAID Wanted, afternoons, 2—6.30, galvanised iron, 50 ft. to 140 ft. long x 21 ft."

Local Paper.

It needs a girl with an iron constitution to support such a frame.

"For Sale, Clergyman's Grey Costume, latest style; also Jumper, never worn."

Irish Paper.

The reverend gentleman appears to have jibbed at the jumper.



J.H.DOWD-20

Young Miner's Mother. "I CAN'T DO NOTHING WIV OUR 'ERBERT SINCE 'E VOTED FOR THE STRIKE. WHEN I ASK 'IM TO RUN A ERRAND 'E SAYS IT ISN'T A MAN'S JOB."

coming out in next and stop it in time;" and she wandered mournfully into the garden.

"Mary," she sighed, sinking into a chair on the lawn, "have you noticed anything peculiar in the way people speak to us lately? Of course it may be only my imagination, and yet," she hesitated, "Admiral and Lady Rogers were quite—quite formal to me yesterday."

Mary balanced her tennis racquet on her outstretched hand and laughed. "It's the local Blight, I suppose. You and Father are about the only people left who haven't been withered yet, and the others are bound to think there's something suspicious about you. Stupid of me—I didn't think of that. I'm sorry."



Village Umpire (advancing down pitch, after resisting two appeals for l.b.c.). "YOU BETTER TAKE A FRESH MIDDLE, JAROE, 'COS IF 'E 'ITS 'EE AGAIN IN THE ZAME PLACE I SHALL 'AVE TO GIVE 'EE OUT."

MOVEMENT IN THE MONEY MARKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been spending my holiday at a watering place, a place that fully deserves its epithet. My London daily has been my only entertainment, and towards the evening hours I have found myself wandering about the less familiar beats of it. I have become an intimate of the City Editor, and I hasten to inform you, Mr. Punch, that he has introduced me to a side of the Gay Life which I have been missing all these years. I will set out the tale of it, even at the risk of making your readers blush.

It appears that recently a feeling spread in the Market (and that all these goings-on should take place in a market adds, in my view, to their curiousness) that a crisis had been reached in monetary restrictions and things might be eased a bit. Apparently there is a circle of people in the know, and by them it was immediately appreciated what this "relaxation" implied. The first overt sign of something doing was a "heavy demand for money," a need which I too, for all my quiet domesticity, have felt from time to time. No doubt the fast City set were filling their pockets before commencing a course of "relaxation." The next development was that the Market was approached from all sides with "applications for

accommodation." I can picture the merry parties rolling up in their thousands, booking every available house, flat or room, and even paying very fancy prices for the hire of a booth for a house-party.

It may give you some idea of the nature of their "relaxation" when I say that our old friend the Bank of England seems to have so far forgotten herself as to start making advances to the Government. My City Editor, who is possibly a family man, cannot bring himself to give details; he just states the fact, merely adding the significant comment that "the usual reserve of the Bank is rapidly disappearing." The effect of this example is appearing in the most respectable quarters. "All attempts are now failing," he reports, for example, "to keep the Fiduciary Issue within limits." Reluctantly he mentions a "considerably freer tendency in Discount circles."

Further he records a tendency to over-indulgence in feasting. I read of figures (I hardly like to quote this bit) becoming "improperly inflated." Will you believe me when I add that a section of those participating in the banquet, whose one fear was, apparently, that it would all end only too soon, actually were heard expressing the apprehension, to quote verbatim, "that they would deflate too rapidly." "The whole tone

of the Market," says my City Editor, "became distinctly cheerful," and he pauses to comment on the one redeeming feature: "War Loan remaining steady, 84½ middle."

And thence to the shocking climax: Trade Returns were unable to balance properly, and Money (to be absolutely outspoken and no longer to mince matters) got tight.

After this I was not surprised to read of "Mexican Eagles rising on the announcement of the new Gusher." Nor a little later to find the announcement, "Stock Exchange Dull." A very natural reaction.

Yours ever, A SIMPLE WEST-ENDER.

Professional Pride.

Extract from a plumber's account:—

"To making good leaks in pipes, 8/6."

"Wanted 2 Lions male and female or either any of them. What will be the cost? Where they can be had and when can we get."—*Indian Paper*.

Can any of our readers oblige this eager zoologist?

"An incident of an extraordinary nature befell Colonel —, C.B., while playing a golf match at Brancaster. A large grey cow swooped down, picked up his ball and flew away with it."—*Newfoundland Paper*.

Probably a descendant of the one who jumped over the moon.



Betty. "MUMMY, HOW DID THESE TWO MARKS GET ON MY ARM?"

Mother. "THE DOCTOR MADE THEM. THEY'RE VACCINATION MARKS. THERE OUGHT PROPERLY TO BE FOUR OF THEM."

Betty (after much deliberation). "MUMMY, DID YOU PAY FOR FOUR?"

ON RUNNING DOWN TO BRIGHTON.

WHEN I consulted people about my nasal catarrh, "There is only one thing to do," they said. "Run down to Brighton for a day or two."

So I started running and got as far as Victoria. There I was informed that it was quite unnecessary to run all the way to Brighton. People walked to Brighton, yes; or hopped to Kent; but they never ran. The fastest time to Brighton by foot was about eight hours, but this was done without an overcoat or suit-case. Even on Saturdays they said it was quicker to take the train than to walk or to hop.

Brighton has sometimes been called London by the Sea or the Queen's of Watering Places, but in buying a ticket it is better to say simply Brighton, at the same time stating whether you wish to stay there indefinitely or to be repatriated at an early date. I once asked a booking-clerk for two sun spots of the Western coast, and he told me that the refreshment-room was further on. But I digress.

One of the incidental difficulties in running down to Brighton is that the

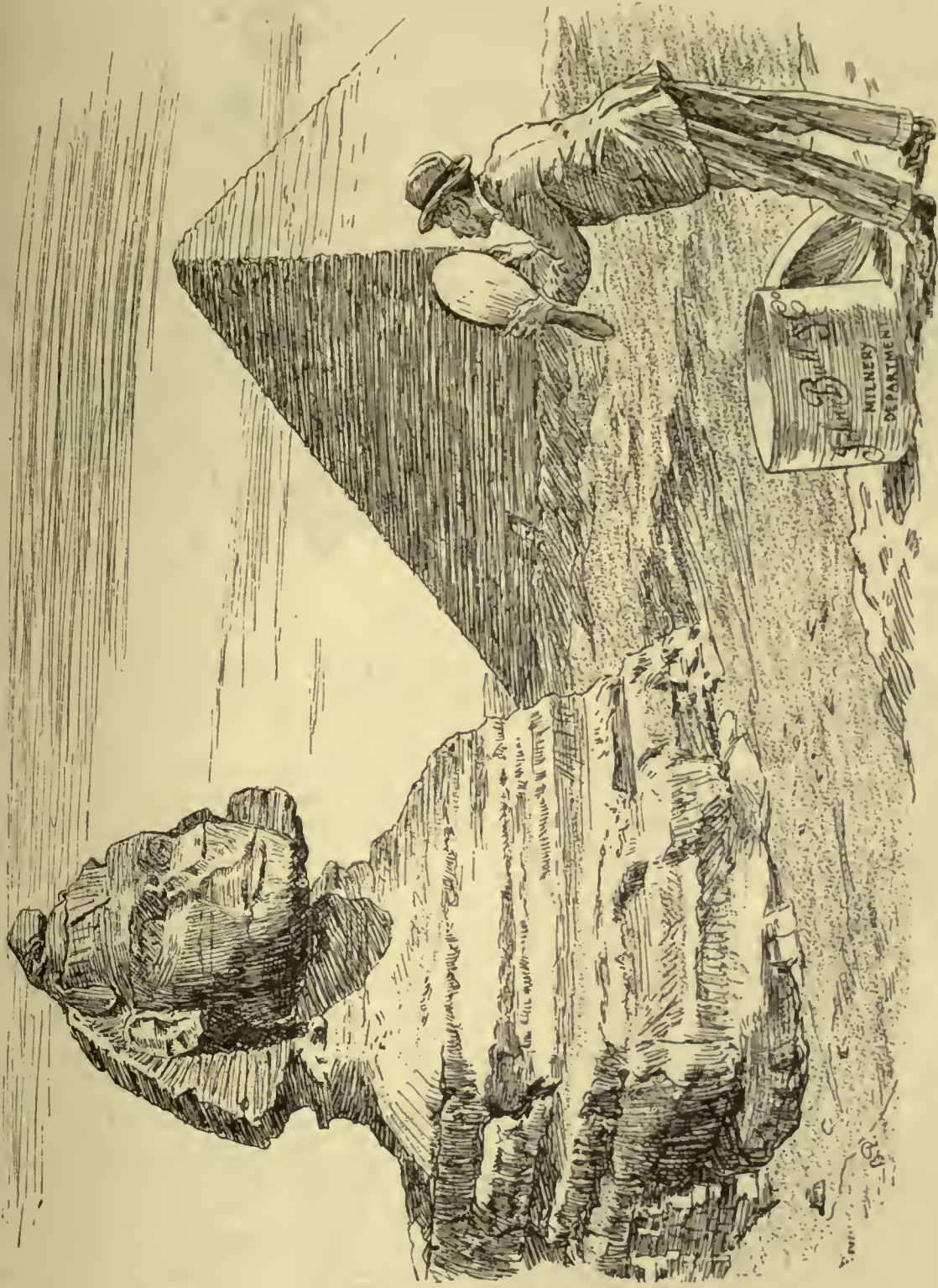
rear end of the train queue often gets mixed up with the rear end of the tram queue for the Surrey cricket ground, so that strangers to the complexities of London traffic who happen to get firmly wedged in sometimes find themselves landed without warning at the "Hoval" instead of at Hove. To avoid this accident you should keep the right shoulder well down and hold the shrimping-net high in the air with the left hand. If you do get into the train the best place is one with your back to the window, for, though you miss the view, after all no one else sees it either, and you do get something firm to lean up against. It was while I was travelling to Brighton in this manner that I discovered how much more warm this summer really is than many writers have made out.

Around Brighton itself a lot of legends have crystallized, some more or less true, others grossly exaggerated. There is an idea, for instance, that all the inhabitants of this town or, at any rate, all the visitors who frequent it, are exceedingly smart in their dress. Almost the first man whom I met in Brighton was wearing plus 4 breeches and a

bowler hat. It is possible, of course, that this is the correct costume for walking to Brighton in. Later on I saw a man wearing a motor mask and goggles and a blue-and-red bathing suit. Neither of these two styles is smart as the word is understood in the West End.

Then there is the story that prices, especially the prices of food, are exceedingly high in Brighton. After all, the cost of food depends everywhere very much upon what you eat. I see no reason for supposing that the price of whelks in Brighton compares unfavourably with the price of whelks in other great whelk-eating centres; but the price of fruit is undeniably high. I saw some very large light-green grapes in a shop window, grown, I suppose, over blast furnaces, and when I asked what they cost I was considerably surprised. Being afraid, however, to go out of the shop without making a purchase, I eventually bought one.

But these things are all by the way. It was when I reached the sea-front at Brighton that I made the tremendous discovery which is really the subject of this article. I realised the secret of



THE CAP OF LIBERTY: LE DERNIER CRI.

EGYPTIAN SPHINX. "HOW DOES IT SUIT MY STYLE?"

THE LORD HIGH MILNER. "WELL, I MAY BE PREJUDICED IN FAVOUR OF MY OWN CREATION, BUT I THINK IT MOST BECOMING."



FIRST AID.

Examiner. "WHAT MEASURES WOULD YOU TAKE IF YOU HAD TO TREAT A CASE OF SUNSTROKE?"

Boy Scout (who has negotiated fairly successfully a fractured jaw, broken forearm and severed femoral artery). "I WOULD DRAG HIM INTO THE SHADE, STRIP HIM TO THE WAIST, POUR COLD WATER ON HIM AND PUT HIM INTO ISOLATION IF THERE WAS ANY ICE."

Brighton's charm. It can be stated very simply. *It lies in the number of things one needn't do there.*

At little seaside resorts, such as Cockleham, there are a very limited number of things that people do, and as soon as one gets to Cockleham an irresistible inclination seizes one not to do them to-day. If anybody says it is a good day for bathing you say it is better for boating. And if they agree you wonder if, after all, golf . . . And so you preserve your independence and feel rested and stave off for a little while the evil day. But only for a little. Very soon, for lack of alternative suggestions, you are bound to be dragged in and do something.

But at Brighton the number of things to do is so enormous and so varied that you can spend days and days in not doing them. On the pier alone there are something like a hundred complicated automatic machines which you needn't work; there are fishing-rods which you needn't hire, and concerts to which you needn't listen. The sea is full of rowing boats and motor-launches which you needn't charter, and the land is full of motor-brakes which you needn't board. You needn't mixed-bathe nor go and watch the professional divers, nor the fish in the

Aquarium, nor the people with Norman profiles arriving in motor-cars at the hugest hotels. You can simply sit still on the beach and discuss which of these exciting things you won't do first. And while you sit still on the beach you can throw pebbles into the sea. No one has ever thrown as many pebbles into the sea in his life as he wanted to, because someone keeps saying, "Well, you must decide;" but at Brighton you can throw more than in any seaside place that I know. And, now I come to think of it, I wonder that there is no charge for throwing pebbles into the sea at Brighton. I should have thought a low wall with turnstile gates and three or four shies a penny . . . but I leave this commercial idea for the Town Council to work out.

When I had thrown a great many pebbles into the sea I began to nerve myself for the struggle of returning. Over that struggle I prefer, as the saying is, to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that it is harder to run up to Brighton than it is to run down. But whilst I was running up I made a curious and interesting discovery. I found that the spell of Brighton had cured my cold. I had lost it in the soothing excitement of wondering what not to do next. This is the true panacea.

EVOE.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE story has been told to you
Of good Adolphus Minns of Kew,
Whose virtuous ways have won renown
From Barking Creek to Acton Town.

Now with that hero's blameless life
Contrast the conduct of his wife:
Avoidance of egregious sins
Is not the way of Mrs. Minns.

That lady, I regret to say,
While bent on shopping every day,
Makes no attempt to get it o'er
Between the hours of ten and four.

To harassed booking-office clerks
She makes irrelevant remarks,
And tenders, to the crowd's despair,
A pound-note for a penny fare,
Or, what perhaps is even worse,
Starts fumbling in a baggy purse.

She'll step aboard a Highgate train,
Then check and double back again,
And ask a dislocated queue
If she is right for Waterloo.

The liftmen, who, you recollect,
Spoke of Adolphus with respect,
Are pessimistic, even for them,
About the fate of Mrs. M.

Where Gertrude Minns will go when she
Departs this life is not for me,
Or you, or liftmen, to decree.
And, any way, we needn't fret:
She shows no sign of dying yet.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

The letters of the alphabet were talking.

"It's been a wonderful season," said S. "I'm very proud of it."

"Yes," said C; "I don't suppose so much interest was ever taken in cricket before. The number of people able to spend time at a match has been the greatest ever known."

L agreed. "Even on the middle days of the week," he said, "Lord's has been packed."

"Lord's, forsooth!" O struck in. "Lord's has been empty compared with the Oval. The Ovalites have lost no opportunity of watching their heroes."

"When you say 'their heroes' you mean also mine," said H. "But they are not confined to the Oval. I have some at Lord's too; in fact, all over the country. It has been, all the best critics say, an H year." He ticked them off on his fingers. "For Surrey, HOBBS and HITCH; for Middlesex, HENDREN and HEARNE; for Yorkshire, HIRST and HOLMES; for Notts, HARDSTAFF; for Kent, HARDINGE and HUNBLE; for Worcestershire, HOWELL. And four of them," he added, "are going to play for England in Australia. It's a feather in my cap, I can tell you," H went on. "And I needed the encouragement too. No one is treated so badly as I am, especially in London, where I'm being dropped all day long or forced into company which I don't care about. Isn't that true?"

"Not 'arf!" said C, who is a good deal of a Cockney.

"There!" said H with a sigh, "I told you so."

"There's no doubt that our friend the aspirate has done it this year," said T; "but some of us are not downhearted. Look at all my TYLDESLEYS."

"We're quite willing to look at them," said C, "but don't ask us to count them. Meanwhile what about my Cook in the same county? And good old hard-working Coe and Cox?"

"Yes," said L, "and what about Lancashire itself—almost at the top of the tree? And LEE of Middlesex? H may have the greatest number of heroes, but we're not to be sneezed at. And even his wonderful HOBBS couldn't win the championship. It rested between M and me. I'm proud to be M's next-door neighbour."

"It's been a great season for me," said M. "I admit to being nervous on the second day of the last great match, but all's well now. What a game that was! And it's not only of Middlesex that I'm proud; if you glance at the batting averages you will notice MEAD not a great way removed from the top;

and MAKEPEACE not far below him, and I hold MURRELL in special esteem."

"Yes," said R, "and if you continue to look you will find RHODES at the head of the bowling, and RUSBY and RICHMOND in honourable places, and the steady RUSSELL with over two thousand runs to his name. There are also two brothers named RELF. Good heavens, the H's aren't everything!"

"He doesn't claim, I hope," B struck in, "that BROWN begins with H, or BOWLEY, or Bat or Ball or Bails?"

"Nor," said S, "that SANDHAM and SUTCLIFFE and STEVENS and SEYMOUR and the gallant little STRUDWICK (who,



THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MR. "PLUM" WARNER.

like all wicket-keepers, is so liable to be overlooked) never existed? Not to mention my latest recruit, Mr. SKEET? Some letters can be too haughty and—"

"Grasping," said G. "But all of you must be careful of me. I carry big GUNNS."

"Although I'm not too prominent," said F, "I've got a very dangerous bowler and litter and captain in FENDER, to say nothing of two FREEMEN and a 'FAIRY.' And during the season C. B. FRY bobbed up once to some purpose."

I asked one or two of the letters to explain their silence.

"Well," said Z, "cricket has never interested me. But then my range is very narrow."

"And mine's even narrower," sighed X.

"If it weren't for QUAFIE," said Q, "I should be in despair and play nothing but a quiet game of quoits now and again."

"H may have that long string," said W, "but he breaks down badly here and there. Where's his six-foot-six left-handed bowler and bat? He hasn't got one. I have, though, in WOOLLEY. And where's his master of the game, practical and theoretical, in a harlequin cap? The wisest captain any county ever had and the most enthusiastic and stimulating? In short, where is H's P. F. WARNER, whom we're all so sorry to lose, but who had such a glorious farewell performance? Where? Ha!"

"I claim a share in the Middlesex captain," said P proudly. "For is he not a Plum? I hate to see him go, but I shall not be fruitless; look how PEACH is coming along."

"And who owns the All-English Captain, I should like to know?" said the deep voice of D. "Not to mention a DENTON and a DURSTON and a DOLPHIN and a DIPPER. It is something to own a DEAN; it is more to possess a DUCAT."

"Isn't life going to be very dull for all of you till next May?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said A, who hitherto had not spoken. "We're going to follow the English team's doings in Australia. And won't it be A1 when they bring back the Ashes?"

"Absolutely," I agreed. E. V. L.

Another Irish Problem.

"Tuesday next, I may explain, is Belfast for Tuesday next, and means to-day." *Daily Paper.*

GENEROSITY AT THE GROCER'S: "Provided you get one bad egg from us, we will on your returning it give you two for it."

From an engineer's letter:—

"We are exhibiting —'s Patent Nibbling Machine at the Laundry Trades Exhibition." We have often wondered how our collars get those crinkled edges.

"The club before declaring at 5 wickets had put up a formidable score of 341, Major Ireland making 434 and Capt. Green 127.

Capt. M. A. Green, stpd. Mistri b. Evan . . . 27	
Maj. K. A. Ireland, c. & b. Bignall . . . 134	
Newnham, b. Evans 4	
Lient. Foley, b. Evans 4	
Maj. Englefield, b. Powers 22	
Lieut. Cambon not out 15	
Extras 35	

Total for 5 wickets misdeclared . . 341
Egyptian Gazette.

We thought from the start that something was wrong.



The Rector. "VERY NICE, MRS. BROWN. VERY CREDITABLE INDEED. BUT PERSONALLY I CONSIDER THE MARROW A MUCH OVERRATED VEGETABLE, APART, OF COURSE, FROM ITS DECORATIVE VALUE AT HARVEST FESTIVALS."

NIMROD.

NIMROD he was a hunter in the days of long ago,
Caring little for things of state, little for things of show;
When the unenlightened around him squabbled for wealth
or fame

NIMROD fled to the forests and gave himself up to Game.

I've never been told what jungles old NIMROD called his
own,

Or studied the "Sportsman's Record" he scratched on a
shoulder-bone;

I haven't heard what he shot with nor even what game he
slew,

But I know he was fore-forefather to fellows like me and
you.

He stood to the roaring tiger, he stood to the charging gaur;
His was the love of the hunting which is more than the lust
of war;

He knew the troubles of tracking, the business of camps
and kits,

And the pleasure that pays for the pain of all—the ultimate
shot that hits.

Now I've nowhere seen it stated, but I'm certain the thing
occurred,

That when NIMROD came to his death-bed he sent his rela-
tives word,

And said to his sons and his people ere his spirit obtained
release,

"You follow the trails I taught you and your ways will bring
you peace."

Wherefore—as now and to-morrow—when the souls of men
were sick,

When wives were fickle or fretful or the bills were falling
thick,

When the youth was minded to marry and the maiden with-
held consent,
Heeding the words of NIMROD, they packed their spears and
went—

Went to the scented mornings, to the nights of the satin
moon

That can lap the heart in solace, that can settle the soul in
tune;

So they continued the remedy NIMROD of old began—
The healing hand of the jungle on the fevered brow of man.

Then—as now and to-morrow—mended and sound and sane,
Flushed by the noonday sunshine, freshed by the twilight
rain,

Trailing their trophies behind them, armed with the strength
of ten,

Back they came from the jungle ready to start again.

Ye who have travelled the wilderness, ye who have followed
the chase,

Whom the voice of the forest comforts and the touch of the
lonely place;

Ye who are sib to the jungle and know it and hold it good—
Praise ye the name of NIMROD, a Fellow Who Understood.

H. B.

The House-Agent's Forlorn Hope.

"TWO-AND-A-HALF MILES FROM STATION WITH NON-STOP TRAINS."
Weekly Paper.

A Tragic Coincidence.

"TEN PROFESSORSHIPS VACANT
IN SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

Lausanne, Monday.

The giant British aeroplane G.F.A.T.L., from Cricklewood aero-
drome, London, landed at Blecherette, Lausanne, at 6-5 this evening."
Irish Paper.

Did all the ten Sydney Professors fall out of it together?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRUDE'S FALL."

THOUGH the hero is French and takes up his residence in an English cathedral town in order to rectify our British prudery and show us how to make love, there is practically nothing here that is calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty. It is true that from time to time *Captain le Briquet* kisses various outlying portions of his "*ange adoré*," but it is all very decorous and his ultimate intentions are strictly respectable.

You see, he was really just playing a game. Big game was his speciality (Africa) and this one was to be as big as an elephant. It consisted in the correction of a flaw which he had found in the object of his worship, the lovely young Widow *Audley*, who had refused in his very presence to receive a woman, an old friend of hers, who had preferred love to reputation. He, the gallant Captain, proposed to amend this error. By his French methods he would reduce the Widow to such a state of helplessness that she would consent to become his mistress. The fact that he happened to be a bachelor, and perfectly free to marry her, should not be allowed to stand in the way of his scheme. He would explain that the exigencies of his vocation as a hunter of big game demanded a greater measure of liberty than was practicable within the bonds of matrimony. He would be "faithful but free."

In the course of a brief month (the interval between the First and Second Acts, for we are not permitted to see how he does it) she has become as putty in his hands. She consents to be his mistress, and is indeed so determined to adopt this informal style of union that when he produces a special marriage licence she is indignant at such a concession to the proprieties. But once again the Captain proves irresistible with his French methods and all ends well.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER was the life and soul of the play, which would have been a dullish business without him. His reappearance were always hailed as a joyous relief to the prevailing depression. Even *Dean Carey*—most delightful in the person of Mr. GILBERT HARE—became at one time a gloomy Dean; and Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, who played very tenderly in the part of *Mrs. Westonry* (the lady who had lost her reputation), could not hope to be very entertaining with her reminiscences of a lover whom we had never had the pleasure of meeting.

Mrs. Audley again (treated naturally and with a pleasant artlessness by Miss EMILY BROOKE) did not take very kindly to the conquest of her scruples and gave little suggestion of the rapture of surrender. Further, the authors paid a poor compliment to English gentlemen by providing the Captain with a dull boor for his rival. The contrast was a little too patent. Even so Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL might perhaps have made the rôle of *Sir Nevil Moreton* appear a little less impossible. But, however good he may be in character parts or where melodrama is indicated, he never allowed us to mistake him for a British Baronet. The only person (apart from *le Briquet*) who contributed nothing to the general



THE CAPTAIN "EXAMINES ARMS."

Captain le Briquet . . . MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Sir Nevil Moreton, Bart. MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.

gleam was the Dean's wife, played with the most attractive grace and humour by Miss NINA BOUGICAULT.

A note of piquancy was given to Mr. DU MAURIER's part by his broken English. "Broken" is perhaps not quite the word, unless we may speak of a torrent as being broken by pebbles in its bed. There were momentary hesitations, and a few easy French words, such as *pardon? pourquoi donc? c'est permis? alors*, were introduced to flatter the comprehension of the audience; but for the rest his fluency—and at all junctures, even the most unlikely—was simply astounding. Few people, speaking in their native tongue, can ever have commanded so facile an eloquence. What chance had a mere Englishman against him?

The action of *The Prude's Fall* was supposed to take place in 1919, but its atmosphere was clearly ante-bellum.

Anyhow there was no sign of the alleged damage done to our moral standards by the War. But nobody will quarrel on that ground with Mr. BESIER and Miss EDGINTON, the clever authors of this very interesting play. And if we have to be taught how to behave by a Frenchman, to the detriment of our British *amour propre*, there is nobody who can do it so nicely and painlessly as Mr. DU MAURIER.

"WEDDING BELLS."

I BEGIN to suspect that the possible situations of marital farce are becoming exhausted. Certainly we have lost the power of being staggered by the emergence of an old wife out of the past. But

MR. SALISBURY FIELD, who wrote *Wedding Bells* for America, is not content with a single repetition of this ancient device; he must needs give us these intrusions in triplicate, showing how they affect the career of (1) the hero, (2) his manservant, (3) a poet-friend. True he only produces two old wives; but one of them, being a bigamist, was able to intrude "in two places" (as the auctioneers say).

The wife of *Reginald Carter* (Mr. OWEN NARES), having first run right away from him and then apparently divorced him for desertion (I told you the play was American), turns up on the eve of his marriage to another. He has barely recovered from his failure to keep his future wife in ignorance of his past when he has to start taxing his brains all over again in order to keep his past wife in ignorance of his future.

The First Act went well enough and was full of good words—not very subtle perhaps, but the kind that invites intelligent laughter. Later the play degenerated into something too improbable for comedy and not boisterous enough for pure farce. The two most disintegrating elements were furnished by a love-sick poet (a figure that should have been *vieux jeu* in the last century) and an English maid who could never have existed outside the imagination of an American. I make no complaint of the fact that in a chequered past she had married both *Carter's* man-servant and the antiquated poet; but I do complain that her Cockney accent was imperfectly consistent both with her rustie origin (an apple-cheeked lass, we were told, from somewhere in Kent) and her situation as maid to a very smart American.

You will naturally ask what Mr. OWEN NARES was doing in this galley; and I cannot tell you. I can only say that he was very brave about it all. In



"AND WHY AREN'T YOU GOING TO SUNDAY SCHOOL?"

"'COS IT'S 'AROLD'S TURN FOR THE COLLAR"

a sense it was a serious performance, the only one of its kind in the play; yet not serious enough to serve as a foil for the general frivolity, for he was constantly bringing his own high sentiments into ridicule, and so burlesquing the OWEN NARES that we love to take seriously.

On the other hand, Miss GLADYS COOPER, as *Rosalie*, his late wife, was untroubled by high sentiment; she was content to be wayward and unseizable, confident in the obvious power of her charm to retrieve him from the very altar-rails. Her own heart never seemed to come into the question, and her motive in setting herself to recover him was not much clearer than her reason for deserting him.

Some of the minor characters gave good entertainment. There was a dude (is that what they call them now in America?) who dressed very perfectly and said a great many funny things all well within the range of his own, and our, intelligence. Mr. DEVERELL played the part with admirable restraint. And we could ill have spared the humours of *Carter's* man *Jackson* (Mr. WILL WEST), whose wide experience in matrimony, resulting in an attitude alternately timorous and prehensile towards female society in the servants' hall, was the source of many poignant

generalisations. Miss EDITH EVANS, as a mother-in-law *manquée*, showed a touch of real artistry; and Mr. GEORGE CARR had no difficulty in getting fun out of the part of a Japanese house-boy, almost the only novelty which we owed to the American origin of the play.

When *Carter* was turned down by a clergyman who refused to perform the marriage rites for a divorced man, there was something very attractive (to a golfer) in his protest against these "local rules." This was one of many good things said; but the play had its dull times too, and there were one or two lapses made in the pursuit of the easy laugh. For instance:—

Carter. "Do you believe in God?"

Wills. "Good God!" (laughter).

[*Carter* here kneels down to get something from under the sofa.

Wills. "Are you going to pray?" (laughter).

Personality, of course, counts for much, and both Miss GLADYS COOPER and Mr. OWEN NARES have enough admirers to ensure a success for this rather moderate farce. But not a triumph, I fear; for, after all, the play counts for something too and, though all the Faithful may be trusted to put in one appearance, I doubt if many outside the ranks of the Very Faithful will turn again at the sound of these *Wedding Bells*.

O. S.

More Direct Action.

"Northumberland Miners' Executive have decided to have Mr. Robert Smillie's portrait painted in oils for Burt Hall, Newcastle.

Other matter relating to the coal crisis appears on Page Eleven."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"DAY BY DAY.

Well, did you get your gun and have a shot at the pheasants and the partridges yesterday?"—*Scotch Paper*, Sept. 2nd.

Naturally; the same gun with which we knocked the grouse over in July.

"TEMP. IN SHADE.—Max. of past 24 hours.

Hyderabad (Sind) . . . 941'2."

Good for the Sindors. *Indian Paper*.

"One Dog with fairy tail came to my house, —, Srimanta Dey's Lane, may be restored to the owner on satisfactory proof."

Statesman (Calcutta).

The evidence of a dog like that would of course be useless.

"The Cathedral Choristers received a flattening reception."—*Provincial Paper*. That should "learn" them to sing sharp.

There was a young man of Combe Florey

Who wrote such a gruesome short story,

The English Review

Found it rather too blue

And MASEFIELD pronounced it too gory.

TO GENERAL OI.

(The Japanese Commander-in-Chief.)

THE famous commanders of old
Were highly and duly extolled,
But their names, as recorded in song,
As a rule were excessively long—
Unlike that new broth of a boy,
The Japanese General Oi.

For we've bettered in numerous ways
Those polysyllabic old days,
And the names that confounded the
Bosch

Were monosyllabic—like FOCH;
But for brevity minus alloy
Give me Generalissimo OI.

NAPOLEON now is napoo;
ALEXANDER, THEMISTOCLES, too;
And you could not find space on the
screen

For MILTIADES, plucky old bean,
Or the names of the heroes of Troy;
But there's plenty of room for an OI.

I picture him frugal of speech,
But in action a regular peach—
A figure that might be compared
With a Highlander, chieftain or laird,
Like THE MACKINTOSH, monarch of
Moy,
Redoubtable General OI.

Anyhow, with so striking a name
You'd be sure of success if you came
To our shores, and might get an invite
To Elmwood to stay for the night,
And sit for your portrait to "Pox,"
Irresistible General OI.

So here's to you, excellent chief,
Whose name is so tunelessly brief.
May your rule be productive of peace,
Like that of our good Captain Reece,
And no murmur, no *δυστολῶ*
Be raised over General OI!

THE BRITISH TARPON.

By our Piscatorial Expert.

I HAVE read with great interest, tempered by a little disappointment, the article of Mr. F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES on "Big Game Fishing in British Waters," in *The Daily Mail* of September 1st. He tells us of his experiences in catching the "tope," a little-known fish of the shark genus which may be caught this month at such places as Herne Bay, Deal, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton and Bournemouth, where he has captured specimens measuring 7½ feet long within two hundred-and-fifty yards of the shore.

Personally I have a great respect for the tope and for the topiary art, but I cannot help regretting that Mr. MITCHELL-HEDGES has omitted all mention of another splendid fish, the stoot, which visits our shores every year

in the late summer and may be caught at places as widely distant as Barmouth and Great Yarmouth, Portheavl and Kyleseu.

The stoot, be it noted, is a cross between the porpoise and the cuttle-fish; hence its local name of the porputtle. It is a clean feeder, a great fighter and a great delicacy, tasting rather like a mixture of the pilchard, the anchovy and the Bombay duck.

For tackle I recommend a strong greenheart bamboo pole, like those used in pole-jumping, about eighteen feet in length, and about three hundred yards of wire hawser, with a Strathspey four-some reel sufficiently large to hold it. Do not be afraid of the size of the hook. The stoot-fisher cannot afford to take any risks. I do not wish to dogmatise, but it must be big enough to cover the bait. And the stoot is extremely voracious. Almost anything will do for bait, if one remembers, as I have said above, that the stoot is a clean feeder. At different times I have tried a large square of corridor soap, a simulation pancake, three pounds of tough beefsteak or American bacon, or a volume of Sir HENRY HOWORTH'S *History of the Mongols*, and never without satisfactory results.

On arriving at the feeding ground of the stoot, east your line well out from the boat with a small howitzer. You wait anxiously for the first bite; suddenly the hawser runs taut and there is a scream from the reel. But do not be afraid of the reel screaming. In the circumstances it is a very good sign. Plant the butt of your rod or pole firmly in the socket fitted for the purpose in all motor-stooter boats and let the fish run for about a parasang, and then strike and strike hard. The battle is now begun. Be prepared for a series of tremendous rushes. You will see the stoot's huge bulk dash out of the water; you will hear his voice, which resembles that of the gorilla. This may go on for a long time; if the stoot be full-grown it will take you quite an hour to bring him alongside the boat. Then comes the problem of how to get him in—the hardest of all. The gaff, if possible a good French *gaffe*, is indispensable, but the kilbin, a marine life-preserver resembling a heavy niblick, is a handy weapon at this stage of the conflict. Strike the fish on the head repeatedly—but never on the tail—until he is paralysed and then grasp him firmly by the metatarsal fin or, failing that, by the medulla oblongata, but keep your hands away from his mouth. The teeth of the stoot are terribly sharp and pyorrhœa is not unknown in this species.

Having got the fish on board you

will need a spell of rest. An hour's battle with a stoot is the most sudorific experience that I know, even more so than my contests with red snappers at Mazatlan, in Mexico, or bat-fish off the coasts of Florida. A complete change is necessary.

I have already spoken of the eating qualities of the stoot, which exceed those of the tope. One is enough to provide sustenance for a small country congregation. Cooked *en casserole*, or filleted, or grilled and stuffed with Carlsbad plums, it is delicious.

And lastly it lends itself admirably to curing or preserving. Bottled stoot is in its way as nutritious as Guinness's.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LONDON PRIDE.

THERE was a haughty maiden
Who lived in London Town,
With gems her shoes were laden,
With gold her silken gown.
"In all the jewelled Indies,
In all the scented East,
Where the hot and spicy wind is,
No lady of the best
Can vie with me," said None-so-pretty
As down she walked through London
City.

"Our walls stand grey and stately;
Our city gates stand high;
Our lords spend wide and greatly;
Our dames go sweeping by;
Our heavy-laden barges
Float down the quiet flood
Where on the pleasant margins
Gay flowers bloom and bud.
Oh, there's no place like London City,
And I'm its crown," said None-so-pretty.
The fairies heard her boasting,
And that they cannot bear;
So off they went a-posting
For charms to bind her there.
They wove their spells around her,
The maiden pink and white;
With magic fast they bound her,
And flowers sprang to sight
All white and pink, called None-so-pretty,
The Pride of dusty London City.

"A City pigeon swooped down suddenly out of nowhere and all but took the cap off a bricklayer at the rate of forty miles an hour."

Daily Paper.

It will be observed that the speed was that of the bird and not the bricklayer.

"At — Church, on Monday last, a very interesting wedding was solemnised, the contracting parties being Mr. Richard —, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. —, and a bouquet of pink carnations."—*Welsh Paper.*

There has been nothing like this since GILBERT wrote of—

"An attachment à la Plato
For a bashful young potato."



G. L. STAMPA. 920

"WOT YER MEAN PHOTOGRAPHIN' MY WIFE? I SAW YER."

"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN; I—I WOULDN'T DO SUCH A THING."

"WOT YER MEAN—WOULDN'T? SHE'S THE BEST-LOOKIN' WOMAN ON THE BEACH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH continues to be the chronicler and brief abstractor of Sussex country life. Her latest story, *Green Apple Harvest* (CASSELL), may lack the brilliant focus of *Tamarisk Town*, but it is more genuine and of the soil. There indeed you have the dominant quality of this tale of three farming brothers. Never was a book more redolent of earth; hardly (and I mean this as a compliment) will you close it without an instinctive impulse to wipe your boots. The brothers are *Jim*, the eldest, hereditary master of the great farm of Bodingmares; *Clem*, the youngest, living contentedly in the position of his brother's labourer; and *Bob*, the central character, whose dark and changing fortunes make the matter of the book, as his final crop of tragedy gives to it the at first puzzling title. There is too much variety of incident in *Bob's* uneasy life for me to follow it in detail. The tale is sad—such a harvesting of green apples gives little excuse for festival—but at each turn, in his devouring and fatal love for the gipsy, *Hannah*, in his abandonment by her, and most of all in his breaking adventures of the soul, now saved, now damned, he remains a tragically moving figure. Miss KAYE-SMITH, in short, has written a novel that lacks the sunshine of its predecessors, but shows a notable gathering of strength.

Would you not have thought that at this date motor-cars had definitely joined umbrellas and mothers-in-law as themes in which no further humour was to be found? Yet here is Miss JESSIE CHAMPION writing a whole book, *The Ramshackle Adventure* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON),

all about the comical vagaries of a cheap car—a history that, while it has inevitably its dull moments, has many more that are both amusing and full of a kind of charm that the funny-book too often conspicuously lacks. I think this must be because almost all the characters are such human and kindly folk, not the lay figures of galvanic farce that one had only too much reason to expect. For example, the owner of the car is a curate, whose wife is supposed to relate the story, and *George* has to drive the Bishop in his unreliable machine. Naturally one anticipates (a little drolarily) upsets and ditches and episcopal fury, instead of which—well, I think I won't tell you what happens instead, but it is something at once far more probable and pleasant. I must not forget to mention that the cast also includes a pair of engaging lovers whom eventually the agency of the car unites. Indeed, to pass over the lady would display on my part the blackest ingratitude, since among her many attractive peculiarities it is expressly mentioned that she (be still, O leaping heart!) reads the letter-press in *Punch*.

Mrs. EDITH MARY MOORE has devoted her great abilities to proving in *The Blind Marksman* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) how shockingly bad the little god's shooting became towards the end of last century. She proves it by the frustrated hopes of *Jane*, her heroine, who in utter ignorance of life marries a man whose pedestrian attitude of mind is quite unfitted to keep pace with her own passionate and eager hurry of idealism. She becomes household drudge to a master who cannot even talk the language which she speaks naturally, and discovers in a man she has known all her life the lover she should have married, only to lose

him in the European War. Here you have both *Jane* and the ineffective husband—for whom I was sincerely sorry, because he asked so very little of life and didn't even get that—badly left, and the case against Cupid looks black. Mrs. Moore does what she can for him by blaming our Victorian ancestors and their habits of mind; but I think it is only fair to add that, delightful as *Jane* is, she was not made for happiness any more than the people who enjoy poor health have it in them to be robust, and that, true as much of the author's criticism is, she has not been able to give *The Blind Marksman*, for his future improvement, any very helpful ideas as to how he is to shoot.

The Devil, in so far as I have met him in fiction, has usually been a highly successful intriguer on behalf of anyone prepared to make the necessary bargain. Sir RONALD ROSS, however, to judge from the rather confused mediæval happenings in the Alps which are faithfully described in *The Revels of Orsera* (MURRAY), has rather a low opinion of the intelligence of Mephistopheles. Anyhow, a certain *Zozimo*, deformed in body but of great romantic sensibility, appears to have exchanged his outward presence for that of a rich and handsome young Count, and in this guise wooed the *Lady Lelita*, for whose sake her father had devised a magnificent contest of suitors at Andermatt in the year 1495. After a great deal of preliminary bungling the supposititious Count, with the Devil in *Zozimo's* shape as his body-servant, was just about to secure the object of his affections when *Zozimo* was stabbed by his mother, with the result that the double identity was fused and the *Lady Lelita* was left with a dying dwarf as her knight.

If the plot of *The Revels of Orsera* is a little unsatisfying the elaboration of scenic description and mediæval pageantry is conscientious in the extreme, and the laughter which followed the malicious pranks of *Gangogo*, the professional jester of the tourney, must, if I am to take the author's word for it, have made the glaciers ring. There is a great deal in the way of philosophy and psychology that is very baffling in this book, but of one thing I feel certain, and that is that the Elemental Spirits of the Heights, to whom frequent allusion is made, must find the winter sports of a later age a sorry substitute for the rare old frolics of the fifteenth century.

It can at least be claimed for Mrs. MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS that she has provided an original setting and "chorus" for her new novel, *Becky & Co.* (HUTCHINSON). Tales of City courtship have been written often enough, but the combination here of a millinery establishment and a community of Little Sisters of St. Francis under one roof in the Minories, gives a stimulating atmosphere to a story otherwise not specially distinguished. *Becky* was, as perhaps you may have guessed, head of the millinery business, next door to which was housed the firm of *Ray, St. Cloud & Stiggany*, leather-dressers, the three partners in

which all presently become suitors for the hand of *Becky*. This in effect is the story—under which thimble will the heart of the heroine be eventually found?—a problem that, in view of the obviously superior claims of young *St. Cloud* over his two elderly rivals, will not leave you long guessing. An element of novel complication is however furnished by the device of making *St. Cloud* at first engaged to *Ray's* daughter, who, subsequently retiring into the Franciscan sisterhood, left her fiancé free to become the rival of her widowed father. (As the late DAN LENO used to observe, this is a little intricate!) For the rest, as I have said, an agreeable, very feminine story of mingled sentiment, commerce and ecclesiastical interest, the last predominating.

It is possible that *The Sea Bride* (MILLS AND BOON) may be too violent to suit all tastes, for Mr. BEN AMES WILLIAMS writes of men primitive in their loves and hates, and he describes them graphically. The scenes of this story are set on the whaler *Sally*, commanded by a man of mighty renown in the whaling world. When we meet him he has passed his prime and has just taken unto himself a young wife. She goes with him in the *Sally*, and the way in which Mr. WILLIAMS shows how her courage increases as her husband's character weakens wins my most sincere admiration. His tale would be nothing out of the common but for his skill in giving individuality to his characters. Things happen on the *Sally*, bloodthirsty, sinister, terrible things, which the author neither glosses nor gloats over, being content to make them appear essential to the development of the story. I am going to keep



"HAVEN'T YOU ANYONE YOU CAN PLAY WITH, BOBBY?"
"I HAVE ONE FRIEND—BUT I HATE HIM."

my eye on Mr. WILLIAMS, chiefly because he can write enthrallingly, but partly to see if he will accept a word of advice and be a little more sparing in his use of those little dots . . . which are the first and last infirmity of writers who have no sense of punctuation.

When a young man sets out to London to make money for his relations he usually (in a novel) writes a book which sells prodigiously—quite an easy thing to do in a novel. Mr. JOHN WILBERFORCE, however, avoids the beaten track in *The Champion of the Family* (FISHER UNWIN). *Jack Brockhurst*, the champion in question, became a member of the Stock Exchange, and, if you will accept my invitation and follow his fortunes, I can promise you a fluttering time. Mr. WILBERFORCE's name is unknown to me, and I judge him more experienced in the mysteries of the Stock Exchange than in the art of fiction; but I like his constructive ability and I like his courage. He does not hesitate to make his champion a prig, which is exactly what a youth so idolised by his family would be likely to become. But, though a prig by training, *Jack* was not by nature a bore, and his relations (especially his father and sister) are delightful people. Altogether I find this a most promising performance.

CHARIVARIA.

PROHIBITION meetings in Scotland, says an official, have been attended by fifty thousand people. We should not have thought there were so many aliens in Scotland.

At an Oldbury wedding the other day a brick was thrown at the bridegroom. There is no excuse for this sort of thing with confetti so cheap.

One of the Pacific Islands, we read, is so small that the House of Commons could not be planted on it. A great pity.

"Do hotel chefs use cookery-books?" asks a home journal. Our own opinion is that quite a large proportion of them cook by ear.

Fourteen thousand artificial teeth recently stolen from premises in East London have not been recovered. While not attempting to indicate the guilty party, we cannot refrain from pointing out that several labour leaders have recently been showing a good many more teeth than they were thought entitled to possess.

At the Trades Union Congress a protest was made against the Unemployment Insurance Act. This must not be confused with the miners' threat to strike. That is merely a method of ensuring unemployment.

The arrangement by which a hundred-and-fifty amateur brass bands are to play at the Crystal Palace on September 25th looks like an attempt to distract us from the miners' strike fixed for that day.

A Ramsgate man charged with shooting a cat denied that he fired at it. The animal is said to have dashed at the bullet and impaled himself upon it.

It has been agreed, says a news item, that milk shall be tenpence a quart this winter. Not by us.

The War Office announces that Arabs in Southern Mesopotamia have captured a British armoured train. It should be pointed out to these Arab rebels that

it is such behaviour as this that discourages the tourist spirit.

Upon reading that another lady had failed in her attempt to swim the Channel a Scotsman inquires whether the Cross-Channel steamer rates have been increased, like everything else.

We are informed that at a football match recently played in the Rhondda Valley the referee won.

General OBREGON, says an unofficial message, has been elected President of Mexico. The startling report that he has decided to reverse the safe policy of his predecessors and recognise the United States requires corroboration.

Doctors at Vicenza have threatened to strike. This means that people in that neighbourhood will have to die without medical assistance.

"Chief Hailstorm," of the Texas Rangers, has arrived in London. His brother, Chief Rainstorm, has, of course, been with us most of the summer.

Girls, declares a well-known City caterer, are acquiring bigger appetites. We somehow suspected that the demand for a return of the wasp waist had influential interests behind it.

The wife of a miner in Warwickshire has recently presented her husband with three baby boys. We understand that Mr. SMILLIE is sorry to have missed three extra strike-votes which he would have obtained had the boys been born a little earlier.

An extraordinary story reaches us from North London. It appears that during the building of a house a brick slipped unnoticed from a hod and fell into its correct position, with the result that the accountant employed by the bricklayers could not balance his books at the end of the day.

"As science measures time," declares an eminent geologist, "the Garden of Eden was a thing of yesterday." All we can say is, "Where was Council-

lor CLARK yesterday?"

"POLES OVER THE LINE."

Evening Paper.

So that accounts for the weather.

"Whatever other defects may be alleged against the scarlet uniform, it certainly makes for two things—discipline and smartness—and these two are very important factors in discipline."

"Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore. Especially the former.

"During the night, she [Mrs. Hamilton, the Channel swimmer] said, 'I occasionally took hot drinks and ate cold roast chicken, the small bones of which I kept chewing, as it seemed to assist me . . .'"

A strict vegetarian, Mrs. Hamilton will sometimes swim five miles before dinner, and skips for a few minutes every day.

Scotch Paper.

She should skip the chicken if she wants us to be excited about her strict vegetarianism.



Special Correspondent. "WHEN THEY RELEASED ME THEY SAID THAT IF I SHOWED MY FACE IN IRELAND AGAIN I SHOULD BE SHOT."

Editor. "I'LL LET THESE SINN FEISERS SEE THAT I'M NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED. YOU'LL GO BACK BY THE NEXT TRAIN."

Everybody should economise after a great war, says an American film producer. We always do our best after every great war.

According to an official report only fifty policemen were bitten by dogs in London last week. The falling off is said to be due to the fact that it has been rather a good year for young and tender postmen.

Some highly-strung persons, says a medical writer, are even afraid of inanimate objects. This accounts for many nervous people being afraid of venturing too near a plumber.

"I only want the potatoes in the allotment and not the earth," said a complainant at Deptford. It is evident that, if this man is a trade unionist, he is a raw amateur.

DOGGEREL.

TO THE PRIME MINISTER'S ST. BERNARD PUP.

ERE your native country figured as the home of winter sport,

Paradise of spies and agents, and for kings a last resort;
Ere the hospitable chamois lent his haunts to Bolsh and Hun

Or the queue of rash toboggans took the curve of Cresta Run;

Long before a locomotive climbed the Rigi, cog by cog,
Fame had mentioned your forefathers—such a noble breed of deg,

How they tracked the lonely traveller with their nimble, sleuthy snouts,

Till beneath a billowy snowdrift they remarked his whereabouts.

How they dug him out of cold-store like a Canterbury sheep,
Took their tongues and kindly licked him where his nose had gone to sleep,

Called attention to the cognac which they wore in little kegs
And remobilised the stagnant circulation in his legs.

How they lifted up their voices, baying like an iron bell,
Till the monks of good St. BERNARD heard the same and ran like hell—

Ran and bore him to their hospice, where they put him into bed

And applied a holy posset stiff enough to wake the dead.

Heir to this superb tradition, born to such a pride of race,
From the doggy *flair* that tells you what a lineage you can trace

You will draw, I trust, a solace for the strange and alien scene

Where you undergo purgation in a stuffy quarantine.

Further, if a homesick feeling sets you itching in the scalp
With a wave of poignant longing for the odour of an Alp,
Let this thought (a thing of splendour) help to keep your pecker up—

You have had a high promotion; you are now a Premier's pup!

You shall guard his sacred portals, you shall eat from off his plate,

Mix with private secretaries, move behind the veil of State,

And at Ministerial councils, as a special form of treat,
You shall sniff at WINSTON's trousers, you shall fondle CURZON's feet.

You may even serve your master as an expert, one who knows

All the rules regarding salvage in the Great St. Bernard snows,

Do him good by utilising your hereditary gift
To retrieve his Coalition from a constant state of drift.

O. S.

THE PRODIGIES.

WE—Great-aunts Emily and Louisa—had in our innocence been telling a few old fairy stories at bedtime to those three precocities whom our hosts call their children.

We knew that they talked Latin and Greek in their sleep and were too much for their parents in argument, but we thought that at least, at the story hour—

We were stopped by Drusilla. "I don't think much of the moral of that one," she remarked. "It would seem to illustrate the Evil Consequences of Benevolence!"

"But she came alive again," said Evadne, the youngest, in extenuation.

"And the wolf was killed," we ventured in defence of our old story.

"Still," persisted Drusilla, "you couldn't call it encouraging."

"Then in the other case," went on Claude thoughtfully, "considering that she had been left in sole charge of the house and had no business to go out and leave it to the mercy of burglars, what moral are we to draw from the fact that she married a Prince and lived happily ever afterwards?"

"Most of them have that sort of moral," said Drusilla. "And they are every one of them devoid of humour, except of the most obvious kind—no subtlety."

"When I was your age," said poor Louisa gently, "I used to laugh very heartily over the adventures of *Tom Thumb*."

Claude seemed touched. "There are some capital situations in certain of them," he conceded, "which might be quite effectively treated."

"How?" we asked weakly.

It was Drusilla, the most alarming of the children, who finally undertook to sketch us out an example.

After a short meditation, "Something like this," she said. "The situation, of course, you have met with before, but as remodelled you might call it—

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE;

OR,

THE BAD FAIRY FOILED.

A certain King and Queen had one daughter, to whose christening they invited a large company, forgetting as usual a particularly important and bad-tempered Fairy, who signified her annoyance in the usual manner.

The attendants of the little Princess (having read their story-books) were preparing dolefully enough to fall asleep for a hundred years, when the Fairy, with a contemptuous sniff, remarked that the spell would not take effect for some time yet.

They breathed again and had almost forgotten the affair by the time the Princess had grown up. But the Fairy had so arranged it that the spell fell upon the Princess at the time when she was engaged in making her choice of a husband from among the suitors who had arrived at her father's Court.

The Princess was now bewitched in this way—that good men appeared bad, ugly men handsome, and *vice versa*. The Fairy had hoped that she would thus make a mess of her matrimonial affairs and live unhappily ever after.

But she had reckoned without the disposition of the Princess, a kind good girl with an overpowering sense of duty. When pressed to choose, she replied firmly, "I will have no other than Prince Felix."

To her his ugliness seemed pathetic and his character evidently needed reformation so urgently that she longed to be at the job. No one wondered at her choice, for he was, of course, the most handsome and excellent of men.

Ultimately the Fairy broke her spell in a fit of exasperation, but without any gratifying result. The Princess seemed happier than ever and would sometimes say to a slightly puzzled friend:—

"Hasn't Felix improved *wonderfully* since I married him?"

"From 1910 to 1916 he was Viceroy in India, governing the Dependency through very critical years and enjoying general esteem, as was made clear in 1912, when an attempt was made to assassinate him at Delhi."—"Daily Mail" on Lord Hardinge.

It sounds like a *succès d'estime*.



THE PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

MR. SMILLIE. "I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR PAYING SO MUCH FOR YOUR COAL. I MUST PUT THAT RIGHT; I MUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET ANY."



First Tramp. "IN THIS BIT O' NOOSPAPER IT SAYS: 'THE 'OLE CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S PRESENT DISORDER IS THE UNIVERSAL SPIRIT OF UNREST. I WONDER IF THAT'S TRUE?'"

Second Tramp. "I AIN'T NOTICED IT."

THE COAL CUP.

IT seems to me that we all take a great deal of interest in the miners when they strike, but not nearly enough when they hew. And yet this business of hacking large lumps of fuel out of a hole, since civilisation really depends on it, ought to be represented to us from day to day as the beautiful and thrilling thing that it really is. Yet if we put aside for a moment Mr. SMILLIE's present demands, we find the main topics of discussion in the daily Press as I write are roughly these:—

- (1) The prospects of League Football and the Cup Ties.
- (2) Ireland.
- (3) The prevalence of deafness amongst blue-eyed cats.
- (4) Mesopotamia.
- (5) The Fall of Man.
- (6) The sale of *The Daily Mail*, whose circulation during the coming winter is for some reason or other supposed to be almost as important to the children of England as their own.

Of all these topics the first is, of course, by far the most absorbing, and almost everyone has remarked how the love of sport, for which Britons are

famous, is growing more passionate than ever. It is not only cricket and football, of course; only the other day there was a shilling sweepstake on the St. Leger in our office and, from what I hear of the form of Westmorland in the County Croquet Championship during the past season—but I have no time to discuss these things now.

The point is that, whilst this excitement over games grows greater and greater, the country is suffering, say the economists, from under-production and the inflation of the wage-bill. This means that everyone is trying to do less work and get more money for it, a very natural ambition which nobody can blame the miners from sharing. I suppose that if they all stopped mining and we had to depend for warmth on wrapping ourselves up in moleskins, the molliers, or whatever they are called, would strike for a two-shillings rise as well.

The worst of it is that under-production, say the economists again (there is no keeping anything from these smart lads), sends prices up. Obviously then there is only one thing to do: we must take advantage of the prevailing passion and make mining (and other industries

too for that matter) a form of sport. The daily papers should find very little difficulty in doing this.

WHO HEWS HARDEST? CLAIM BY A LANARKSHIRE COLLIER would do very well for the headings of a preliminary article; and the claim of the Lanarkshire collier would, I am sure, be instantly challenged. After a few letters we might have a suggestion, say from Wales, that no team of eleven miners could hew so hard and so much as a Welsh one. And from that it would be only a short step to the formation of district league competitions and an international championship. Or the old-time system under which cricketers were matched for a stake by sporting patrons might be revived, and we should have headlines in the evening Press after this fashion:—

HUGE HEWING CONTEST.
NOTTS FOREST v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
TREMENDOUS WAGER BETWEEN
THE DUKES OF PORTLAND AND
NORTHUMBERLAND

and all the glades of Sherwood and the banks where the wild Tyne flows would be glad.

It will be objected, of course, that the

hewing of coal is not a spectacular affair. You cannot pack sixty thousand spectators into a mine to watch a hewing match, and even if you could the lighting is bad; but that is just where the skill of the reporters would come in. After all, we do not most of us see the races on which we bet, nor the Golf Championship, nor even BECKETT and WELLS. But there would be articles on the correct swing whilst hewing, and the proper stance, and how far the toes should be turned in; the chances of every team would be discussed; the current odds would be quoted, and, whoever won, the consumer would score, whilst the strongest hewers would become popular heroes and be photographed on the back-page standing beside their hews.

I admit that the South of England and London in particular would have very little share in these competitions, and we should depend for local interest mainly upon the promising young colts from the Kentish nurseries. But we could find out from our dealers where our coals came from and follow from afar the fortunes of our adopted teams; and Cabinet Ministers, at any rate, could distribute their patronage and their presence with tact over the various areas involved.

MR. BALFOUR HEWS OFF AT DURHAM

is another headline which seems to suggest itself, and I should strongly urge the PRIME MINISTER, who has returned, I hear, with a St. Bernard from the Alps, to lose no time in selecting a more appropriate playmate.

PREMIER AT TONYPANDY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE PATS PET PIT-PONY

is the kind of thing I mean, and very hard also to say six times quickly without making a mistake.

Obviously the result of all this would be that not only would the miners be justified in asking for more money, but that the country would be able to afford it; and similar competitive leagues, to supersede trade unions, would soon be formed by other trades. One seems to hear faintly the loud plaudits of the onlookers as two crack teams of West-end road-menders step smartly into the arena . . .

EOE.

Our Bolshevik Colonies.

"Married Shepherd, used hilly country and all farm and station work, desires Situation; wife would cook one or two men."

"The Press," Christchurch, N.Z.

"Miss —, a soubrette, whose songs lean towards the voluptuous, sank 'Somebody's Baby.' Her encore number, 'You'd be Surprised,' was even more so."

"The Dominion," Wellington, N.Z.



Woodland Sprite (from Slepney, to eminent botanist). "PLEASE, MISTER, MAGGIE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU CHARGE FOR TAKING TWINS?"

THE PASSING OF THE CRADLE.

[According to a report which recently appeared in a daily paper, cradles for infants are becoming a thing of the past.]

SINCE retreat for mother's treasure,
Shall I pine as I repeat
Rumour's strange report, which says
you're
Virtually obsolete?
Shall these lips a doleful lyric
Proffer at your ghostly bier,
Or compose a panegyric
Moistened with a minstrel's tear?

Me the theme leaves too unshaken,
Though "some" father more or less;
Better 'twere if undertaken
By my wife (a poetess);
And, if I be asked, Why vainly
Occupy, then, so much space?
My concern, I'll say, is mainly
With the woman in the case.

For, when she and you shall sever
(Though 'tis early yet to crow),
Your departure may for ever
Lay her proudest triumph low;
Yes, while men (I'm much afraid) 'll
Round her fingers still be twirled,
If her hand can't rock a cradle
It may cease to boss the world.

Commercial Candour.

"Irate Householders, why be swindled in a clumsy manner? Fetch your second-hand clothing to me and be done in the most approved style."—Daily Paper.

"MORE LITERARY HEREDITY.

Fresh literary fame seems to be pending for the Maurice Hewlett family circle.

Mr. Robin Richards, the son-in-law of the famous novelist, is about to appeal to fiction readers with his first novel."—Daily Paper.

No more of the old-fashioned DARWIN and GALTON nonsense about fathers and children.

SEVEN WHITEBAIT.

HERE and there in the drab routine of modern existence it is still possible to catch an occasional glimpse of romance and courageous living, and in the volume which lies before us as we write we are given a generous measure of peril and adventure in fairy seas forlorn. *From Whitebait to Kipper: The Story of Seven Lives*, is the vivid record of a family of herrings, set down (posthumously, it would seem) with refreshing simplicity by Walter Herring, the youngest and perhaps the most brilliant of the family. The story begins with the early childhood of Walter, John, Isabel, Margaret, Rupert, Stéphanie and little Foch, the last of whom was so named because he was born on the anniversary of the Armistice. (As a matter of fact they were all born on the same day, but for some reason which is not explained only one of them was called Foch.)

You, reader, are one of those ignorant people who do so much discredit to our Public Schools. You fondly think that the whitebait is a special kind of fish, that there are father whitebaits and mother whitebaits and baby whitebaits. You are wrong. There are only baby whitebaits. At least there are baby herrings and baby pilchards, and these are called whitebait because they are eaten by the mackerel and because they look white when they are swimming upside down.

Anyhow Walter and John and Isabel and Margaret and Rupert and Stéphanie and little Foch began life as whitebait. They used to charge about the Cornish seas with whole platefuls of other whitebait, millions of them, and wherever they went they were pursued by thousands of mackerel, who wanted to eat them. One day John felt that the moment was very near when he would be eaten by a mackerel, and he was quite right. Isabel felt the same thing, but she was wrong. She jumped out of the water and was eaten by a sea-gull. When the fishermen saw Isabel leaping into the air they came out and caught the mackerel in a net. They also caught Margaret with a lot of other whitebait, and she was eaten by a barrister at "Claridge's."

There were now four of the family who had not been eaten by anyone. It is extraordinary when you come to think of it that any herring ever contrives to reach maturity at all. What with the mackerel and the seagulls and the barristers, everybody seems to be against it. However, Walter, Rupert and Foch succeeded. Stéphanie just missed. Walter and Rupert and Foch had jolly soft roes, a fact which is

recorded in a cynical little poem by the precocious Foch, believed to be the only literary work of a whitebait now extant. We have only space here to quote the opening couplet:—

The herrings with the nice soft rows
Are gentlemen; the rest are does.

The survivors of the family had now to choose a career. From the beginning it seems to have been recognised that Stéphanie at least would have to be content with a humbler sphere than her more gifted brothers. She had a hard roe and was rather looked down upon. But she was an independent little thing and her pride revolted at a life of subjection at home; so while still a girl she went off on her own and got mixed up with some pilchards who were just being caught in a net. Stéphanie was caught too and became a sardine. She was carefully oiled and put in a tin, and she was eaten at a picnic near Hampton Court. But there is every reason to suppose that she was eaten happy, since in those less exacting circles nobody seemed to mind about her hard roe, which had been a perpetual bug-bear to her in the herring world.

Meanwhile the remaining three had decided on a career. They were determined to be fresh herrings. This is of course the highest ambition of all herrings, though sadly few succeed in attaining it. One herring in his time plays many parts (SHAKESPEARE); he can seldom say with confidence what exactly he will be to-morrow; but he can be fairly certain that it won't be a fresh herring. Of our three survivors Rupert alone was to win the coveted distinction. He grew to be a fine boy and was eaten at Hammersmith, where his plump but delicate roe gave the greatest satisfaction. It was not eaten in the ordinary humdrum way, but was thickly spread on a piece of buttered toast, generously peppered, and devoured. And when his "wish" was placed on the kitchen-range, swelled rapidly and burst with a loud report, his cup of happiness was full.

Little Foch, alas, failed to fulfil his youthful promise and became a common bloater. Worse than that, he was bloated too thoroughly and was almost impossible to eat. Even his lovely roe, the pride of his heart, became so salt that the Rector of Chitlings finally rejected it with ignominy, though not before he had consumed so much of it that he had to drink the whole of his sermon-water before he began to preach.

But it was Walter, Walter the chronicler, Walter the clever, the daring, the ambitious, leader in every escapade, adviser in every difficulty, who was to suffer the crowning humiliation. Walter became a kipper. If

there is one thing that a herring cannot stand it is to be separated from his roe. Walter's roe was ruthlessly torn from him and served up separate on toast, with nothing to show that it was the glorious roe of Walter. It was eaten at the Criterion by a stockbroker, and it might have been anybody's roe. Meanwhile the mutilated frame, the empty shell of Walter, was squashed flat in a wooden box with a mass of others and sold at an auction by the pound. It broke his heart. A. P. H.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LADY'S SLIPPER.

COUNTRY gossip, nodding slow
When the fire is burning low,
Or chatting round about the well
On the green at Ashlins Dell,
With many a timid backward glance
And fingers crossed and eyes askance,
Still tell about the Midmas Day
When Marget Malherb went away.

"After Midmas Day shall break,
Maidens, neither brew nor bake;
See your house be sanded clean;
Wear no stitch of fairy green;
Go barefoot; wear nor hose nor shoon
From rise of sun to rise of moon;
For the Good People watch and wait
Waiting early, watching late,
For foolish maids who treat with
scorn

The mystic rites of Midmas Morn."
Marget Malherb tossed her head,
"I fear no fairies' charms," she said—
For she'd new slippers she would wear

To show her lad the pretty pair,
Soft green leather, buckled red—
"I fear no fairies' charms," she said.
She drew them on and laughed in
scorn,

And out she danced on Midmas Morn.
Nevermore was Marget seen;
But when her lover sought the green
A Fairy Ring was all he found—
A Fairy Ring on the weeping ground;
And by the hedge a flower grew,
Long and slender, filled with dew,
Green and pointed, ribboned red;
And still you'll find them as I've
said.

And Marget comes, so gossips say,
To wear her shoes on Midmas Day.

The Gladiatorial Spirit.

"Crossbie would have done better to have shot himself, but he gave the ball to his partner."—*Provincial Paper*.

"MILK PRICES UP.

HIGHER CHARGE TO MEET THE COST OF PETROL."

Daily Paper.

We always thought it was water that they used.

"EVERYBODY COULD BE LIKE US"



BY TAKING
'PLUMPO'
TABLETS.
THE
SECRET OF
STRENGTH
AND
BEAUTY

WHY MAKE A SIGHT
OF YOURSELF?



ONE BOTTLE OF
'FRIZOLIN' FIXES THE HAIR
LIKE GLUE

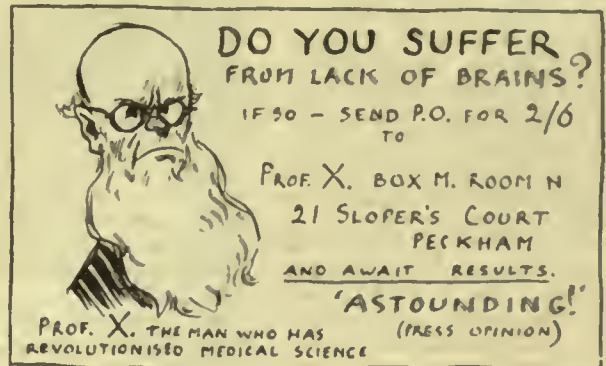
DO YOU SUFFER
FROM LACK OF BRAINS?

IF SO - SEND P.O. FOR 2/6
TO

PROF. X. BOX M. ROOM N
21 SLOPER'S COURT
PECKHAM
AND AWAIT RESULTS.

'ASTOUNDING!'
(PRESS OPINION)

PROF. X. THE MAN WHO HAS
REVOLUTIONISED MEDICAL SCIENCE



GOOD NEWS
FOR WOMEN!

"EVERY WOMAN
MAY BE BEAUTIFUL"

Leonina Robinson

CONSULTATIONS DAILY

APPLY FOR
MADAME R'S LATEST BOOK
'HOW TO FASCINATE'

MADAME ROBINSON



DOCTORS DESPAIRED -

AMAZING STATEMENT
BY
WELL KNOWN LONDON
MAN !!!

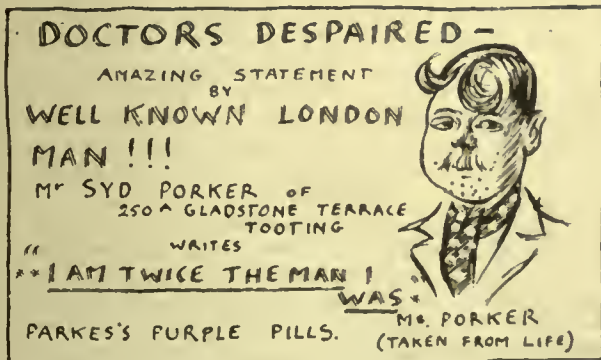
MR SYD PORKER OF
250 A GLADSTONE TERRACE
TOOTING

WRITES

"**I AM TWICE THE MAN I
WAS.**"

PARKES'S PURPLE PILLS.

MR. PORKER
(TAKEN FROM LIFE)



Cecilia Blobs
ROBES



LEWIS GAYNER

THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF BEAUTY IN ART.

A DIFFERENCE OF CLASS.

IT is without doubt the most expensive hotel on the front, and the palatial dining-room in which we have just lunched is furnished and decorated in that sumptuously luxurious style to which only wealth, untrammelled by art, is able to attain. Personally I cannot afford to take my meals at such places, and I know that the same holds good of my fellow-guest, Charteris. Charteris was the best scholar of our year at Oriel, and since his demobilisation he and his wife have been living in two rooms, except during the periods when their son joins them for his holidays from Winchester. But our host is still possessed of an obstinate wealth which even the War has done little to diminish, and, as he himself puts it, is really grateful to those of his old friends who will help him in public to support the ignominy.

At the moment, having finished lunch, we have betaken ourselves to wicker-chairs in the porch, and Charteris and our host being deep in a golf discussion I venture once more to turn a covert attention to the exceedingly splendid couple who have just followed us out from the dining-room. I noticed them first on my arrival, when they were just getting out of their Rolls-Royce, and the admiration which I then conceived for them was even further enhanced during lunch by a near view of the lady's diamonds and of the Cinquevalli-like dexterity shown by her husband in balancing a full load of peas on the concave side of a fork. At present the man, somewhat flushed with champagne, is smoking an enormous cigar with a red-and-gold band round it, while the lady, her diamonds flashing in the sunshine, leans back in her chair and regards with supercilious eyes the holiday crowds that throng the pavement below.

Following her glance my attention is suddenly arrested by the strange behaviour of two passers-by, who have stopped in the middle of the pavement and, after exchanging some excited comments, are staring fixedly towards us. From their appearance they would seem to be a typical husband and wife of the working-class on holiday, and it occurs to me that, given the clothes and the diamonds, they might well be occupying the wicker-chairs of the couple opposite. Evidently the sight of somebody or something in the hotel porch

has excited them greatly, for they continue to stare up at us with a hostile concentration that renders them quite unconscious of the frantic efforts of the small child who accompanies them to tug them towards the beach. After a moment they exchange a few more quick words, and the man leaves his companion and makes his way towards us. Ascending the hotel steps with an air of great determination he comes to a halt before the couple opposite.

"'Ere, I've bin lookin' for you," he begins accusingly.

The Rolls-Royce owner takes the

eye. For the moment the object of this serious charge is too taken aback to be capable of speech.

"'Ran over my child's b'loon,'" repeats the other inexorably. "Leastways your chauffer did. An' when we 'ollered out to yer to stop you just rushed on like a runaway railway-train."

Rolls-Royce, conscious of the curious gaze of the entire company, pulls himself together and regards his accuser unfavourably.

"First I've 'eard of it," he growls. "Where was the balloon anyway? In the road, I s'pose?"

"Yes, it *was* in the road," retorts the other defiantly, "where it's got every right to be. Road's there for the convenience of b'loon-fliers just as much as for motor-cars. More."

"Look 'ere, that's enough of it," says the car-owner harshly. "If the balloon got run over it's yer own fault for lettin' it go in the road."

"That's a nice way to talk," suddenly comes in shrill tones from the woman below, who has edged her way to the foot of the steps. "We don't go buyin' balloons for you to run over in yer cars. We're respectable people, we are, an' we work for our livin'."

"Drivin' about in a car like an express train, runnin' over other people's b'loons," corroborates her husband bitterly. "Wot country d'yer think yer in? Prussia?"

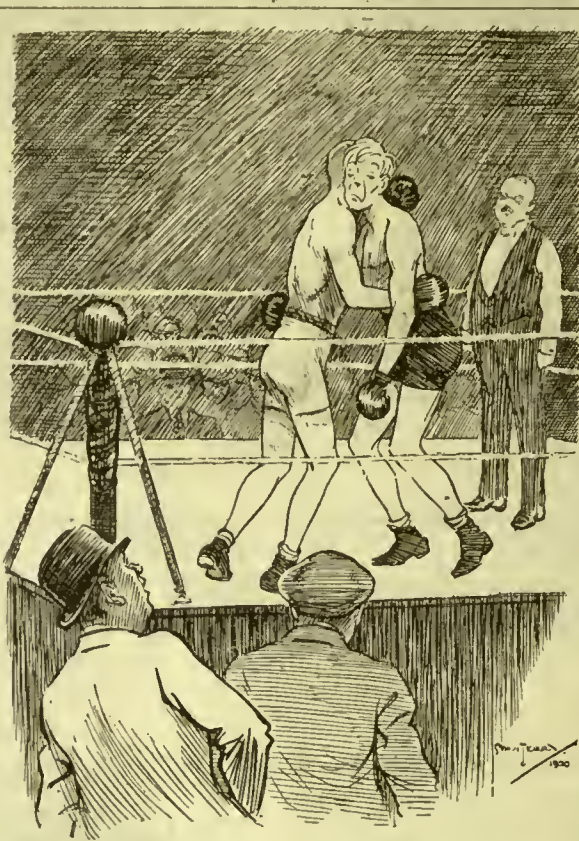
By this time a small crowd has gathered on the pavement and is gazing up at the protagonists with ghoulish interest. The lady in the diamonds, a prey to mingled indignation and alarm, has leant towards her spouse and is whispering to him urgently, but he shakes her off with an impatient movement.

"Not on yer life," he snaps. "They won't get a cent out o' me."

"Ho, won't we!" exclaims his accuser hotly. "We'll soon see about that. We're English people, we are—we don't allow people to go about destroyin' our b'loons."

"No wonder they're so rich," cries the woman at the bottom of the steps in satirical tones. "That's the way to get rich, that is—destroyin' other people's prop'ty an' then refusin' to pay for it. Anybody could get rich that way."

Reflections on the feasibility of this novel financial scheme are cut short by the appearance at the top of the steps of the hotel porter, who touches the



Bored Spectator. "'ERE, NOT SO MUCH OF THE CA-CANNY."

cigar from his mouth and gazes in astonishment at the accusing apparition before him.

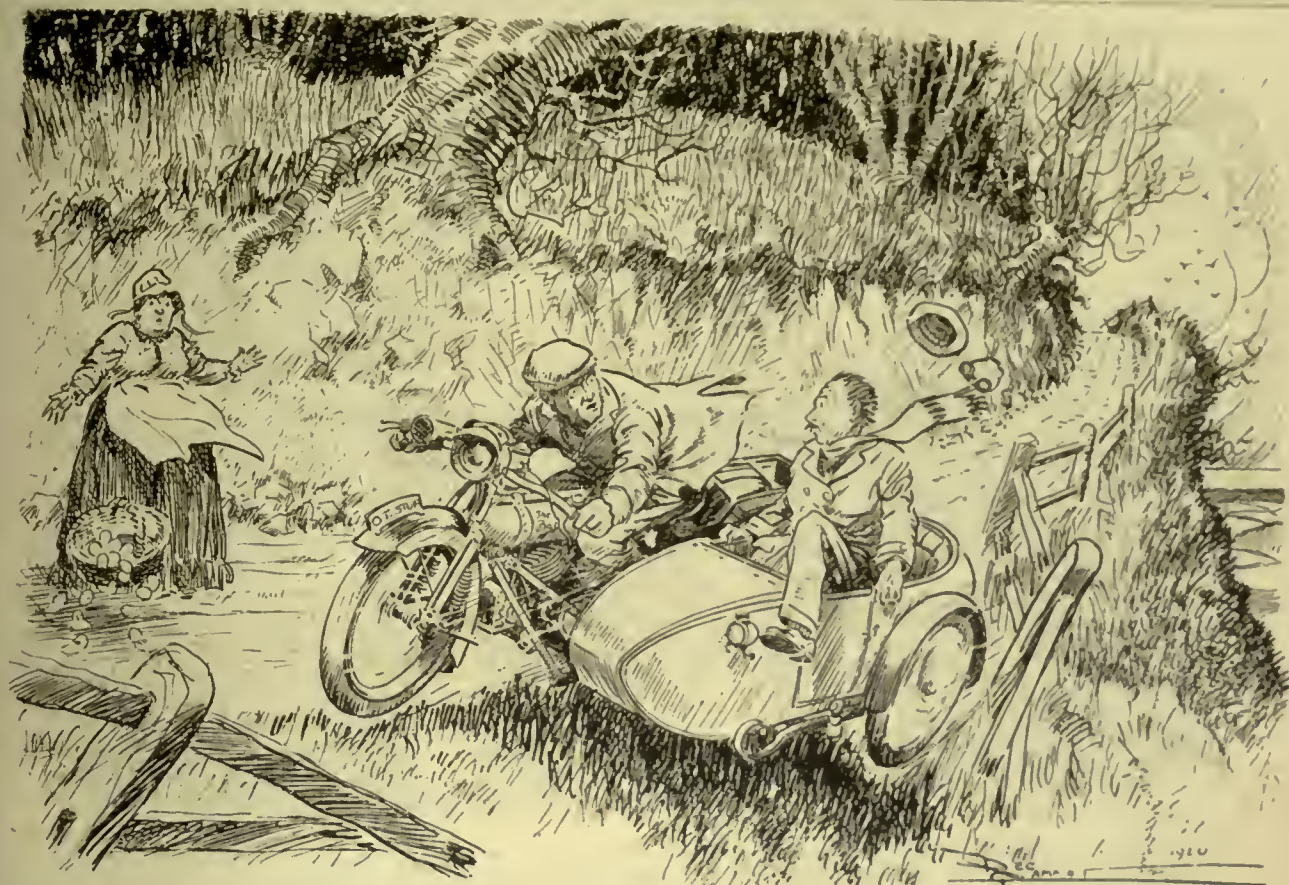
"A hour ago," pursues the newcomer relentlessly, "you was driving along the front here in a whackin' great car. It ain't no good denyin' it, 'cos I took the number."

"What d'ye mean—denyin' it?" exclaims Rolls-Royce. "Who's denyin' anything?"

"It ain't no good tryin' to deny it," retorts the other. "An' it ain't no good denyin' wot you did neether, 'cos I've got my missus 'ere to prove it."

"What I did?" echoes the astonished man. "What did I do?"

"Ran over my child's b'loon," states the accuser, fixing him with a pitiless



Energetic Motor-Cyclist. "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU SIT STILL? YOU'LL HAVE US OVER IN A MINUTE."

originator of the disturbance on the shoulder.

"Come on, you're not allowed up 'ere, you know," he observes.

"Ho, ain't I?" retorts the man defiantly. "Is this Buckingham Palls?"

"You can't come up 'ere unless you've got business in the 'otel," states the porter unmoved.

"So I 'ave got bisness 'ere," declares the other. "Bisness c'netted with my son's b'loon."

"An' we don't leave 'ere till it's settled, neither," cries the lady on the pavement. "'Alf-a-crown that balloon cost, an' we don't budge from 'ere till we get it."

This is altogether too much for the owner of the Rolls-Royce.

"'Alf-a-crown?" he explodes and turns indignantly to the company. "'Alf-a-crown for a child's balloon, and then they go on strike."

Derisive cheers and counter-cheers go up from the crowd below as the incensed balloon-owner bursts forth into an impassioned defence of his inalienable right as a free-born Briton to strike or to buy half-crown balloons as the spirit moves him. Simultaneously the lady in the diamonds rises and, producing a coin from her gold bag,

holds it with a superb gesture at arm's length beneath his nose. For a moment or two he pays no attention to her, then takes the coin impatiently with the air of one brushing aside an irritating interruption and continues his harangue.

"Como on," puts in the porter; "you've got yer 'alf-crown. S'pose you move on."

"Got me 'alf-crown, 'ave I?" he retorts. "Wot about my rights as a man? Does 'alf-a-crown buy them?"

No one venturing to solve this social problem he turns slowly and, glaring over his shoulder at Rolls-Royce, descends the steps.

"I'm an Englishman, I am," he concludes from the pavement. "No one can't close my mouth with 'alf-crowns."

For a brief space he stands scowling up at the porch as though challenging all and sundry to perform this feat, then, taking his wife by the arm, moves off with her and the still insistent child towards the beach. The crowd on the pavement, regretfully convinced that the entertainment is at an end, disperses slowly. Rolls-Royce, seemingly unconscious of the interest of Charteris and our host, who are looking at him covertly as at some zoological

specimen, relights his cigar and sits glowering across the road, and silence falls upon the scene—a silence broken at last by the lady in the diamonds, who has resumed her languid pose in the wicker-chair.

"'Orrible people!" she observes, addressing the occupants of the porch generally. "Nice state o' things when you can't even be safe from 'em in yer own 'otel. You don't seem to be able to get away from these low-class people hanywhere—you don't reely!"

40—1920 A.D.

CALIGULA the man (quite mad, of course)

Conferred the consulship upon his horse.

Caligula the colt (a trifle saner)

Makes kings of jockey, purchaser and trainer.

Sanity counts; I raise my cup of massie Not to the earlier but the later "classic."

Journalistic Modesty.

"I was his [Irving's] guest regularly at all Lyceum first nights for a whole quarter of a century. . . . He delighted in the company of third-rate people."

U. K. S. in "The Sphere."



The Master. "Tcha! This BACON TASTES SIMPLY BEASTLY."

The Mistress. "GLADYS, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BACON WE SET ASIDE FOR POISONING THE RATS?"

FASHION AND PHYSIQUE.

THE heightened stature of women was a favourite topic in anthropometric circles long before the War. It seems, however, that they are not going to rest content with their present standard of altitude, but are invoking the resources of Art to render it even more conspicuous. We do not speak rashly or without book. *The Evening News* announced on September 8th that "Women are to be taller this autumn." Nature may be in the Fall, but women are on the rise: The mode by which this effect of elongation—so dear to Art—is to be attained is described in detail by the Paris correspondent of our contemporary as follows:—

"A fluffy and very high head-dress will be worn this autumn. The effect is obtained by the aid of pads, and adds some inches to a woman's stature. . . . Another type of coiffure is being adopted by some hairdressers, who leave the hair flat and smooth round the face, and only make a sort of bird's-nest of the ends, which stand well up so as to lengthen the profile in an upward direction."

Nothing, however, is said about the relation of fashion to the physique of the sterner sex. To correct this omission

Mr. Punch has interviewed a number of West-End tailors, hatters, hosiers and bootmakers. The results of this inquiry may be briefly summarised.

Heads are to be larger this autumn, and to keep pace with the extraordinary development of brain amongst our insurgent youth, as evidenced by the correspondence in *The Morning Post*, it has been found necessary to make a radical change in the stock sizes of hats. But, where there has been no cranial distension, provision will be made to remedy the defect by the insertion of a cork sheath, by the aid of which a head of undersized circumference will be able to wear a No. 8 hat. Again, to meet the needs of customers in whom the temperature of the cranial region is habitually high, a hat has been devised with a vacuum lining for the insertion of cold water. The "Beverley" nickel-plated refrigerating helmet, as it is called, has already found a large sale amongst Balliol undergraduates.

As a result of the revival of the "Apes v. Angels" controversy, in which Canon BARNES has taken so prominent a part, and Mr. BOTTOMLEY has declared himself as a whole-hearted supporter of DARWIN (vide his article in *The Sunday Pictorial*), hands will be supple and

boneless this autumn, as in fashionable portraits. This reversion to the prehensile type of hand, so noticeable in the chimpanzee, has its drawbacks, and the rigidity necessary for certain manual functions, such as winding up a motor or opening a champagne bottle, will be furnished by gloves of a stiffer and stronger fabric, ranging from simulation leatherette to chain-mail.

Owing to the continued over-crowding of trains, tubes and motor-buses, elbows will be more prominent and aggressive than ever, and tailors are building a type of coat calculated to relieve the strain on this useful joint by a system of progressive padding, soft inside but resembling a nutmeg-grater at the point of contact with the enemy.

It only remains to be added that in consequence of the publication of the Jewish Protocol and other documents pointing to revolutionary and anarchical Semitic activities, noses will be worn straighter and *à la Grecque*, and for similar reasons feet will be shorter and with more uplift in the instep.

A Hot Spell.

From a story for boys:—

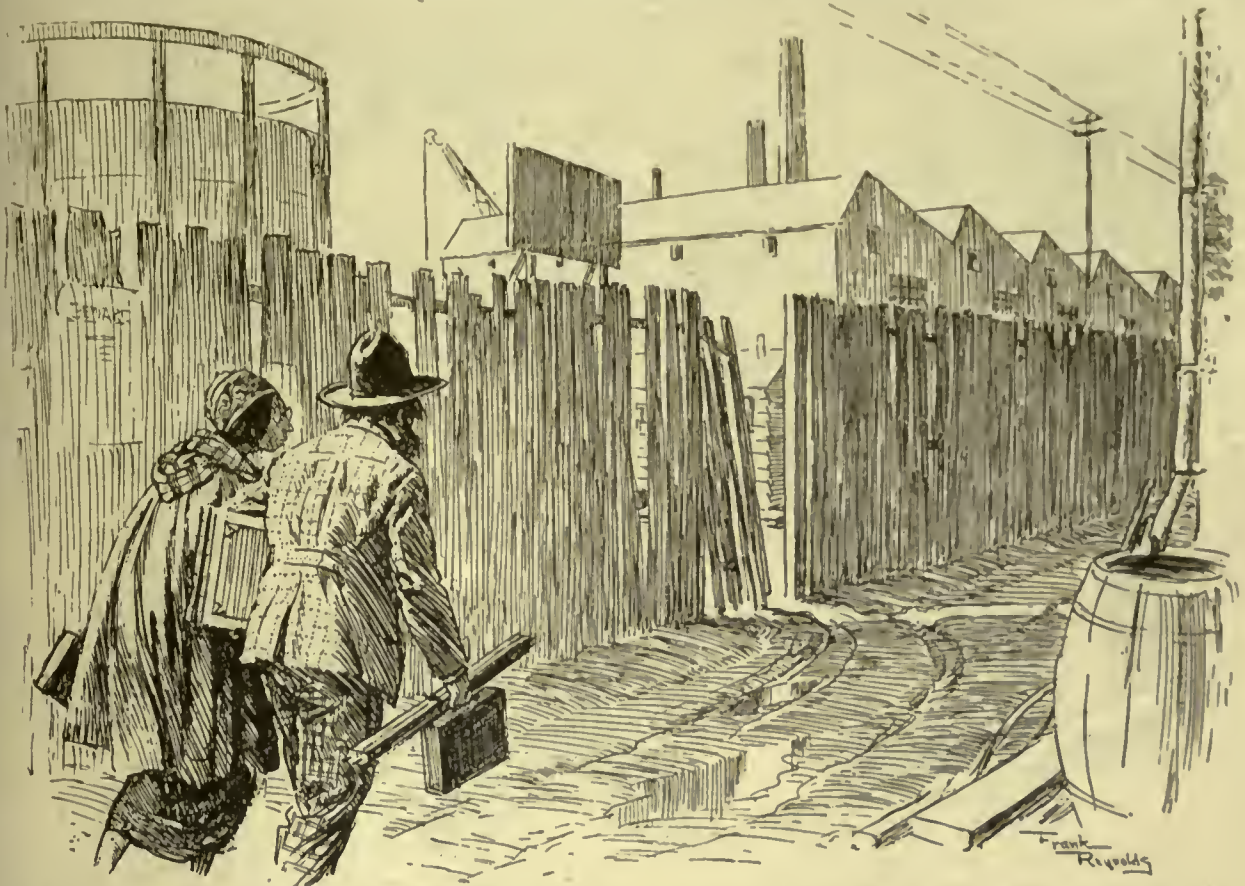
"The heat was so intense that we were perspiring from every paw."



SNOWED UNDER.

THE ST. BERNARD PUP (to his Master). "THIS SITUATION APPEALS TO MY HEREDITARY INSTINCTS. SHALL I COME TO THE RESCUE?"

[Before leaving Switzerland Mr. LLOYD GEORGE purchased a St. Bernard pup.]



Futurist to Brother Brush (after a long country walk in search of a subject). "THIS IS RATHER JOLLY. WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO GET AMONGST THE REAL JAGOED STUFF."

THE OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE ROCK, SCILLY.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,

"'Tis a mighty queer place to be building a home
In the teeth of the gales and the wash of the foam,

With nothing in view but the sea and the sky;

It cannot be choerful or healthy or dry.

Why don't you go inland and rent a snug house,

With fowls in the garden and blossoming boughs,

Old woman, old woman, old woman?" said I.

"A garden have I at my hand
Beneath the green swell,
With pathways of glimmering sand
And borders of shell.

There twinkle the star-fish and there
Red jellies unfold;

The weed-banners ripple and flare
All purple and gold.

And have I no poultry? Oh, come
When the Equinox lulls;

The air is a-flash and a-hum
With the tumult of gulls;

They whirl in a shimmering cloud
Sun-bright on the breeze;
They perch on my chimneys and crowd

To nest at my knees,
And set their dun chickens to rock on
the motherly
Lap of the seas."

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,

"It sounds very well, but it cannot be right;

This must be a desolate spot of a night,

With nothing to hear but the guillemot's cry,

The sob of the surf and the wind soughing by.

Go inland and get you a cat for your knee

And gather your gossips for scandal and tea,

Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I.

"No amber-eyed tabby may laze
And purr at my foot,

But here in the blue summer days

The seal-people meet.

They bask on my ledges and romp
In the swirl of the tides,
Old bulls in their whiskers and pomp
And sleek little brides.

Yet others come visiting me
Than grey seal or bird;

Men come in the night from the sea
And utter no word.

Wet weed elings to bosom and hair;
Their faces are drawn;

They crouch by the embers and stare
And go with the dawn

To sleep in my garden, the swell flowing over them

Like a green lawn."

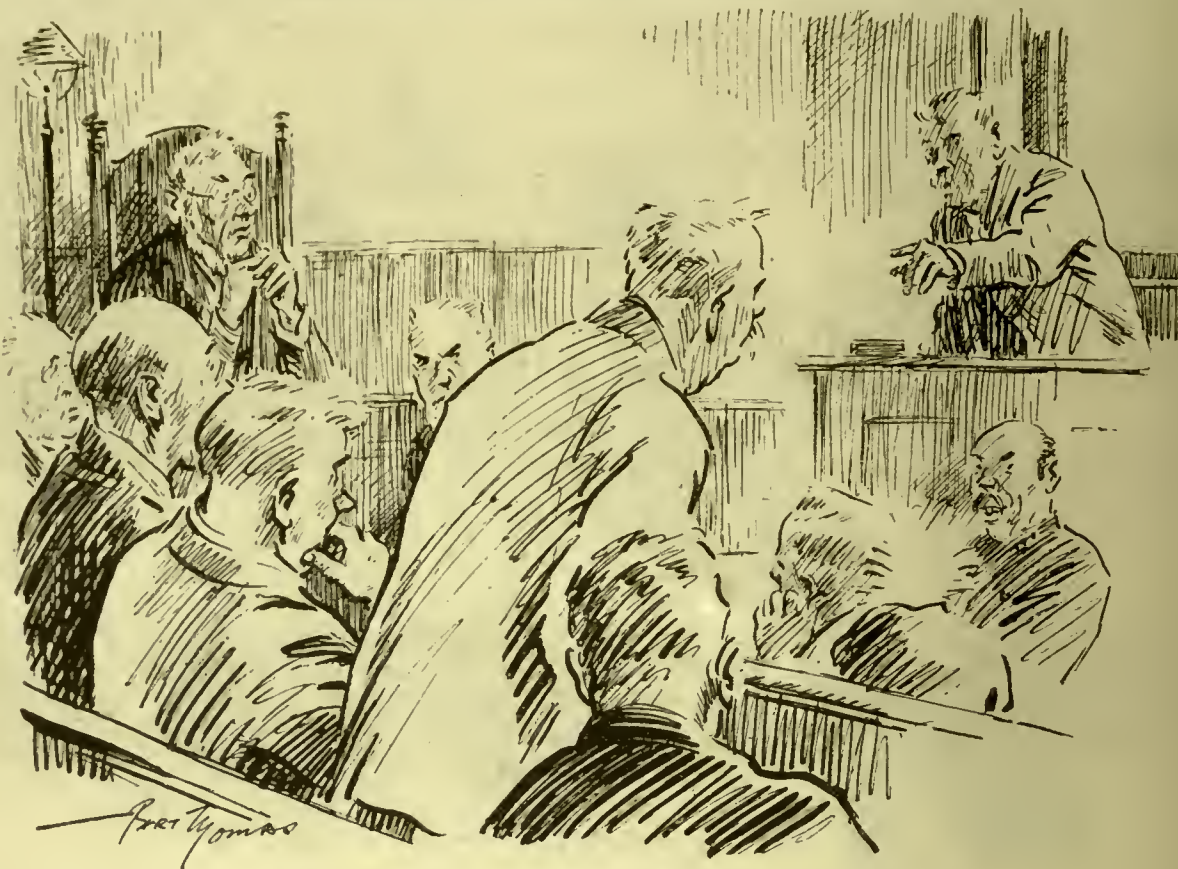
PATLANDER.

Labour Leaders on the Links.

Under a photograph in a London evening paper runs the following legend:—

"Mr. John Hodge and another official of the Iron and Steel Founders Union enjoy a game of golf after the Trade Union Congress at Portsmouth adjourns for the day. Our picture shows Mr. John Hodge Putting."

Some idea of the forceful and unconventional methods of our Labour leaders may be gathered from the attitude of Mr. JOHN HODGE, whose club is raised well over his shoulder.



Prisoner. "SORR, I OBJECT TO MR. CLANCY SERVIN' ON THE JURY."
 Mr. Clancy. "BEDAD, AN' FOR WHY, MICHAEL? I'M FOR YEZ!"

THE TAXATION OF VIRTUE.

"I SHALL wait," said Peter, "till they send me the final notice."

"Being his wife," said Hilda to me, "I am in a position to know that he will not. In another week he will pay, saying that the thought of income-tax has affected his nerves and that he can bear it no longer. He wobbles like this for six weeks twice a year, and meanwhile his family starves."

"Under our system of taxation," Peter retorted, "the innocent must suffer."

"It falls alike on the just and the unjust," I interposed. "How else would you have it?"

"Naturally I would have it fall on the unjust alone," he replied.

"Why not on the just alone?" I asked, suddenly aware of the birth of an idea.

"Of course you want exemption."

"You miss my point. You grant that taxation is necessary?"

"For the sake of argument," said Peter, "I grant that, with reservations."

"Since then there must be taxes, why not have taxes that it would be a pleasure to pay? The current taxes are not a pleasure to pay."

"I grant that," said Peter, "without reservations."

"Now there is only one sort of tax that I can imagine anybody paying gladly, and that would be a tax on his virtues."

"Still hankering after your own exemption," growled Peter.

"Leave me out of account. Take, by preference, yourself. You have virtues and are proud of them."

Hilda intervened, as I had anticipated. "The pride is admitted," said she, "but as for the assessment value of the virtues—"

"Never mind that. You are proud of your virtues"—I turned to Peter again—"yet you are sometimes troubled, like the rest of us, by a fear that you may not really possess them after all. But the assessment of your virtues by the Board of Inland Revenue would prove their existence to yourself and to all the world."

"Except his wife," said Hilda.

"Her evidence would not be accepted. If you had paid taxation for the possession of a virtue, the receipt would be a guarantee that you did possess that particular virtue, and it would consequently be a source of profound moral

satisfaction to you. You would pay with pleasure. Besides, it is a poor kind of virtue that will not abide a test. The tax would be a test. Suppose that five pounds was levied upon you for honesty. If you refused to pay how could you ever again claim to be honest? You would be marked as not valuing your honesty at five pounds. No, you would pay and pay readily."

My words were addressed to Peter, but Hilda seemed the more interested. "It sounds well, but how would you raise the money?" she asked.

"That would depend on the virtue," I replied. "The sobriety tax, for example, would be levied on anyone who had not for some years been convicted of drunkenness."

"But how about the virtues that you don't get fined for not having—truthfulness, unselfishness, kindheartedness and all those?"

"I admit that would be difficult. Can you suggest anything?" I asked Peter.

"No," he answered. "I'm not encouraging your rotten idea anyhow."

"Could the revenue officials feel people's bumps?" inquired Hilda reflectively.



Fisherman. "THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FISH DRY TO CATCH THEM."
American Friend. "SAY, YOU MAKE ME REAL HOMESICK."

"I'm afraid," I said, "people wouldn't stand it. Fancy Peter——"

"I've got it," said Hilda. "The revenue officials would attribute a virtue to the taxpayer, and if he wanted to escape taxation they would require him to prove to them that he lacked the virtue in question."

"They would like doing that," muttered Peter.

"You have found the solution," I said to Hilda. "If you impute to a person a virtue he does not possess he probably denies that he has it, but he is really flattered and his denial is not sincere. He would be willing to pay on it; he would rather pay than not."

At this point Peter grew tired of refraining from comment. "I don't want you to suppose," he said, "that I am taking any interest in your fatuous scheme, but doesn't it occur to you that under your system it would be simply ruinous to have any virtues at all, and that the only people who would flourish would be those who had no virtues and were not ashamed of it?"

"For one thing," I replied confidently, "the taxes would be graduated in the ordinary way in accordance with means. The slightest flicker of a conscience in Park Lane would be more heavily mulcted than the most blameless life in Bermondsey. But the main point is

that under my system taxation would become the measure of a man's moral worth, and people who did not pay taxes would be simply out of it. All the plums would go the highly-taxed men. Their tax receipts would be certificates of character, and the more they earned the more the Treasury would be able to get out of them. So far from dodging taxation, people would scramble to pay it."

"But how," asked Hilda, "would you make the tax receipt a trustworthy testimonial? Your rich man with one virtue would have a better receipt than your poor one with ten."

"The virtues taxed would be shown on the receipt," I replied. "Besides, poor and virtuous men would, as I have suggested, get an abatement on their virtue taxes, and the amount of the abatement would be shown on the receipt. So it could easily be seen what proportion a man was paying on his wealth and what on his virtues."

"Look here," said Peter, aroused at last, "do you convey that the tobacco duty would be paid by people who didn't smoke?"

"It would amount to that," I answered, "assuming that abstention from tobacco were counted a virtue."

"There may be something in it after all," said Peter.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE CHAMELEON.

THE chameleon changes his colour;
He can look like a tree or a wall;
He is timid and shy and he hates to
be seen,

So he simply sits down in the grass and
goes green,
And pretends he is nothing at all.

I wish I could change my complexion
To purple or orange or red;
I wish I could look like the arm of a
chair
So nobody ever would know I was
there

When they wanted to put me to
bed.

I wish I could be a chameleon
And look like a lily or rose;
I'd lie on the apples and peaches and
pears,
But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowy
chairs—

I should have to be careful of those.

The chameleon's life is confusing;
He is used to adventure and pain;
But if ever he sat on Aunt Maggie's
cretonne
And found what a curious colour he'd
gone,

I don't think he'd do it again.

A. P. H.

THAT TEA INTERVAL.

BEFORE the last ball of 1920 is bowled and the last wicket in a first-class match falls (as will most probably happen at the Oval this very afternoon, September 15th), I should like to let the Gods of the Game know how I propose to spend the following winter in their interests, so that when the season of 1921 is with us the happiness of the cricket spectator may be even greater than it has been in the one now expiring.

I am going to devote the time to invention. With every grain of intellect and ingenuity that I can scrape together I am going to devise a means of humanising the tea interval.

Once upon a time I was so rash as to ridicule this interruption. I drew attention to the fact that the ancient heroes of the game had been able to dispense with it. ALFRED MYNN needed no Asiatic stimulant between lunch and the close of play. Even such wholehearted moderns as HORNBY and SHREWSBURY and GRACE managed to do well without the support of Hyson or Bohea. For more than a century cricket and tea were strangers and cricket did not suffer. And so on. But the attacks were futile: the tea interval became an institution; and nothing now, one realises, can ever occur to separate the gallant fellows from their cups and saucers.

That being accepted, the problem is how to make the interval at once less harmful to the match and more tolerable to the lover of cricket; and it is on this problem that I have been working and intend to work through the arid football months. What has to be done is (a) to get the interval abbreviated; and (b) to keep the players on the field. It is the length of it and the empty pitch that are so depressing to the spectator, and it is the return to the pavilion that is so detrimental to the rhythm of the game. Neither of the batsmen ever wants the interruption, and I have often noticed a reluctance in certain members of the fielding side. As for the watchers, they never fail to groan.

Still, as I have said, it is now recognised that the craving for tea is as much a part of the present-day game as the six-ball over, and the time has passed for censuring it. But something can be done to regulate it; and I have based my efforts towards a solution on the argument that, if a cricketer is not called in from the game to read his telegram, but (as we have all seen so often) the telegram is taken out to him, surely the precious fluid that he so passionately desiderates can be taken out to him too. At present, therefore, all my thoughts are turned upon the construction of some kind of wheeled waggon, such as is in use at a well-known restaurant in the Strand, on which fifteen cups (two for the umpires) and an urn and sugar and milk can be conveyed, with the concomitant bread-and-butter, or shrimps or meringues, or whatever is eaten with the tea, on a lower shelf. This could be pushed on to the ground at 4.15 and pushed back again at 4.20 without any serious injury to the match. That is my idea at the moment; but I am a poor mechanic and should be glad if some properly qualified person—someone with a HEATH ROBINSON mind—would take the work over. E. V. L.

IN THE MOVEMENT.

How I came to be able to understand the language of trees is a secret. But I do understand it. It is my peculiar privilege to overhear all kinds of whispered conversation—green speech in green shades—as I take my rest underneath the boughs on a country walk. Some day I shall set down fully the result of these leaves-droppings, but at the moment I want to tell only of what I heard some blackberry bushes saying last week.

"From what I hear," said the first bush, "the cost of everything's going up by leaps and bounds."

"How is that?" asked one of its neighbours.

"It's due, I understand," the first bush replied, "partly to scarcity of labour and partly to profiteering."

"I don't see why we shouldn't participate," said another bush. "Here we are, covered with fruit, and it's all just as free as ever it was. That's absurd, after a big war. The duty of a war is to make things dearer and remove freedom."

"Of course," said the others.

"Your blackberries will cost you more—that should be our motto," said the first bush. "We must be up to date."

* * * * *

A few days later, after one of our infrequent post-bellum gleams of sunshine, I met the Lady of the White House and all her nice children returning from a day's blackberrying. They showed me their baskets with a proper pride, and I was suitably enthusiastic and complimentary.

"But do look at our poor hands and arms and our torn frocks!" said the lady. "We've picked blackberries here year after year, but we've never been so badly scratched before. It's extraordinary. I can't account for it."

I could, though.

THE MOON-SELLER.

A MAN came by at night with moons to sell;

"Moons old and new," he cried;

I hurried when I heard him call for me;

He set his basket on the wall for me

That I might see inside

And watch the little moons curl up and hide.

Each one he touched rang softly like a bell;

He pointed out to me

Great harvest moons with russet light in them,

Pale moons to gleam where snows grow white in them,

Red moons for victory,

And steadfast moons for men in ships at sea.

The man who came with many moons to sell

Opened his basket wide;

Showed me the filmy crescent moons in it,

And the piled discs (like silver spoons) in it

That push and pull the tide,

And small sweet honey-moons to give a bride.

"This moon," he said, "you will remember well;

Its price is wealth untold;"

Took a camp-moon he vowed he stole for me

And softly wrapped to keep it whole for me.

I heaped his feet with gold;

He changed, and said the moon might not be sold.

Then I was angry that with moons to sell

He thought he had the right

To keep that one. Those who were lent to us

Had written the brief notes they sent to us

When it shone out at night.

I caught it to my heart and held it tight.

"Twenty Students Require clean, respectable Board-Residence; would not object to Share Bed."—*Provincial Paper*.

They should have lived in the days of Og, the King of Basan; his bedstead was a bedstead.

"CALCUTTA.

During the past few weeks several parties of Afghan merchants and traders have settled up their affairs and come into India. In order to avoid being questioned by British poets in the Khyber, they have entered this country by way of the Sissobi pass."—*Indian Paper*.

Some of our poets are notoriously curious, and we are hardly surprised to learn that the Afghans could not "abide their question."



JAS

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

"THE jolly part about an island where there are no towns and no railways," said Willoughby, "is that you have thrills of excitement as to where you will sleep next night or eat your next meal. Now when we land at Lochrie Bay to-morrow it will be nearly lunch-time; but shall we get lunch?"

"I can answer that," replied MacFadden, whose grandfather was a Scotsman, and who was once in Edinburgh for a week; "the map shows it is only five miles to Waterfoot, and there's sure to be an hotel there. Those little Scots inns are all right."

"Yes," chimed in Sylvia, "and very likely there'll be nothing to eat when we get there. I am thinking of you three men, of course," she added hastily; "we girls don't want much."

"As for me," said Willoughby, looking at Sylvia, whom he has adored dumbly for years, "very little satisfies me. I'm like the fellow who said, 'a crust of bread, a bottle of wine and you.' You know the chap, MacFadden."

"Isn't it wonderful how he remembers his OMAN?" remarked Mac enthusiastically.

"I don't know much poetry," said Willoughby, whose tastes are sporting rather than literary, "but I always liked that bit."

"But lunch," I interposed, "is the pressing question. There's sure to be an hotel at Waterfoot, as you say. Send a telegram there, asking for lunch for six. If there's no hotel, no reply and no lunch. If there is we get our reply and our lunch. Willoughby can wire, because he learned all about telegraphs in the army."

Within two hours came the reply. I opened it.

"Will supply luncheon for six, 1.15 to-day."

"Can you remember what your wire said, Willoughby?" I asked mildly.

"Rather. 'Can you provide luncheon for six at 1.15.—Willoughby.'"

"Exactly. Can't you see, you silly ass, how you've muffed it? Read this." Willoughby read, while Sylvia and Molly looked over and giggled.

"Hang it all! I suppose I ought to have said to-morrow," he sighed. "Here, Thompson, you and Hilda, as the married couple of the party, ought to deal with these beastly emergencies."

"Not I," I replied. "You've got us in the muddle, now get us out. Wire and say it's for to-morrow."

"And then," said my practical wife, "we shall get to-day's hot lunch cold to-morrow, and a rapacious Scotch-woman will charge us for it twice over."

"I wish you would say 'Scots,' not 'Scotch,'" complained MacFadden.

"Sorry, Kiltie," rejoined Hilda; "and perhaps one of you two will deal with the Scots woman."

"Leave her to me and none of you interfere," answered MacFadden. "Willoughby is no good at a job that needs tact. He's not half as lovable as I am either. Is he, Molly? We'll send the wire at once. Come on."



Mistress. "YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN IN A GOOD MANY SITUATIONS. HOW MANY MISTRESSES HAVE YOU HAD, ALL TOLD?"

Maid. "FIFTEEN, ALL TOLD—AND ALL TOLD WHAT I THOUGHT OF 'EM."

Next day the steamer dropped us into the ferry-boat off Lochrie Bay, and our bicycles, more frightened than hurt, but much shaken, were hurled in after us. After five miles on a primitive road we arrived at the hotel very late.

MacFadden, assuring us that if we only kept quiet he would see us through in spite of any Scots innkeeper, led the way.

The landlady, a dour woman, appeared.

"Good morning, Madam," began Mac politely.

"Will you be Mr. Willoughby?" she replied.

"No," said Mac truthfully, assuming a puzzled expression.

"Weel, then," resumed the lady, addressing Sylvia, who happened to be close behind, "will you be Mrs. Willoughby?"

Molly sniggered; Sylvia reddened

and answered hastily, "No, I won't!" at which Willoughby sighed audibly.

"What I wanted to ask you was whether perhaps you could be so kind as to give us a bit of bread and cheese or something," said Mac ingratiatingly. "Of course one doesn't expect a proper lunch in these places without ordering it beforehand."

"And those that order beforehand dinna come," she replied with some asperity. "A party of six ordered for yesterday; then they telegraphs to say they mean to-day, and now they're no here and the time lang gone by. I thoelt ye were the party at first."

"What a shame!" murmured MacFadden sympathetically.

"Ay, if they had turned up they should hae had their lunch, and paid for it too," said the good lady grimly. "Twa days they should hae paid for. But if ye like ye can eat their lunch for them; it's cauld but guid."

So we ate heartily, paid reasonably and went away on good terms with ourselves and the lady.

Walking up the steep hill from the hotel I was just behind Willoughby and Sylvia. He was pushing the two bicycles and explaining something elaborately.

"Awfully sorry about that silly woman, Sylvia," he said, "but it's only their rotten way of talking English. You see, when she says, 'Will you be Mrs. Willoughby?' she really means, 'Are you?' It's not the same as when an

Englishman says it. If I said, 'Will you be Mrs. Willoughby?' that would be different; it would mean—"

"Yes," interrupted Sylvia rather breathlessly, "that, Tommy dear, would be plain English, to which I could give a plain answer. I should say—"

We had reached the brow of the hill. I mounted my bicycle and hurried on.

"1,000 EGGS IN ONE WHISKER."

Daily Paper.

A much worse case than that of LEAR's old man with a beard, who said it was just as he feared.

"For all we know, Helen of Troy's best friends might have said, 'Helen has style and knows how to make the most of her good points; but, honest, now, do you think she should have got the apple?'"

Evening Paper.

Certainly not. That's why Paris gave it to Aphrodite.



First Ancient (with morbid fear of growing deaf, breaking long silence). "THERE—IT'S COME AT LAST! YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ALL THIS TIME AND I AIN'T HEARD A SINGLE WORD."

Second Ancient. "BAIN'T BIN TALKIN'—BIN CHEWIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

REALLY I think that *Rhoda Drake* (MURRAY) must be the most preposterously startling story that I have read for this age. It makes you feel as if you had had a squib exploded under your chair at a temperance meeting. After beginning placidly about persons who live in South Kensington (and are so dull that the author has to fill up with minute descriptions of their drawing-rooms), somewhere towards three-quarters through its decorous course it plunges you head over ears into such tearing melodrama as is comparable only to Episode 42 of "The Adventures of the Blinking Eye" at a provincial cinema. I am left asking myself in bewilderment whether Mr. C. H. DUDLEY WARD, D.S.O., M.C., can have been serious in the affair. As I say, practically all the early characters are of little or no account, including *Rhoda* herself. Indeed, nobody looks like mattering at all, and the whole tale has, to be frank, taken on a somewhat soporific aspect, when lo! there enters a lady with a Russian name, no back to her gown and green face-powder. If I said of this paragon that she made the story bounce I should still do less than justice to her amazing personality. Really, she was a herald of revolution, whose remarkable method was to invite anyone important and obstructive to her house and make them discontented. It was the work of half-an-hour. Whether the process was hypnotic, or whether she actually

put pepper in the ice-pudding, I could not clearly make out. But the dreadful fact remained that, let your patriotism be ever so firm, you had but to accept one of green-powder's little dinners and next morning you were as like as not to hurl a stone into 10, Downing Street. As for the end—! But no, I will stop short of it.

Frankly, what pleased me most about *Affinities* (HONDER AND STROUTON) was its attractive get-up; pleasant, cherry-pie-coloured boards, swathed in a very daintily-drawn pictorial wrapper, the whole, as cataloguers say, forming an ideal birthday present for a young lady, especially one at all apt to discover, however harmlessly, the affinities that give these five tales their title. As for the stories themselves, really all that need be said is to congratulate Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART on the ingenuity with which she can tell what seems an obvious intrigue yet keep a surprise in reserve. I suppose it is because they come to us from America that certain of the episodes turn upon incidents in the Suffrage struggle, tale-fodder that our own militant novelists have long happily discarded. Of the others I think I myself would award the palm to one called "The Family Friend," a genially cynical little comedy of encouraged courtship, of which the end seems to be visible from the beginning, but isn't. Altogether, what I might call a Canute; in other words a book for the deck-chair, not too absorbing to endanger your shoes, however close you read it to the advancing wave.

I think I should best describe the characteristic quality of *Four Blind Mice* (LANE) as geniality. The scene of it is Burmah—astonishing, when you consider the host of novels about the rest of India, that so few should employ this equally picturesque setting—and it is quickly apparent that what Mr. C. C. Lewis doesn't know at first hand about Rangoon is not likely to be missed. The tale itself is a good-humoured little comedy of European and native intrigue, showing how one section of the populace strove as usual to ease the white man's burden by flirtation and gossip, and the other to get the best for themselves by unlimited roguery and chicanery. The whole thing culminates in a trial scene which is at once a delightful entertainment and (I should suppose) a shrewdly observed study of the course of Anglo-Burmese justice. I think I would have chosen that Mr. Lewis should base his fun on something a little less grim than the murder and mutilation of a European, or at least Eurasian, lady, even though the very slight part in the action played by *Mrs. Rodrigues*, when alive, could hardly be called sympathetic. Still we were all so good-humoured over her taking-off that for a long time I cherished a rather dream-like faith in her reappearance to prove that this attitude had been justified. Not that Mr. Lewis has not every right to retort that he is writing comedy rather than farce; certainly he has made his four blind mice to run in highly diverting fashion, very entertaining to those of us who see how they run; and as they at least save their tails triumphantly it would perhaps be ungenerous to complain about one that doesn't.

The Story of the Fourth Army in the Battles of the Hundred Days (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is printed on pages the size of a copy of *Punch*, and with its accompanying case of maps it costs eighteen-pence to go through the post. It boasts a hundred full-page photographs, also sketches, charts, maps, panoramas and diagrams *ad lib.*, a foreword by General Lord RAWLINSON and ten appendices; so really it seems that the much-abused word "sumptuous" may for once be fairly applied. The author, Major-General Sir A. MONTGOMERY, who himself helped to "stage" the battles he writes about, has built up a record which is in some sense unique, for I think it is possible from this book to trace precisely where any unit of the Fourth Army was placed, and what doing, at any given hour during the whole of the victory march from Amiens to the Belgian frontier. Apart from anything else it is pleasant to have a book that deals only with the days of victory; but it must be admitted that, to gain a completeness of detail so entirely satisfactory to those most nearly concerned, the writer has had to sacrifice something of human interest, for many of his pages are little more than

a bare chronicle of names and places. Undoubtedly his book should be read with great deliberation, constant reference to the maps and a lively recollection of personal experiences on the spot; but the civilian reader may still be content to skim the text and save himself for the photographs. These, mostly taken from the air and of exquisite technical quality, form an amazing series, in themselves worth the heavy price. And who minds heavy prices when the proceeds are pledged to the service of wounded officers?

"Rather an anti-climax," I thought when I opened *The Happy Foreigner* (HEINEMANN) and found that it purported to tell the experiences of an English *chauffeuse* in France after the Armistice; but I know now that, in any place where ENID BAGNOLD happened to be, there would not be any anti-climax about. In a style so daring and vivid that it could only have been born, I suppose, of fast driving, the

authoress describes a romantic affair with a young French officer; but her real theme is the suffering of France bowed down under the intolerable burden of so many strangers, both enemies and friends. The rich and well-fed Americans who will not trouble to understand, the grotesque Chinamen and Annamites, the starving Russians liberated from the Germans, flash by, with the ruins of villages, the tangle of wire and litter of derelict guns; and even the romance, intensely felt though it is, must be fleeting, like the rest of the nightmare, because the Frenchman's eyes are set on the future and

the rebuilding of his fortunes. This book is not "about the War," but all the same it is one of the best books about the War that I have read.

From a Common Room Window (OWEN) will be a slight refreshment to those who are weary of realistic studies of schoolmasters and schoolboys. "ORBILIUS," during what I take to have been a long career as a teacher, has not allowed his sense of humour to wither within him. In a note to his slender volume of sketches he says, "School-life is largely a comedy. When a schoolmaster ceases to recognise this it is time for him to 'bundle and go.'" He has been in the main a keen and sympathetic observer, and though his remarks upon headmasters are a little severe—personally I should hate to be called "a meticulous pedagogue"—I do not think that a little criticism of these potentates will do them the smallest harm. In "The Castigator" "ORBILIUS" gives a laughable sketch. The inventor of a flogging machine is soundly beaten by his own instrument, and he would be a sombre man indeed who could read it without a desire to witness such a chastening performance. By no means the least merit of this book is that it contains no new theories about education.



Damsel. "OH, PROFESSOR, CAN YOU PROVIDE ME WITH A LOVE-POTION? MY MOTHER SAYS IF I WED NOT SOON I MUST E'EN GO FORTH TO EARN MY LIVING."
 Alchemist. "THAT I CAN, MADAM, AND OF TWO KINDS. FIRST, THE SLOW-WORKING PURPLE SORT IS VERILY CHEAP, BUT DIFFICULT OF ADMINISTRATION; FOR IN WATER IT IS PLAINLY VISIBLE AND EASY OF DISCERNMENT IN TEA. WHEREAS MY PATENT POTION, BRINGING LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, CLOSELY RESEMBLETH THE MUCH-DESIRED WHISKY. THIS SORT IS ONE GUINEA PER TOT."

CHARIVARIA.

"'STRIKE while the iron is hot' must be the motto," says a business man. Mr. SMILLIE, on the other hand, says that it doesn't so much matter about the iron being hot.

A curious story reaches us from the Midlands. It appears that it had been decided to call out the workmen in a certain factory, but the strike-leader had unfortunately mislaid his notes and could not remember their grievance.

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has decided to have nothing further to do with the promotion of boxing-matches owing to the way in which contracts are continually being broken. It has since been reported that several of our leading professional boxers are endeavouring to arrange a farewell dis-appointment.

Mr. EVANS, the American golf champion, has invented a new putter. We appreciate America's effort, but all the same we cannot forget her apathy toward the League of Nations.

Last week the largest number of Alpinists ever assembled met on the top of the Matterhorn. If this sort of thing goes on it is quite likely that the summit will have to be strengthened.

Colder weather is promised and the close season for Councillor CLARK should commence about October 1st.

"The ex-Kaiser," says *The Western Morning News*, "goes in daily fear of being kidnapped. This is said to be due to the presence at Amerongen of an enterprising party of American curio-hunters.

A headline in a weekly paper asks, "What will Charlie Chaplin turn out this Year?" "His feet," is the answer.

The language at Billingsgate, according to Sir E. E. COOPER, is much better than it used to be. Fish porters invariably say "Excuse me" before throwing a length of obsolete eel at a colleague.

In the event of a miners' strike arrangements have been made for the

staff of the Ministry of Transport to sleep at the office. It would be more wise, we think, if they remained wide awake.

A feature of the new motor charabanc will be the space for passengers' luggage. This is just what is wanted, as it so easily gets broken even if the corks don't come out.

A message from Allahabad states that the appointment of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as Viceroy of India would be very popular. Unfortunately they omit to say where it would be popular.

We feel that no good can be done by rubbing it in like this. *The Daily Mail* is doing its best.

We understand, by the way, that *The Daily Mail* has definitely decided not to offer a prize of a hundred pounds for a new world, but to leave the matter entirely in the hands of Mr. LAIRD GEORGE.

The Astronomical Correspondent of *The Times* suggests that the new star may have been produced through a sun being struck by a comet. This raises the question as to whether suns ought not to carry rear lights.

There is some talk of a series of week-end summers being arranged for next year.

"If necessary I will walk from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, distributing propaganda literature all the way," announced a well-known strike agitator at a recent conference. Personally we do not mind if he does, provided that when he reaches Land's End he continues to walk in the same direction.

According to a weekly journal the art of camouflage played a most important part in recent naval warfare. It is, of course, quite an open secret that the Naval authorities are aware that one of our largest Dreadnoughts is somewhere in a certain English harbour, but, owing to the excellence of its camouflage, they have not yet been able to locate it.

We now learn that it was merely through an oversight that the pit ponies did not record their votes at the strike ballot.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Shamming death, he moaned loudly." *Irish Paper.*

Our Critics.

"The Seven Deadly Sins." Frederick Rogers.

This is a subject that Mr. Rogers is ominously fitted to explore.—*Review of Reviews.*

"Tenor wanted, to join bass; must have voice."—*Scotch Paper.*

Some people are so exacting.

"Bride in apricot."—*Daily Paper.*

A new significance is added to the calculation of one's fruit stones—"This year, next year, some time, never."



"Who's BILL 'OGGINS PLAYIN' FOR THIS SEASON?"
"Oh, 'E AIN'T SIGNED ON YET, BUT WE'VE OFFERED HIM
FIRST SUCK AT THE LEMON."

"Drink is Scotland's greatest sin," said a Prohibitionist speaker at Glasgow. The gentleman does not seem to have heard of haggis.

Asked what he would have, a Scotsman, taking advantage of its high price, replied, "A small petrol, please."

The National Gallery with its three thousand pictures is practically priceless, we are informed. This probably accounts for the fact that the hall-porter invariably takes visitors' umbrellas as security.

What is now wanted, says a contemporary, is a good spell of fine weather.

THE ASHES.

[A final salutation to the M.C.C. team, from one who is destined to perish in the event of a coal strike.]

O SHIP that farest forth, a greater *Argo*,
Unto the homeland of the woolly fleece,
Soft gales attend thee! may thy precious cargo
Slide over oceans smoothed of every crease,
So as the very flower, or pick,
Of England's flanneled chivalry may not be sick!

And thou, O gentle goddess Hygieia,
Hover propitious o'er the vessel's poop;
Keep them from chicken-pox and pyorrhoea,
Measles and nettle-rash and mumps and croup;
See they digest their food and drink,
And land them, even as they leave us, in the pink!

Thou, too, whose favour they depend so much on
(Fortune, I mean) in this precarious game,
Oh let there be no blob on their escutcheon,
Or, if a few occur, accept the blame;
Do not, of course, abuse thy powers;
We'd have the best side win, but let that side be ours.

Summer awaits them there while we are wheezing
By empty hearths through bitter days and black;
Yet we rejoice that, though we die of freezing
And cannot get cremated, all for lack
Of coal to feed our funeral pyres,
Still "in our ashes [yonder] live their wonted fires."

O. S.

THE MINISTRY OF ANCESTRY.

"As you are aware," said a prominent official of the Ministry of Ancestry, "although our department has only been in existence for a few months the profits have enabled the Government to take twopence off the income-tax and to provide employment for thousands of deserving clerks dismissed, in deference to public opinion, from other Government offices."

"Yes. Could you tell me how this brilliant scheme came into being?"

"The Chinese knew and practised it for centuries. Here the credit for its re-discovery must be assigned to Sir Cuthbert Shover, who, owing to handsome contributions to necessary funds, combined, of course, with meritorious public service during the War, was offered a baronetcy. He refused it for himself, but accepted it for his aged father, thereby becoming second baronet in three months. He deplored the fact that his grandfather was no longer eligible for the honour. Then we saw light. Why should the mere accident of death prevent us from honouring a man if his family were prepared to contribute towards the country's exchequer? But these letters will give you a clearer insight into the working of the department."

The first letter was addressed to Miss Cannon, at Maidstone:—

"DEAR MADAM,—We have no hesitation in advising you to have a bishop in your family. Few purchases give greater satisfaction. If, as you say, your late maternal grandfather was curate of Slowden, and was, as far as you are aware, a man of exemplary character, we could make him a bishop without delay. Your home being in Kent, it occurs to us that the see of Carlisle would suit the Right Reverend Prelate best. The cost of the proceedings, including a pre-dated *Congé d'Élire*, would be eight hundred guineas. An archbishopric would be slightly more expensive and, in our opinion, less suitable."

"Amazing," I said.

"But so simple. Here is a letter from a man who wants to have had forbears in the Navy. We say:—

"Naturally it would have been an advantage for your son, whom you destine for the Navy, to have had relations in that service. But it is not too late to remedy this defect.

"By virtue of the powers conferred upon us by Act of Parliament (Ancestry Act, 1922), we are prepared to give your sometime great-great-uncle William, who, according to family tradition, always wanted to go to sea, a commission in the Navy, and the rank of lieutenant, together with appointment to any ship of the line—with the exception of the *Victory*—which fought under Lord NELSON. The making out the commission will be put in hand on the receipt of your cheque for three hundred guineas."

"Do you always give satisfaction?"

"Occasionally we have to disappoint people. For instance, this letter to a lady at Plymouth:—

"We fear we cannot grant your request to reserve a berth on the *Mayflower* for your delightful ancestress, Mrs. Patience Loveday. The *Mayflower* is already overcrowded, and, owing to some ill-feeling raised in America, we decided to resign all interest in the vessel. Should you desire some other form of Puritan distinction how would you like to provide yourself with a non-juring clergyman as an ancestor? We could present any suitable departed member of your family to a Crown living, and supply you with an order of ejectionment, dated the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662."

"Judging from the address on this letter, 'X. O'Finny, Esq.,' your jurisdiction extends to Ireland?"

"Yes, Mr. O'Finny wants some persecuted ancestors. We offer to supply him with a member of his family condemned to be beheaded by order of QUEEN ELIZABETH, price one thousand, which includes a replica of the Great Seal of England; or, to have another member shot by order of CROMWELL, at half the price; or a sentence of hanging in '98. This would be three hundred only. We advise him to take the complete set at a reduction, and have no doubt we shall come to terms."

"Have you anything more expensive?" I asked timidly.

"Rather. Here is our answer to Lord—better not give the name, perhaps; the creation is recent. He wished for a Crusader, but we explained that the Crusades were not under Government. We offer to introduce his family name into our authorised supplement to the Domesday Book for five thousand pounds. I call it cheap at the money. Now what can we do for you?"

"I must think it over," I stammered.

"Do. You will come back. Pair of Colours, now, for a great-great-grandfather. How would that suit you? Only five hundred. Or a place at Court in the Regency? Or, if you wish good business connection, a directorship of the East India Company? The whole of the past lies before you. Give your children a fair start in life, that is what we say. Money is good, education is better, but distinguished ancestry is best of all."

Stitches in Time.

"The breeches on the line between Sini and Jhursagudha have now been repaired."—*Civil and Military Gazette*.

"The King has given Mr. William Armstrong, Director of Criminal Intelligence of the Shanghai Municipal Police, authority to wear the Insignia of the Fourth Class of the Order of the Excellent Crop, conferred on him by the President of the Republic of China, in recognition of valuable services."—*Times*.

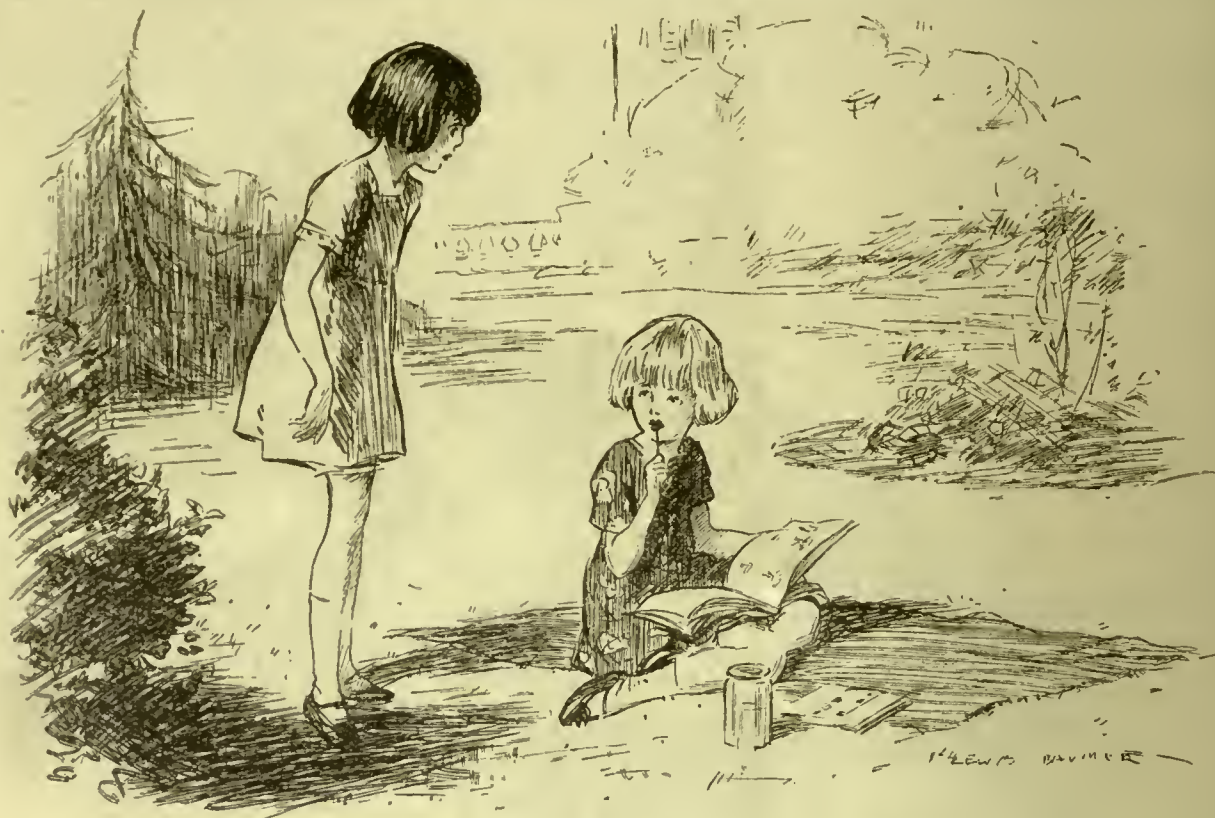
We understand that extreme shortness of hair is not the hall-mark of the Chinese criminal world.



UNDER A CLOUD (WITH A GOLDEN LINING).

COMRADE LANSBURY. "THANKS TO MY FAITHFUL BROLSKI NOT A DROP HAS TOUCHED ME."

[Loud crows from "Daily Herald" bird.]



Horrified Sister (to small artist). "MABEL, YOU'RE SURELY NOT SUCKING YOUR BRUSH WHEN YOU'RE PAINTING TOADSTOOLS?"

KINGS AND QUEENS.

THERE are thirty-six of them in all, ranging from WILLIAM I., who is "severe," to VICTORIA, who is just "good." I first made their acquaintance in childhood, when my grandmother gave them me with the laudable object of teaching me history. Each is a little wooden block signifying a monarch. On one side there is a portrait showing the face, collar and upper portion of torso of the monarch in question; on the other side there is written a single word summing up his whole character.

By means of these royal blocks I was brought up to a sound historical sense based on religion and morality. At the age of seven I could and did boast that I knew the innermost souls of all the monarchs of England. I could say their dates by heart, often doing so during sermon time on Sundays, with a grace and ease that only lifelong acquaintance with royalty could have bred. I was even able to triumph through that tricky period between the death of EDWARD III. and the accession of ELIZABETH. I wonder if the late Lord ACTON was as learned at that age: I am sure he could not say his dates backwards. I could.

It has always surprised those who have endeavoured to teach me history

that my youthful brain should be so strongly grounded in the historical tradition of over half a century ago. Yet all the historians of modern England could not shake me in my faith. To me QUEEN VICTORIA was no "panting little German widow," as our latest searcher after truth has affirmed, but the august lady who listened entranced to the beautiful poems of Lord TENNYSON and invented electricity and the tricycle. In consequence I was considered a counter-revolutionary, if not bourgeois. My essays were deemed dangerously reactionary. At Oxford I once found my tutor burning one. This shows the value the authorities attach to my work. It is too dangerous to live; it is burnt.

I venture to think, however, that my work, based as it is on the most respectable principles, will survive long after my tutors have subsided into a permanent state of death in life. Like SHAKESPEARE and the present Government I am for all time.

It is easy to see how I came to acquire this stability of thought, owing as I do my early training to the kings and queens of England, who are nothing if not stable. They are my acknowledged guardians and to them I turn in all difficulties. Only a year ago they came to my aid in a most awkward predicament. It was my lot to fill up army

forms; of what variety I cannot remember save that they were of a jaundiced colour and connected with the men's demobilisation. On these documents I was expected to enter, besides the usual details as to religion and connubial felicity, the character of each man in a single word. I at once marshalled my wooden royalties before me in chronological order and proceeded to deal with the squadron in rotation.

The first name on my list was that of the disciplinary sergeant-major. It was with a glow of pride that I registered him with WILLIAM I. as "severe." The designation of Tonks, the Mess waiter (whom we had discovered on the night the bomb fell on the aerodrome making a home and a house of defence in the cookhouse stove), as "heroic" was distinctly happy. It was perhaps unfortunate that the quartermaster-sergeant, an austere man from Renfrew, should have found, on perusing his demobilisation card, that he was to be handed down to posterity as "avaricious." I was also sorry to find the padre, usually so broad-minded, in a nasty temper about the character given to his batman, who was, he assured me, the only pious man in the squadron and in private life a dissenting minister. "Dis-solute" certainly was on the face of things inappropriate, but then it was

no fault of mine that the merriest of English monarchs should have appeared at the moment when I was filling up the papers of a minister of religion.

The light that my wooden monarchs throw on history is both interesting and, to a modern, precious. For instance, the designation of the first Angevin king as "patriotic" will surprise many readers of the late Bishop Stubbs. "Patriotic" is a wide term and may be applied to almost anything from after-dinner flag-wagging to successful juggling with Colonial stocks and shares; yet there are few who would have described it as the besetting virtue of HENRY I. But it was; his little block says so.

JOHN, again, was "mean." I am sorry, for, though in some respects blame-worthy, he had many agreeable traits. His views on the honesty of his baronage are most entertaining. He was something of a wit, a good judge of food and wine, and would have made an excellent Fellow of an Oxford college. It is much to be regretted that he was mean.

Poor HENRY VI. is "silly." This is a hard judgment on the pioneer of the movement against low backs in evening frocks, but doubtless he was silly in other things.

Some of my monarchs had the most excellent characters. EDWARD I. was "just," GEORGE IV. "courteous," OLIVER CROMWELL "noble"—a sad blow for the White Rose Club. Our younger monarchs were particularly attractive persons, and it is a pity that they did not live long enough to display their qualities. EDWARD VI. was "amiable," while EDWARD V., like all with expectations from their uncle, was "hopeful." Poor child! he had need to be.

I am pained however that CHARLES II. was "dissolute." It was what HENRY VIII. dissolved the monasteries for being—the impertinent old polygamist! For my part I love CHARLES for the affection that he bore little dogs, for the chance saying on Sussex hills that this England was a country well worth fighting for. Alas! that he should have been dissolute.

Best of all my friends is GEORGE III. He is portrayed with a jolly red nose and a mouth that positively yawns for pudding. His character, which is his chief glory, is "benevolent." Who would not rejoice to have been the object of his regal philanthropy? SAMUEL JOHNSON himself did not hesitate to accept the bounty of this kindly monarch, though, while his predecessor reigned, the great lexicographer had defined a pensioner as "a state hireling" paid "for treason to his country."

Such are my friends the kings and queens of England. Happy the child



The Super-Tramp. "MADAM, IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE OF THAT PIE YOU GAVE ME THIS MORNING I SHOULD BE PLEASED TO PAY FOR IT."

who has such majesty to be his guardian spirit. To him life will be a pomp, where vulgar democracy can have no part, and death a trysting-place with old comrades—the child for whom

"The kings of England, lifting up their swords,
Shall gather at the gates of Paradise."

A HOME FROM HOME.

(An actual incident.)

My fancy sought no English field,
What time my holiday drew near;
I felt no fond desire to wield
The shrinking net of yesteryear;
I found it easy to eschew
All wish to hear a pierrot stating
His lust to learn the rendezvous
Of flies engaged in hibernating.

Beyond the Channel I would range
(I called it "cross the rolling main")
And there achieve the thorough
change

Demanded by my jaded brain;
It might be that an alien clime
Would jog a failing inspiration,
Buck up a bard and render rhyme
Less difficult of excavation.

A thorough change? Ah, barren quest,
Foredoomed to fail ere half begun!
Though left behind, my England
pressed

In hot pursuit of me, her son;
London was brought again to view
By hordes of maidens out for pillage,
When from the train I stepped into
A flag day in an Alpine village.

WIRE AND BARBED WIRE.

THIS was the telegram that, after much hesitation, I had written out at the side desk in the post-office and carried to the main desk to despatch:—

Pactolus, London.

St. Vitus carburetter stammer tyre scream Sanguine.

You will observe that it is unintelligible. Decoded, it meant that I, whose betting pseudonym is Sanguine, wished to invest with Messrs. Lure, commission agents (not hookmakers, no, not for a moment), whose telegraphic address is "Pactolus, London," a sum of ten pounds (carburetter) on a horse called St. Vitus to win (stammer), and twenty pounds (tyre) for a place (scream). I had done this for various reasons, none really good, but chiefly because every paper that I had opened had urged me to do so, some even going so far as to dangle a double before me with St. Vitus as one of the horses. Nearly all had described St. Vitus as a nap, setting up the name not only in capitals but with a faithful asterisk beside it.

Having an account with Messrs. Lure and a liking now and then to indulge in a little flutter over a gee (I am choosing my words very carefully) I had decided, after weighing the claims of all the other runners, to take the advice of the majority and back the favourite, although favourites acclaimed with stridency by the racing experts of the Press in unison have, I knew, a way of failing. In betting on races, however, there are two elements that are never lacking: hope against hope and an incomplete recollection of the past.

Having written out the telegram I took it to the main counter, to the section labelled "Telegrams," and slipped it under the grating towards the young woman, who, however, instead of dealing with it, continued to tell an adjacent young woman about the arrangements that she and a friend had made for their forthcoming holidays at Herne Bay.

The nature of those who have little flutters on gees is complex. The ordinary man, having written out his telegram, on whatever subject it may be—whether it announces that he will arrive before lunch and bring his clubs with him, or that, having important business to detain him at the office, he will not be home to dinner—gets it through as soon as possible. He may be delayed by the telegraph girl's detachment, but he would not be deterred. He would still send the telegram. But those who bet are different. They are minutely sensitive to outside occurrences; always seeking signs and interpreting them as favourable or unfavourable as the case may be; and

refraining from doing anything so decisive as to call the girl to order. Their game is to be plastic under the fingers of chance; the faintest breath of dubiety can sway them. I had been in so many minds about this thirty pound bet, which I could not really afford, that there was therefore nothing for it, after waiting the two minutes that seemed to be ten, but to tear up the message, in the belief that the friendly gods again had intervened. For luck is as much an affair of refraining as of rushing in.

I therefore withdrew quietly from the conversation and scattered the little bits on the floor as I did so. But I did not leave the office. Instead, I went to the side desk again and wrote another telegram, which, with the necessary money (an awful lot), I pushed through the grating, where the girls were still talking. My second telegram had no reference to horses—I had done with gambling for the day—but ran thus:—

Postmaster-General, London.

Suggest you remind telegraph clerk on duty at this hour at this post-office that she perhaps talks a shade too much about Herne Bay and gives public too little consideration.

The girl, having ceased her chatter, took the telegram and began feverishly to count the words. Then her tapping pencil slowed down and her brows contracted; she was assimilating their meaning. Then, with a blush, and a very becoming one, she looked at me with an expression of distress and said, "Do you really want this to go?"

"No," I said, withdrawing the money. "I'm sorry I was not more attentive," she said.

"That's all right," I replied. "Tear it up."

And I came away, feeling, with a certain glow of satisfaction not unmixed with self-righteousness, that I had done something to raise the post-office standard and to ensure better attention. But the joke is that, if I had myself received better attention, I should have lost thirty pounds, for St. Vitus was unplaced. This story must therefore remain without a moral. E. V. L.

Notice in a Shop Window.

"Hats made to order, or rejuvenated."

Ah! that's what's wanted so badly to-day for the headgear of the Higher Clergy.

"V. C. W. Jupp, the Sussex amateur, has been invited to become a member of the M.C.C. team, which leaves for Australia on Saturday. A fine all-round cricketer, Jupp is a useful man to any team, but as he usually fields cover-point his inclusion would not necessarily improve the side in its weakest point—viz., the lack of oilfields."—*Daily Paper*.

Surely the fewer the better, if that's where the butter-fingers come from.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

[Dedicated to those high-minded and dispassionate leader-writers who, after prefacing their remarks with the declaration that "we hold no brief for—" extreme views of all sorts, proceed to show that the conduct of the extremist is invariably explained, if not justified, by the iniquities of the Coalition Government.]

I HOLD no brief for LENIN

Or TROTSKY or their breed;

Their way of doing men in

Is foreign to my creed;

But, since to me LLOYD GEORGE is

A source of deeper dread,

For Bolshevistic orgies

A great deal may be said.

I hold a brief for no land

That tramples on its kin;

My heart once bled for Poland

And groaned for Russia's sin;

But, if to clear the tangle

WINSTON is given his head,

I feel that General WRANGEL

Were better downed and dead.

I hold no brief—I swear it—

For militant Sinn Fein;

I really cannot bear it

When constables are slain;

But if you mention CARSON

I feel that for the spread

Of murder and of arson

A good deal can be said.

I hold no brief for SMILLIE

Or for the miners' claims;

I disapprove most highly

Of many of their aims;

But when I see the Wizard

Enthroned in ASQUITH's stead,

It cuts me to the gizzard

And dyes my vision Red.

I hold no brief for madmen

On revolution bent,

For bitter or for bad men

On anarchy intent;

But sooner far than "stop" them

With Coalition lead,

To foster and to prop them

I'd leave no word unsaid.

Our Decadent Poets.

Extract from an Indian's petition:—

"... to look after my old father, who leads sickly life, and is going from bad to worse every day."

"So far from Mr. Kamenoff having had nothing to do with any realisation of jewels, he ... took pains to report it to his Government."—*Daily Paper*.

In fact, he took the necessary steps.

"A privately owned aeroplane, flying from London to the Isle of Wight, descended in a field near Carnforth, seven miles north of Morecambe Bay. The propeller was broken, but the occupants, a lady and a gentleman, escaped with a shaking."—*Daily Paper*.

The real shock came when they found out where they were.

THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPH.



WHEN A FELLOW GETS HIS—



PHOTO TAKEN FOR THE PAPERS—



I THINK IT'S ROTTEN BAD FORM—



ON THE PART OF ANOTHER FELLOW—



TO SPOIL THE PICTURE BY INTRODUCING A BALL—



AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

THE HANDY MAN.

THE men I most admire at the present time, though I take care not to tell them so to their faces, are the men who can do everything. By this I don't mean people of huge intellectual attainments, like Cabinet Ministers, or tremendous physical powers, like *Tarzan of the Apes*. It must be very nice to be able to have a heart-to-heart talk with *Krassins* or to write articles for the Sunday picture-papers, and very nice also to swing rapidly through the tree-tops, say, in Eaton Square; but none of these gifts is much help when the door-handle comes off. I hate that sort of thing to happen in a house.

In the Victorian age, of course, which was one of specialisation based upon peace and plenty, one simply sent for a door-handle replacer and he put it right. But nowadays the Door-handle Replacers' Union is probably affiliated to an amalgamation which is discussing sympathetic action with somebody who is striking, so nothing is done. This means that for weeks and weeks, whenever one tries to go out of the room, there is a loud crash like a 9-2 on the further side and a large blunt dagger clutched melodramatically in the right hand, and nobody to murder with it.

The man who can do everything is the kind of man who can mend a thing like a broken door-handle as soon as look at it. He always knows which of the funny things you push or pull on any kind of machine to make it go or stop, and what is wrong with the cistern and the drawing-room clock.

Such a man came into my house the other day. I call it my house, but it really seems to belong to a number of large people who walk in and out and shift packing-cases and splash paint and tramp heavily into the bathroom about 8.30 A.M. when I am trying to get off to sleep. They have also dug a large moat right through the lawn and the garden-path, which rather spoils the appearance of these places, though it is nice to be able to pull up the draw-bridge at night and feel that one is safe from burglars. Anyhow, whether it is my house or theirs, the fact remains that the electric-bells were wrong. The man of whom I am speaking lives next-

door, and he came in and pointed this out. "It is not much use having electric-bells," he said, "that don't ring."

I might have argued this point. I might have said that to press the button of a bell that does not ring gives one time to reflect on whether one really wants the thing one rang for, and thereafter on the whole vanity of human wishes, and so inculcates patience and self-discipline. It is quite possible that an Eastern *yogi* might spend many years of beneficial calm pressing the buttons of bells that do not ring. But I replied rather weakly, "No, I suppose not."

"I'll soon put that right for you," he said cheerily, and about five minutes later he asked me to press one of the

the kitchen were blunt and went and fetched some kind of private grindstone and sharpened them, and then told me that the apple-trees ought to be grease-banded, which I thought was a thing one only did to engines. And, when he had brought a hammer and some nails and put together a large bookcase which had collapsed as soon as *The Outline of History* was put on to it (I should like to know whether Canon *Barnes* can explain that), I was obliged to ask him to stop, in case the tramping men should see him and strike immediately for fear of the dilution of labour.

But what impressed me most was the part he took next day in the Railway Carriage Conference, which curiously enough was on the subject of strikes. There were several people in the carriage, and they were talking about what they had done during the railway strike last year, and what they would do if such a thing happened again. I said I should like to be a station-master if possible, because they had top-hats and grew such beautiful flowers. Only four or five trains seem to stop at our station during the day, and if there was a strike I suppose the number would be reduced to one or two. And I thought it would be rather nice to spend the day wearing a top-hat and watering the nasturtiums in the little rock-gardens behind



Mother (firmly, to little daughter about to have a tooth drawn). "Now, BETTY, IF YOU CRY, I'LL NEVER TAKE YOU TO A DENTIST'S AGAIN."

buttons, and there was a loud tinkling noise. It seemed a pity that at the moment when the bell did happen to ring there should be nobody to come and answer it.

"Whatever did you do to them?" I asked.

"It only needed a little water," he said, and I had hard work to suppress my admiration. The very morning before, feeling that I ought to take a hand in all this practical work that was going on about the place, I had filled a large watering-can that I found lying about and wetted some things which someone had stuck into the garden. I have a kind of idea that they were carrots, but they may have been maiden-hair ferns. Somehow it had never occurred to me for a moment to go and water the electric bells.

Almost immediately afterwards this man discovered that all the knives in

the platform. Watering, I said, was quite easy when once one got into the swing of it.

But the man who could do everything seemed to know everything too, and he told me that station-masters were much too noble to strike. There were two kinds of station-masters, he said, both wearing top-hats, but one kind with full morning-dress underneath it and the other with uniform. But neither kind struck.

Slightly nettled at his superior knowledge, I asked him, "What did you do during the Great Strike?"

"Oh, I had rather fun," he said; "I controlled the signals at London Bridge."

If all the truth were known I expect that he is quite ready for Mr. *Smilie's* strike; that he has a handy little pick in his bedroom and knows of rather a jolly little coal-mine close by. *Evon.*



The Woman. "I DO WISH YOU TWO WOULD WALK PROPERLY."

FLOWERS' NAMES.

FOOL'S PARSLEY.

In the village of Picking's Pool
Lived Theobald, the village fool;
He had been simple from his birth
But kindly as the simple earth,
And in his heart he sang a song
Of "Ave, Mary" all day long.

On Good Friday the people came
To honour the rood of Christ His shame;
They scattered flowers and leaves and
moss

About the foot of the humble cross
And, when they knelt and prayed and
wailed,

Theobald saw the Mother, veiled
And bowed in a mother's agony.
"She suffers more than the Christ,"
said he.

Theobald searched the fields and lanes
To find a solace for MARY's pains;
All the flowers were plucked and gone
Savo a little dull Parsley, sere and wan;
And Theobald wreathed it in simple
guise;

"It mourns like her," said the Fool
made wise.

When Holy Saturday morning broke
Back to the shrine went the village folk;

And lo! on the weeping Mother's brow
A chaplet of flowers was gleaming now;
And Theobald smiled secretly
To think he had soothed her agony,
And ever since Theobald crowned his
Queen

Fool's Parsley has flowered amongst
its green.

HEADGEAR FOR HEROES.

[A contemporary, having heard of the hat specially designed for M. CLEMENCEAU, has decided that the bowler, the topper, the Homburg, the straw, the cloth cap and all other styles at present more or less in vogue leave much to be desired, and has therefore inaugurated a search for the ideal male headdress.]

THE SMILLIE.—A Phrygian model, executed in red Russia leather. Special features are the asbestos lining, the steam vents and the water-jacket, which combine to minimise the natural heat of the head. Embellished with an heraldic cock's-comb *gules*, it is a striking conception.

THE PREMIER.—A semi-Tyrolean type in resilient chamois, which can be readily converted to any desired shape, with or without extra stiffening. Its adaptability and the patent sound-proof ear-flaps make it particularly suitable for travellers. Detachable edelweiss and leek trimming.

THE ERIC.—An adaptation of the cap of maintenance in a special elastic material, warranted not to burst under pressure of abnormal expansion of the head of the wearer. Practically fool-proof.

THE WINNIE.—A fore-and-aft derived from a French model of the First Empire period, the severity of which is mitigated by the addition of little bells. A novelty is the mouthpiece in the crown, which enables the hat to be used as a megaphone at need. An elastic loop holds a fountain-pen in position. The whole to be worn on a head several sizes too big for it.

THE CONAN.—A straw bonnet of beehive shape. Medium weight. In a diversity of shades. The special pug-garee of goblin blue material is designed to protect the wearer from moonstroke without obscuring the vision.

THE WAKNER.—An easy-fitting crown carried out in harlequin flannel surmounts a full brim of restful willow-green. Garnished with intertwined laurel and St. John's-Wort, and decorated with the tail feather of a Surrey fowl, it makes a comfortable and distinguished headdress for a middle-aged gentleman.



Teacher. "AND RUTH WALKED BEHIND THE REAPERS, PICKING UP THE CORN THAT THEY LEFT. JOHN, WHAT DO WE CALL THAT?"
John (very virtuously). "PINCHING."

A SHIP IN A BOTTLE.

In a sailormen's restaurant Rotherhithe way,
Where the din of the docksides is loud all the day,
And the breezes come bringing off basin and pond
And all the piled acres of lumber beyond
From the Oregon ranges the tang of the pine
And the breath of the Baltic as bracing as wine,
In a fly-spotted window I there did behold,
Among the stale odours of hot food and cold,
A ship in a bottle some sailor had made
In watches below, swinging South with the Trade,
When the fellows were patching old dungaree suits,
Or mending up oilskins and leaky seaboots,
Or whittling a model or painting a chest,
Or yarning and smoking and watching the rest.

In fancy I saw him all weathered and browned,
Deep crows'-feet and wrinkles his eyelids around;
A pipe in the teeth that seemed little the worse
For Liverpool pantiles and stringy salt-horse;
The hairy forearm with its gaudy tattoo
Of a bold-looking female in scarlet and blue;
The fingers all roughened and toughened and scarred,
With hauling and hoisting so calloused and hard,
So crooked and stiff you would wonder that still
They could handle with cunning and fashion with skill
The tiny full-rigger predestined to ride
To its cable of thread on its green-painted tide
In its wine-bottle world, while the old world went on
And the sailor who made it was long ago gone.

And still as he worked at the toy on his knee
He would spin his old yarns of the ships and the sea,
Thermopylae, Lightning, Lothair and Red Jacket,
With many another such famous old packet,

And many a bucko and dare-devil skipper
In Liverpool blood-boat or Colonies' clipper;
The sail that they carried aboard the *Black Ball*,
Their skysails and stunsails and ringtail and all,
And storms that they weathered and races they won
And records they broke in the days that are done.

Or sometimes he'd sing you some droning old song,
Some old sailors' ditty both mournful and long,
With queer little curlycees, twiddles and quavers,
Of smugglers and privateers, pirates and slavers,
"The brave female smuggler," the "packet of fame
That sails from New York and the *Dreadnought's* her
name,"
And "all on the coast of the High Barbaree,"
And "the flash girls of London was the downfall of he."

In fancy I listened, in fancy could hear
The thrum of the shrouds and the creak of the gear,
The patter of reef-points on topsails a-shiver,
The song of the jibs when they tauten and quiver,
The cry of the frigate-bird following after,
The bow-wave that broke with a gurgle like laughter.
And I looked on my youth with its pleasure and pain,
And the shipmate I loved was beside me again.
In a ship in a bottle a-sailing away
In the flying-fish weather through rainbows of spray,
Over oceans of wonder by headlands of gleam,
To the harbours of Youth on the wind of a dream.

C. F. S.

"HIGH COMMISSIONER PAYS CALLS.

Jerusalem, August 27.—The High Commissioner visited yesterday afternoon the tomb of Abraham, Sarah, Rebecca, Isaac, Jacob and Leah in the Cave of Makpela at Hebron.—*Egyptian Mail*.

No flowers, by request.



THE GREAT REPUDIATION.

MR. SMILLIE. "HERE, HOP IT, OR YOU'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SHOW. YOU DON'T COME ON TILL MY NEXT TRICK."



M. F. H. "WHY THE DEUCE AREN'T YOU WITH HOUNDS? THEY'RE IN THE NEXT PARISH BY THIS."

New Whip (rib-roasting very bad cub-hunter). "'TAIN'T SAFE TO GO NEAR 'EM WITH THIS 'ORSE; THEY MIGHT THINK 'E WAS FOR KATIN'."

THE BEN AND THE BOOT.

WHITHER in these littered and overcrowded islands should one flee to escape the spectacle of outworn and discarded boots? I should go to a mountain-top and amongst mountain-tops I should choose the highest. I should scale the summit of Ben Nevis.

Yet it is but a few days since I saw on that proud eminence the unmistakable remains of an ordinary walking boot.

It reposed on the perilous edge of a snowdrift that even in summer curves giddily over the lip of the dreadful gulf over which the eastern precipice beetles. There is ever a certain pathos about discarded articles of apparel: a baby's outgrown shoe, a girl's forgotten glove, an abandoned bowler; but the situation of this boot, thus high uplifted towards the eternal stars, gave to it a mystery, a grandeur, a sublimity that held me long in contemplation.

How came it there?

The path that winds up that grey mountain is rough; its harsh stones and remorseless gradients take toll of leather as of flesh. Yet half a sole and

a sound upper are better than no boot, and what climber but would postpone till after his descent the discarding of his damaged footgear?

Could it be, I asked myself, the relic and evidence of an inhuman crime? Was it possible that some party of climbers, arriving at the top lunchless and desperately hungry, had sacrificed their plumpest, disposing of his clothes over the cliff, but failing to hole out with this tell-tale boot?

But no, I bethought me of the price of leather. They would have reserved the boots, even at the risk of suspicion. Moreover, no one would ever reach that exacting altitude in a state of succulence.

A glow of sympathy, a thrill of appreciation swept through me as I realised what was at once the worthiest and the likeliest explanation.

Who shall plumb the depths of the affection of a true pedestrian for his boots, the companions and comfort of so many a pilgrimage? Who but the climber, the hill-tramp, knows the pang of regret with which he faces at last the truth that his favourite boots are past repair, the sorrow and self-re-

proach with which he permits them to be consigned to Erebus?

I saw it all. As the Roman veteran hung upon the temple wall of Mars the arms he might no longer wield, so hither came some lofty-minded climber, bearing in devoted hands his outworn and faithful boot, to leave it sadly and with reverence in this most worthy resting-place, here to repose at the end of all the roads it had trod, on the highest of all the native hills it had climbed.

W. K. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Roberts, Member of Parliament, has arrived. Mr. Roberts is a tall and well-built gentleman with a posing appearance."

Mysore Patriot.

"Families supplied in 18, 12 or 6 gallon casks."—*Hertford brewer's notice.*

Where's your DIOGENES now?

"The dinner was in the House of Commons, and I sat next to Henry. I was tremendously impressed by his conversation and his clean Cromwellian face."

From a famous autobiography.

It was, we trust, the CROMWELL touch rather than the cleanness that was so impressive.



Ancient Gardener (who has just been paid). "OI SAY, MAISTER, THERE 'S SUMMAT WRONG WI' MA BRASS."

Employer. "WHAT 'S THAT, JOHN?"

A. G. "WHA, SITHEE, THA 'S GI'EN MA ONE TA MONY."

Employer. "YOU'RE VERY HONEST, JOHN."

A. G. "WEEL, THA SEES I THOAT IT MID 'A' BIN A TRAP."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE EARWIG.

How odd it is that our Papas
Keep taking us to cinemas,
But still expect the same old sears,
The tiger-eats, the woolly bears,
The lions on the nursery stairs
To frighten as of old!
Considering everybody knows
A girl can throttle one of those
While choking with the other hand
The captain of a robber band,
They leave one pretty cold.
The lion has no status now;
One has one's terrors, I'll allow,
The centipede, perhaps the eow,
But nothing in the Zoo;
The things that wriggle, jump or
crawl,
The things that climb about the wall,
And I know what is worst of all—
It is the earwig—ugh!

The earwig's face is far from kind;
He must have got a spiteful mind;
The pincers which he wears behind
Are poisonons, of course;
And Nanny knew a dreadful one
Which bit a gentleman for fun
And terrified a horse.

He is extremely swift and slim,
And if you try to tread on him
He scuttles up the path;
He goes and burrows in your sponge
And takes one wild terrific plunge
When you are in the bath;
Or else—and this is simply foul—
He gets into a nice hot towel
And waits till you are dried,
And then, when Nanny does your
ears,
He *wrrriggles* in and disappears:
He stays in there for years and years
And *crrawls* about inside.
At last, if you are still alive,
A lot of baby ones arrive;
But probably you've died.

How inconvenient it must be!
There isn't any way, you see,
To get him out again;
So, when you want to frighten me
Or really give me pain,
Please don't go on about that bear
And all those burglars on the stair;
I shouldn't turn a tiny hair
At such Victorian stuff;
You only have to say instead,
"THERE IS AN EARWIG IN YOUR BED,"
And that will be enough.

A. P. H.

MY RIGHT-HAND MAN.

On glancing the other day through the only human column of my newspaper—that headed "Personal"—I was much intrigued by the advertisement of a gentleman who styled himself a "busy commercial magnate," and who announced his urgent need of a "right-hand man." The duties of the post were not particularised, but their importance was made clear by the statement that "any salary within reason" would be paid to a really suitable person.

No, I did not think of applying for the post myself; a twelve months' adjutancy to a dyspeptic Colonel had long cured me of the desire to bottle-wash for anyone again, however lavish the remuneration. But, I thought to myself, it must evidently be a profitable notion to employ a right-hand man, or why should this magnate person be so airy on the subject of salary? Would it not then pay me to engage somebody in a similar capacity? Increased production, in spite of Trade Union economics, is emphatically a need of the moment. With a right-hand man at my right hand (when he wasn't at my left) I could, I felt sure, increase

my own output enormously; and I began to plan out my daily work under the reconstruction scheme.

I will call him "Snaggs"; that will save me the trouble of having to write "my right-hand man" every time I want to refer to him; but when he enters my service such economy of labour will not, of course, be necessary. Snaggs, then, will arrive punctually at nine every morning—no, on second thoughts he will sleep in, in case an inspiration that needs recording arrives after I have gone to bed. (I shrink from estimating how much wealth I have lost through going to sleep on my nocturnal inspirations, which the most thorough search next morning never avails to recapture; but a speaking-tube, with alarm attachment, running into Snaggs's room will alter all that.)

His first duty of the day will be to wade through all the newspapers and cut out any paragraphs that may serve as pegs for an article or a set of verses. My own difficulty in this respect has always been that I can never manage to get through more than one paper in a working morning, and not all of that; invariably my attention gets caught by some long and instructive but (for my purposes) hopelessly unsuggestive dissertation on Pedigree Pigs or The Co-operative Movement in Lower Papua, and I consequently overlook many of those inspiring little "stories" that inform us, for example, that a distinguished physician advocates the use of tomato-sauce as a hair-restorer.

By the time I have finished breakfast, I reckon, Snaggs will have found me subjects for at least a dozen effusions, neatly arranged with a few skeleton suggestions for the treatment of each. I shall first decide which are to be handled in prose and which in verse, and in the case of the latter shall jot down a few words and phrases that will obviously have to be dragged in as line-endings. Then I shall put Snaggs on to the purely mechanical drudgery of finding all the possible rhymes to these words (*e.g.*, fascinate, assassinate, pro-Krassinato—you know the sort of thing that's called for), and by the time he has catalogued them all I shall have dashed off most of the prose articles, which Snaggs will then proceed to type while I am engaged in the comparatively simple task of piecing together the verse jigsaws. In this way I should easily be able to earn an ordinary week's takings in a morning.

The next task will be the placing of this material, and that is how Snaggs's afternoons will be spent. I have always had an unnecessarily tender feeling for editors, and often, after laboriously giving birth to an article, have concealed



THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Customer. "WHY, YOU'VE PUT YOUR PRICES UP AGAIN!"

Fishmonger. "WELL, MUM, I ASK YER, 'OW ELSE ARE WE TO FIGHT THE PROFITEER AT 'IS OWN GAME?"

it in a drawer rather than run the risk of boring anyone with its perusal. Snaggs, however, will be fashioned of more pachydermatous material and will daily make himself such a nuisance that they'll give him an order, and possibly a long contract, to get rid of him. By a proper system of book-keeping he will also save me from the occasional blunder of sending the same article to the same paper twice.

My wife, to whom I have submitted this brain-war, says that the first job to employ Snaggs on will be calling on the Bank Manager to arrange about the overdraft which neither of us has

so far had the courage to moot. But that, I am afraid, would inspire him with foolish doubts as to the stability of his princely salary. Perhaps it will be best if, before actually engaging Snaggs, I convert myself into a limited company, "for the purpose of acquiring and enlarging the business and goodwill of the private enterprise known as Percival Trumington-Jones, Esq." A sufficient number of shares will be issued to guarantee Snaggs at least his first year's screw; that done, the proposition should be practically gilt-edged. So who's coming in on the bargain-basement floor?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DAISY."

I IMAGINE that the authors who founded this play on a Hungarian original regarded it as an ambitious piece of work. If so, they were right in the sense that they have attempted something very much beyond their powers. In the view of the gentleman who addressed us at the fall of the curtain (I understand that he was one of the authors) it offered magnificent opportunities (I think "magnificent" was the word) for the brilliant gifts of two of the actors. Certainly it covered a good bit of ground, what with this world and the next; for it started with roundabouts on the Heath, and got as far away as the Judgment Day (Hungarian style?)—and fourteen years after.

I may have a contemptibly weak stomach for this kind of thing, but I confess that I don't care much for a representation of the Judgment Day in a melodrama of low life. Of course low life has just as much right as any other sort of life to be represented in a Judgment Day scene; but it ought to behave itself there and not introduce back-chat.

I should explain that it was a special Suicide Court, and that the object of *The Magister*, as the Presiding Judge was named in the programme, was to inquire into the record of the delinquent and, if his answers were satisfactory, to allow him to revisit the scenes of his earthly life in order to repair any little omissions that he might have made in the hurry of departure. Unfortunately the leading case was a bad example of suicide. It had not been deliberate; he had simply killed himself impromptu in a tight corner to avoid arrest for intended murder.

Worse still, when he returned to earth after a lapse of fourteen years' purgatory (between the sixth and seventh scenes), for his record was a rotten one and he had shown no signs of penitence, the *revenant* made very poor use of his hour. Returning to his wife whom he had brutalised, he found that she had taught their girl-child to regard him as a paragon of virtue, and most of his limited time was spent in correcting this beautiful legend. You see, at the time of his death he had had no chance of making the child realise how bad he was, for the excellent reason that she had not yet been born, so he seized this opportunity of making good that omission.

As a practical illustration of the kind of man he really had been, he struck the child violently on the arm. We all saw him do it and we all heard the smack, but the child assured us that

she had not felt anything. This I suppose was the author's way, ingenuous enough, of reminding us that it was a case of spirit and not of flesh, whatever our eyes and ears might persuade us to think of it.

Already in a previous scene there had been the same old difficulty. While the man lay dead on his bed his spirit had been summoned by a Higher Power (indicated in a peep-show), and his corpse sat up, displacing the prostrate form of the widow, who had to take up a new position, without however appearing to notice anything. It was still sitting up when the curtain fell,



"The Daisy" (Mr. CAINE). "WHAT MADE YOU TAKE A FANCY TO ME?"

Julia (Miss MERRALL). "I DUNNO."

(Sympathetic appreciation of her ignorance on part of audience.)

and incidentally was caught in the act of resuming its recumbent position when the curtain rose again for the purpose of allowing the actors to receive our respectful plaudits.

Behind me I heard an American lady suggest that if they could somehow distinguish the spirit from the body it would be better for our illusions. To which her neighbour expressed the opinion that they would eventually manage to do that feat. I await, less hopefully, this development in stage mechanism. Meanwhile *Mary Rose* has much to answer for.

The play began promisingly enough with a scene full of colour and humanity, of humour and pathos. We were among the roundabouts, whose florid and buxom manageress, *Mrs. Muscat* (admirably played by Miss SUZANNE SHEL-

DON), was having a quarrel of jealousy with her assistant and late lover, "*The Daisy*," who had been seen taking notice of Another. The dumb devotion of this child, *Julia* (Miss MARY MERRALL), who could never find words for her love—she said little beyond "Yuss" and "I dunno"—was a very moving thing; and the patient stillness with which she bore his subsequent brutality held us always under a strange fascination.

For the rest it was an ugly and sordid business, relieved only by the coy confidences of the amorous *Maria* (played by Miss GLADYS GORDON with a nice sense of fun). Mr. HENRY CAINE, as "*The Daisy*," presented very effectively the rough-and-ready humour and the frank brutality of his type; but he perhaps failed to convey the devastating attractions which he was alleged to have for the frail sex; and his sudden spasms of tragic emotion seemed a little out of the picture.

Apart from the painful crudity of the scene that was loosely described as "*The Other Side*," the play abounded in amateurisms. For one thing there was too much sermonising. It began with an obtrusive homily on the part of an inspector of police, who went out of his way to admonish *Julia* about the danger of associating with "*The Daisy*." Another instance was that of the bank-messenger, a person of such self-possession and detachment that he contrived to deliver a moral address while holding one foiled villain at the point of his revolver and gripping the other's wrist as in a vice.

Nothing again could have been more naïve than the innocent home-coming of the domestic carving-knife, freshly sharpened, from the grinder's just in time to be diverted to the objects of a murderous enterprise.

Altogether, it was rather poor stuff, unworthy of the talent of many of its interpreters and of the trouble that Miss EDITH CRAIG had spent over its scenic effects. Perhaps the audience had been led to expect too much, for "*The Daisy*," far from being the "wee, modest" flower of ROBERT BURNS, had been at some pains to draw preliminary attention to its merits. O. S.

The Bedroom Shortage.

"That a woman ought to dress quietly and practically in the street is unquestionable."

"Times" Fashion article.

"As the harvest season this year is late, sport will not be general for at least two weeks hence, when grain crops may be expected to be in stock. For some time to come sheep will be confined to the low hill-sides and pasture lands and turnip fields, and a few good bags were had there yesterday."—*Scotch Paper*.

We still prefer the old-fashioned sport of partridge-shooting.



WAR AND SCIENCE.

Greek Officer. "CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK? THE ARMY IS WAITING AND THE ENEMY APPROACHES."

Archimedes. "SCIENCE IS NOT TO BE MUSTLED, GENERAL. JUST GET YOUR ARMY TO DO A LITTLE PLAIN FIGHTING WHILE I THINK OUT A FANCY SCHEME."

SPANISH LEDGES.

SCILLY.

THE bolls of Cadiz clashed for them
When they sailed away;
The Citadel guns, saluting, crashed for them
Over the Bay;

With banners of saints aloft unfolding,
Their poops a glitter of golden moulding,
Tambours throbbing and trumpets neighing,
Into the sunset they went swaying.

But the port they sought they wandered wide of,
And they won't see Spain again this side of
Judgment Day.

For they're down, deep down, in Dead Man's Town,
Twenty fathoms under the clean green waters.
No more hauling sheets in the rolling treasure fleets,
No more stinking rations and dread red slaughters;
No galley oars shall bow them nor shrill whips cow them,
Frost shall not shrivel them nor the hot-sun smite,
No more watch to keep, nothing now but sleep—
Sleep and take it easy in the long twilight.

The bells of Cadiz tolled for them
Mournful and glum;

Up in the Citadel requiems rolled for them
On the black drum;

Priests had many a mass to handle,
Nuestra Señora many a candle,
And many a lass grew old in praying

For a sight of those topsails homeward swaying—
But it's late to wait till a girl is bride of
A Jack who won't be back this side of
Kingdom Come.

But little they care down there, down there,

Hid from time and tempest by the jade-green waters;
They have loves a-plenty down at fathom twenty,
Pearly-skinned silver-finned mer-kings' daughters.
At the gilt quarter-ports sit the Dons at their sports,
A-dieing and drinking the red wine and white,
While the crews forget their wrongs in the sea-maids'
songs

And dance upon the foe'sles in the grey ghost light.

PATLANDER.

"REMARKABLE OVAL SCORING."

Evening Paper Contents Bill.

We have made some remarkable scores of that shape ourselves in the past, but we never boast about them.

"He believed that the English pronounced in the streets of London in, say, 200 years' time, will be much different, if not unintelligible, to the man of to-day."—*Daily Paper.*

Just like the English in some of our newspapers.

"The Secretary of State for India is not *persona grata* either to the British House of Commons or to the British public. That is the old-fashioned English of it."—*Bangalore Daily Post.*

It would be interesting to see the old-fashioned Latin of it.

"Will any Lady Recommend Country Home of the best where 2 precious Poms can be happy and would be looked after for 6 weeks? Surrey preferred."—*Morning Paper.*

Think of their disgust at finding themselves boarded out in Sussex or Kent.

"Young Hungarian Lady with English and German knowledge wants sob with English or American Organization."—*Pester Lloyd.*

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Sob and you sob alone.

A WAY OUT OF THE PRESENT UNREST.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," I said to Kathleen.

"I like that," said Kathleen indignantly. "A penny was the market value of my thoughts in 1914. Why should butter and cheese and reels of cotton go up more than double and my thoughts stay the same?"

"Twopence," I offered.

"I said *more* than double," she remarked coldly.

I plunged. "Sixpence," I said.

"Done!"

"I'll put it in the collection bag for you next Sunday," I added hastily.

"Well, I was thinking of Veronica's future. I was wondering what she was going to be."

"When we went to the Crystal Palace," I said gently, "I rather gathered that she wanted to be the proprietor of a merry-go-round. They were dragons with red-plush seats."

"She might go into Parliament," said Kathleen dreamily; "I expect women will be able to do everything by the time she's grown up. She might be a Cabinet Minister. I don't see why she shouldn't be Prime Minister."

"Her hair's just about the right length now," I said. "And perhaps she could give me congenial employment. I wouldn't mind being Minister of Transport. There's quite a good salary attached. But of course she may have ideas of her own on the subject."

Feeling curious, I went in search of Veronica. I found her at a private dance given by the butterflies and hollyhocks at the other end of the lawn. When she saw me she came to meet me and made her excuses very politely.

"We've just been wondering what you're going to be when you've stopped being a little girl," I said.

"Me?" said Veronica calmly. "Oh, I'm going to be a fairy. You don't want me to be anything else, do you?" she added anxiously.

Even the Prime Minister's post seemed suddenly quite flat.

"Oh, no," I said. "I think you've made a very good choice." But she was not quite satisfied.

"I shall hate going away from you," she said. "Couldn't you come too?"

"Where?"

"To Fairyland."

"Ah!" I said, "that takes some thinking about. Could we come back if we didn't like it?"

"N-no, I don't fink so. I've never heard of anyone doing that. But you'll love it," she went on earnestly. "You'll be ever so tiny and you can draw funny frost pictures wiv rain-

bows and fold up flowers into buds and splash dew-water over everyfing at night and ride on butterflies and help the birds to make nests. Fink what *fun* to help a bird to make a nest! You'll love it!"

"Is that all?" I said sternly. "Are you keeping nothing from me? What about witches and spells and being turned into frogs? I'm sure I remember that in my fairy tales."

"Oh, nothing that *matters*," she said quickly. "You can always tell a witch, you know, and we'll keep out of their way. An' if a nasty fairy turns you into a frog a nice one will always turn you back quite soon. It's all right. You mustn't worry about that. There won't be any fun if you don't come too, darlin'," she ended shamelessly.

I considered.

"Veronica," I said at last, "is there such a thing as Ireland in Fairyland? Is there an exchange that won't keep steady? Is there any labour trouble?"

She shook her head.

"I've never heard of anyfing that sounded like those," she said; "I'm sure there isn't."

"That decides it," I said. "We'll all come. As soon as you can possibly arrange it."

She heaved a sigh of relief and ran off to tell the glad news to the butterflies and hollyhocks.

So that's settled.

I think we've made a wise decision.

After all, what's a witch or two, or even a temporary existence as a frog, compared with a coal strike?

THE WAIL OF THE WASP.

WHEN that I was a tiny grub,
And peevish and inclined to blub,

Mother, my Queen,
My infant grief you would assuage
With promise of the ripe greengage
And purple sheen
Of luscious plums,
"When Autumn comes."

The Autumn days are flying fast;
Across the bleak skies overcast

Scurries the wind;
Where are those plums of purple hue,
Mother?—I only wish that you

Had disciplined
My pampered youth
To face the truth.

The time for wasps is nearly done,
And what is life without the sun,
Mother, my Queen?

Dull stupor numbs your royal head;
Torpid my sisters lie—or dead;

Come, let me lean
Back on my sting
And end the thing.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A GENERAL PAPER.

(For the benefit of the Examiners in the Oxford School of English Literature.)

(1) Compare, in respect of pulpit oratory, (a) Dr. SOUTH with "WOODBINE WILLIE," and (b) Dr. MICHAEL FURSE (Bishop of St. Albans) with the JUDICIOUS HOOKER.

(2) Give reasons in support of Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLLS' emendation of the lines in *The Ancient Mariner*—

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
For he heard the proud SASSOON.

(3) Re-write "Tears, idle tears" in the style of (a) Dr. JOHNSON, (b) CALLISTHENES, (c) the SITWELLS.

(4) What do you know of CASANOVA, KARSAVINA, CAGLIOSTRO, KENNEDY JONES, Captain PETER WRIGHT, EPSTEIN, ECKSTEIN and EINSTEIN? When did Sir OLIVER LODGE say that he would not leave *ein Stein* unturned until he had upset the theory of Relativity?

(5) Give a complete list of all the poets, major and minor, at present residing on Boar's Hill, and trace their influence on the Baconian controversy.

(6) Distinguish by psycho-analysis between (a) SYDNEY SMITH and SIDNEY LEE, (b) GEORGE MEREDITH and GEORGE ROBEY, noting convergences as well as divergences of mentality, physique and sub-conscious uplift.

(7) Would Jason, who sailed in the *Argo*, have laid an embargo on MARGOT as passenger or supercargo? Estimate the probable results of her introduction to Medea, and its effect on the views and translations of Professor GILBERT MURRAY.

(8) What eminent Georgian critic said that TENNYSON's greatest work was his *Idols of the Queen*?

(9) Estimate the effect on Reconstruction if Mr. BOTTOMLEY were to devote himself exclusively to theological studies, and Mr. WELLS were to take up his abode permanently in Russia.

Another Impending Apology.

"FIRE AT CHILDREN'S HOME."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S WORK."

Daily Paper.

From a Pimlico shop window:—

"GENTLEMEN'S WAR ROBES BOUGHT."

Apparently not worth a "d."

"Professor —, the pianist, who is trying to complete 110 hours' continuous playing, completed fifty-five hours on the first day."

Cologne Post.

That makes it too easy.

"Mme. Karsavina is taller than Pavlova, but has an equally perfect figure. The Greeks would have bracketed her with Venus and Aphrodite."—*Provincial Paper*.

The two last have, of course, been constantly bracketed.



Golfer (very much off his game). "ONE ROUND NEARER THE GRAVE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT for a long time have I got so great a pleasure from any collection of short sketches as now from Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's *Autumn Crocuses* (SECKER). Not only has the whole book a pleasant title, but each of these stories is happily called after some flower that plays a part in its development. I am aware of the primly Victorian sound of such a description applied to art so modern as that of Miss SEDGWICK. You know already (I hope) how wonderfully delicate is her almost passionate sensibility to the finer shades of a situation. It is, I suppose, this quality in her writing that makes me still have reminiscent shivers when I think about that horrible little bogie-tale, *The Third Window*; and these "Flower Pieces" (as 1860 might have called them) are no whit less subtle. I wish I had space to give you the plots of some of them; "Daffodils," for instance, a quite unexpected and thrilling treatment of perhaps the oldest situation of literature; or "Staking a Larkspur," the only instance in which Miss SEDGWICK's gently smiling humour crystallizes definitely into comedy; or "Carnations," the most brilliantly written of all. As this liberty is denied me you must accept a plain record of very rare enjoyment and take steps to share it.

Chief among the *Secrets of Crewe House* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), now divulged to the mere public, are the marvellous efficiency and superhuman success achieved by the British Enemy Propaganda Committee, which operated

in Lord CREWE's London house under the directorate of Lord NORTHCLIFFE. "What is propaganda?" the author asks himself on an early page, and the right answer could have been made in four letters: ADVT. It is endorsed by the eulogistic manner in which the Committee's work is written up by one of them, Sir CAMPBELL STUART, K.B.E., and illustrated by photographs of Lord NORTHCLIFFE (looking positively Napoleonic) and of the sub-supernmen. As in all great achievements, the main principle was a simple one. A good article is best advertised by truth; and it was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth which the Committee, with admirable conciseness and no little ingenuity, so promulgated that it could no longer escape notice even in the Central Empires. Not the least of the Committee's difficulties and achievements was to get the truth of our cause and policy so defined as to be susceptible of unequivocal statement by poster, leaflet, film and gramophone record. Sir CAMPBELL STUART perhaps tends to underrate the rival show, the German propaganda organization, whose work, if it did Germany little good, has done and is still doing colossal harm to us. Also he tends to forget that Lord HAIG and his little lot in France at any rate helped the Committee to effect the breakdown of the German moral in 1918 and so to win the war.

I feel that Miss MARGARET SYMONDS had a purpose in writing *A Child of the Alps* (FISHER UNWIN), but, unless it was to show how mistaken it is, as Basil, the Swiss farmer, puts it, "to think when thou shouldst have been living," it has evaded me. The book begins with a romantic

marriage between an Englishwoman of some breeding and a Swiss peasant who is a doctor, and tells the history of their daughter until she is about to marry *Basil*, her original sweetheart. I cannot be more definite or tell you how her first marriage—with an English cousin—turned out, because *Linda's* own account of this is all we get, and that is somewhat vague. A great many descriptions of beautiful scenery, Swiss and Italian, come into the book, and a great many people, some of them very individual and lifelike; but the author's concentration on *Linda* gives them, people and scenery alike, an unreal and irritating effect of having been called into being solely to influence her heroine, and that lessens their fascination. Yet it is a book which makes a distinct impression, and once read will not easily be forgotten. It seems a strange comment to make on a new volume of a "First Novel Library," but *A Child of the Alps*, as you will realise if you have been reading novels long enough, is almost exactly the sort of book its title would have suggested had it appeared thirty years ago.

These wrapper-artists should really exercise a little more discretion. To depict on the outside of a book the facsimile of a cheque for ten thousand pounds might well be to excite in some readers a mood of wistfulness only too apt to interfere with their appreciation of the contents. Fortunately, *Uncle Simon* (HUTCHINSON) is a story quite cheery enough even to banish reflections on the Profiteer. A middle-aged and ultra-respectable London solicitor, whose thwarted youth periodically awakes in him and insists upon his indulging all those follies that should have been safely finished forty-odd years before—here, you will admit, is a figure simply bursting with every kind of possibility. Fortunately, moreover, MARGARET and H. DE VERE STACPOOLE have shown themselves not only fully alive to all the humorous chances of their theme, but inspired with an infectious delight in them. It is, for example, a singularly happy touch that the wild oats that *Uncle Simon* tries to retrieve are not of today but from the long-vanished pastures of mid-Victorian London. Of course such a fantasy can't properly be ended. Having extracted (as I gratefully admit) the last ounce of entertainment from him, the authors simply wake *Uncle Simon* up and go home. As a small literary coincidence I may perhaps add that it was my fortune to read the book in the very garden (of that admirable Shaftesbury inn) which, under a transparent disguise, is the scene of *Uncle Simon's* restoration. Naturally this enhanced my enjoyment of a sportive little comedy, which I can most cordially commend.

Mr. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE is a versatile author who exhibits that unevenness of quality which is generally the besetting sin of versatile authors. When he is good he is very good

indeed, and in *The Foolish Lovers* (COLLINS) he is at his best. The Ulsterman is seldom either a lovable or an interesting character. He has certain rude virtues which command respect and other qualities, not in themselves virtues—such as clan conceit and an intensely narrow provincialism—that beget the virtues of industry, honesty and frugality. But to the philosopher and student of character all types are interesting, and Mr. ERVINE's skill lies in his ability not merely to draw his Ballyards hero to the life but to interest us in his unsuccessful efforts to become a successful writer. It is merely clan conceit that drives him forward in the pursuit of this purpose, for circumstances have clearly intended him to carry on the grocery business in which the family have achieved some success and a full measure of local esteem. The MacDermotts never failed to accomplish their purpose; he, as a MacDermott, proposed to achieve fame as a novelist.

It was quite simple. But it turned out to be not at all simple. The quite provincial young MacDermott cannot make London accept him at his own valuation and his novels are poor stuff. His wife, loyal to him but still more loyal to the MacDermott clan into which she has married and which now includes a little MacDermott, is the first to recognise that her husband had best seek romance in the family grocery business. Then the MacDermott himself, with that shrewdness which may be late in coming to an Ulsterman but never fails him altogether, realises it too and the story is finished.

The main object of the characters in *The Courts of Idleness* (WARD, LOCK) was to amuse themselves, and as their sprightly conversations were often punctuated by laughter I take it that they succeeded. To give Mr. DORNFORD YATES

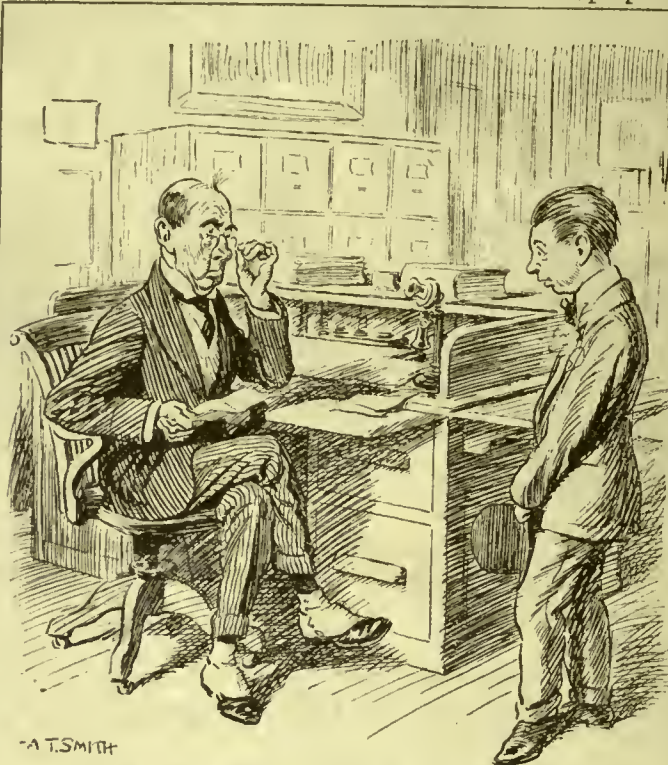
his due he is expert in light banter; but some three hundred pages of such entertainment tend to create a sense of surfeit. The first part of the book is called, "How some passed out of the Courts for ever," and then comes an interlude, in which we are given at least one stirring war-incident. I imagine that Mr. YATES desires to show that, although certain people could frivol with the worst, they could also fight and die bravely. The second part, "How others left the Courts only to return," introduces a new set of people but with similar conversational attainments. Mr. YATES can be strongly recommended to anyone who thinks that the British take themselves too seriously.

A Burning Question.

"The Germans have singed the Protocol."—*China Advertiser*.

A Master of Deduction.

"At 11.30 last night a black iron safe, 22 inches by 18, was found by the roadside at Leaves Green-road, Keston. When examined it was found that the bottom of the safe had been cut out. A burglary is suspected."—*Evening Paper*.



—A.T. SMITH

Prospective Employer. "How OLD ARE YOU?"
Applicant for Post. "FOURTEEN—AND UNMARRIED."

CHARIVARIA.

AN epidemic of measles is reported in the North. It seems that in these days of strikes people are either coming out in sympathy or in spots.

The secret of industrial peace, says a sporting paper, is more entertainment for the masses. We have often wondered what our workers do to while away the time between strikes.

"The cost of living for working-class families," says Mr. C. A. McCURDY, the Food Controller, "will probably increase by 9s. 6d. a week at Christmas." That is, of course, if Christmas ever comes.

We understand that Dean INGE has been invited to meet the Food CONTROLLER, in order to defend his title.

"Nobody wants a strike," says Mr. BRACE, M.P. We can only suppose therefore that they must be doing it for the films.

An American artist who wanted to paint a storm at sea is reported to have been lashed to a mast for four hours. We understand that he eventually broke away and did it after all.

"What is England's finance coming to?" asks a City editor in a contemporary. We can only say it isn't coming to us.

In Petrograd the fare for half-an-hour's cab ride is equal to two hundred pounds in English money at the old rate of exchange. Fortunately in London one could spend the best part of a day in a taxi-cab for that amount.

"Before washing a flannel suit," says a home journal, "shake it and beat it severely with a stick." Before doing this, however, it would be just as well to make sure that the whole of the husband has been removed.

A lion-tamer advertises in a contemporary for a situation. It is reported that Mr. SMILLIE contemplates engaging him for Sir ROBERT HORNE

Whatever else happens, somebody says, the public must hang together.

But what does he think we do in a Tube?

"Primroses have been gathered at Welwyn," says *The Evening News*. As even this seems to have failed we think it is time to drop these attempts to draw the POET LAUREATE.

Glasgow licensees are being accused of giving short whisky measure. It is even said that in some extreme cases they paint the whisky on the glass with a camel-hair brush.

Mice, says Mrs. GREAVE, of Whins, hate the smell of mint. So do lambs.

"Coal strike or no coal strike," says

"The English house would make an ideal home," says an American journal. Possibly, if people only had one.

Three statues have been stolen in one week from Berlin streets. It is now suggested that the London police might be taken off duty for one night in order to give the thief a sporting chance.

It is not true, says an official report, that Scottish troops are being sent to Ireland. We are pleased to note this indication that the bagpipes should only be used in cases of great emergency.

"What does the Mexican President stand for?" asks *The New York Globe*. Probably because the Presidential chair is so thorny.

The Dublin County authorities have decided to release from their asylums all but the most dangerous lunatics. We are assured that local conditions in no way justify this discrimination.

A jury of children has been empanelled in Paris to decide which of the toys exhibited at the Concours Lapine is the most amusing. We understand that at the time of going to press an indestructible rubber uncle is leading by several votes.

A burglar arrested in Berlin was taken ill, and while operating upon him the surgeons found in his stomach six silver spoons, some forks, a number of serows and a silver nail file. Medical opinion inclines to the theory that his illness was due to something he had swallowed.

A Fair Warning.

"Requiem.—English Child to play afternoons with French boy ten years; good retribution."—*Continental Daily Mail*.

"THE NATIONAL LAYING TEST, 1920-21. SECTIONS."

1. White Leghorns.
2. White Wyandott's.
3. Rhode Island Reds.
4. Any other Sitting Breeds.
5. Any other Non-Sitting Breeds.
6. Championship (any Breed).
7. Great Eastern Railway Employees."

Poultry, for the Farmer and Fancier.
We shall treat the porters at Liverpool Street with more respect in future.



The Daily Mail, "the Commercial Motor Exhibition at Olympia will not be postponed." This is the dogged spirit that made England what it used to be.

Orpheus of old, an American journal reminds us, could move stones with his music. We have heard piano-players who could move whole families; but this was before the house shortage.

The National Association of Dancing Masters has decided to forbid "the cockroach dive" this year. Our advice to the public in view of this decision is to go about just as if nothing serious had happened.

A large party of American University students are on a visit to Switzerland. It is satisfactory to know that the Alps are counted every morning and all Americans searched before they leave the country.

MICHAELMAS AND THE GOOSE.

(Lines written under the threat of a Coal-strike).

You for whose Mass by immemorial use,
When Autumn enters on his annual cycle,
We offer up the fatted goose
Mid fragrant steam of apple-juice,
Hear our appeal, O Michael!

Sir, do not try our piety too sore,
Bidding us sacrifice—a wrench how cruel!—
Her whom we prize all geese before—
The one that lays that precious ore,
Our priceless daily fuel.

Her output, as it is, shows want of will
To check the slackness growing rife and rifer;
And it would fall far lower still
(Being, indeed, reduced to *nil*)
If they should go and knife her.

Yet there are men who press the slaughterers' claim
In sympathetic language, talking loosely;
Among them Mr. GOSLING—shame
That anyone with such a name
Should cackle so ungoosely!

Not in your honour would that bird be slain
If they should kill her—and the hour is critical—
But for their own ends, thus to gain
An object palpably profane
(That is to say, political).

Defend her, Michael! you who smote the crew
Of Satan on the jaw and stopped their bluffing;
So, if you see her safely through,
We'll give you thrice your usual due
Of other geese (with stuffing). O. S.

BRIDGE CONVENTIONS.

THE game of Auction Bridge may be divided into three species. There is the one we play at home, the second which we play at the Robinsons', and the third that is played at the high table at my club.

The three games are peculiarly distinct, but I have only recently discovered, at some expense, that each one has its particular conventions. At home, if I venture a light no-trump, and Joan, sitting on my right, exclaims well out of turn, "Oh! father," we all know that Joan has the no-trumper, and the play proceeds accordingly.

At the Robinsons' it is different. Suppose I make a call of one spade and the elder hand two hearts, and my partner (let us suppose he is Robinson) passes, and I say "Two spades," and the elder hand says "Three hearts," and Robinson bellows "No," I at once realise that it would be extremely dangerous to call three spades.

These two typical forms of convention are quite clear and seldom lead to any misunderstanding. But the high table at the club is different, and, if I might say so with all diffidence, the conventions there are not so well defined. In fact they may lead to terrible confusion. I speak with confidence on this point because I tried them a few days ago.

Three disconsolate monomaniacs wanted making up, and I, dwelling upon the strong game I had recently been playing at home, threw precaution to the winds and made them up. My partner was a stern man with a hard blue eye and susceptible colouring. After we had cut he informed me that, should he declare one no-trump, he wished to be taken out into a major suit of five; also, should he

double one no-trump, he required me to declare without fail my best suit. He was going to tell me some more but somebody interrupted him. Then we started what appeared to be a very ordinary rubber.

My partner perhaps was not quite at his best when it was my turn to lead; at least he never seemed particularly enthusiastic about anything I did lead, but otherwise—well, I might almost have been at the Robinsons'. Then suddenly he doubled one no-trump.

I searched feverishly for my best suit. I had two—four diamonds to the eight; four hearts to the eight. A small drop of perspiration gathered upon my brow. Then I saw that, whereas I held the two, three, five of hearts, I had the two, three, six of diamonds. Breathing a small prayer, I called two diamonds. This was immediately doubled by the original declarer of no-trumps. My partner said "No," my other opponent said "No," and I, thinking it couldn't be worse, switched into my other best suit and made it two hearts. The doubler passed and I felt the glow of pride which comes to the successful strategist. This was frozen instantly by my partner's declaration of two no-trumps.

If Mr. SMILLIE were suddenly transformed into a Duke I am certain he would not look so genuinely horror-struck as my partner did when I laid my hand upon the table. Yet, as I pointed out, it was his own beastly convention, so I just washed my hands of it and leaned back and watched him hurl forth his cards as Zeus hurled the thunder-bolts about.

Then, of course, the other convention had to have its innings. My partner went one no-trump and I began to look up my five suit. In the meantime the next player on the declaring list doubled the no-trump. This was very confusing. Was he playing my partner's convention and asking *his* partner for his best suit? I hesitated; but orders are orders, so, having five spades to the nine, I declared two spades. My left-hand enemy said "No"; my partner said "No"; and the doubler—well, he doubled again. This time my partner, being Dummy, hurled down all his thunder-bolts—thirteen small ones—at once. When it was all over he explained at some length that he did not wish ever to be taken out of an opponent's double. I expect this was another convention he was going to tell me about when he was interrupted in the overture to the rubber. Anyway he hadn't told me, and I at some slight cost—five hundred—had nobly carried out his programme.

When eventually the final blow fell and we, with the aid of the club secretary, were trying to add up the various columns of figures, the waiter brought up the evening papers. I seized one and, looking at the chief events of the day, remarked, "STEVENSON is playing a great game." My late partner said, "Ah, you're interested in billiards." I admitted the soft impeachment. "Yes," he said dreamily, "a fine game, billiards; you never have to play against three opponents."

I have now definitely decided that playing my 2 handicap game at the Robinsons' and my plus 1 in the home circle is all the bridge I really care about.

Another Impending Apology.

"Man's original evolution from the anthropoid apes . . . becomes a reasonable hypothesis, especially when we think of the semi-naked savages who inhabited these islands when Julius Caesar landed on our shores, and our present Prime Minister."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

"The contemplated aerial expedition to the South Pole will start in October. Aeroplanes and airships will be used, and the object of the trip is to study magnetic wages."—*Irish Paper*.

Incidentally it is expected a new altitude record may be achieved.



TARTARIN DANS LES INDES.

BOTH (together). "TIENS! LE TIGRE!"

[M. CLEMENCEAU has just sailed for India after big game.]



The Wife (peered at husband going off to football match on the anniversary of their wedding-day). "AVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT 'APPENED THIS DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO?"

The Husband. "FORGOTTEN? NOT LIKELY, OLD GIRL. WHY, THAT WAS THE DAY BOLTON ROVERS BEAT ASTON UNITED FIVE—NOTHING."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE SNAIL.

THE life of the snail is a fight against odds,
Though fought without fever or flummox;
You see, he is one of those gasteropods
Which have to proceed on their stomachs.
Just think how you'd hate to go round
on your own,
Especially if it was gummy,
And wherever you travelled you left on
a stone
The horrid imprint of your tummy!
Wherever you hid, by that glutinous
trail
Some boring acquaintance would
follow;
And this is the bitter complaint of the
snail
Who is pestered to death by the
swallow.
But remember, he carries his house on
his back,
And that is a wonderful power;

When he goes to the sea he has nothing
to pack,
And he cannot be caught in a shower.
After all there is something attractive
in that;
And then he can move in a minute,
And it's something to have such a very
small flat
That nobody else can get in it.
But this is what causes such numbers
of snails
To throw themselves into abysses:—
They are none of them born to be
definite males
And none of them definite misses.
They cannot be certain which one of a
pair
Is the Daddy and which is the
Mummy;
And that must be even more awful to
bear
Than walking about on your tummy.
A. P. H.
"MOTHER OF 13 HAS TRIPLETS."
Daily Paper.
The unlucky age.

SEPTEMBER IN MY GARDEN.

THERE are few things I find so
sorrowful as to sit and smoke and reflect
on the splendid deeds that one might
have been doing if one had only had
the chance. The PRIME MINISTER feels
like this, I suppose, when he remembers
how unkind people have prevented him
from making a land fit for heroes to
live in, and I feel it about my garden.
There can be no doubt that my garden
is not fit for heroes to saunter in; the
only thing it is fit for is to throw used
matches about in; and there is indeed
a certain advantage in this. Some
people's gardens are so tidy that you
have to stick all your used matches
very carefully into the mould, with the
result that next year there is a shrub-
bery of Norwegian pine.

The untidiness of my garden is due
to the fault of the previous tenants.
Nevertheless one can clearly discern
through the litter of packing-cases
which completely surrounds the house
that there was originally a garden there.
I thought something ought to be

done about this, so I bought a little book on gardening, and, turning to September, began to read.

"September," said the man, "marks the passing of summer and the advent of autumn, the time of ripening ruddy-faced fruits and the reign of a rich and gloriously-coloured flora."

About the first part of this statement I have no observation to make. It is probably propaganda, subsidised by the Meteorological Office in order to persuade us that we still have a summer; it has nothing to do with my present theme. But with regard to the ripening ruddy-faced fruits I should like to point out that in my garden there are none of these things, because the provious tenants took them all away when they left. Not a ruddy-faced fruit remains. As for the rich and gloriously-coloured flora, I lifted the edges of all the packing-cases in turn and looked for it, but it was not there either. It should have consisted, I gather, of "gorgeously-coloured dahlias, gay sunflowers, Michaelmas daisies, gladioli and other autumn blossoms, adding brightness and gaiety to our flower-garden."

"Gaiety" seems to be rather a strong point with this author, for a little further on he says, "The garden should be gay throughout the month with the following plants," and then follows a list of about a hundred names which sound like complicated diseases of the internal organs. I cannot mention them all, but it seems that my garden should be gay throughout with *Lysimachia clethroides*, *Kniphofia nobilis* and *Pyrethrum uliginosum*. It is not. How anything can be gay with *Pyrethrum uliginosum* I cannot imagine. An attitude of reverent sympathy is what I should have expected the garden to have. But that is what the man says.

Then there is the greenhouse. "From now onwards," he writes, "the greenhouse will meet with a more welcome appreciation than it has during the summer months. The chief plants in flower will be *Lantanas*, *Campanula pyramidalis*, *Zonal Pelargoniums*," and about twenty more. "Oh, they will, will they?" I thought, and opened the greenhouse door and looked in. Against the wall there were two or three mouldering peach-trees, and all over the roof and floor a riot of green tomatoes, a fruit which even when it becomes ruddy-faced I do not particularly like. In a single large pot stood a dissipated cactus, resembling a hedgehog suffering from mange.

But what was even more bitter to me than all this ruin and desolation was the thought of the glorious deeds I might have been doing if the garden had been all right. Phrases from the book kept flashing to my eye.



Mistress. "So it's the CHAUFFEUR THAT'S GOING TO BE THE LUCKY MAN, MARY? I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BUTLER WAS THE FAVOURED ONE."

Cook. "THAT WAS SO, MUM; BUT MR. WILLOUGHBY LET ME SLIP THROUGH HIS FINGERS."

"Thoroughly scrub the base and sides of the pots, and see that the drainage-holes are not sealed with soil." How it thrilled the blood!

"Damp the floors and staging every morning and afternoon, and see that the compost is kept uniformly moist." What a fascinating pursuit!

"Feed the plants once a week with liquid manure." It went like a clarion call to the heart.

And here I was condemned to ennui and indolence when I might have been sitting up all night dosing the *Zonal Pelargoniums* with hot beef-tea and taking the temperature of the *Campanula pyramidalis*. Even with the ruddy-faced fruits there would have been plenty to do.

"Wooden trays with open lath bottoms made to slide into a framework afford the best means of storing apples and pears. The ripening of pears may be accelerated by enclosing them in bran or dry clean sand in a closed tin box." It did not say how often one was to clean out the cage, nor whether you put groundsel between the bars.

I told the man next door of my sorrows.

"Well, there's plenty to do," he said. "Get a spade and dig the garden all over."

Dig it all over indeed when I ought to be plucking nosegays of *Lysimachia clethroides* and *Pyrethrum uliginosum* to put in my buttonhole! I prefer to dream my dreams. EVOE.

THE CABMAN AND THE COIN.

"We must wait a minute or two for Sir Charles," said our hostess. "Every-one else is here," and she beamed around the room.

The various *mauvais quart d'heure* dialogues that this speech had interrupted were resumed, most of them switching on to the question of punctuality. And then a cab was heard to stop outside and after a minute or so, presumably spent in financial transactions, the bell rang and the knocker knocked.

"That's Sir Charles," said our hostess; "there he is;" and a few moments later the guest we all awaited so fervently was in the room, full of apologies.

"Never mind why you're late," said our hostess, "I'm sure you couldn't help it. Now we'll eat," and once again a dozen Londoners fell into approaching formation and moved towards repletion.

The party was familiar enough, after certain solvents of speech had been applied, for conversation to become general; and during the *entrée* we were all listening to Sir Charles telling the famous story of the eminent numismatist who, visiting the British Museum, was taken for a thief. By way of making the narration the more vivid he felt in his pocket for a coin with which to illustrate the dramatic crisis, when his expression became suddenly alarmed and fixed.

"Good heavens!" he said, fumbling nervously all over his clothes, "I've given it to the cabman. Of all the infernal idioey! I knew I should. I had a presentiment that I should get it muddled up with my other money and give it away."

"What was it?" he was asked.

"Was it something very valuable?"

"Was it a rare coin?"

Murmurs of sympathy made a low accompaniment.

"It was a goldmohur," said Sir Charles. "A very beautiful coin of the Moguls. I keep it as a kind of mascot. I've had it for years, but left it behind and it reached me from India only this morning. Having come away without it I sent a cable for it to be forwarded on. And now! It's the rottenest luck."

"What was it worth?" our hostess asked.

"Not very much. Thirty pounds perhaps. But that isn't it. The money is nothing—it's the sentimental associations that make the loss so serious."

"Well," said a practical man, "you needn't despair. Ring up Scotland Yard and ask them the best thing to do."

"Did you take the cabman's number?" some one asked.

"Of course he didn't," our hostess replied. "Who ever does a thing like that?"

"As a matter of fact," said Sir Charles, "I sometimes do. But this time, of course, I didn't." He groaned. "No, it's gone for ever. The cabman will see it's gold and sell it. I wouldn't trust your modern taxi-chauffeur with anything."

"If you would feel any happier," said our hostess, "do telephone now."

"No," said Sir Charles, "no. It's no use. A coin like that would never be surrendered. It's too interesting; even a cabman would realise that. Umbrellas they'll take back, of course—umbrellas and bags, but not a goldmohur. He'll either keep it to show his pals in public-houses or have it fixed up as a brooch for his wife."

As Sir Charles finished speaking and once more turned gloomily to his neglected plate the knocker was heard again to knock, and then one of the maids approached her mistress and spoke to her in low tones.

Our hostess brightened. "Now, Sir Charles," she said, "perhaps you'll revise your opinion of our taxi-drivers. Tell Sir Charles what it is," she said to the maid.

"If you please," the maid began, "there's a cabman at the door. He says he brought a gentleman here and——" Here she faltered.

"Go on, Robins," said her mistress.

"If you please, I don't like to," said the girl. "It's so—so——"

"I should like to hear it exactly," said Sir Charles.

"Well," said the maid with a burst of courage, "he says there's a gentleman here who—who bilked him—who passed a piece of bad money on him in the dark. Here it is," and she handed Sir Charles the goldmohur. "And he says if he doesn't get an honest shilling in exchange for it he'll have the law on him." E. V. L.

THE KNEEL OF THE NAVY.

Spooner is a remarkable fellow. His duties on board this ship are to fly once a week off the deck, revolve twice round the masts and sink thankfully down into the water, where we haul him out by the breeches and hang his machine up to dry on the fo'e's'le. By performing these duties four times a month, he leads us to believe he is preparing the way for the ultimate domination of Air Power. We of the Navy are obsolete, and our hulls are encrusted with the Harwich barnacle.

The argument proceeds on these lines:

One day there will be another war—perhaps to-morrow. We of the Navy, coalless and probably by that time rumless as well, will rush blindly from our harbours, our masts decked with Jolly Rogers and our sailors convulsed with hornpipe, to seek the enemy. But, alas, before the ocean spray has wetted our ruby nostrils we shall find ourselves descended upon from above and bombed promiscuously in the middle watch.

It will be all over inside a nautical second. The sky will be black with hostile aircraft, and there will be lead in the stew and bleeding bodies in the bilge. Hollow laughter will sound from the bridge, where the Captain will find the wheel come away in his hand, and the gramophone will revolve eternally on a jazz runo because no one will be alive to stop it. When all these things occur we of the Navy will know that our day is past and done.

Why our Mr. Spooner is such a remarkable fellow is because he can sit deep in an easy-chair and recite these things without turning a single hair on his top lip. Of course he realises that the work of the Navy must go on—until the crash descends. But it is rather unsettling for us. It seems to give us all a sort of impermanent feeling. Quite naturally we all ask what is the use of keeping up the log and painting the ship? Why isn't all the spare energy in the ship bent to polishing up our boat-drill? or why aren't the people who can afford it encouraged to buy unsinkable waistcoats? The Admiralty must know all about it if they are still on speaking terms with the Air Ministry. It's a beastly feeling.

Yesterday a formation of powerful aeroplanes, which Spooner called the "Clutching Hand," came out from the land and flew round us, and simply prodded us with their propellers as we lay defenceless on the water.

The bogey is undoubtedly spreading. The Admiral came aboard this afternoon to inspect our new guns. He yawned the whole time in his beard and did not ask a single question. We suppose he realises that the whole business is merely a makeshift arrangement for the time being and not worth bothering about as long as the brass is polished and the guns move up and down easily.

Well, as far as we are concerned it only remains for Number One, who has a brother in the Air Force, to cancel his winter order with Breezes, the naval tailors, and we shall all go below and pack our trunks and get ready to hand the ship over to Spooner. If the Navy of the future must be under water there is no particular reason why we should be there too.



MANNERS AND MODES.

FASHIONABLE METEOROLOGY FOR MICHAELMAS. BRITISH ISLES: TEMPERATURE, WARM TO CHILLY (ACCORDING TO TASTE).



Jarvey. "YE'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE AV YERE ROAD, MICK."

Mick. "SURE THE COUNTRY'S OUR OWN NOW AND WE CAN DHRIVE WHERE WE LIKE."

THE CONSPIRATORS.

1.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You continue to ask me what I am doing, and why, and when I am going to sign the Peace, like everyone else, and return to honest work. The answer is in the negative. Though I am very fond of peace, I don't like work. And, as for being honest, I tend rather to politics. Have I never told you that I take a leading part on the Continent in the great Class War now raging? And, by the way, has anyone let you know that it is only a matter of time before the present order of society is closed down, the rule of the proletariat established and people like Charles set on to clean the streets or ruthlessly eliminated?

LENIN began to worry about you as long ago as 1915, and you know what happens to people when LENIN really starts to worry about them. He wasn't satisfied that enough violent interest was being taken in you; the mere Socialists he regarded as far too moderate and genteel. As for their First and their Second International—he wanted something thoroughgoing, something with a bit of ginger to it. So at the Zimmerwald Congress on the 5th September of that

year all the out-and-outs unanimously declared war to the knife agin the Government, whatever and wherever the Government might be. How many long and weary years have you waited, Charles, to be told what Zimmerwaldianism might be—a religious tendency, a political aspiration, a valvular disease of the appendix or something to do with motor-cars? Ah, but that is as nothing to the secrets I am going to let you into, to force you into, before I have done with you.

It was not until well into 1918 that I myself began to worry about LENIN. He had left Switzerland by that time, having got tired of the jodelling Swiss and their infernally placid mountains. When the revolution broke out in Russia he felt it was just the thing for him, and his German backers felt he was just the man for it. So LENIN, whose real name isn't LENIN, went into partnership with TROTSKY, whose real name isn't TROTSKY, and set up in business in Moscow. But the thing was too good to be confined to Russia; an export department was clearly called for. It was when they began in the "off-licence" trade, in the "jug-and-bottle" business, that they ran up against your Henry.

With the view of upheaving Switzerland, LENIN and Co. sent a Legation to its capital, the principle being, no doubt, that before you cut another people's throat you must first establish friendly relations. This Legation arrived in May, 1918, when we were all so occupied with the War, making returns and indents and things, that it hoped to pass unnoticed. But there was something about that Legation which caught the eye; it had not the Foreign Office look about it—smart Homburg hats, washleather gloves, attaché-cases with majestic locks, spats . . . there was something missing. It looked as if it might be so many Anarchists plotting a bomb affair.

And that's what it was. I suppose you will say I am inventing it when I tell you that it used to sit round a table, in the basement of an Italian restaurant, devising schemes for getting rid of people (especially people like Charles) *en bloc*; that it didn't provide the Italian restaurant-keeper with as much money as he thought he could do with; that the Italian restaurant-keeper came round to see us after dark; wouldn't give his name; came into the room hurriedly; locked the door behind him; whispered "H'st!" and told us all about it. It requires an

Italian to do that sort of thing properly; but this fellow was better than the best. I couldn't go to a cinema for months afterwards because it lacked the thrill of real life.

We were so impressed with his performance that we asked him his trade. He dropped the sinister, assumed the bashful and told us that he was an illusionist and juggler before he took to restaurant-keeping and sleuthing. He juggled four empty ink-pots for our entertainment and made one of them disappear. Not quite the way to treat a world-revolution; but there! This was all in the autumn of 1918, when we were naturally a bit above ourselves.

Switzerland has four frontiers—German, Austrian, Italian and French. LENIN's Legation had opened up, modestly and without ostentation as becomes a world's reformer, a distributing office on each one of the four. Somehow I could never work myself up to be really alarmed at jolly ANNA BALABANOFF, but I fancy she has done as much harm since as most people achieve here on earth. Her job was to work into Italy; but in those days, when war conditions still prevailed, she couldn't do much more than stand on the shores of the Lake of Lugano and seowl at the opposite side, which is Italian. Do you remember the lady's photograph in our daily Press? If so you will agree with me that even that measure was enough to start unrest in Italy. . . .

Charles, my lad, let us break off there and leave you for a week all of a tremble. In the course of these Sensational Revelations we are going to see something of the arrangements made for the break-up of the old world, which, with all its faults, we know we still love. The process of reconstruction is not yet defined, and will probably not be attempted in our time. In any case, when things arrive at that stage, there will be no Charles and, I am still more sorry to say, no Henry.

Now, whatever you may think about it, I for one am not prepared to be scrapped and to become part of a dump of oddments waiting instructions for removal from a Bolshevik Disposals Board. You know what these Disposal Boards are; one's body might lie out in the rain for years while the minutes were being passed round the Moscow Departments. I have worried myself to death about it, and now I am going to worry you. I am going to make your flesh creep and your blood run cold. No use your telling me you don't care what is coming along in the future, provided you can be left in peace for the present. *I shall tap you on the shoulder and shall whisper into your ear the resolutions*



Officer. "WHEN YOU SEE A MOON LIKE THAT, THOMPSON, DOESN'T IT SOMETIMES MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE BIT SENTIMENTAL?"

P.O. "NO, SIR, I CAN'T SAY IT DO. THE ON'Y TIME I GETS SLOPPY NOW IS WHEN I'VE 'AD A FEW NICE-LOOKIN' PINTS O' BEER."

passed with regard to you as recently as the end of July last at Moscow. I'll make you so nervous that you daren't get into bed, and, once in bed, daren't get out again. I expect to have you mad in about three weeks, and even then I shall pass more copies of this paper, with more revelations in them, through the bars of your asylum window.

All that for sixpence a week is not expensive, is it, dear Charles?

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

Commercial Candour.

"Do not delay. The above coats will last only few hours."—*New Zealand Star.*

"Mr. — highly recommends his Butler; left through death."—*Morning Paper.*
Should suit Sir OLIVER LODGE.

"Black Water Mare, 15-1, six years off, up to 14 stones, easy paces, regularly ridden by a lady touched in wind."—*Weekly Paper.*
This doesn't matter if the mare is all right.



Golfer (to old lady who has established herself on the border of the fairway). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW IT IS RATHER DANGEROUS TO SIT THERE?"

Old Lady. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH—BUT I'M SITTING ON A BIT OF MY NEWSPAPER."

TO JAMES IN THE BATH.

WITHOUT the bolted door at muse I stand,
My restive sponge and towel in my hand.
Thus to await you, Jimmy, is not strange,
But as I wait I mark a woeful change.
Time was when wrathfully I should have heard
Loud jubilation mock my hope deferred;
For who, first in the bathroom, fit and young,
Would, as he washed, refrain from giving tongue,
Nor chant his challenge from the soapy deep,
Inspired by triumph and renewed by sleep?
Then how is this? Here have I waited long,
Yet heard no crash of surf, no snatch of song.
James, I am sad, forgetting to be cold;
Does this decorum mean that we grow old?
I knew you, James, as clamorous in your bath
As porpoises that thresh the ocean-path;
Oh! as you bathed when 'we were happy boys,
You drowned the taps with inharmonious noise;
Above the turmoil of the lathered wave
How you would bellow ditties of the brave!
How, wilder than the sea-mew, through the foam
Whistle shrill strains that agonised your home.
In the brimmed bath you revelled; all the floor
Was swamped with spindrift; underneath the door
The maddened water gushed, while strong and high
Your piercing top-note staggered passers-by.
But now I hear the running taps alone,
A faint and melancholy monotone;

Or just a gentle swirl when sober hope
Searches the bath's profound to salve the soap.
Sadly I kick the unresponsive door;
Youth, with its blithe ablutions, is no more.

W. K. H.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

AMONG the minor charitable organisations of London not the least admirable and useful is the Santa Claus Home at Highgate, which the two Misses CHARLES have been administering with such devotion and success since 1891. Its modest aim is to keep open twenty beds for small children suffering from hip and spinal disease, and to give them such treatment as will prevent them becoming hopeless cripples; and this purpose hitherto has been fulfilled no one can say exactly how, but with help not only from known friends but mysteriously from the ravens. To-day, however, the high cost of living has set up a very serious obstacle, and debt and failure seem inevitable unless five hundred pounds can be collected quickly. Any reader of *Punch* moved to bestow alms on as sincere and deserving a work of altruism as could be found is urged to send a donation to Miss CHARLES, Santa Claus Home, Cholmeley Park, Highgate, N.6.

"Although its run in the evening bill must necessarily be limited to two weeks, steps will be taken to remove it to other quarters should it prove to the taste of the public. *That failing, it will continue to be given at the — Theatre for a series of matinées.*"—*Daily Paper.*

The italics are ours, though it is not really our funeral, as we never go to matinées.



SALVAGE.

OLD KING COAL (*to his champion*). "HAVE YOU SAVED THE SITUATION?"

MR. SMILLIE. "WELL, BETWEEN OURSELVES, I WOULDN'T QUITE SAY THAT; BUT I'M HOPING TO SAVE MY FACE."



THE RETURN FROM THE HOLIDAY.

"SED REVOCARE GRADUM . . . HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR, EST."

THE SHRIMP TEST.

At last we have an explanation of a good deal of the social and industrial unrest of recent months. Since April there has been a serious shrimp shortage.

How far this is responsible for dissatisfaction among the miners and other workers it is impossible to say; but in other circles of society this shrimp shortage has been responsible for much. From golf-courses this summer has come a stream of complaint that the game is not what it was. Sportsmen, again, have gone listlessly to their task and have petulantly wondered why the bags have been so poor. House-parties have been failures. In many a Grand Stand nerves have gone to pieces. Undoubtedly this grave news from the North Sea is the explanation. What can one expect when there are no shrimps for tea?

For the eating of shrimps is more than a mere assimilation of nourishment, more even than the consumption of an article of diet which is beneficial to brain tissues and nerve centres. After all, the oyster or the haddock serves equally well for those purposes.

But before one eats a shrimp a certain deftness and delicacy of manipulation are needed to effect the neat extraction of the creature from its unpalatable cuticle. Not so with the haddock.

Shrimp-eating is something more

than table deportment; it is a test of *sangfroid* and *savoir faire*, qualities so necessary to the welfare of the nation. The man who can efficiently prepare shrimps for seemly consumption, chatting brightly the while with his fair neighbour and showing neither mental nor physical distress, can be relied upon to comport himself with efficiency whether in commerce or statecraft.

Watch a man swallow an oyster, and how much more do you know of him after the operation than you knew before? But put him in a Marchioness's drawing-room and set a shrimp before him, and the manner in which he tackles the task will reveal the sort of stuff he is made of.

The shrimp test is one before which physically strong men have broken down, while the seemingly weak have displayed amazing fortitude.

In these days, when it behoves every man among us to be at his best, we view this famine in shrimps with grave concern, and we trust that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is alive to the significance of this crisis.

Publisher's Column.

"Colonel Repington's Diary.

NEW BOOKS.

The Revelation of St. John.

NEW FICTION.

The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot."

Scotch Paper.

And MARGOT next week.

RAINY MORNING.

As I was walking in the rain
I met a fairy down a lane.
We walked along the road together;
I soon forgot about the weather.
He told me lots of lovely things:
The story that the robin sings,
And where the rabbits go to school,
And how to know a fairy pool,
And what to say and what to do
If bogles ever bother you.

The flowers peeped from hedgy places
And shook the raindrops from their faces,
And furry creatures all the way
Came popping out and said "Good-day."

But when we reached the little bend
Just where the village houses end
He seemed to slip into the ground,
And when I looked about I found
The rain was suddenly all over
And the sun shining on the clover.

R. F.

Parochial Humour.

"CHURCH OUTING.—All arrangements for the outing were made by the Hon. Sec., and we are grateful to him for a very happy day. A walk to — Church, cricket, tea and a game of bounders formed the programme."

Parish Magazine.

"PRONUNCIATIONS IN THIS PAPER.

Bona fides Boner-ly-dees.
Grasse Grar."

The Children's Newspaper.

The ideal!



Enlightened Yokel (explaining the picture in a hoarse whisper). "THE BLEW BE THE ZEE, JEM, AN' THE YALLER BE THE CORN, SURE NUFF. AN' THE BIT O' BROWN IN THE CORNER—BUST ME, THAT MUST BE TH' OL' GEYSER 'ERSELF!"

MIRIAM'S TWO BABIES.

THAT last morning at Easthaven, Miriam, alone of us three, preserved her equanimity. I had arisen with the lark, having my own things to pack, to say nothing—though nothing was not the only thing I said—of Billie's pram and Billie's cot and Billie's bath. I wished afterwards I had let the lark rise by himself; if I do heavy work before breakfast I always feel a little depressed ("snappy" is Miriam's crude synonym) for the remainder of the day.

As to Billie, his first farewells went off admirably. He blew a kiss to the lighthouse, that tall friend who had winked at him so jovially night after night. And it was good to see him hoisted aloft—pale-blue jersey, goldilocks and small wild-rose face—to hug his favourite fisherman, Mr. Moy, of the grizzled beard and the twinkling eyes.

But when the time came for Billie to say good-bye to the beach he refused point-blank.

"Billie wants to keep it," he vociferated.

Miriam, woman-like, was all for com-

promise. Billie should fill his pail with pretty pebbles and take them to London in the puffer-train. I demurred. The fishermen already complained that the south-easterly gales were scouring their beach away. Moreover, as I explained to Miriam, ere long it would devolve upon me to carry the dressing-case, Billie himself and—as likely as not—the deck-chairs and the tea-basket. Why increase my burdens by a hundred-weight or so of Easthaven beach?

It ended by her admitting I was perfectly right, and—by Billie filling his pail with pretty pebbles.

I still had that feeling of depression when we returned to our rooms for an early luncheon (there's nothing I so detest); after which we discovered that Miriam thought I had told the man to call for the luggage at 12.45, while I thought that Miriam had told the man to call for the luggage at 12.45.

And then we had to change twice, and the trains were crowded, and Miriam insisted on looking at *The Daily Dressmaker*, and Billie insisted on not looking at *Mother Goose*.

At Liverpool Street station I kept my temper in an iron control while pointing out to quite a number of taxi-

men the ease with which Billie's pram and Billie's cot and Billie's bath could be balanced upon their vehicles. But the climax came when, Miriam having softened the heart of one of them, we were held up in a block at Oxford Circus, and Billie, *à propos* of nothing, drooped his under lip and broke into a roar—

"Billie wants the sea-side! Billie wants Mr. Moy!"

I suppose Miriam did her best, but he was not to be quieted, and old ladies in omnibuses peered reproaches at me, the cruel, cruel parent. I frowned upon Miriam.

"Will nothing stop the child?"

"There's a smut on your nose, dear," was all she replied. I rubbed my nose: I also ground my teeth. . . .

I was still wrestling on the pavement with the pram, the cot and the rest of it, when Billie's cries from within the house suddenly ceased. Had the poor little chap burst something? I hurried indoors and found him—all sunshine after showers—seated on the floor with rocking-horse and Noah's ark and butcher's shop grouped around him.

"He's quite good now he's got his

toys," he assured me, no doubt echoing something Miriam had just said.

* * * * *

I reached my study and collapsed into a chair. What a day! But little by little, shelf upon shelf, I became aware of the books I had not seen for a whole month: LAMB, my Elizabethans, a row of STEVENSON. I did not want to read; it was enough to feast one's eyes on their backs, to take down a volume and handle it—my old green-jacketed BROWNING, for instance. And the small red MEREDITHS all needed rearranging.

A little later I turned round to see Miriam standing in the doorway. Remorse seized me; I put an arm about her, with—"Tired, old thing?"

She looked down at my books and, half-smiling, she looked up again.

"He's quite good now he's got his toys," she said, and kissed me.

VERY PERSONAL.

JUST to see what it looks like with my name in it, I have been making a diary of my doings (some real, some imaginary) in the approved language of the Society and Personal column.

I am Mr. James Milfly. This is how it looks:—

"Yesterday was the fortieth birthday of Mr. James Milfly. He passed it quietly at the office and at home. No congratulatory messages were received and no replies will be sent."

"Among the outgoing passengers on the paddle steamer *Solent Tortoise*, on Tuesday, was Mr. James Milfly. He returned to the mainland the same evening, and will be at Southsea four days longer, after which, unless he can think of an adequate excuse, he will return to town."

"Mr. James Milfly, who recently sustained a laceration of the finger while cleaning his safety razor after use, passed another good night. The injured member is healing satisfactorily, and no further bulletins will be issued."

"The performance of *The Bibulous Butler* at the Corinthian Theatre last night was witnessed by Mr. James Milfly and party, who occupied two seats in the eighth row of the pit."

"Mr. James Milfly is a guest for the week-end at Acacia Lodge, Clumpton, the residence of his old friend, Mr. Albert Purges. Excellent sparrow-shooting was enjoyed after tea on Saturday in the famous home coverts from which the lodge derives its title."

"Among those unable to be present at the Duchess of Dildale's reception on Friday was Mr. James Milfly, no invitation having reached him."

"Mr. James Milfly has been granted



Kirk Elder. "MAN, I'M SHOCKED TAE HEAR YOU'RE GAUN TAE GET MAIRIT TAE A LASSIE O' NINETEEN."

Angus. "OCH, SHE'S THE SAME AGE AS MA FIRRT WIFE WHEN I MAIRIT HER."

his wife's authority to wear on his watch-chain the bronze medal of the Blimpham Horticultural Society, won by his exhibit of a very large marrow at the society's recent show."

"Maria, Mrs. Murdon, is visiting her son-in-law, Mr. James Milfly. Her stay is likely to be a lengthy one."

"Mr. James Milfly will spend the greater part of to-morrow in London. No letters will be forwarded."

Try this for yourself. You have no idea what a sense of pomp and well-fed importance it gives you.

"THE WEATHER.

'Fair generally: night frosts,' is the forecast for the next 24 months."

Provincial Paper.

The best news for a long time.

How to Brighten Village Life.

"The exterior painting of the day school has been completed by the Vicar, assisted by the caretaker. Their appearance is greatly improved as a result."—*Provincial Paper.*

"HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS WITH ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT."

Jersey Paper.

Residents, we understand, need only bring their mouth (and other) organs.

"Wanted, 'Cello (could reside in if desired)"

Provincial Paper.

The housing problem solved at last.

Smith Minor says he would rather be called Smith Secundus. There is a pleasanter sound about that qualification just now.

AT THE PLAY.

"A NIGHT OUT."

EVERYBODY except myself seems to recall the fact that the late farce of this name, adapted from *L'Hôtel du Libre Echange*, ran for five hundred nights before it expired. Some restorative music has now been applied to it and the corpse has revived. Indeed there are the usual signs of another long run. The trouble is that nearly all the cast at the Winter Garden Theatre seem to think that, if the play is to run, they must run too. They don't keep still for a moment, because they dare not. Even Mr. LESLIE HENSON, whose fun would be more effective if he didn't try so hard, feels that he must be at top pressure all the while with his face and his body and his words. Yet he could well afford to keep some of his strength in reserve, for he is a born humourist (in what one might perhaps call the Golliwog vein). But, whether it is that he underrates his own powers or that he can't contain himself, he keeps nothing in reserve; and the others, less gifted, follow his lead. They persist in "pressing," as if they had no confidence in their audience or their various authors or even themselves.

One is, of course, used to this with singers in musical comedy, who make a point of turning the lyrics assigned to them into unintelligible patter. Perhaps in the present case we lost little by that, though there was one song (of which I actually heard the words) that seemed to me to contain the elements of a sound and consoling philosophy. It ran something like this:—

For you won't be here and I won't be here
When a hundred years are gone,
But somebody else will be well in the eart*
And the world will still go on.

Mr. LESLIE HENSON, as I have hinted, allowed himself—and us—no rest. His energy was devastating; he gave the audience so much for their money that in the retrospect I feel ashamed of not having paid for my seat. One's taste for him may need acquiring; but, once acquired, there is clearly no getting away from it. Perhaps his most irresistible moment was when he laid out six policemen and then meekly surrendered to a female constable who led him off by the ear.

Mr. FRED LESLIE (a name to conjure with!) was almost fiercely emphatic in the part of *Paillard*, and I preferred the relatively quiet methods of Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD, who did without italics. Mr. RALPH ROBERTS was droll as a waiter; and it may have been my fault that I found Mr. DAVY BURNABY rather unfunny in the part of *Matthieu*.

* Or, alternatively, soup.

Of the ladies, two could sing and two, or even three, could act (Miss LILY ST. JOHN could do both); nearly all had good looks and a few of them were pleasantly acrobatic.

The scene of the Hotel Pimlico, with an alleged private sitting-room on one side, an alleged bedroom on the other, and a hall and staircase in the middle, was extraordinarily unconvincing. The partition walls came to an end at quite a long distance from the front; and, with the general company spreading themselves at large over the whole width of the foreground, it was very difficult to entertain any illusion of that privacy which is of the essence of the *cabinet particulier*. I say nothing of the bedroom, whose tenancy was frankly promiscuous.

The fun, of course, is old-fashioned; if one may say it of a French farce, it is Victorian. Apart from a few topical allusions worked in rather perfunctorily there is scarcely anything said or done that might not have been said or done in the 'eighties. But for a certain type of Englishman there is a perennial attraction in feeling that at any moment the proprieties may be outraged. That they never actually are outraged does not seem very greatly to affect his pleasure. He can always console himself with easy conjecture of the wickedness of the original. So there will never be wanting a public for these *Noctes Parisianæ*.

Let us hope that somehow it all helps to keep the sacred flame of the Entente burning. *Vive MILLERAND!*

O. S.

BETTERING THE BANYOROS.

(By a Student of Anthropology.)

SIR JAMES FRAZER's luminous *résumé* of the investigations of the MACKIE Expedition amongst the Banyoros has only one defect. He omits all reference to the subsequent and even more fruitful visit of the Expedition to the adjoining Noxas tribe, whose manners and customs are of extraordinary interest. This remarkable race are noted not merely for their addiction to the dance, but for the kaleidoscopic rapidity with which the dances themselves are changed from season to season. Only a few years ago the entire tribe were under the spell of the Ognat, which in turn gave place to the Tortskof and the Zaj, the last named being an exercise in which violent contortions of the body were combined with the profoundest melancholy of facial expression. Curiously enough the musicians who are employed at these dances are not of indigenous stock, but of a negroid type and are imported from a distance at high salaries.

The literary gifts of this singular tribe are on a par with their saltatory talent, but are at present mainly occupied in the keeping of personal records, led therein by a chieftainess named Togran, in which the conversations, peculiarities, complexions and dresses of their friends are set down and described with ferocious *bonhomie*. The tablets containing these records are then posted up in conspicuous places of resort, with the most stimulating and entertaining results.

It is noteworthy that the ruler of the country is not chosen from the dancing or Bunihugoro section of the community, but from the powerful Renim clan, who devote themselves intermittently to the task of providing the country with fuel. The chieftain wields great power and is regarded with reverence by his followers, but is in turn expected to devote himself entirely to their interests, and if he fails to satisfy is promptly replaced by a more energetic leader. As the great bulk of the community yield allegiance to an hereditary sovereign of strictly defined powers this interesting country offers the agreeable spectacle of a state in which the dulness of constitutional government is happily tempered by the delights of industrial dictatorship.

TO CERTAIN CAUTIOUS PROPHETS.

(Suggested by the almost invariable form of the last sentence in the Weather Report.)

YE watchers of the wind and rain,

Forgive me for becoming nettled

By your monotonous refrain:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

When, on a bright and sunlit morn,

I rise refreshed and finely fettled

Your cue is not to cheer but warn:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

They are too rare, these halcyon days,

When earth's a paradise rose-petalled,

For you to chill us with a phrase:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

Too often have I shirked the goal

At which (as Scotsmen say) I ettled,

Discouraged by your words of dole:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

For instance, lately I resigned

A trip to Shetland to be settled;

Your menace made me change my mind:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

Henceforth I'm going to defy

You and your breed, inert, unmettled,

Who chant that sad Cassandra cry:

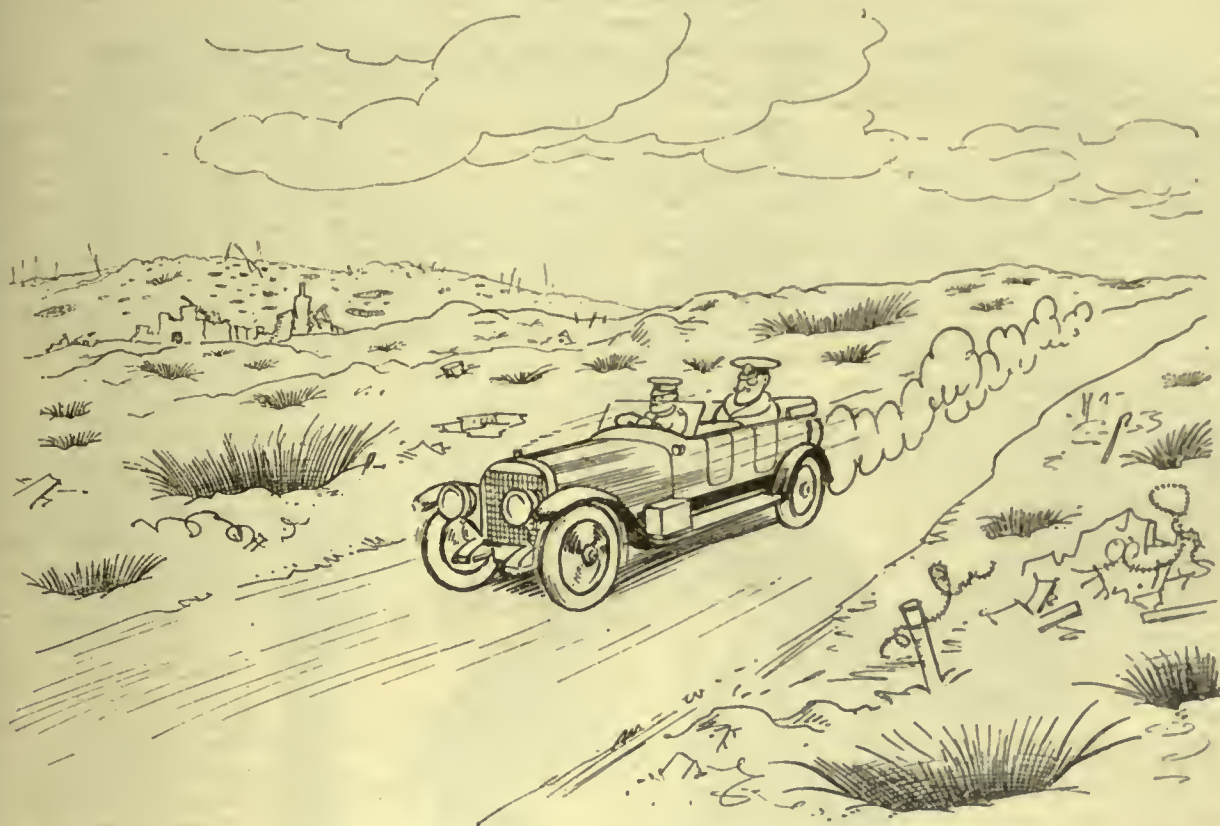
"The further outlook is unsettled."

Ay, if I held untrammelled sway

I'd have you bottled up and kettled

Like djinns, until you ceased to say:

"The further outlook is unsettled."



MAJOR-GENERAL X AT THE FRONT IN 1918—



AND ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD IN 1920.

PIGS.

"Pigs pays," said Mrs. Pugsley.

"So I have heard."

"Pigs always pays; but Pugsley's pigs pays prodigious."

I rejoiced with her.

"Took 'em up sudden, he did; and now that interested! You'd never think that pigs 'ld twine themselves round a man's heart, so to speak, would you?"

"No."

"That's how it is with Willum. Reads nothing but about pigs; they 'm his only joy. In partnership with Uncle Eli over them. First time Uncle Eli took to anything wholesome in his life. When Willum loses a pig he's that low that he puts on a black tie. Wonnerful!"

It was. I knew Willum, otherwise Uncle Billy, and something about his tastes. I had the pleasure of meeting him on the foreshore that afternoon. No doubt he was studying pigs; but the title of the book he had in his hand was *Form at a Glance*.

"Pig form, I presume," said I politely.

"Now then, Missie, don't go giving me away. All's lovely at home. Me and Uncle Eli has clubbed together to buy Bodger's racing tips. Bodger's got brain. Doing very well, we are. Sure, I can't tell the missus, and she a Plymouth Rock."

"Isn't it Plymouth Sister?"

"Maybe; but I think there's a rock in it some-

where. Anyway we agreed when we married to keep our purses in the same drawer, and mine's bulging."

"You are a brave man, Uncle Billy. What about the day she will want to see your pigs?"

"A thought that wakes me at night. We keep 'em out in the country, I'd have you know. There, why take a fence before you come to it? There'll be wisdom given."

Apparently there was, but the address from which the wisdom came was indistinct.

"Willum," said Mrs. Pugsley one day, "to-morrow I'm coming to see they pigs of yours; bless their fat sides!"

"You shall, my tender dear," said Uncle Billy. "Yes, to-morrow noon you'll see the blessed things."

Almost at dawn he presented himself at Farmer Dodge's and astonished that good man by asking to be allowed to hire a few pigs for the day.

Farmer Dodge scratched his head.

"Well, I've been asked to loan out most things in my time, but never pigs before. Where be taking them?"

"Home."

"That's a matter of better than two miles. Have 'ee thought of the wear and tear and the loss of good lard? No, Uncle Billy, I won't fly against the will of Heaven. If pigs had been meant to go for walks they'd have had legs according. Their legs bain't for walking; they'm for hams."

Uncle Billy drew near and explained. Farmer Dodge grinned.

"To do down your missus? Well, I like a jest as well as any, and to put females in their place is meat and tatoes to me; but 'tis a luxury, and

tion, "would I let you be taken miles in this heat to see the finest pigs ever littered? No. 'Tis not for my wife to go to see pigs, 'tis for pigs to come to see my wife. Here they be. That's Spion Kop, the big black one—called because 'tis the highest mountain in America and he's to make the highest price. The pink one is Square Measure, for he'll eat his own size in meal any day. That's Diadem—no, it's not; Diadem lost—I should say Diadem's lost to us." Uncle Billy lifted his hat reverently. "The ginger one is Comrade—a fine name."

"Why, 'tis a little sow."

"And what better comrade than a blessed female, my loving dear, and who'd know that better than me?"

"Don't you go mixing me up with the pigs, Willum; I won't have it. What's the name of that perky black one?"

"Mount Royal," said Uncle Billy. "I'm a King's man and like to respect they set over me. Royal just means one of the King's family."

The parade was dismissed; the herd returned to its home and Uncle Billy paid the cost of wear and tear.

He sat smoking that evening in a state of blissful content. All had gone well; the dreaded black moment was over. Mrs. Pugsley knitted furiously in silence.

"Now what might you be turning over in that mind of yours?" asked



Bridegroom (twenty minutes late, excitedly, to Verger). "DON'T TELL ME THE THING'S OVER."

luxury is what you like but can do without."

In the end Uncle Billy drove a bargain by which he secured the use of six pigs for a few hours and paid three shillings per pig. For three-and-six he also hired the help of a boy to drive them; as he remarked, he could have had more than another pig for that money, but it would be warm work for him alone.

The inhabitants of the houses on the terrace of the little sea-side town where the Pugsleys lived were thrilled at noon by the arrival of a small herd of swine. The animals looked rather tired but settled down contentedly in the front-garden of No. 3.

Mrs. Pugsley, hearing their voices, came to the door.

"Why, Willum, I was just making ready to come out with you to go and see them."

"My tender dear," he said with emo-

Uncle Billy.

"Pigs."

"Couldn't do better."

"And their names. Maybe you won't christen any more until after the Cesarewitch."

She folded up her knitting and went to bed, leaving Uncle Billy as if turned to stone. When he recovered he sought out Uncle Eli and said:—

"Eli, she's known all along. She knowed when I was driving they brasted pigs here in the heat. She's never been took in at all. And that's a woman. That's what married me."

"It would be wrong to enter upon political questions in these pages, but there can be no harm in suggesting that prayer should be made as much for our rulers at Westminster as for people in Ireland. The Collect, with certain alterations, for Those at Sea would seem especially suitable."

Exeter Diocesan Gazette.

Very neatly and clerically put.



Smith (member of bowling club). "DO YOU KNOW THESE BALLS COST FIVE GUINEAS EACH?"
Jones (golfer). "BY JOVE! I HOPE YOU DON'T LOSE MANY IN THE 'ROUGH.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNDENIABLY ours is an age in which fond memory fills not only the heart of man but the shelves of the circulating libraries to a degree bordering upon excess. But, let reminiscences be even more frequent than they are, there would yet remain a welcome for such a book as Mr. W. H. MALLOCK's attractive *Memoirs of Life and Literature* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). The reason of this lies not more in the interest of what is told than in the fact that these memories have the advantage of being recalled by one who is master of a singularly engaging pen. Nothing in the book better displays its quality of charm than the opening chapters, with their picture of an old-world Devonshire, and in particular the group of related houses in which the boyhood of the future anti-socialist was so delightfully spent. Gracious homes have always had a special appeal to the author of *The New Republic*, as you are here reminded in a score of happy recollections. Then comes Oxford, and that meeting with SWINBURNE in the Balliol drawing-room that seems to have been the common experience of memoir-writers. Some entertaining chapters give a cheerful picture of London life when Mr. MALLOCK entered it, and Society, still Polite, opened its most exclusive doors to the young explorer. The rest of the book is devoted to a record of friendships, travel, an analysis of the writer's literary activities, and a host of good stories. Perhaps I have just space for one quotation—the prayer delivered by the local minister in the hall of Ardverike: "God bless Sir John; God bless also her dear Laddyship; bless the tender youth of the two young leddies likewise. We also unite in begging Thee to have mercy on the puir governess." A book of singular fragrance and individuality.

The Victorians used to talk, perhaps do still, about the lure of the stage; but I am inclined to suppose this was as nothing beside the lure of the stage-novel. All our writers apparently feel it, and in most cases their bones whiten the fields of failure. But amongst those of whom this certainly cannot be said is Mr. HORACE A. VACHELL, whose new book, *The Fourth Dimension* (MURRAY), has both pleased and astonished me by its freedom from those defects that so often ruin the theatrical story. For one thing, of course, the explanation of this lies in my sustaining confidence that I was being handed out the genuine stuff. When a dramatist of Mr. VACHELL's experience says that stage-life is thus and thus, well, I have to believe him. As a fact I seldom read so convincing a word-picture of that removed and esoteric existence. The title (not too happy) means the world beyond the theatre, that which so many players count well lost for the compensations of applause and fame; and the story is of a young and phenomenally successful actress, *Jess Yeo*, in whom the claims of domesticity and the love of her dramatist husband are shown in conflict with the attractions of West-End stardom and photographs in the illustrated papers. Eventually—but I suppose I can hardly tell that without spoiling for you what goes before the event. Anyhow, if I admit that the ending did not inspire me with any sanguine hope of happiness ever after, it at least put a pleasant finish on an attractive and successful tale.

In the Mountains (MACMILLAN) is one of those pleasant books of which the best review would be a long string of quotations, and that is a very complimentary thing to say about any novel. Written in diary form, on the whole successfully, it tells little of doing and much of being, and a great deal more of feeling than of either. It is scarcely

necessary after that to add that it is discursive. As a matter of fact I found that for me that half of its charm which did not lie in being whisked off, as it were by magic, to sit in the sunshine of Switzerland lay in its author's reflections upon subjects quite unconnected with her story, and as far apart from each other as LAW's *Serious Call* and the effect of different kinds of underclothing on the outward demeanour of the wearer. From the human document point of view it is as a picture of the convalescence of a soul sick with grief that *In the Mountains* deserves attention. I cannot imagine that anyone who has ever got well again after sorrow will fail to recognise its truth. The little mystery and the slender love-story which hold the discursiveness together are just sufficient but so slight that they shall not even be hinted at here. For the rest the book is whimsical, thoughtful, sentimental by turns and, in spite of its tolerance, a shade superior; with now and then a phrase which left me wondering whether a blushing cheek would deserve the Garter motto's rebuke; in fact it resembles more than anything else on earth what the "German garden" of a certain "Elizabeth" might grow into if she transplanted it to a Swiss mountain-top.

Peregrine in Love (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a story whose sentimental title does it considerably less than justice. It gives no indication of what is really an admirably vivacious comedy of courtship and intrigue, with a colonial setting that is engagingly novel. Miss C. FOX SMITH seems to know Victoria and the island of Vancouver with the intimacy of long affection; her pen-pictures and her idiom are both of them convincingly genuine. The result for the reader is a twofold interest, half in seeing what will be to most an unfamiliar place under expert guidance, half in the briskly moving intrigue supposed to be going on there. I say "supposed," because, to be frank, Miss FOX SMITH's story, good fun as it is, hardly convinces like her setting. You may, for example, feel that you have met before in fiction the lonely hero who rescues the solitary maiden, his shipmate, from undesirable society, and falls in love with her, only to learn that she is voyaging to meet her betrothed. At this point I suppose most novel-readers would have given fairly long odds against the betrothed in question keeping the appointment, and I may add that they would have won their money. Not that *Peregrine* was going to find the course of his love run smooth in spite of this; being a hero and a gentleman he had for one thing to try, and keep on trying, to bring the affianced pair together, and thus provide the tale with another than its clearly predestined end. Of course he doesn't succeed, but the attempt furnishes capital entertainment for everybody concerned, and proves that Mr. Punch's "C. F. S." can write prose too.

The title of *Gold Must be Tried by Fire* (MACMILLAN) might be called axiomatic for the precise type of fiction represented by the story. Because, if gold hadn't to be tried by fire, you might obviously marry the hero and heroine on the first page and save everybody much trouble and expense. Mr. RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER, however, knows his job better than that. True, he marries his heroine early, but to the wrong man, the Labour leader and crook, *Will Lewis*, who vanishes just before the entrance of the strong but unsilent hero, only to reappear (under an alias) in time to get shot in a strike riot. Mr. MAHER's book comes, as you may already have guessed, from that great country where they have replaced alcohol by sugar, and where (perhaps in consequence) heroines of such super-sentimentality as *Daidie Grattan* have no terrors for them. Personally I

found her and her exploits on burning ships, besieged mills and the like a trifle sticky. For the rest you have some interesting details of the workings of the paper industry; a style that to the unfamiliar eye is at times startling (as when, on page 282, the hero's head "snapped erect"); and lots and lots of love. As for the ending, to relieve any apprehensions on your part, let me quote it. "Taking her swiftly in his arms, he questioned: 'Has the gold come free from the fire at last, my darling?' 'Gold or dross,' she whispered as she yielded, 'it is your own.' Ah!

Love's Triumph (METHUEN) is concerned to a great extent with the development of a raw Kentucky lad into an attractive and resourceful man; but its chief interest lies rather with his trainer. When Victor McCalloway arrived in Kentucky and took Boone Wellver under his wing it



WORRIES OF THE DARK AGES.

Peaceful Knight (who has called to ask his way at a strange castle).
"OH, CONFOUND IT! I WISH I'D READ THE NOTICE BEFORE I BLEW THE HORN. I DON'T FEEL A BIT LIKE FIGHTING GIANTS TO-DAY, AND BESIDES I PROMISED TO BE HOME EARLY FOR DINNER."

became obvious enough that he was bent on reconstructing his own life as well as moulding Boone's. McCalloway, when the seal of his past is broken, turns out to be *Sir Hector Dimwiddie, D.S.O., K.C.B.*, a tradesman's son who was generally believed to have killed himself in Paris. I must assume that Mr. CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK intended us to recognise in *Sir Hector* a certain General whose name acquired a painful notoriety not so long ago. The reader may form what opinion he likes of the good taste of all this, but there can be no question that the author has drawn a fine character. At the outset his style is so jumpy that the story is difficult to follow, but presently its course grows clearer and I fancy that you will follow it keenly, as I did, to the end.

Strenuous Life in the West.

"At a charity concert at Clifton recently nearly 200 glass tumblers disappeared in the course of a week."—*Daily Paper*.
Very deplorable, of course. Still, towards the end of the sixth consecutive day would the audience be fully responsible?

CHARIVARIA.

"Motorists," says a London magistrate, "cannot go about knocking people down and killing them every day." We agree. Once should be enough for the most grasping pedestrian.

"A Kensington lady," we read, "has just engaged a parlourmaid who is only three feet seven inches in height." The shortage of servants is becoming most marked.

A play called *The Man Who Went to Work* is shortly to be produced in the West End. It sounds like a farce.

A police-sergeant of Ealing is reported to have summoned six hundred motorists since March. There is some talk of his being presented with the illuminated addresses of another three hundred.

All the recent photographs of Sir ERIC GEDDES show him with a very broad smile. "And I know who he's laughing at," writes a railway traveller.

With reference to the Press controversy between Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, we understand that they have decided to shake hands and be enemies.

"In New Zealand," says a weekly paper, "there is a daisy which is often mistaken for a sheep by the shepherds." This is the sort of statement that the Prohibitionist likes to make a note of.

A statistician informs us that a man's body contains enough lime to whitewash a small room. It should be pointed out however that it is illegal for a wife to break up her husband for decorative purposes.

The Manchester Communist Party have decided to have nothing whatever to do with Parliament. We understand that the PREMIER has now decided to sell his St. Bernard dog.

"There are no very rich people in England," says a gossip-writer. We can only say we know a club porter who

recently stated that he had a cousin who knew a miner who . . . but we fear it was only gossip.

"It is possible for people to do quite well without a stomach," says a Parisian doctor. Judged by the high prices, we know a grocer who seems to think along the same lines.

Special aeroplanes to carry fish from Holland to this country are to run in the winter. The idea of keeping the

each, admitted that he had smoked twenty-six of them. We are glad to learn that no further punishment was ordered.

The Waste Trade World states that there is a great demand for rubbish. Editors, however, don't seem to be moving with the times.

Off Folkestone, a few days ago, a trawler captured a blue-nosed shark. Complaints about the temperature of the sea have been very common among bathers this year.

"No one has yet been successful in filming an actual murder," states a *Picture-goers' Journal*. It certainly does seem a pity that our murderers are so terribly self-conscious in the presence of a cinematograph man.

The Daily Express states that Mrs. BAMBERGER has decided not to appeal against her sentence. If that be so, this high-handed decision will be bitterly resented by certain of the audience who were in court during the trial and eagerly looked forward to the next edition.

A *Daily Mail* reader writes to our contemporary to say that he found forty-two toads in his garden last week. We can only suppose that they were there in ignorance of the fact that he took in *The Daily Mail*.

A pike weighing twenty-six pounds, upon being hooked by a Cheshire fisherman, pulled him into the canal. His escape was much regretted by the fish, who had decided to have him stuffed.

It is possible that Mr. TOM MANN, the secretary of the A.S.E., will shortly retire under the age limit. It is rumoured that members have started to collect for a souvenir strike as a parting tribute.

The Ethiopian Again.
"COAL STILL BLACK."
Heading in "*Church Family Newspaper*."

"The output in the first quarter this year was at the rate of 248,000,000 million tons a year. It fell in the second quarter to 232,000,000. Between and beyond these lines there is an ample margin for bargaining."

Evening Paper.

Abundantly ample.



Bus Conductor (after passenger's torrents of invective on the subject of increased fare). "RIGHT-O, MA. I'LL TELL 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID WHEN I TAKE THE CHAIR AT THE NEXT DIRECTORS' MEETING."

fish long enough to enable them to cross under their own power has been abandoned.

An Ashford gardener has grown a cabbage which measures twelve feet across. It is said to be uninhabited.

The Rules of Golf Committee now suggest a standard ball for England and America. The question of a standard long-distance expletive for fozzlers is held over.

A youth charged at a police-court in the South of London with stealing five hundred cigars, valued at threepence

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

TO AN AUTUMN PRIMROSE.

"If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?"
Wordsworth.

SYMBOL of innocence, to Tories dear,
Whom I detect beside the silvan path
Doing your second time on earth this year
That I may cull a generous aftermath,
Let me divine your reason
For thus repululating out of season.

Associated with the vernal prime
And widely known as "rathe," why bloom so late?
Was it the lure of so-called "Summer-time,"
Extended well beyond the usual date?
Our thanks for which reprieve
Are SMILLIE'S, though they didn't ask his leave.

Rather I think you have some lofty plan,
Such as your old friend WORDSWORTH loved to sing;
That for a fair ensample set to Man
You duplicate your output of the Spring;
That in your heart there lodges
Dimly the hope of shaming Mr. HODGES.

Al! gentle primrose by the river's brim!
Like *Peter Bell* (unversed in woodland lore),
He'll miss your meaning; you will be to him
A yellow primrose—that and nothing more;
He'll read in you no sign
Of Nature's views about the datum-line. O. S.

THE MINERS' OPERA.

ABOUT a week ago, when they took Titterby away to the large red-brick establishment which he now adorns, certain papers which were left lying in his study passed into my hands, for I was almost his only friend. It had long been Titterby's belief that a great future lay before the librettist who should produce topical light operas on the GILBERT and SULLIVAN model, dealing with our present-day economic crises. The thing became an *idée fixe*, as the French say, or, as we lamely put it in English, a fixed idea. There can be no doubt that he was engaged in the terrible task of fitting the current coal dispute to fantastic verse when a brain-cell unhappily buckled, and he was found destroying the works of his grand piano with a coal-scoop.

Most of the MS. in my possession is blurred and undecipherable, full of erasures, random stage-directions and marginal notes, amongst which occasional passages such as the following "emerge" (as Mr. SMILLIE would say):—

"*Secretary*. The fellow is standing his ground,
He's as stubborn and stiff as a war-mule.

Minister.

Means will be found
If we look all around
To arrive at a suitable formula.

A

Chorus. Yes, you've got to arrive at a formula."

Difficult though my task may be I feel it the duty of friendship to attempt to give the public some faint outline of this fascinating and curious work. Scenarios, *dramatis personæ* and choruses had evidently caused the author inordinate trouble, for at the top of one sheet I find:—

"ACT I.

Interior of a coal-mine. Groups of colliers with lanterns and picks (? tongs). Enter Chorus of female consumers."

Then follows this note:—

"*MEM*. Can one dance in coal-mine? Look up COAL in "*Ency. Brit.*" Also CELLAR FLAP;"

and later on, at the end of a passage which evidently described the dresses of the principal female characters introduced, we have the words:—

"*BRITANNIA*. ? jumper, bobbed hair.
ANARCHY. ? red tights."

Nothing in this Act survives in a legible form, but in Act II. we are slightly more fortunate:—

"*SCENE*.—*Downing Street* (it begins). *Enter mixed Chorus of private secretaries, female shorthand writers and representatives of the Press, followed by Sir ROBERT HORNE, Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS and Mr. SMILLIE.*"

What happens after this I can only roughly surmise, but most probably Mr. SMILLIE proves false to Britannia and flirts for some time with Anarchy, egged on by Mr. WILLIAMS and urged by Sir ROBERT HORNE to return to his earlier flame. At any rate, after a little, the handwriting grows clearer, and I read:—

"*Mr. SMILLIE* (striking the pavement with his pick).

We mean to strike.

Chorus. "He means to strike, he means to strike,
Rash man! Did ever you hear the like
Of what he has just asserted?
Living is dear enough now, on my soul,
What will it be when we can't get coal?"

PRIME MINISTER (entering suddenly).

This strike must be averted."

There seems to have been some doubt as to how the *PRIME MINISTER*'s entrance should be effected, for at this point we get the marginal note: " ? *From door of No. 10. ? On wings. ? Trap door. ? Riding St. Bernard Dog.*"

But the difficulty was evidently settled, and the *Chorus* begins again:—

"Oh, here is the wizard from Wales—
The wonderful wizard from Wales,
The British Prime Minister,

Mr. WILLIAMS. Subtle and sinister.

Chorus. Oh, no! That is only your fancy.
Disputes he can manage and check;
All parties respond to his beck.

Mr. WILLIAMS. He talks through the back of his neck!

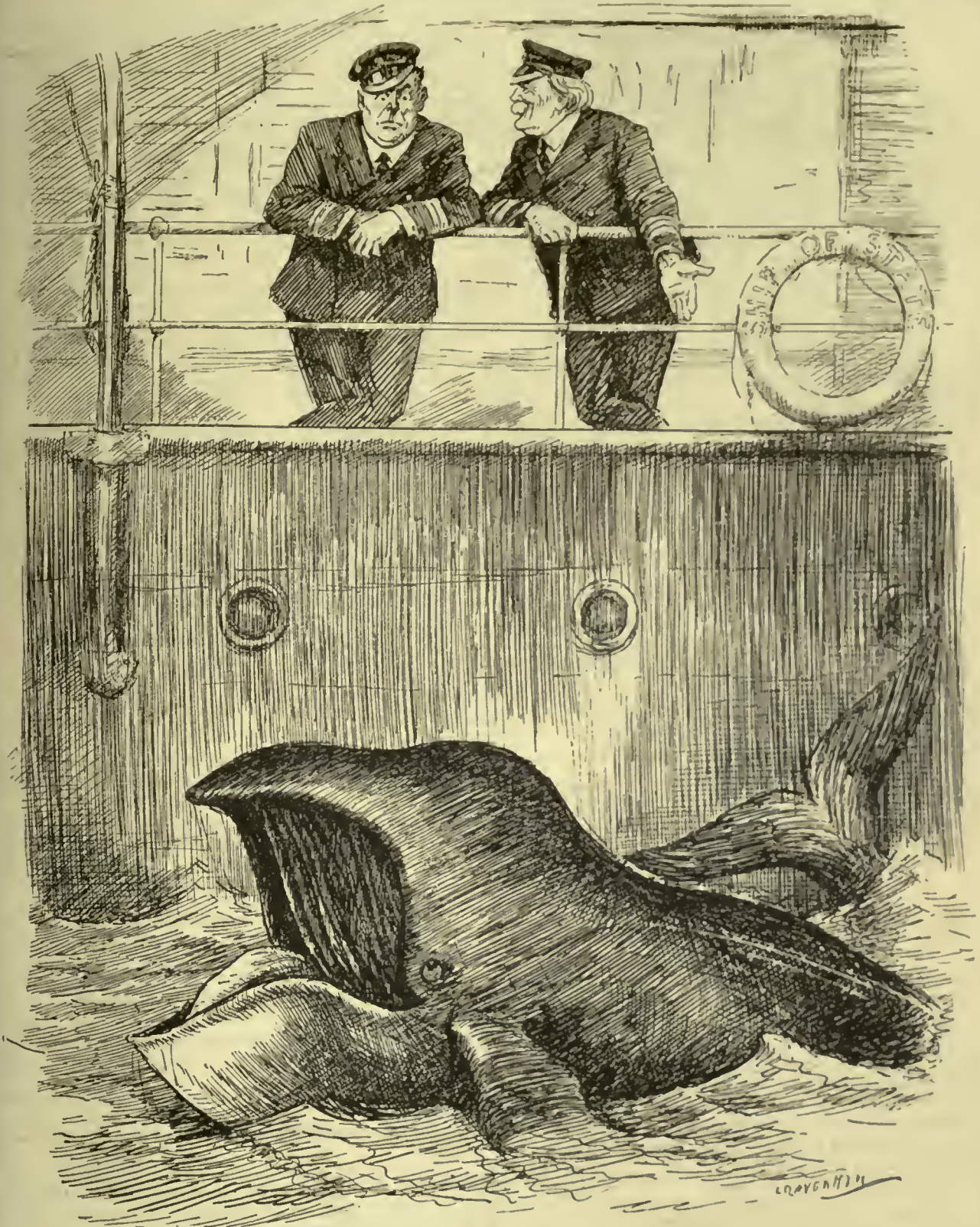
Chorus. When he talks through the back of his neck
We call it his neck-romaney."

Of the arguments used by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE after this spirited encouragement no record remains but the following passage:—

"My dear Mr. SMILLIE,
We value you highly
Howe'er so ferociously raven you.
We must find a way out,
And we shall do, no doubt,
If we only explore every avenue.

Chorus. Yes, please, do explore every avenue.

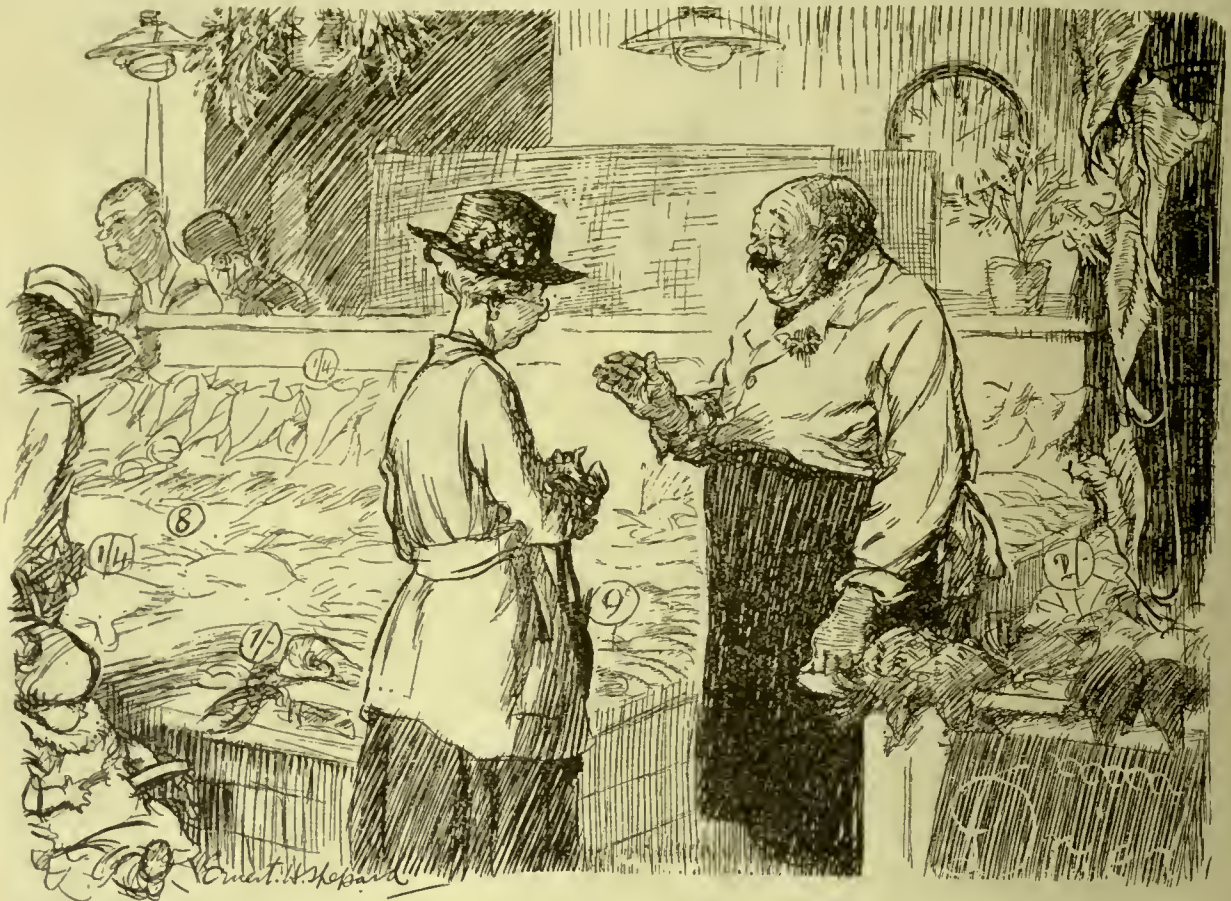
[*Exeunt Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. SMILLIE arm-in-arm, R. (? followed by St. Bernard) and return C. Exeunt L. and return C. again, and so on.*



A PROSPECTIVE JONAH?

THE CAPTAIN (to Sir ERIC GEDDES). "I SOMETIMES WONDER WHETHER A MAN OF YOUR ABILITY OUGHT NOT TO FIND A BETTER OPENING."

[It is rumoured that the Ministry of Transport is to have a limited existence.]



Lady. "No COD LEFT, MR. BROWN?" *Fishmonger (confidentially).* "WELL, MRS. SNIPPS, I'LL OBLIGE YOU. I ALWAYS KEEPS A BIT UP MY SLEEVE FOR REG'LAR CUSTOMERS."

Chorus. Oh, have you explored every avenue?"

Apparently they have, for later on we get—

"*PRIME MINISTER.* Then why should you want to strike
When the Government saves your faces?
You can get more pay when you like
On the larger output basis."

And the Chorus of course chimes in:—

"They can get more pay when they like
On the larger output basis."

And there is a note at the side: "*Chorus to wave arms upwards and outwards, indicating increased production of coal.*"

It seems to have been at some time after this, and probably in Act III., that Titterby went, if I may put it so vulgarly, off the hooks. I think he must have got on to the conference between the mineowners and the representatives of the miners, and struggled until the gas became too thick for him. At any rate, after several unreadable pages, the following unhappy fragment stands out clear:—

"*Mr. SMILLIE still stands irresolute, running his fingers through his hair.*"

Chorus of Mineowners (pointing at him).

Ruffled hair requires, I ween,
Something in the brilliantine
Or else in the pomatum line.
How shall we devise a balm
Mr. SMILLIE'S locks to calm?

Hullo! here comes the Datum-Line!

Enter Datum-Line. (? can Datum-Line be personified? ? comic. ? check trousers. ? red whiskers.)"

Nothing more has been written, and it must have been at this point, I suppose, that Titterby got up and assaulted his piano. It all seems very sad. *Evon.*

CONSOLATION.

You may be very ugly and freckledy and small
And have a little stubby nose that's not a nose at all;
You may be bad at spelling and you may be worse at sums,
You may have stupid fingers that your Nanna says are thumbs,

And lots of things you look for you may never, never find,
But if you love the fairies—you don't mind.

You may be rather frightened when you read of wolves and bears
Or when you pass the cupboard-place beneath the attic stairs;

You may not always like it when thunder makes a noise
That seems so much, much bigger than little girls and boys;
You may feel rather lonely when you waken in the night,
But if the fairies love you—it's all right. *R. F.*

"I trust it may be sufficient to convince readers that Mr. Chesterton is continued at foot of next column."

Sunday Paper.

At last the ever-recurring problem of where to put the rest of Mr. CHESTERTON has been solved.

THE LITTLE MOA

(and how much it is).

I HAVE been reading a lot about Polynesia lately, and the conclusion has been forced upon me that dining out in that neighbourhood might be rather confusing to a stranger.

Imagine yourself at one of these Antipodean functions. Your host is seated at the head of the table with a large fowl before him. Looking pleasantly in your direction he says:—

"Will you have a little moa?"

Not being well up in the subject of exotic fauna you will be tempted to make one of the following replies:—

(1) (With *Alice in Wonderland* in your mind) "How can I possibly have more when I haven't had anything at all yet?"

(2) "Yes, please, a lot more, or just a little more," as capacity and appetite dictate.

(3) "No, thank you."

The objection to reply No. 1 is that it may cause unpleasantness, or your host may retort, "I didn't ask you if you would have a little more moa," and thus increase your embarrassment.

No. 2 is a more suitable rejoinder, but probably No. 3 is the safest reply, as some of these big birds require a lot of mastication.

In the event of your firing off No. 3, your host glances towards the hostess and says—

"Oo, then" (pronounced "oh-oh").

To your startled senses comes the immediate suggestion, "Is the giver of the feast demented, or is he merely rude?"

Just as you are meditating an excuse for leaving the table and the house, your hostess saves the situation by saying sweetly, "Do let me give you a little oo," playfully tapping with a carving-knife the breastbone of a winged creature recumbent on a dish in front of her.

It gradually dawns upon you that you are among strange birds quite outside the pale of the English Game Laws, and that you will have to take a sporting chance.

While you are still in the act of wavering the son of the house says, "Try a little huiā."

If you like the look of this specimen of Polynesian poultry you signify your acceptance in the customary manner; otherwise, in parliamentary phraseology, "The Oos have it."

For my own part I fancy that, unless or until some of these unusual fowls are extinct, I shall not visit Polynesia, but rest content with Purley. Our dinner-parties may be dull, but at least one knows one's way about among the dishes.



Fed-up Owner (to holiday Artist). "CHARMING, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—CHARMING—WITH ONE IMPORTANT OMISSION. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT IN THE NOTICE ON THE TREE."

A BALLAD OF THE EARLY WORM.

THE gentle zephyr lightly blows
Across the dewy lawn,
And sleepily the rooster crows,
"Beloved, it is dawn."

The little worms in bed below
Can hear their father wince,
While, up above, a feathered foe
Is busy making mince.

In vain they seize his slippery tail
And try to pull him back;
It makes their little cheeks turn pale
To hear his waistband crack.

They draw him down and crowd
around;

Their tears bespeak their love;
For part of him is underground
And part has gone above.

But not for long does sorrow seize
The subterranean mind,
For father grows another piece
In front or else behind.

And now he's up before the dawn,
Long ere the world has stirred,
And eats his breakfast on the lawn
Before the early bird.

When the Young Lead the Young.

"Lady Nurse or Nursery Governess (young) wanted for post near Ventnor, I.W., for boy 24 years. Experience, similar age, and happy disposition essential."—*Weekly Paper*.

"Oxford, Tuesday.

The Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge Universities began its Oxford session this afternoon in the Extermination Schools."

Daily Paper.

Absit omen!

THE CONSPIRATORS.

II.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The Third International is not a Rugby football match. It is a corporation of thrusters whose prospectus announces that it will very shortly have your blood, having first acquired exclusive rights in your money. Have you two acres and a cow? Have you seven pounds three and threepence in the Post-Office Savings Bank? Have you any blood? Very well, then; THIS CONCERNS YOU.

There was a meeting of shareholders in Moscow as recently as July last. The Chairman said: "Gentlemen—I beg your pardon, Comrades,—I am happy to be able to report promising developments. Our main enterprise in Russia, for technical reasons with which I will not now trouble you, is not for the moment profit-producing; but we have been able to promote some successful ventures abroad. In all parts of the civilised world—and Ireland—we may anticipate a distribution of assets in the near future." And among those assets to be parcelled out are, I may say, your acres, your cow, your savings and yourself.

There followed a meeting of the Executive Committee (I wish they would avoid that tactless word "executive," don't you?). Simple and brisk instructions were drafted for foreign agents, bidding them get on with it and not spare themselves, or in any case not spare anyone else. These were inscribed on linen, which was folded over, with the writing inside, and neatly hemmed. Shortly afterwards a number of earnest young men wearing tall collars and an air of exaggerated innocence sought to cross various frontiers and were surprised and offended when rough and rude officials stole their collars and set about taking them to pieces.

I hate to speak slightly of anyone, but these world-revolutionaries have no business to be so young. According to my view a professor of anarchy and assassination ought to be a man of middle-age with stiff stubble on his chin. He has no business to be a pale and perspiring youth, tending to long back hair and apt to be startled by the slightest sound when he is alone. And what a lot of them write poetry, and such poetry too! That is the manner of the man who is going to seize your house and usurp your cow, while you will be lucky if you are allowed a place on a perch in your own fowl-house.

We had an opportunity of seeing them in procession when a consignment of these world-revolutionaries drove off in state from Berne about the time of the Armistice. I told you, last week,

that we had a Legation of them, very kindly lent by the Moscow management, and I also told you that our Italian juggler had let us into the secret of their midnight lucubrations, of which we had duly informed the officials interested in such matters. We had front places when the motor lorry called for them and the military escort arrived to assist all the passengers to take, and keep, their seats. Into the lorry were packed the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, the *Chargé d'Affaires*, the First Secretary, the Second Secretary, the Third Secretary, the Legal and Spiritual Advisers and the Lady Typist. Their features were not easy to distinguish; when the Bolsheviks assume dominion over us they will not nationalize our soap. One or two fell out, but were carefully replaced by willing hands and bayonets; and so home.

Now that is a sight you don't often see: a Diplomatic Corps being returned to store in a motor lorry. The disappointing thing about them was that, for all their fiery propaganda and for all their drastic resolutions, never a one of them produced so much as a squib-cracker. The only people to derive any excitement from the affair were the small children, who took it for a circus.

The best they could do for us was a general strike. What all this had to do with trades or unions nobody seemed to know, least of all the workers. But there was an attractive sound about the then novel phrase, "Direct Action," and it gave a sense of useful business to that otherwise over-portly word, "Proletariat." And the local politicians, promised good jobs in LENIN's millennium, made great use of the phrase, "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Thus many an honest workman joined in under the belief that it meant an extra hour's holiday on Saturdays, an extra hour in bed on Mondays and an extra bob or two of wages.

While it lasts, even a bloodless revolution can be very tiresome; almost as disquieting as a general election. Everybody who isn't revolting is mobilised to keep the revolution from being molested. There are no trams, because the drivers are demonstrating; no shops, because the shopmen are mobilised; no anything, because everyone is out watching the fun. So you go into the square to watch also. You see little groups of revolutionaries looking sullen and laboriously class-hating. You see a lot of soldiers looking very ordinary but trying not to. The riff-raff scowl at the soldiers, who are ordered out to shoot at them. The soldiers scowl at the riff-raff at whom they are ordered not to

shoot. And, for some reason which the experts have not yet fathomed, it always pours with rain.

When we had succeeded in persuading the soldier who was posted to guard our hotel that we were not the proletariat and might safely be let pass, we found a gathering of inside-knowledge people discussing the situation. The Government ought to have known all about it long before—how the Bolsheviks were stirring up trouble. "They did," said we; "we told them." There was a silence at this, but a smile on the face of the audience which we at first mistook for incredulity. We referred darkly to our private information, derived, as I told you in my last, from the Italian juggler. "Did he do juggling tricks with *your* ink-pots too?" asked the French element. "How much money did *you* give him?" asked all the other elements. "And I suppose he also told you," said the Italian officer, "that he had no confidence in his own people and that the British alone enjoyed his respect?"

At this moment the Americans came in and asked us to quit arguing and attend while they told us how they had unearthed the great plot. . . . When together we reckoned up the Italian juggler's net takings we realised that it is an ill revolution which brings no one any good.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

CUBBIN' THRO' THE RYE.

[Suggested by a recently reported incident in the Midlands, when a pack divided, one part getting out of hand and running among standing crops.]

Gin a body meet a body
Cubbin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body tell a body,
"Seed 'em in full cry,"
Useless then to blame the puppies,
Useless too to lie;
Whippers-in can't *always* stop
'em,
Even when they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Cubbin' thro' the rye,
What a body calls a body
Dare I say?—not I;
Farmers get distinctly stuffy,
Neither are they shy,
And Masters, when they're really
rattled,
Sometimes make reply.

Brave News for Pussyfoot.

"A good many Church-people at home have been pressing teetotalism, and are now pressing Prohibition, and it is possible that they may succeed about the time when the moon grows cold."—*Weekly Paper*.



THE MAN YOU GIVE A GAME TO.

THE MYSTERY OF THE APPLE-PIE BEDS.

(Leaves from a holiday diary.)

I.

AN outrage has occurred in the hotel. Late on Monday night ten innocent visitors discovered themselves the possessors of apple-pie beds. The beds were not of the offensive hair-brush variety, but they were very cleverly constructed, the under-sheet being pulled up in the good old way and turned over at the top as if it were the top-sheet.

I had one myself. The lights go out at eleven and I got into bed in the dark. When one is very old and has not been to school for a long time or had an apple-pie bed for longer still, there is something very uncanny in the sensation, especially if it is dark. I did not like it at all. My young brother-in-law, Denys, laughed immoderately in the other bed at my flounderings and imprecations. He did not have one. I suspect him. . . .

II.

Naturally the hotel is very much excited. It is the most thrilling event since the mixed foursomes. Nothing else has been discussed since breakfast. Ten people had beds and about ten people are suspected. The really extraordinary thing is that numbers of people seem to suspect me! That is the worst of being a professional humourist;

everything is put down to you. When I was accompanying Mrs. F. to-day she suddenly stopped fiddling and said hotly that someone had been tampering with her violin. I know she suspected me. Fortunately, however, I have a very good answer to this apple-pie bed charge. Eric says that his bed must have been done after dinner, and I was to be seen at the dance in the lounge all the evening. I have an alibi.

Besides I had a bed myself; surely they don't believe that even a professional humourist could be so bursting with humour as to make himself an apple-pie bed and not make one for his brother-in-law in the same room! It would be too much like overtime.

But they say that only shows my cleverness. . . .

III.

Then there is the question of the Barkers. Most of the victims were young people, who could not possibly

mind. But the Barkers had two, and the Barkers are a respected middle-aged couple, and nobody could possibly make them apple-pie beds who did not know them very well. That shows you it can't have been me—I—me—that shows you I couldn't have done it. I have only spoken to them once.

They say Mr. Barker was rather annoyed. He has rheumatism and went to bed early. Mrs. Barker discovered about her bed before she got in, but she didn't let on. She put out the candle and allowed her lord to get into his apple-pie in the dark. I think I shall like her.

They couldn't find the matches. I believe he was quite angry. . . .

IV.

I suspect Denys and Joan. They

unanswerable problem is, who could have dared to make the Barkers' apple-pie beds? And the answer is, nobody—except the Barkers.

And there must have been a lady in it, it was so neatly done. Everybody says no man could have done it. So that shows you it couldn't have been me—I—myself. . . .

VI.

I suspect Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Winthrop is fifty-three. He has been in the hotel since this time last year, and he makes accurate forecasts of the weather. My experience is that a man who makes accurate forecasts of the weather may get up to any devilry. And he protests too much. He keeps coming up to me and making long speeches to prove that he didn't do it.

But I never said he did. Somebody else started that rumour, but of course he thinks that I did. That comes of being a professional humourist.

But I do believe he did it. You see he is fifty-three and doesn't dance, so he had the whole evening to do it in.

To-night we are going to have a Court of Inquiry. . . .

VII.

We have had the inquiry. I was judge. I started with Denys and Joan in the dock, as I thought we must have somebody there and it would look better if it was some-

body in the family. The first witness was Mrs. Barker. Her evidence was so unsatisfactory that I had to have her put in the dock too. So was Mr. Barker's. I was sorry to put him in the dock, as he still had rheumatism. But he had to go.

So did Mr. Winthrop. I had no qualms about him. For a man of his age to do a thing like that seems to me really deplorable. And the barefaced evasiveness of his evidence! He simply could not account for his movements during the evening at all. When I asked him what he had been doing at 9.21, and where, he actually said he didn't know.

Rather curious—very few people can account for their movements, or anyone else's. In most criminal trials the witnesses remember to a minute, years after the event, exactly what time they went upstairs and when they passed the prisoner in the lounge, but nobody



"RIGHT-O. IF YER WANTS A FIGHT I'M READY. AN' AS WE'VE ONLY ONE PAIR O' GLOVES, AN' YOU'RE THE YOUNGEST, I'LL BE A SPORT AN' LET YOU WEAR 'EM."

are engaged, and people in that state are capable of anything. Neither of them had one, and they were seen slipping upstairs during the dance. They say they went out on the balcony—a pretty story. . . .

V.

I suspect the Barkers. You know, that story about Mrs. B. letting Mr. B. get into his without warning him was pretty thin. Can you imagine an English wife doing a thing of that kind? If you can it ought to be a ground for divorce under the new Bill. But you can't.

Then all that stuff about the rheumatism—clever but unconvincing. Mr. Barker stayed in his room all the next morning when the awkward questions were being asked. Not well; oh, no! But he was down for lunch and conducting for a glee-party in the drawing-room afterwards, as perky and active as a professional. Besides, the really



THE END OF THE SEASON.

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, YOU'VE LAID HER UP NICELY FOR THE WINTER, ANYHOW."

seems to remember anything in this affair. No doubt it will come in time.

The trial was very realistic. I was able to make one or two excellent judicial jokes. Right at the beginning I said to the prosecuting counsel, "What is an apple-pie bed?" and when he had explained I said with a meaning look, "You mean that the bed was not in *apple-pie order*?" Ha, ha! Everybody laughed heartily. . . .

VIII.

In my address to the jury of matrons I was able to show pretty clearly that the crime was the work of a gang. I proved that Denys and Joan must have done the bulk of the dirty work, under the tactical direction of the Barkers, who did the rest; while in the background was the sinister figure of Mr. Winthrop, the strategical genius, the lurking Machiavelli of the gang.

The jury were not long in considering their verdict. They said: "We find, your Lordship, that you did it yourself, with some lady or ladies unknown."

That comes of being a professional humourist. . . .

IX.

I ignored the verdict. I addressed the prisoners very severely and sentenced them to do the Chasm hole from 6.0 A.M. to 6.0 P.M. every day for a week, to take out cards and play out every stroke. "You, Winthrop," I said, "with your gentlemanly cunning,

your subtle pretensions of righteousness——" But there is no space for that. . . .

X.

As a matter of fact the jury were quite right. In company with a lady who shall be nameless I did do it. At least, at one time I thought I did. Only we have proved so often that somebody else did it, we have shown so conclusively that we can't have done it, that we find ourselves wondering if we really did.

Perhaps we didn't.

If we did we apologise to all concerned—except, of course, to Mr. Winthrop. I suspect him. A. P. H.

MIXED METEOROLOGICAL MAXIMS.

(By a Student of Psychology.)

WHEN the glass is high and steady
For domestic broils be ready.
When the glass is low and jerky
Then look out for squalls in Turkey.
When the air is dull and damp
Keep your eye on Mr. CRAMP.
When the air is clear and dry
On BOB WILLIAMS keep your eye.
When it's fine and growing finer
Keep your eye upon the miner.
When it's wet and growing wetter
'Twill be worse before it's better.
When the tide is at its ebb
Fix your gaze on SIDNEY WEBB.
When the tide is at high level
Modernists discuss the Devil.

Floods upon the Thames or Kennet
Stimulate the brain of BENNETT;
While a waterspout foretells
Fresh activities in WELLS.
When it's calm in the Atlantic
Gooseberries become gigantic.
When it's rough in the Pacific
Laying hens are less prolific.
When the clouds are moving *largo*
There is no restraining MARGOT.
When their movement is *con brio*
'Ware CHIOZZA MONEY (LEO)!
When the sun is bright but spotty
Diarists become more dotty.
When the sun is dim and hazy
Diarists become more crazy.
When the nights are calm and still
Faster travels GARVIN's quill.
When the blizzard's blast is hissing
REPINOTON is reminiscing.

If you ponder well these lines
You can read the weather signs
In accordance with the rule
Binding both on sage and fool:—
*Anything in mortal ken
May befall us anywhen.*

Commercial Importunity.

"SERVICES! Dozens other cars available, £1,500 to £50. Call and insult us."

Motor Journal.

More Visions of the Unseen.

"The roads are peculiarly situated, and are dangerous not only because they are main cross roads, but also on account of the hidden view they afford of each other."—*Local Paper.*



Teacher. "AND WHAT DOES *ff* MEAN?"

Pupil (after mature deliberation). "Fump-Fump."

THE DEVOTED LOVER.

["Loiterers will be treated as trespassers."—Notice on Tube Station.]

No longer laud, my Jane, the ancient wooer
Who for the favours of his ladye fayre
Would sally forth to strafe the evil-doer
Or beard the dragon in his inmost lair;
Find it no more, dear heart, a ground for stray tiffs
Because, forsooth, you can't detect in me
A tendency to go out whopping caitiffs
Daily from ten till three.

He proved himself in his especial fashion,
Daring the worst to earn a lover's boon,
But I, no less than he a prey to passion,
Faced risks as great this very afternoon,
When at the Tube a long half-hour I waited
(In fond obedience to your written beck)
Where loiterers, it practically stated,
Would get it in the neck.

The liftmen who from time to time ascended
To spill their loads (in which you had no part)
Regarded me with eagle eyes intended
To lay the touch of terror on my heart;
But through a wait thus perilously dreary
My spirits drooped not nor my courage flinched;
"She cometh not," I merely sighed, "I'm weary
And likely to be pinched."

You came at last, long last, to end my fretting,
And now you know how your devoted bard
Faced for your sake the risk of fine or getting
An unaccustomed dose of labour (hard);

Harbour no more that idiotic notion
That love to-day is unromantic, flat;
Gave Lancelot such a proof of his devotion,
Did Galahad do that?

PAMELA'S ALPHABET.

Scene.—A DOMESTIC INTERIOR.

Pamela's father, in one armchair, is making a praiseworthy effort to absorb an article in a review on "The Future of British Finance." In another armchair Pamela's mother is doing some sort of mending. Pamela herself, stretched upon the hearthrug, is reading aloud interesting extracts from a picture-book.

Pamela (in a cheerful sing-song). A for Donkey; B for Dicky.

Her Father. What sort of dicky?

Pamela (examining the illustration more closely). All ugly black, bisect for his blue mouf.

Her Mother (instructively). Not blue; yellow. And it's a beak, not a mouth.

Pamela. I calls it a mouf. He's eating wiv it. (With increasing disfavour) A poor little worm he's eating. Don't like him; he's crool. (She turns the page hurriedly and continues) C for Pussy; D for Mick.

[This is the name of the family mongrel. That the picture represents an absolutely thoroughbred collie matters nothing to Pamela. She spends some time in admiring Mick, then rapidly sweeps over certain illustrations that fail to attract.

Pamela (stopping at the sight of a web-footed fowl, triumphantly). G for Quack-quack.



THE PRINCE COMES HOME.



MORE OUTLINES OF HISTORY.

Sailor. "WE HAVE JUST SEEN SOME ORANGE-PEEL AND BANANA-SKINS FLOATING ON THE STARBOARD, SIR."

Columbus. "WAS THERE ANY CHEWING-GUM?"

Sailor. "No, SIR."

Columbus. "THEN IT MUST BE THE WEST INDIES WE'RE COMING TO, AND I'D HOPED IT WAS GOING TO BE AMERICA."

Her Father. Oh, come, Pamela, that's not a quack-quack; that's a goose. It makes quite a different noise.

[Anticipating an immediate demand for a goose's noise he clears his throat nervously.

Pamela (with authority). This one isn't making any noise. It's jus' thinking. (*Her father accepts the correction and swallows again.*) H for Gee-gee. Stupid gee-gee.

Her Father. Why stupid?

Pamela. 'Acos its tail looks silly.

Her Father (glancing at the tail, which bears some resemblance to an osprey's feather). You're right; it does.

Her Mother. I wonder whether it's wrong to let children get accustomed to bad drawings?

Her Father. Pamela doesn't get accustomed—she criticises. If it weren't for a silly tail here, a stupid face there, her critical faculty might lie for ever dormant.

Pamela (having turned over four or five pages with one grasp of the hand, as if determined to suppress the unsatisfactory horse). R for Bunny.

Her Mother. No, dear, Rabbit. R for Rabbit. B for Bunny.

Pamela (gently). No; B is for Dicky. The ugly dicky wiv the blue mouf.

Her Father (rashly). The blackbird.

Pamela (conscious of superior knowledge). That isn't its name. That's what it looks like, all black; but its name is Dicky. B for Dicky.

Her Father. Well, have it your own way. What does S stand for?

Pamela (turning to the likeness of an elderly quadruped, with great assurance). Baa-lamb!

Her Father. Sometimes we call baa-lambs sheep.

Pamela. I don't.

Her Father. You will when you grow older.

Pamela. I won't be any older, not for ever so long. Not

till next birthday. (*Pushing her book away and assuming an air of extreme infancy*) Tired of reading. Want a piggy-back, please!

Her Father (firmly taking up his review again). Not just now. I'm busy with a picture-book.

[A reproachful silence falls upon the room.

Pamela (presently, in a mournful chant). A for Don-key. B for Dicky—

The Scene closes.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

Crow's-Foot.

HAVE you noticed that the splendid dreams, the best dreams that there are,

Come always in the darkest nights without a single star?
When the moonless nights are blackest the best dreams are about;

I'll tell you why that should be so and how I found it out.

There's a bird who comes at night-time, and underneath his wings,

All warm and soft and feathery, lie tiny fairy things;
He spreads his wings out widely (you see them, not the dark)
And you hear the fairies whispering, "Hush! hush!" "I'll tell you!" "Hark!"

The bird is black and feathery, but his feet are made of gold;
He chiefly comes in summer-time, for fairies hate the cold;
And if the nights are velvet-dark and full of summer airs
He lingers till the sun creeps up and finds him unawares.

And so you'll see in summer-time, when all the dew is wet,
The footprints of his golden claws maybe will linger yet;
The little golden flower-buds will gleam like golden grain,
And if you pick and cherish them perhaps you'll dream again.



"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN UP IN AN AEROPLANE, GRANDPA?"

"NO, MY BOY—NOT YET."

HONOURS EASY.

I.

Nor very long ago the following advertisements appeared in the same column of *The Southshire Daily Gazette*:

"Lost, a pure black Pekinese dog, wearing a silver badge marked 'Cherub.' Handsome reward offered. F. B., Grand Hotel, Brightbourne."

"Found, a black Pekinese, wearing a silver badge marked 'Cherub.' No reward required. The Limes, Cheviot Road, Brightbourne."

II.

On the same morning the paper was opened and scanned almost simultaneously by Mrs. Frederick Bathurst in the sitting-room which she and her husband occupied at the Grand Hotel, and by Mr. Hartley Friend in the morning-room at "The Limes."

"Oh, Fred," exclaimed Mrs. Bathurst, "Cherub has been found. He's all safe at a house called 'The Limes,' in Cheviot Road. Isn't that splendid?"

"Very good news," said her husband. "I told you not to worry."

"It's a direct answer to prayer," said Mrs. Bathurst. "But——"

"But what?" her husband inquired.

"But I do wish you had taken my advice not to offer any reward. You

might so easily have left it open. People aren't so mercenary as all that. It stands to reason that anyone staying at an hotel like this and bringing a dog with them—always an expensive thing to do—and valuing it enough to advertise its loss, would behave properly when the time came."

"I don't know," Mr. Bathurst replied. "Does anything stand to reason? The ordinary dog-thief, holding up an animal to ransom, might be deterred from returning it if no mention of money was made. You remember we decided on that."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. You merely had your way again, that was all. I was always against offering a reward. And the word 'handsome' too. In any case I never agreed to that. You put that in later. Another thing," Mrs. Bathurst continued, "I knew it in some curious way—in my bones, as they say—that the fineness of Cherub's nature, its innocence, its radiant friendliness, would overcome any sordidness in the person who found him, poor darling, all lost and unhappy. No one who has been much with that simple sweet character could fail to be the better for it."

Mr. Bathurst coughed.

"That is so?" his wife persisted.

"Well," said Mr. Bathurst, after helping himself to another egg, "let us hope so, at any rate."

"It's gone beyond mere hope," said his wife triumphantly. "Listen to this;" and she read out the sentence from the second advertisement, "'No reward required.' There," she added, "isn't that proof? I'll go round to Cheviot Road directly after breakfast and say how grateful we are, and bring the darling back."

III.

Meanwhile at "The Limes" Mr. Hartley Friend was pacing the room with impatient steps.

"I do wish you would try to be less impulsive," he was saying to his wife. "Anything in the nature of business you would be so much wiser to leave to me."

"What is it now?" Mrs. Friend asked with perfect placidity.

"This dog," said her husband, "that fastened itself on you in this deplorable way—whatever possessed you to rush into print about it?"

"Of course I rushed, as you say. Think of the feelings of the poor woman

who has lost her pet. It was the only kind thing to do."

"'Poor woman' indeed! I assure you she's nothing of the sort. One would think you were a millionaire to be lading out benefactions like this. 'No reward required.' Fancy not even asking for the price of the advertisement to be refunded!"

"But that would have been so squalid."

"'Squalid!' I've no patience with you. Justice isn't squalor. It's—it's justice. As for your 'poor woman,' listen to this." And he read out the Bathurst advertisement with terrible emphasis on the words "Handsome reward offered." "Do you hear that—'handsome'?"

"Yes, I hear," said his wife amiably; "but that isn't my idea of making money."

"I hope you don't suppose it's mine," said her husband. "But there is such a thing as common sense. Why on earth the accident of this little brute following us home should run us into the expense of an advertisement and a certain amount of food and drink I'm hanged if I can see."

"Well, dear," said his wife with the same amiability, "if you can't see it I can't make you."

IV.

A few minutes later the arrival of "a lady who's come for the Peek" was announced.

"No," said Mr. Friend as his wife rose, "leave it to me. I'll deal with it. The situation is very delicate."

"How can I thank you enough," began Mrs. Bathurst, "for being so kind and generous about our little angel? My husband and I agreed that nothing more charmingly considerate can ever have been done."

At this point Mrs. Friend followed her husband into the room, and Mrs. Bathurst renewed her expressions of gratitude.

"But at any rate," she added to her, "you will permit me to defray the cost of the advertisement? I could not allow you to be at that expense."

Before Mrs. Friend could speak her husband intervened. "No, madam," he said, "I couldn't think of it. Please don't let the mention of money vulgarize a little friendly act like this. We are only too glad to have been the means of reuniting you and your pet."

E. V. L.

"Rufford Abbey is, of course, a wonderful old place, and all the front, from gable to gable, is genuine tenth-century, built in 1139."

Sunday Times.

It looks as if the ca' canny idea was not so new as we thought it.



Lady with Pram (who has been pointing out to newcomer the beauties of the neighbourhood, where a strike is threatened). "THAT'S ONE OF THE 'OT 'EADS."

AT THE PLAY.

"EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE."

WHEN *Dahlia* refused the hand of a wealthy middle-aged nut, with faultless knickerbockers and a gift for lucubrated epigrams, preferring to throw in her lot (platonically) with a young and penniless social reformer, we took no notice of those who feared a scandal ("scandals are not what they were," as she said), nor of the girl's assertion that she had no use for the alleged romance of marriage. We were confident that the little god whose image, with bow and arrow, stood in the garden of *Dahlia's* ancestral home, would put things right for us in the end. Yet we were not greatly annoyed when he made a mess of his business and married her to the wrong man; for in the mean-

time such strange things had been allowed to occur and the right man had proved such a disappointment that we didn't much care what happened to anybody.

It was the rejected lover, *Mortimer Jerrold*, who conceived two bright ideas for conquering her independence of mind, apparently for the benefit of his rival. First he contrived to get *Harold Glaive*, the young socialist, selected as a candidate for Parliament, hoping (if I read the gentleman's motive rightly) that his probable failure would touch the place where her heart should have been. This scheme did not go very well, for he was chosen to contest the seat held by *Dahlia's* own father (which caused a lot of trouble), and in the result beat him.

Meanwhile *Jerrold* had had an alter-

native brain-wave. He thought that if he pinched the latchkey of *Dahlia's* Bloomsbury flat, broke in at night, and made a show of assaulting her modesty he could prove to her that she was only a poor weak woman after all. Nothing, you would say, could well have been more stupid. Yet, according to Mr. HASTINGS TURNER's showing (and who were we to challenge his authority?) it came off. We were, in fact, asked to believe that a girl who had protested her freedom from all sense of sex was suddenly made conscious of it by the violence of a man whose advances, when decently conducted, had left her cold; and from that moment developed an inclination to marry him. An assault by a tramp or an apache would apparently have served almost as well for the purpose. If this is "Every Woman's Privilege" it is fortunate that so few of them get the chance of exercising it.

Miss MARIE LÖHR herself came very well out of a play that can hardly add to the author's reputation. Her personality lent itself to a part which demanded a blend of feminine charm with a boyish contempt for romance. And she had a few good things to say. It was not Mr. HALLARD's fault if he failed to win our perfect sympathy for a hero whom the heroine addressed as "Spats." As for Mr. BASIL RATHBONE, who played the part of *Harold Glaive*, I cannot imagine why he took it on. Apart from his timorous declaration of love, conveyed on a typewriter, there was no colour in it, and nothing whatever to show why his passion petered out. I think that the author, in his surprise at the success of *Harold's* rival, must have forgotten all about it. Mr. HERBERT ROSS was excellent as *Dahlia's* father, a pleasantly futile baronet under the thumb of a sour-tongued managing female, an old-fashioned part in which Miss HELEN ROUS has nothing to learn. Miss VANE FEATHERSTON, as the lady who finally absorbed the baronet, did her little gratuitous piece all right.

I cannot get myself to believe that all these intelligent actors are under any illusion as to the merits of the comedy. With the best wishes in the world for the success of Miss MARIE LÖHR's enterprises, I am bound to regard it as yet another instance of a play where the attractions of the leading part have a little deranged the judgment of the actor-manager.

O. S.

"THE CROSSING."

Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD and Mr. BERTRAM FORSYTH (assisted by Mr. DONALD CALTHROP) present to us in *The Crossing* a certain Mr. Anthony Grimshaw, a princely egotist of the poetic-idealist type who gets up on the

hearth-rug and says to his family, "I am a humanitarian before everything," and things like that, and then wonders why his wife is estranged from him. He has a daughter, *Nixie*, who is not old enough to know how bad all this is, and together they hear the wind singing glees without words (or in Volapuk, but anyway not intelligible to us poor normals), a thing Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD has been doing or pretending to do for years without once taking me in.

Anthony is run over and (as we say) dies. After an extraordinarily tiresome conversation in the morning-room with his friend and his son and his mother (who are also what people call dead) it dawns upon him that something odd has happened to himself also. His wife and two children, after his (so-called)



Richard Petafor (Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), the apostle of Materialism and Physical Exercise, trying to convert *Antony Grimshaw* (Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL), the believer in Mysticism and Armchairs.

death, become blissfully happy and set to work to finish his book, that being, as they think, his wish. Well, I wonder. At any rate in death (as we say) he was not divided—from his egotisms.

One knows well enough, alas, how the temptation to spiritual drug-taking has grown as the result of the accumulated sorrows of these past years, but it is not well that such a treatment of the eternal question should be taken seriously. Is this sort of thing really better than the harp-and-cloud theory? It is not. One looked in vain for any trace of real vision, any true sense of the height and depth of the problem.

Mr. MARSHALL struggled quite manfully with the part of *Anthony*, and of course he had his moments. I hope so good a player is not developing the

"actor's pause," of which I detected signs. Miss IRENE ROOKE had nothing in particular to do and did it very well. Mr. HUBERT HARBEN as the impenitent profiteer from Lancashire, *Anthony's* brother-in-law, was better suited than I have seen him for some time, and provided the very necessary relief. The precocious children infuriated me, but that is purely temperamental. The actors who played the parts of those who had "crossed" were wrapped in such an atmosphere of gloom, to the strains of such meretricious music that (on the evidence) I can only advise people to defer their crossing as long as possible; a thing they will doubtless do, even if they have a friendlier feeling to the new religion than I can command. . . . I am afraid I proved a bad sailor. T.

TWO STUDIES IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

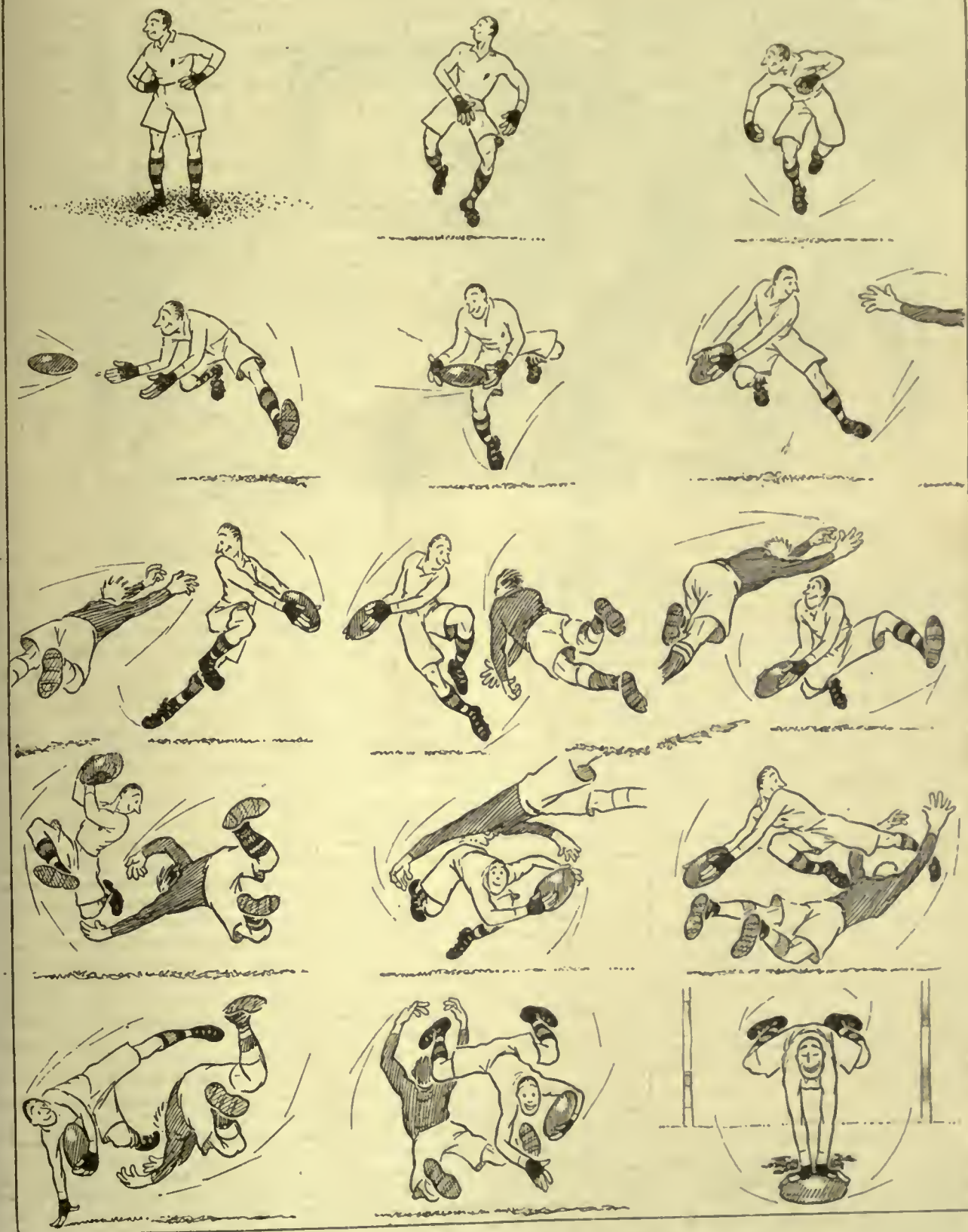
(With grateful acknowledgments to "The Times" and "The Morning Post.")

I.

We had quite a hectic time at the Philharmonic—I nearly wrote the Phillemnade—concert last night, what with two Czechs, Dabek and Plofiskin, slabs of WAGNER, and Carl Walbrook's Humorous Variations, "The Quangle Wangle," conducted by Carl himself. If the honest truth be told, we sat down to the Variations with no more pleasurable anticipation than one sits down with in the dentist's chair, preparatory to the application of gags, electric drills and other instruments of odontological torture. (Strange, by the way, that no modernist has translated the horrors of the modern Tusculum into terms of sound and fury!) But we were most agreeably surprised to find ourselves following every one of the forty-nine Variations with breathless interest. Mr. Walbrook is indeed a case of the deformed transformed. We found hardly a trace of the poluphloisboisterous pomposity with which he used to camouflage his dearth of ideas. His main theme is shapely and sinuous, and its treatment in most of the Variations titillated us voluptuously. But, since it is the function of the critic to criticise, let us justify our rôle by noting that the scoring throughout tends to glutinousness, like that of the pre-war Carlsbad plum; further, that a solo on the muted viola against an accompaniment of sixteen sarrusophones is only effective if the sarrusophones are prepared to roar like sucking-doves, which, as LEAR would have said, "they seldom if ever do." Still, on the whole the Variations arided us vastly.

It was a curious but exhilarating experience to hear the Bohemians, the

Jougasse



THE DREAM OF BLISS.



Fussy Old Party (who likes to make sure). "ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU GO TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS?"

Driver (to Conductor). "ERE, BILL, WE ARE CARELESS. SOMEONE MUST HAVE PINCHED THE NAME-BOARDS WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKING."

playboys of Central Europe, interpreted in the roast-beef-and-plum-pudding style of the Philharmonic at its beefiest and plummiest. Dabčik survived the treatment fairly well, but poor Ploffskin was simply stodged under. But they were in the same boat with RICHARD the Elder, whose Venusberg music was given with all the orgiastic exuberance of a Temperance Band at a Sunday-School Treat, recalling the sarcastic jape of old HANS RICHTER during the rehearsal of the same work: "You play it like teetotalers—which you are not." Yet the orchestra were lavish of violent sonority where it was not required; the well-meaning but unfortunate Mr. Orlo Jimson, who essayed the "Smithy Songs" from *Siegfried*, being submerged in a very Niagara of noise. WAGNER's scoring no doubt is "a bit thick," but then he devised a special "spelunk" (as BACON says) for his orchestra to lurk in, and there is no cavernous accommodation at the Queen's Hall.

11.

Though fashion considers September as an unpropitious time for the production of novelties, the scheme arranged for the patrons of the Philharmonic Concert last night, under the direction of Sir Henry Peacham, was successful in bringing together an audience of eminently respectable dimensions. The

occasion served for the launching under favourable circumstances of what constituted the chief landmark of the programme—a set of orchestral variations with the quaint title of "The Quangle Wangle," from the prolific pen of Mr. Carl Walbrook. It is satisfactory to be able to record the gratifying fact that this work met with cordial acceptance. In the interests of serious art, the borrowing of a title from one of the works of a writer so addicted to levity as EDWARD LEAR may perhaps be deprecated, but there can be no doubt of the ingenuity and sprightliness with which Mr. Walbrook has addressed himself to, and accomplished, his task. If we cannot discover in his composition the manifestation of any pronounced individuality or high artistic uplift, it none the less commands the respect due to the exhibition of a vigorous mentality combined with a notable mastery of orchestral resource and mollifluous modulation. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Walbrook was constrained to make the transit from the artistes' room to the platform no fewer than three times before the applause and zeal of the audience could be allayed.

The remainder of the scheme was copious and well-contrived. Pleasurable evidence of the friendly interest shown in the fortunes of the Czechoslovakian Republic was forthcoming

in the performance of two works by composers of that interesting race—Messrs. Dabčik and Ploffskin—of which it may suffice to say that the temperamental peculiarities of the Bohemian genius were elicited with conspicuous brilliancy under the inspiring direction of Sir Henry Peacham. In a vocal item from *Siegfried*, Mr. Orlo Jimson evinced a sympathetic appreciation of the emotional needs of the situation which augurs favourably for his further progress, and the powerful support furnished him by the orchestra was an important factor in the enjoyment of his praiseworthy efforts. An almost too vivacious rendering of the Venusberg music brought the scheme to a strepitous conclusion. It may, however, be submitted that so realistic an interpretation of the Pagan revelries depicted by the composer is hardly in accordance with the best traditions of the British musical public.

"There is no such thing as infallibility in rerum natura."—*Provincial Paper*.

Nor, apparently, in journalistic Latin.

"Reward.—Bedroom taken Tuesday, 27th, between Holborn and Woburn-place. A basket and umbrella left."—*Daily Paper*.

We compliment the victim of this theft on his courtesy in calling the thieves' attention to their oversight.



Exhausted War Profiteer. "DEER FORESTS FOR THE 'IDLE RICH' HE BLOWED! THE 'NEW POOR' CAN 'AVE 'EM FOR ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE long-promised *Herbert Beerbohm Tree* (HUTCHINSON), than which I have expected no book with more impatience, turns out to be a volume full of lively interest, though rather an experiment in snap-shot portraiture from various angles than a full-dress biography. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM has arranged the book, himself contributing a short memoir of his brother, which, together with what Lady TREE aptly calls her *Reverie*, fills some two-thirds of it with the more intimate view of the subject, the rest being supplied by the outside appreciations of friends and colleagues. If I were to sum up my impression of the resulting picture it would be in the word "happiness." Not without reason did the TREES name a daughter FELICITY. Here was a life spent in precisely the kind of success that held most delight for the victor—honour, love, obedience, troops of friends; all that *Macbeth* missed his exponent enjoyed in flowing measure. Perhaps TREE was never a great actor, because he found existence too "full of a number of things"; if so he was something considerably jollier, the enthusiastic, often inspired amateur, approaching each new part with the zest of a brief but brilliant enthusiasm. I suppose no popular favourite ever had his name associated with more good stories and wit, original and vicarious. Despite some entertaining extracts from his commonplace book I doubt if this side of him is quite worthily represented; at least nothing here quoted beats Lady TREE's own *mol* for a mendacious newspaper poster—*Canard à la Press*. Possibly we are still to look for a more official volume of reference; meantime the present memoir gives a vastly readable sketch of one whose passing left a void perhaps unexpectedly hard to fill.

In the prefatory chapter of *Our Women* (CASSELL) Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT coyly disclaims any intention of tackling his theme on strictly scientific principles. The warning is perhaps hardly necessary, since, apart from the duty which the author owes to his public as a novelist rather than a philosopher, the title alone should be a sufficient guide. One would hardly expect a serious zoologist, for instance, in attempting to deal with the domesticated fauna, to entitle his work *Our Dumb Friends*. The book is divided in the main between adoration and prophecy. As a result of their emancipation from economic slavery, Mr. BENNETT expects women—women, that is to say, of the "top class," as he calls it—to adopt more and more the rôle of professional wage-earners; but at the same time he insists that they do not as yet take themselves seriously enough as professional housekeepers. How the two functions are to be combined it is a little difficult to see, but apparently women are to retain a profession as a stand-by in case they fail to marry or to remain married. At the same time Mr. BENNETT takes it for granted that woman will never relinquish her position as a charmer of man, or even the use of cosmetics and expensive lingerie. Speaking neither as a novelist nor as a philosopher, I cannot help feeling that Mr. BENNETT is too apt to consider the things he particularly likes about women to be eternal, and those that he does not like so much to be susceptible of alteration and improvement. Anyhow, it looks as if *Our Men* were going to have rather a thin time.

MISS BEATHICE HARRADEN calls her latest story *Spring Shall Plant* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). She might equally well have called it *The Successes of a Naughty Child*. Certainly it is chiefly concerned with the many triumph-

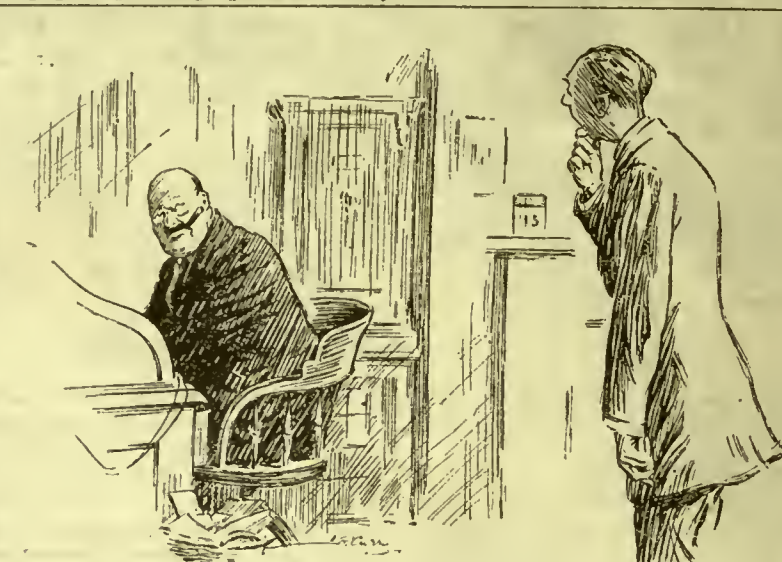
ant insubordinations of *Patuffa* (whom I suspect of having been encouraged by her too challenging name) both at home and at the various schools from which she either ran away or was returned with thanks. This is all mildly attractive if only from the vivacity of its telling; but I confess to having felt a mild wonder whether a child's book had not got on to my table by error—when the grown-ups suddenly began to carry on in a way that placed all such doubts at rest. There was, for example, a Russian lady, godmother of *Patuffa*, who escaped from somewhere and established herself, with others of her kind, in an attic in Coptic Street. My welcome for this interesting fugitive was to some extent shaken by a realisation that she was (so to speak) a refugee from the other side and, in a sense, a spiritual ancestress of Bolshevism. Miss HARRADEN would however object, and justly, that the clean-purposed conspirators of the earlier revolution had little in common with the unsavoury individuals who at present obscure the Russian dawn. Soon after this, *Patuffa's* papa begins to go quite dreadfully off the rails, even to the extent of wishing to elope with her governess and eventually losing all his money and shooting himself. There was also a famous violinist—well, you can see already that *Patuffa's* vernal experiences were on generous lines. It is to the credit of all concerned that she and her story retain an appreciable charm under adverse conditions.

Nothing, one would imagine, could promise much more restful reading than a book that concerns itself with such things as christening robes for caterpillars, the dyeing blue of white chickens and searches among Californian lilies and pine-trees for the soul of a hog unseasonably defunct. But, since this most uncharitable age refuses to believe anything just because it is told it should, the peaceful pages of *The Diary of Opal Whiteley* (PUTNAM) are unfortunately fussed over with a controversy that no one who reads them can quite escape. Miss WHITELEY's diary is presented with every circumstance of solemn asseveration as the unaided work of a child of seven, only now pieced together by the writer after quite a number of years. If you care to throw yourself into the argument you will certainly find heaps of reasons for thinking unkind things, as the writer would say, of the truth of this claim, particularly in the completeness with which every incident is carried through various stages to its literary finish; but, if you will be ruled by me, you will try to forget anything but the book itself, with its quite charming pictures of many animals and one little girl, their understanding friend. The quaint idiom in which the diary is supposed to have been written (or, of course, was written) adds to the delight of a rather uncommon feeling for nature at its simplest, while the scrapes for which the small heroine receives (or, you may say, is alleged to receive) well-deserved punishment preserve the book from

ever dropping into mere mawkishness. A great pity, I think, that it was not published rather as based on childish memories than as the actual printed script of a prodigy.

Moon Mountains (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a story which with the best will in the world I found it impossible to regard wholly seriously. The greater part of the scene is laid in Darkest Africa, where the father of the hero, *Peter* (my hope that the *Peter* habit had blown over appears to have been premature), disappears at an early stage. The subsequent course of events reminds me of the words of the musical-comedy poet, popular in my youth, who wrote, "It were better for you rather not to try and find your father, than to find him"—well, certainly better than to find him as *Peter* found his. Perhaps it would not be unfair to suppose that Miss MARGARET PETERSON had at this point her eye already firmly fixed upon her big situation. Certainly the course of *Peter* is rather impatiently and spasmodically sketched till the moment when matters are sufficiently ad-

vanced to ship him also to Africa, in company with an elderly hunter of butterflies named *Mellis*. Their adventures form the bulk of the tale (filled out with some chat about elephants, and a sufficiency of love-making on the part of *Peter*), and I suppose I need hardly tell you how one of them, poor *Mellis*, is immediately captured and brought before the terrible white king of the hidden lands, nor how this same monarch, a really dreadfully unpleasant person, turns out to be—Precisely. So there the tale is; little more incredible than, I dare say, most of



New Clerk. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUTSIDE WHO SAYS THAT YOU 'VE ROBBED HIM OF ALL HE HAD."

Turf Accountant. "WELL, WHAT'S HIS NAME? ASK HIM TO GIVE YOU HIS NAME. HOW AM I TO DISTINGUISH HIM IF HE DOESN'T SEND HIS NAME IN?"

its kind; and if you have no rooted objection to characters all of whom behave like persons who know they are in a book there is no reason why you should not find it at least passably entertaining.

Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG's manner of presenting *The Tragic Bride* (SECKER) is not free from affectation, and this is the more irritating because his literary style is in itself admirably unpretentious. But having recorded this complaint I gladly go on to declare that his tale of *Gabrielle Hewish* has both charm and distinction. I protest my belief in *Gabrielle* both in her Irish and English homes, but my protest would have been superfluous if Mr. BRETT YOUNG had not almost super-taxed my powers of belief. So also with *Arthur Payne*; he is a fascinating lad, and the battle between his mother and *Gabrielle* for possession of him was a royal struggle, fought without gloves yet very fairly. All the same I caught myself doubting once or twice whether any boy could at the same time be so human and so inhuman. It is to Mr. BRETT YOUNG's credit that these doubts do not interfere with one's enjoyment of his book, and the reason is that he is first and last and all the time an artist.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. RIAZANOV, the successor to KAMENEFF, is now residing in Grosvenor Street. Several readers have written to ask us how his name is pronounced. Wrongly, we believe, in nine cases out of ten.

We have been given to understand that that versatile pair, the Two Bobs, are contemplating a tour of the music-halls in the mining district, where they are sure to be given a rousing reception.

According to *The Evening News* two miners recently played a quoit match for a hundred pounds. In all probability they are now agitating for the two shillings' increase to enable them to have a little side bet.

"We cannot choose how we will be born," says a medical writer. No; some are born poor and others are born into a miner's family.

"Where stands England to-day?" we are asked. While travelling in the Tube we have often thought that most of it was standing on our feet.

"With the outgoing of September we face once more the month of October, with its falling leaves and autumn gales," states a writer in a daily paper. This, we understand, is according to precedent.

A Glamorgan collier, summoned for income-tax, stated that he earned eleven pounds a week and wanted every penny of it. It is said that he is saving up to buy a strike of his own.

A live frog is reported to have been found in a coal seam at a Monmouthshire colliery. It seems to have been greatly concerned at having missed the previous strike ballot.

With reference to Mr. SPENDER's interview with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE we regret that no mention is made of the exact date when the PRIME MINISTER will declare the New World open.

Since it has been so well advertised we understand that the banned poster, "The Unknown," is shortly to be renamed "The Very Well Known."

The EX-KAISER is reported to have made his will. He has bequeathed his trial to his youngest grandson.

It is proposed to make Poole a first-class port, at a cost of £3,750,000. We cannot help thinking that hidden away in some Government office is a man who could do it at treble the cost.

A London firm of pastrycooks have purchased two obsolete tanks from the Disposal Boards. They are said to make excellent utensils for flattening pancakes.

A dainty little invention has just been tried by the Bolsheviks, which consists of a method whereby boiling water from

sons to a women's class in knitting. It is said that his treatise on How to Crochet a Burst Bath-Pipe is likely to become a standard work.

In taking away a safe containing six thousand pounds from a Fenchurch Street office, burglars broke down a door with a thick glass panel. The profession is of the opinion that the blame for this lies with the firm. They had locked the door.

The Daily Chronicle informs us that a New York couple who were engaged in 1868 have just been married. But surely the wonder is that they were not married long before.

A woman has told the medical officer of Burnham that rats so like the poison being used that they come out of their holes for it while it is being put down. We always make our rats stand up and beg for it.

A domestic servant was recently blown out of her mistress's house through the too liberal use of paraffin whilst lighting fires. Luckily, however, it was her day out, so no complications ensued.

On being asked his recipe for keeping young, a well-known physician refused to reply. In view of the increasing number

of precocious authors, the question again arises, "Should a doctor tell?"

The Daily Express states that there is very little demand for champagne to-day." We fancy this is due to the fact that a number of people are saving up to buy coffee at Messrs. Lyons'.

"The Passionate Spectator."

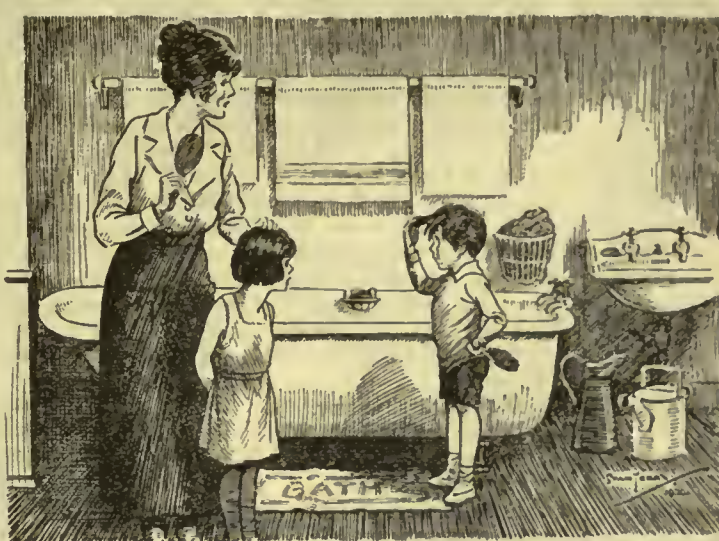
We are asked to say that the above title of a book written by Miss JANE BURR and published by Messrs. DUCKWORTH (it is described on the wrapper as "an entirely unconventional novel founded on original and ultra-modern views concerning life and marriage") has nothing to do with our respected contemporary.

"GOVERNMENT'S STRIKING ATTITUDE."

WAITING TILL THE CAR JUMPS?"

Nigerian Pioneer.

Personally we always try to get out when this seems to be imminent.



THE MORNING TOILET.

"OH, LOOK, MUMMY! THERE'S WILFRED DOING HIS HAIR FROM MEMORY."

the ship's boiler can be pumped on to sailors who do not obey their officers. It is said to be just the thing to keep their minds off the idea of mutiny.

"I have all the qualifications for a post in some Government office," writes an Unemployed Ex-Soldier in a contemporary. It is to be hoped that this drawback will be overlooked if his other disqualifications are satisfactory.

Washable hats for boys is one of the new inventions at the Leather and Shoe Trade Exhibition. Small boys are now going about in fear that the next discovery will be a washable neck.

Six bandits entered the Central Café, New York, the other day and took one thousand pounds from the diners. The ease with which they did it suggests that they were mistaken for waiters.

A plumber in Aberdeen is giving les-

TO OUR PLAY-MAKERS.

[*The Daisy* and *The Crossing*, which both dealt with the life after death, have come to an untimely end; and, in deference to public feeling, the heroine of *Every Woman's Privilege* has been furnished with a fresh fiancé.]

When in my stall at eve I sit
(And these remarks would still apply,
Perhaps with greater force, were I
Accommodated in the Pit)—
Worn with the long day's dusty strife,
I ask a brief surcease of gloom;
I want a mirror held to life,
But not the life beyond the tomb.

The views of parties who have "crossed"
(Meaning to Jordan's further shore),
Those, as they say, who've "gone
before,"

But not (unhappily) been "lost"—
They make me ill; they decompose
My vital essence at its fount
(Excepting BARRIE'S *Mary Rose*,
But then, of course, he doesn't count).

Give me the life that quick men lead,
Of which I know the hopes and fears
Better than those of shadier spheres;
And, if at first you don't succeed,
If you should hear the critics croak,
"As to your heroine's choice, you err,"
Just hand her to the other bloke—
That's what they did with MARIE
LÖHR.

So shall creative art suggest
A world where people may revise
Their silly past, and realise
Those second thoughts which are the
best;
Where, having seen the larger light,
A perfect liberty to hedge
And swap the wrong man for the right
Is "Every Woman's Privilege."
O. S.

YET ONE MORE PLAN FOR IRELAND.

FEELING rather lonely because almost everybody had entered for the great Irish Problem Competition in the morning and evening press except myself, I sat down and wrote the following solution, which I posted immediately to the Editors of *The Times* and of *The Westminster Gazette* :—

"SIR"—I began indignantly, for I noticed all the best competitors begin like that. In these Bolshevistic days I should have preferred of course to have started off with "Comrade" or "Brother," or even, since I was writing from the heart of the country, have opened with "Eh bor," as people do in dialect novels, but, fearing I might be disqualified, I began, as I say, "Sir," and went on, much as the other statesmen did :—

"In all the lengthy annals of this Government, vacillation between weakness and tyranny has never proved so

disastrous as it is proving in Ireland to-day, and the conduct of that unhappy country's affairs is now plunged in a chaos so profoundly chaotic that it has become a gross misuse of language to call them affairs at all. Out of all this welter and confusion two salient facts are seen to emerge :—

"(1) No two Englishmen are agreed upon a settlement that will at the same time satisfy the just aspirations of Ireland and preserve the integrity of the British Empire.

"(2) No two Irishmen are either.
"At the same time the number of sane and carefully considered plans for the government of Ireland was never so great as it is to-day. When will our incompetent Cabinet perceive that the only way of warding off the stain of perfidy which dogs their footsteps and threatens to overwhelm them is to make use of all these plans? I put aside for the moment the most violent proposals of the extremists on either side, such as that of the annexation of England by the Sinn Féin Empire and that of the deportation of all Irishmen to the Andaman Islands and the re-colonisation of the country with correspondents to the daily press; but between these two extremes there surely lie innumerable solutions which both can and ought to be employed. I will only name here a few of them :—

ASQUITH autonomy.
Dominion Home Rule.
DUNRAVEN autonomy.
GREY autonomy.
Red autonomy.
Government by Dhail Eireann.
Government by Dhail Ymail.
Administration by the L.C.C.
Clan warfare.

"And there are infinite shades and variations of all these.

"Every one of the policies I have named, and as many more as possible, should now be adopted at once, one after the other, I suggest, for quarterly periods and in alphabetical order.

"But let there be no mistake. They must be strictly enforced. It must be impossible for Irishmen to come to England in the future and say to her, as they have so often said in the past, 'You made us promises which, when we leant on them, proved a broken reed and turned to dust and ashes in our mouths.'

"One of the bitterest reproaches that is hurled, and hurled justly, at British maladministration is that through all the seeming variations of misgovernment there has been in fact no change. Dublin Castle remains where it did. This must be altered at once. *The site of Dublin Castle must be moved every three months.* There must be infinite change,

and it must be infinitely thorough and infinitely systematic, so that, side by side with the continuous grievances of all dissatisfied parties, will be the certain assurance that those grievances will in strict rotation be remedied.

"The objection will, of course, be raised that these continual changes of government will involve a certain amount of disorder; that one system will scarcely be working before it is superseded by another; that the rapid alterations in the *personnel* of the judiciary, civil service and police will be inconvenient; that everything, in fact, will be in a muddle. But by how much is not well-organised muddle to be preferred to unsystematic anarchy? And as each type of government recurs in due course will it not be found to work more simply and satisfactorily?

"To those who shrug their shoulders and say that a series of kaleidoscopic changes in Irish administration would never be approved by the good sense of the British electorate I can only urge that it is precisely this attitude of intolerance towards and ignorance of Irish psychology which has rendered our behaviour to Ireland for so many centuries a by-word not only throughout Europe but the whole civilised world and the United States of America.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc."

Through some accident or other, either because I have not followed exactly the prescribed rules of the competition, such as writing on one side of the paper only, or addressing it from the National Liberal Club, or obtaining the signature of five witnesses, my solution has not yet appeared in *The Times* or in *The Westminster Gazette* either. Feeling it a pity, however, that any helpful suggestion should be lost at a time when never in the annals of Irish misgovernment has vacillation vacillated so vacillatingly as it does to-day, I have repeated my strong but simple proposals here. K.

"Clever forgeries of Fisher notes are in circulation in St. Pancras.

Last night, during the busy period, a number of publications in the Kentish Town district were victimised."—*Evening Paper*.

We had no idea that Kentish Town was such a literary centre.

"Even Paris seems willing this season to add a few inches to the length of skirts, and six to eight inches is becoming the accepted length for street wear. This is an excellent length, not so long as to endanger the chic of the costume, nor so short as to be unbecoming in either sense of the word."—*Fashion Paper*.

We refrain from any speculations as to the previous length of these skirts before the "few inches" were added.



THE POLISH HUG.

BOLSHEVIST. "YOUR ATTITUDE CONVINCES ME, KAMERAD, THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS."



William (having at critical stage in four-handed game undertaken to spot the red). "'TIS ALL OVER, GEORGE—MY HAND BE STUCK IN THE POCKET."

ELIZABETH OUTWITTED.

"An' when I dies they give me fifteen pounds on the nail an' no waitin'," said Elizabeth triumphantly, as she explained her latest insurance scheme.

"On what nail?" I asked distrustfully. I could not understand why Elizabeth felt justified in paying sixpence per week for a benefit fraught with so little ultimate joy to herself. But she is the sort of girl that can never resist the back-door tout. She is constantly being persuaded to buy something for which she pays a small weekly sum. This is entered in a book, and the only conditions are that she must continue paying that sum for the rest of her natural lifetime.

On these lines Elizabeth has "put in" for many articles in the course of her chequered career. She has had fleeting possession of a steel engraving of QUEEN VICTORIA, a watch that never would go—until her payments ceased—a sewing-machine (treadle), a set of vases and a marble timepiece. The timepiece, she explained, was destined for "the bottom drawer," which she

had begun to furnish from the moment a young man first inquired which was her night out.

As all these things were taken from her directly her payments fell off, I thought I had better give her the benefit of my ripe judgment. "I shouldn't buy anything on the instalment plan, if I were you," I advised. "Some people seem to be made for the system, but you are not one of them."

"But I 'aven't told you wot I'm buyin' now," she said excitedly, putting a plate on the rack as she spoke. I ought to say she meant to put it on the rack; that it fell two inches short wasn't Elizabeth's fault.

"It was cracked afore," she murmured mechanically as she gathered up the fragments. "Yes, I pays a shillin' a week an' I gets a grammerfone."

"A what?" I gasped.

"A grammerfone—to play, you know."

"Where will it play?" I asked feebly.

"'Ere," she said, waving a comprehensive hand; "an' it won't 'arf liven the place up. My friend 'as 'ers goin' all day long."

I stifled a moan of horror, for I am one of the elect few who loathe gramophones, even at their best and costliest.

"Elizabeth," I cried, tears of anguish rising to my eyes, "let me implore you not to get one of those horr—I mean, not to be imposed on again."

"I've got it," she announced. "I meanersay I've paid the first shillin' an' it's comin' to-morrow. I 'ave it a month on trial."

The month certainly was a trial—for me. Ours is not one of those old-fashioned residences with thick walls that muffle sound, and where servants can be consigned to dwell in the bowels of the earth. Every noise which arises in the kitchen, from Elizabeth's badinage with the butcher's boy to the raucous grind of the knife-machine, echoes through the house *vid* the study where I work.

Thus, although Elizabeth kept the kitchen-door shut, I found myself compelled for one-half of the day to consider an insistent demand as to the ultimate destination of flies in the winter-time. The rest of the day the gramophone gave us K-K-K-Katie. (Elizabeth had only two records to begin with.)

I became unnerved. My work suffered. It began to trickle back to me accompanied by the regrets of editors; and to writers the regrets of editors are the most poignant in the world.

The situation was saved by the most up-to-date tout of the whole back-door tribe. He persuaded Elizabeth to go in for Spiritualism. Do not misunderstand me. You can be a Spiritualist and also keep a gramophone, but, if you are Elizabeth, you cannot keep the two running at the same time if you must pay a shilling per week for each. When she sought my opinion I strongly advised the seances, which I said were cheap at the price; indeed I thought they were when the gramophone departed.

It was now Elizabeth's turn to become unnerved. She has a mind that is peculiarly open to impressions, and communion with the spirits unbalanced her. She justified her expenditure of a shilling weekly by placing the utmost faith in them.

"I 'ad a message from them there spirits larst night," she informed me one day, "an' they tell me I must change my 'abitation."

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled.

"I put a message through, arskin' them when I should get a settled young man, an' they told me that the fates are agen me in my present dwellin', so if you'll please take my notice from—"

I will not go through the sickening formula. Every housewife must have heard it several times at least in the past year or so. I accepted Elizabeth's resignation and began to concentrate on newspaper announcements. But I took an utter dislike to the spirits and listened with cold aloofness when Elizabeth began, "I was talkin' to the spirit of my young man larst night——"

"I didn't know you had the spirit of any young man," I interrupted.

"Yes, I 'ave. I mean Ned Akroyd, 'oo was drowned."

Now I have never believed in the alleged drowning of the said Ned. The news—conveyed to Elizabeth by his mate—that he had fallen from a ferry-boat near Eel Pie Island seemed unconvincing, especially as it happened shortly after Elizabeth had lent him fifteen-and-six.

"I 'ad quite a long talk with 'im," she went on. "Next time I'm goin' to arst 'im about the fifteen-and-six 'e borrowed, an' see if I can't get it back some'ow."

How the spirit would have considered this proposition is still uncertain, for Elizabeth never returned to the seances. She came to me one day in a state of



Wife (to husband being bundled in as train moves off). "DID YE OET RETURN TICKETS?"
Husband. "NOA (puff)—DIDN'T 'AVE TIME."

violent agitation. "I see Ned Akroyd when I was out larst night," she began, "an' would you believe it, 'e's no more dead than I am, the wretch!"

"Well, aren't you glad?" I inquired.

"Glad, an' 'im with another girl an' pretendin' all the time not to see me! Men are 'ounds, that's what they are. An' I'll go to no more seances. They're a swindle."

"They were wrong about telling you to change your habitation too, weren't they?" I suggested insinuatingly.

"Course they were." Suddenly her face brightened. "I'll be able to 'ave the grammerphone back now," she said.

At the moment I am writing to the sounds of *K-K-K-Katie*, which, I fear, is giving me rather a syncopated style.

But if the Editor is k-k-k-kind he will not banish me from *P-P-P-Punch* for this reason, as anyone can see my intentions are g-g-g-good.

Stay! *K-K-K-Katie* has ceased and I can think lucidly. An inspiration has come to me. Has not Elizabeth in her time wrought havoc among my crockery? The hour is ripe for me to retaliate.

To morrow at dawn I shall examine the gramophone records and—they will come in two in my hands.

It will be the first time I have broken any record.

"MISUSE OF RESEARCH GRANTS.

By PROFESSOR —, F.R.S."

Sunday Paper Poster.

We refuse to believe it.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

III.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Essential to that millennium which our restless revolutionaries are after is your head on a charger and my head on a charger; provided both heads are present it may be the same charger for all they care. When you think of the importance which we of the detested middle classes attach to our heads and the regrettable violence we might exhibit towards whoever called at our houses to collect them, then it seems to me you must confess to a sneaking admiration for the bravery of the turbulent minority in attacking so big a problem.

But when you get the inside details of their schemes you find that discretion is not only the better part but the whole of their valour. For arms you find incendiary speeches; for ammunition, viperish propaganda, and for epoch-making action you have nothing. In that "nothing" lies their main ingenuity and strong hope. If they can prevail on the masses to do nothing, at the right moment, and to go on doing nothing till there is nothing left, then, say they, they will have civilisation under; and if our heads don't fall off of their own accord then a thousand willing hands will be stretched forward to pull them off.

You ask me how I know all this. Close the doors so that we cannot be overheard, and I will tell you. I buy their continental newspaper—"organ" they prefer to call it, being rather proud of the noise—and there I read all that I want to know. It costs a halfpenny a day, runs to six pages, is well printed and brightly composed and contains no advertisements. There is generally a picture in thick black lines in the centre of the first page. Blood being the easy thing for the printer to "feature," the picture generally deals with the cutting off of heads. If it refers to the past, you and I are cutting off the worker's head, severing from a fine muscular body a noble head with a halo to it. If it refers to the future, the worker is having our heads off, severing from a fat and uncontrolled corpus a most unpleasant excrescence in a very shiny top-hat.

To run a daily newspaper of that "make-up," without advertisements and for subscribers of whom the larger number, like myself, omit to pay their half-penny, is not easy business. In fact it is not business at all. The question being raised as to where the money came from, the producers tried to allay our suspicion by making a great show of an appeal for help. The published results, which I give you in

their English equivalent, were much as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
B. de M.	6	0	
Z. X.	5	0	
Idealist	5	0	
U. W. K.	5	0	
A Frenchman who is ashamed of France	4	6	
Young Communist	4	0	
Three young Communists	3	6	
"Great Britain" (collection)	3	3	
Disgusted	2	6	
Association of Women Fighters for Justice	2	3	
O. F.	1	0	
Down with Capital		9	
One Who will stick at Nothing		3	

Previous lists 14 6 8½

£16 9 8½

The grand total of sixteen pounds, nine shillings and eight-pence three-farthings shows a magnificent spirit, but wouldn't keep much more than a couple of square inches of the front page alive for more than one day. Reverting, then, to the more pressing question of the removal of our heads, who is paying for the operation?

He is a heavy-built octopus sort of man of about forty-seven; a red cheery complexion, rather more fat than muscle, long grey hair tending to curl at the extremes, and followed about by a lady who acts as his secretary, calls him "Master" and adores the ground he walks on. They are married, but not, I should hasten to add, to each other; none of your dull orthodox practices for them. About his profile there is an undeniable something which makes his head a suggestive model for sculpture. It is framed in a large, white, soft silk collar, which falls gracefully over the lapels of the coat and is, I am told, of a mode much worn among the *élite* of the anarchist and atheist world.

I've a friend here in the law-and-order business who thought that, having reported all the movements of this Master of the Black Arts, he might find it worth while to make his acquaintance in the flesh. Indirect enquiry elicited that the desire to get into touch was reciprocated, the attentions of the police being insufficient to satisfy his sense of importance. So the meeting was arranged, and I was allowed to come along too.

We were received in great state in a special suite of the local hotel de luxe. The Lady Secretary was there, overflowing with "Masters" and "Sirs," and obsessed by the fear that her idol might not do himself justice in our presence. A very touching instance of human devotion: the fifth instance in his case, I believe.

This is the gentleman who finances the propaganda of destruction; we asked him if that was not so, and he answered, "Why, of course." Had we any fault to find with his protégé, the admirable halfpenny daily? We had noticed that its news was punctual and exact. Then of what did we complain?

"Of a certain exaggeration in the leading articles," said I, rubbing the back of my neck and wondering how long it would be there to rub and I to rub it.

"But what newspaper leaders are not exaggerated?" he asked.

"Your editors should not be paid to twist everything into an irritant," I protested.

"Of which of your great English dailies is the editor not paid to twist, as you put it?" he asked.

I knew that I had right on my side and he had not. But still somehow I seemed to be in the wrong all the way.

So my friend took the matter in hand. He didn't argue. He just drew his chair up to the Master's and asked him to tell us all about himself, how he came by his great ideals, what was the future of the world as he foresaw it and how he meant to arrange the universe when at length he took over?

The Master, gently smiling his appreciation of this recognition of his Ego, gave voice.

To the lady it was all, of course, above criticism: sublime, adorable. To me the frankness of it and the impudence of it was, I confess, amusing.

The world is out of joint; how good 'twill be
When Heaven is sacked and leaves the job
to me!

An agreeable, if wrong-headed, crank, was my summary.

And this or something like it was my friend's:—"b. U.S.A. of Eng. parents, 9.5.78; tinned meat business, Chicago; 6 months' h.l. for frauds in connection with packing; went to Mexico, but left to avoid prosecution for similar frauds on larger scale; prison in Belgium, France and England in connection with illegal dealings in rifles (? for Germany); apparently liable to more prison in U.S.A. for crime unknown, if returns there; won't say where he gets his money from, but doesn't seriously pretend it is his own."

And when I came to go back over the Master's two hours' chat about himself, those are about the facts it all boiled down to.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

"£40.—Handsome Black Silk Golf Goat (large size).—*Irish Paper*.

The very thing for the butting-green.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

*The Amateur Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, WHO FAILED TO SURVIVE THE FIRST ROUND.

*The East of France Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER IN FATAL DIFFICULTIES IN THE SECOND ROUND.

*The Championship of Central Switzerland.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, DEFEATED IN THE THIRD ROUND.

*The Sicilian Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, WHO REACHED THE FOURTH ROUND.

*The Championship of Mozambique.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, A FIFTH ROUND VICTIM.

*The Spitzbergen Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, ONE OF THE SEMI-FINALISTS.

*The Championship of Upper Senegal.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, BEATEN IN THE FINAL BY MR. HUNT-POTT.

*The Tierra del Fuego Championship.*
THE WINNER, MR. POTT-HUNTER.

THE KORBAN BATH.

[Korban—"It is a gift"—Hebrew (or some such language).]

WITH some reluctance I return to the subject of baths. I went into the matter of bathrooms pretty carefully a few months ago, but since I have been in this hotel I see that there are one or two aspects of hotel bathing which still require attention.

To begin with, there is the question of the Korban or free bath. It is, of course, a scandal that a bath should be an extra, and an eighteen-penny one at that. After all, what is the bathroom for? We are not charged extra for smoking in the smoking-room or drawing in the drawing-room; why should we be bled for bathing in the bathroom? At the same time this practice does provide the visitor with the wholesome sport of Korban bathing. The object of the game is, of course, to have as many baths as possible which are not put down in your bill; and many are the stratagems which are employed.

The true sportsman attempts the feat just before dinner, because at that time there are sentries posted in every corridor. Ostensibly they are maids waiting to assist any lady who has a crisis while dressing, but no real pretence is made that they are there for any other purpose than to charge you for as many baths as possible. On my corridor there is a post of no fewer than three sentries, and it is extremely difficult to evade them. The only thing to do is to get to know three nice ladies on the same floor and arrange for them to have a dressing crisis simultaneously and go on having it for about a quarter-of-an-hour.

This needs a good deal of organisation. However smoothly the operation begins, one of the dressing crises nearly always collapses too soon, and the sentry catches you on your return journey.

For the lady visitor the problem is comparatively simple. I should mention that it is a perfectly legitimate manoeuvre to get your bath put down to somebody else if you can do it; and the crack lady-player usually wraps herself in an unobtrusive bath-wrap, shrouds her head, modestly conceals her face, slips into a friend's room to borrow some Crème-Limon and, after an interval, rushes noisily out of the friend's room to her bath, which, with any luck, is charged to her friend's account.

The beginner at the game contents himself with less complicated ruses. Sometimes he has his bath late at night, when the sentries have been taken off; but, as the lights go out *en masse* at eleven, even this operation has to be carefully timed. There is nothing much gloomier than a bath by candle-light, except perhaps a bath in the dark. Hundreds, however, of both sorts are endured in this hotel.

The more brazen or the more timid simply walk into the bathroom fully dressed during the day, carrying a number of dirty golf-balls in their hands, and towels in their pockets and sponges

extremely courteous, not to say gallant, old gentleman was severely lectured by a lady for digging himself in on the mat and maintaining his position there till she emerged. She stated with, I think, considerable force that she had passed the age when a lady likes to be seen coming out of a bathroom with disordered locks; she also said that he was ruining her chance of a Korban bath by drawing attention to the fact that there was somebody inside.

He replied with equal force that, whenever he considerably withdrew from the mat in order to let a lady escape unseen, some less scrupulous

combatant (usually one of his own daughters) immediately rushed the position, and he was not going to be had in that way again, though as a matter of fact, while they were arguing the matter out, somebody actually did this, so he was.

Now what is the way out of this dilemma? The only solution I see is the Sponge System, by which every competitor puts down a sponge, as one puts down a ball at the first tee. In this way definite claims can be staked out in rotation without congestion of the avenues of approach. I hope this system will be generally adopted next summer and, if it is used in conjunction with my Progress Indicator (which shows by a moving needle what stage the person bathing has reached), it ought to work very smoothly. But there must be no hanky-panky, no sharp practice with caddies; every sponge must be put down by one of the players in person. And there must be none of that regrettable collusion between husband and wife which has brought such discredit on the present system.

There was a very bad case of this the other day. A certain wife used to entrench herself in the bathroom early and remain in it till her husband—a heavy and persistent sleeper—arrived. When you rattled angrily at the door-knob she said very sharply, "Who is that?"—in itself a sufficiently disturbing thing. Even in the present days of shamelessness and crime there are few men who care to confess openly that they have angrily rattled at the bathroom door. If you said sheepishly, "It is Smith" or "Thompson" or "Lord Rumble," a heavy silence fell, broken only by those gentle watery sounds which it is so maddening to hear from without. When her husband arrived and answered the challenge with "It is I, Arthur," sounds of feverish activity



"NEVER YOU MIND IF 'E DID SAY YOU 'D GOT A NECK LIKE A CAMEL. 'TAINT NEARLY AS LONG AS ALL THAT."

up their sleeves, and issue later fully dressed with clean white golf-balls in their hands. It is generally thought, however, that this device is *just* a little—I mean it's not exactly—you know what I mean.

The Korban Bath Rules will probably remain unwritten for many a day, but I earnestly hope that before next summer the traditions and etiquette of bath-warfare as between individual hotel-visitors will be codified and issued in an intelligible form. At the moment the most extraordinary confusion prevails, and no one can tell whether any particular stratagem will be hailed with applause as a bold and legitimate operation of war or universally condemned as a barefaced piece of bath-hoggery. Recently, for example, an



Intending Purchaser (to Artist, who is selling his house). "DID YOU PUT THOSE FIGURES ON THE WALLS?"

Artist (modestly, though regarding them as a strong asset). "OH, YES—I——"

Intending Purchaser. "WELL, THEY DON'T REALLY MATTER. A COAT OF WHITEWASH WOULD SOON PUT THAT RIGHT."

were heard within, and a new bath was immediately turned on.

Casting all scruples to the winds, seven desperate men rehearsed the password, "It is I, Arthur;" seven desperate men presented themselves in a single morning and murmured lovingly, "It is I, Arthur." None of them had a bath. Seven times the good lady opened the door and beheld Smith or Thompson or Lord Rumble or nobody. And seven times she bolted back into the burrow again. She remained undefeated. Her husband got his bath.

I wonder what devilry she would be up to under the Sponge System.

A. P. H.

A Novelty from the Past.

"ANTIQUE, over a hundred years old, oak sideboard, brand new . . . Apply after 6.30." *Evening News.*

Surely after this candour there is no help to be got out of the twilight hour.

"Mr. Robert —, who is now manager, entered his late employer's service three or four months after he commenced, and remained with him until he gave up."

Local Paper.

"They have their exits and their entrances"—the former in this case being the more satisfactory.

WHEN AND IF.

(It is rumoured that Mr. BALFOUR is shortly going to the House of Lords.)

WHEN BALFOUR goes to the Lords—
For the Upper Chamber's adorning—
The Lower House, if it has any nous,
Will have solid reason for mourning;

For he has no axes to grind;
His strategy injures no man,
And his keen sword play in the thick
of the fray
Is a joy to friend and foe man.

When BALFOUR goes to the Lords,
To strengthen that gilded muster,
'Twill be sad and strange if he has to
exchange

The name he has crowned with lustre;
For already there's "B. of B.,"
A baron of old creation;
And Whittingehame is an uncouth name
For daily pronunciation.

If BALFOUR goes to the Lords,
Will the atmosphere, I wonder,
With the placid balm of its dreamful
calm

Bring his nimble spirit under?
Or will he act on the Peers
Like an intellectual cat-fish,
Or startle their sleep with the flying leap
Of a Caribbean bat-fish?

If BALFOUR goes to the Lords—

But can the Commons spare him?
Besides I'm sure that a coronet's lure
Is the very last thing to ensnare him;
And I'd rather see him undecked
With the gauds that merely glisten,
In the selfsame box with Pitt and Fox
And GLADSTONE—a simple Mister.

Still if he goes to the Lords,
Whatever his style and title,
For the part he has played in his
country's aid

'Twill be but a poor requital;
For he never once lost his nerve
When the outlook was most alarming,
And always remained, with shield un-
stained,

Prince ARTHUR, the good Prince
Charming.

"Mrs. Hawke would be glad to employ a
Wren for domestic work."

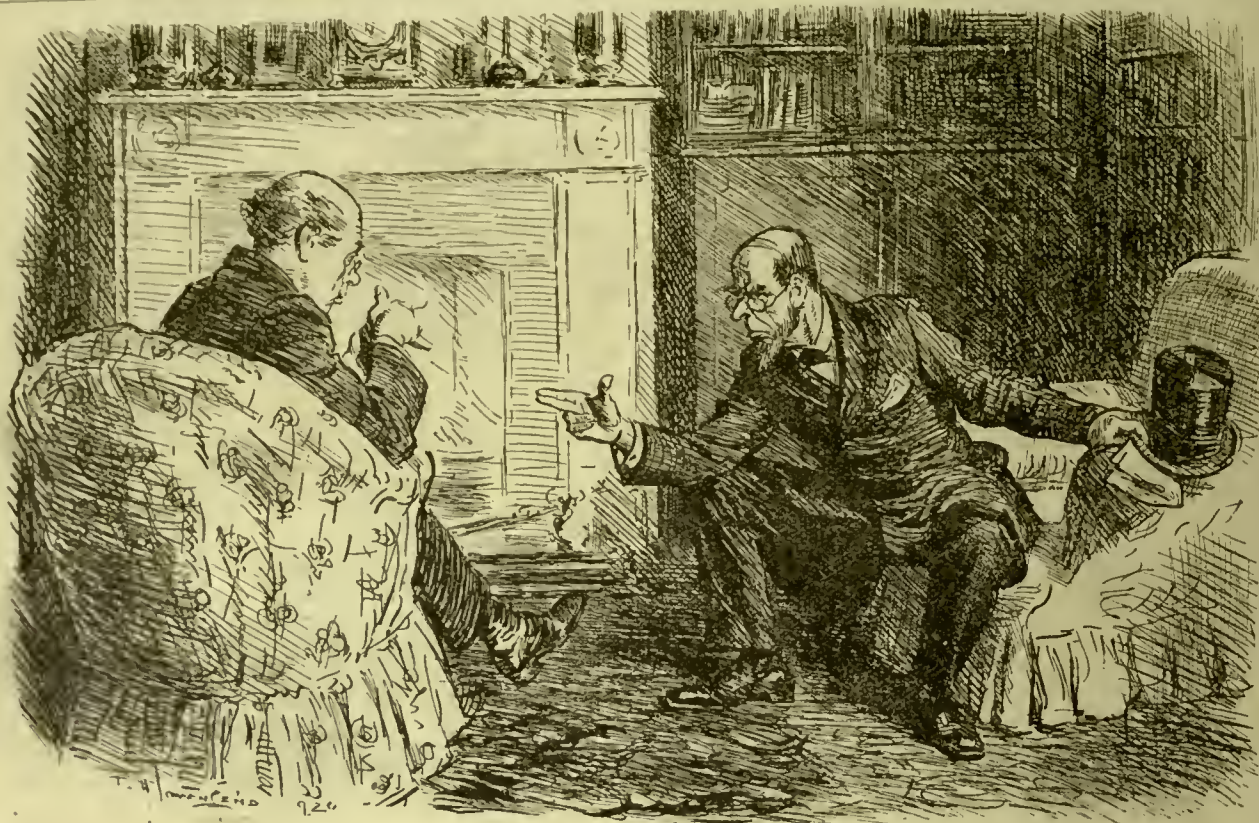
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Will she have to "live in"?

"If it be true, as SHELLEY said, that 'a
thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' the good
people of Roydon are to be congratulated on
the new bridge over the River Stort."

Local Paper.

But, supposing KEATS, for instance, said
it, will that make any difference?



Enlightened Minister. "I CANNA UNDERSTAND YOUR OBJECTION TO DANCING, MR. MCTAVISH. WE HAVE BIBLICAL AUTHORITY FOR IT. DAVID HIMSELF DANCED."
Elder. "AY, BUT NO WI' A PAIRTNER."

PRISCILLA FAILS TO QUALIFY.

"So it runned out of its little grassy place and went all round the garden," said Priscilla, emerging suddenly in pink from under the table.

"What are you playing at now, Priscilla?" I inquired.

"I'm a little pussy-cat."

"And what is this?" I asked, pointing to the waste-paper basket which she had planted beside my chair.

"It's the pussy-cat's basket of milk. It's to drink when she's firsty," she explained.

I sighed. It did not appear to me that the child's education was proceeding upon proper lines. I had been reading portions of the diary of Miss OPAL WHITELEY, written when she was seven years old, a work which has just lifted for America the Child-authoress Cup. I had hoped to find in Priscilla some faint signs that the laurels lost by Miss DAISY ASHFORD might be wrested back. The latest feature in nursery autobiography, so far as I could gather, was to have a profound objective sympathy with vegetables and a faculty for naming domestic animals after the principal figures in classical mythology. If you have these

gifts you get published by *The Atlantic Monthly*, with a preface by Viscount GREY. But I doubted whether Priscilla had them. I thought I would try.

"Priscilla," I said, "be a little girl again and tell me what flower you like best."

"Woses."

"What do the roses say to each other when you aren't there?"

"Oh, they don't say anyfing," she said with great contempt.

This was bad.

"Priscilla," I continued, "what do you call the dog next-door?"

"Bill," she said; "but it's runned away."

"There you are!" I exclaimed, turning to the child's mamma. "Bill, indeed! If she were being properly educated she would be calling it Jupiter Agamemnon Wilcox by now. Does she ever speak to you at all of the star-gleams amongst the cabbage-leaves?"

"I don't think there are any star-gleams amongst the cabbages in this garden," she replied. "Only slugs."

"I don't care," I said; "the fact remains that Priscilla ought to be constantly wondering what the cabbages do say to each other when they have lonesome feels at night."

"Priscilla," I began again, "in about three years you will be seven years old and quite a big girl. 'What will you play at then?'"

"Oh, I san't play at all," she said. "I sall go visiting and sopping."

"Anything else?"

"Oh, yes, I sall have a knife."

"A pocket-knife?"

"No, not a poeket-knife, a knife to cut meat wiv, of course."

I had forgotten this goal of maidenly desires.

"And won't you go long walks in the big woods with me and tell me the names of all the flowers and what they are thinking about?"

"Yes," she replied rather doubtfully. "Are there beasts in the woods?"

"Only rabbits, I think."

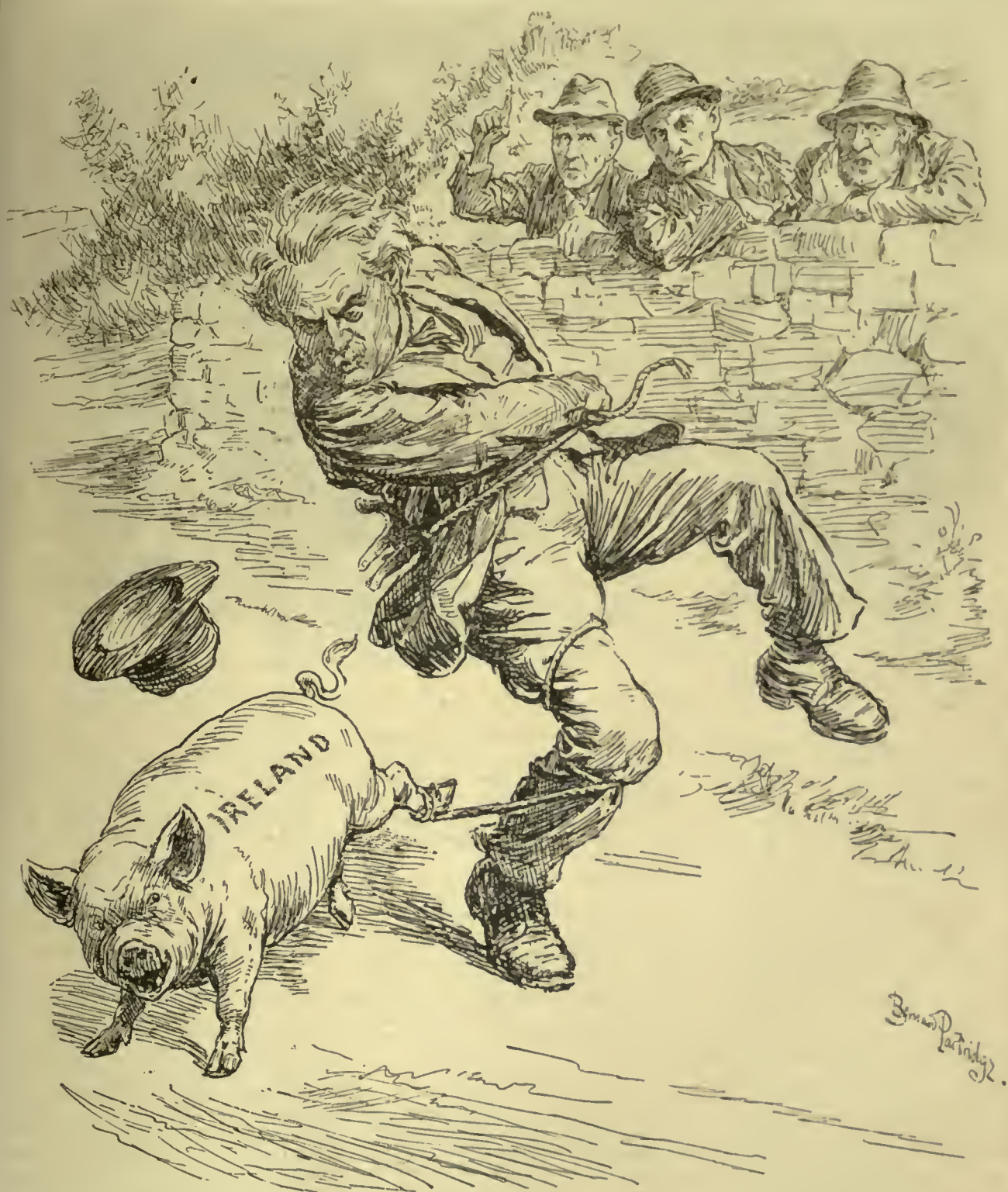
"We must be very careful, then, 'cos they're very wild creatures, aren't they?"

"Oh, not very wild."

"Will you buy a gun at the gun-sop and soot them and we take them home and eat them?"

Bless the child, I thought, there seems to be no getting her away from this eating business.

"Priscilla," I began again, "in the woods there is a great big lake, with



THE EXPERTS.

ASQUITH. "GIVE HIM HIS HEAD!"

GREY. "TELL HIM YOU'LL CUT THE STRING IN A COUPLE OF YEARS!"

MORLEY. "WHAT YOU WANT IS A MORE POWERFUL SANITY!"



First Bookie. "I MUST 'AVE TAKEN TWO 'UNDRED QUID TO-DAY. MARVELLOUS! I CAN'T THINK WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM."
 Second Bookie. "FROM ME MOSTLY."

trees and rushes all round it, and there are water-lilies floating about and forget-me-nots at the edge."

Now, I thought, we shall perhaps have something about the lullaby songs of the trees and the willow that does sing by the creek.

"Are there fess in the lake?" inquired Priscilla.

"Yes," I said, "beautiful shining fish."

"And shall we catch the fess and put them on the fire?"

"I suppose we might," I admitted.

"And will they sizzle?"

"Araminta," I said, "the child is hopeless. She has no soul. She will never be a great authoress. The Cup must remain in Oregon, and Priscilla will never tell the world how the wind did go walking in the field, talking to the earth voices, with a preface by Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES or Lord READING. She thinks about nothing but her food."

"Perhaps you had better try again after she's said her prayers," suggested Araminta. "She may be feeling a little more soulful then."

I attended the ceremony, which was performed with the utmost decorum and gravity. When it was ended Priscilla looked up.

"I said them very somnily and in rarer a low voice, didn't I?" she announced, and then went off into gurgles of laughter.

I determined to make one last despairing effort.

"Priscilla," I asked, "which of your books do you like the best?"

"The Gobbly Goblin," she said.

"Araminta," I cried, "I give it up. She has no bent for literature. There can never have been any great authoress, young or old, who started with such a materialistic mind."

"You forget Mrs. Beeton," she replied.
 EVOE.

COLD COMFORT.

(It is stated that M. KAMENEFF, on his return to Russia, having fallen out of favour with the Soviet Government, has been appointed Commissar at Taganrog.)

Upon the mighty wheels of life

I'm but a very little cog,

And, when engaged in active strife,
 Always the under-dog.

No honours yet have come to me
 (My name is Ebenezer Blogg);

I haven't got an O.B.E.

Nor yet the Dannobrog.

A taxi-man the other night

Called me a measly little frog;

It's true that in respect of height

I can't compare with Oo.

At school I was the whipping-boy

Whom every master used to flog;

Although I took no stealthy joy

In pipes or cards or grog.

The only time that I bestrode

A horse, like Gilpin all agog,

The creature bolted from the road

And plunged me in a bog.

I never learned to sing or dance,

To bowl or bat, to stiek or slog;

The only time I crossed to Franco

I struck a Channel fog.

I'm old and poor and rather deaf;

I'm often very short of prog;

Yet still I grudge not KAMENEFF

His post at Taganrog.

Our Modest Advertisers.

"To be Sold, small unexceptionally attractive gentleman's Residential Estate."

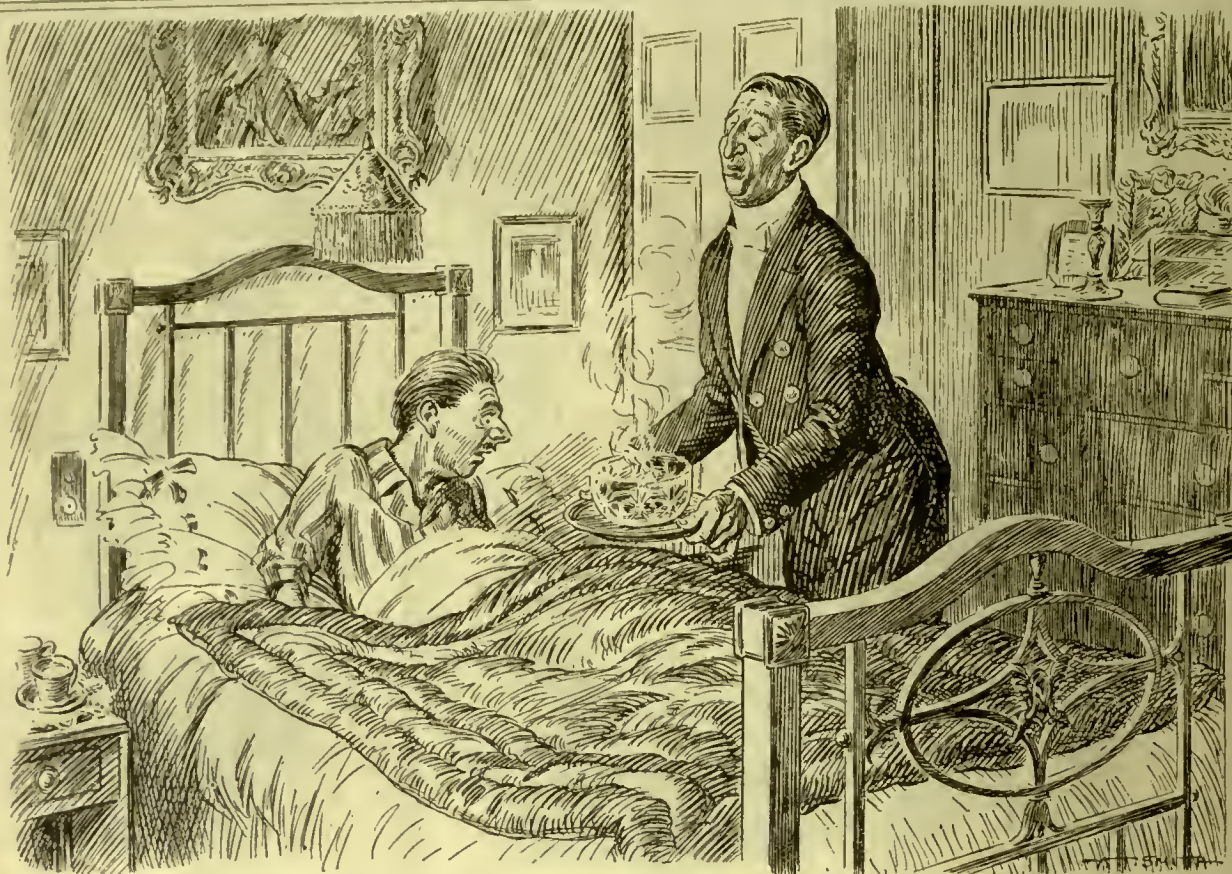
There was an American "DAISY"

Whose Diary set people crazy;

Some called it a fake—

A most venial mistake,

For Opals are apt to be hazy.



*Humble Guest (at Profiteer's castle). "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THIS?"
Magnificent Flunkey. "THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR BATH-WATER, SIR."*

THE MINISTRY FOR HEROES.

January 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

When demobilised on 5th November last I applied for a disability pension. Having received no official communication on the subject, may I inquire, please, how the matter stands?

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

February 1st, 1920.

To Lieut. C. M. Broke.

I am to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 1/1/20, and to say that you will receive a further communication from this Department in due course.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

March 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Re your letter of February 1st, may I inquire how the matter now stands, please? (My rank, by the way, is captain, and my initials are "M. C." not "C. M." I hope you won't mind me mentioning it.)

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

April 1st, 1920.

To Mr. M. Brake.

I am to acknowledge receipt of your

letter of 1/3/20 and to request that you will be good enough to state the date upon which you last received a payment on account of your pension.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

April 2nd, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Replying to your inquiry of yesterday, I have not received any payment—not a bond, not a rouble, not a bean. That, between ourselves, was my idea in initiating this interesting correspondence.

May I direct your attention to my signature?

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

May 10th, 1920.

To Second-Lieut. J. Brooke.

Your letter dated 2/4/20 has been duly received. I am to ask whether you are (a) demobilised; (b) disembodied; or (c) still serving?

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

May 11th, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

I was so glad to hear yesterday that my letter of the 2nd of last month had been duly received. I was beginning to get quite anxious about it.

In reply to your inquiry I have the honour to state (again) that I was (a) demobilised. I mentioned this, you know, last January. But perhaps you have forgotten? It is rather a long while ago.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

P.S.—I don't mind a bit how you spell my name and all that. But our postman is getting wild. And you know what workers are.

June 30th, 1920.

To Mr. C. Bink.

I am directed to acknowledge your letter of 11/5/20. In order to facilitate this Department's investigations into your claim, please say if you are in possession of Army Form Z. 3.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

July 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Yes, I am in possession of Army Form Z. 3. I do hope this will facilitate your Department's investigations. Not for my sake. But I enclose last quarter's accounts from my landlord, butcher, baker, etc. Perhaps you will be good enough to guarantee my credit? You know how impatient these vulgar fellows are.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

P.S.—I think I like "Bink" the least

of my new names. But perhaps you will think of a better one for my next letter.

August 1st, 1920.

To Mr. M. Brooks.

Your letter of 1/7/20 has been duly received, and I am to inquire whether you submitted a claim for disability pension at the time of your demobilisation. If so, please state date.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

August 2nd, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

With reference to your letter of yesterday, the answer is in the affirmative. By the way I think we went into that little matter too last January. But, of course, you can't think of everything. Excuse me mentioning it. Do you think you could get my pension through by the 30th inst? It is my birthday, and I would like to have my boots soled and heeled.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

August 30th, 1920.

To Mr. N. Brock.

With reference to your application for disability pension I am to request that you will furnish this Department with a full statement of the circumstances under which you were wounded, giving the following particulars:—Christian and surname (in block letters); regiment; whether (a) demobilised; (b) disembodied; or (c) still serving; whether (a) shot; (b) bayoneted; (c) gassed; (d) shell-shocked; or (e) drowned; Christian and surname (in block letters) of batman, stretcher-bearers and O.i/c hospital ship.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

September 8th, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Under medical advice I am to cease corresponding with your admirable Department. It seems a pity, since we have got to know each other so well. I have decided therefore to place the matter in the hands of the Miners' Federation. I do not think I have mentioned the fact before, but I was employed as a miner when I joined up in '14.

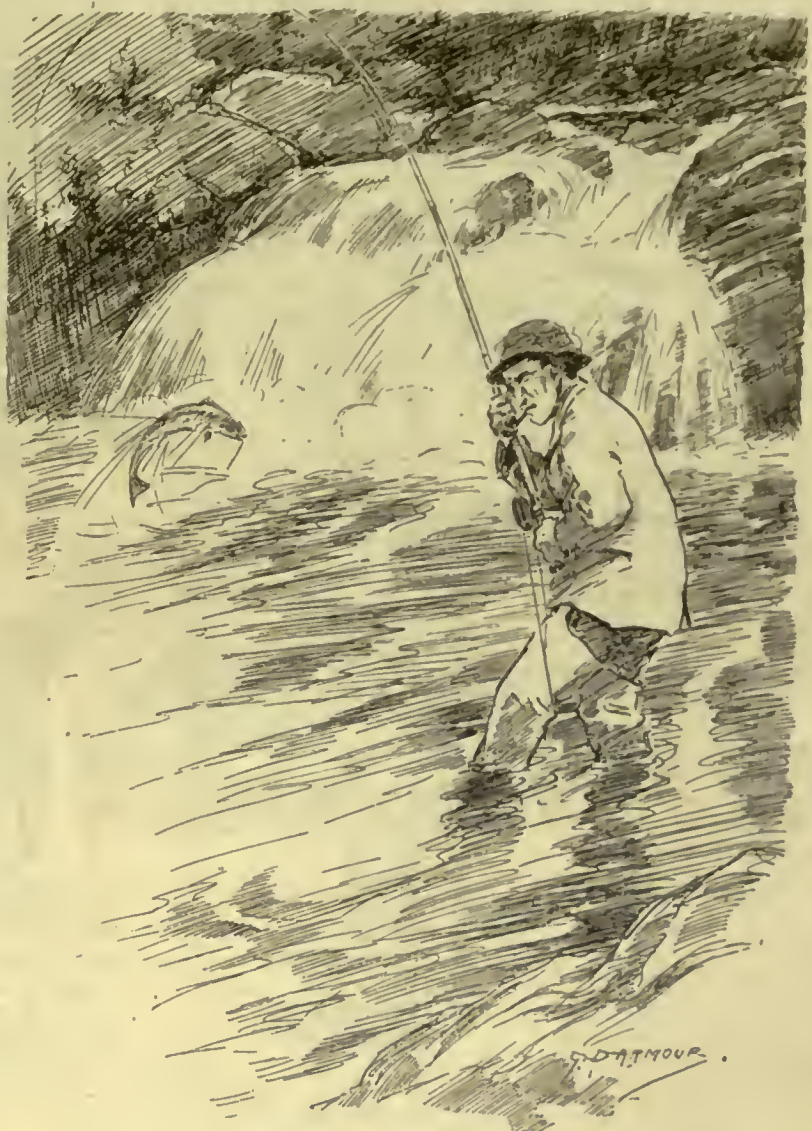
M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

September 9th, 1920.

To Captain M. C. Broke.

I am directed to inform you that you have been awarded a disability pension at the rate of five hundred pounds per annum. A draft for the amount due, including arrears from 5/11/19—date of disembodiment or demobilisation—was despatched to your address this morning per King's Messenger.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your humble and obedient Servant,
CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.



"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE."

A BIT OF TOBACCO-ASH IN YOUR EYE, YOUR REEL JAMMED, ONE OF YOUR LEGS THROUGH A LOOP OF YOUR LINE AND THE BIGGEST SALMON YOU EVER SAW ON THE OTHER END OF IT.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE GLOW-WORM.

THE little glow-worm sits and glows
As brilliant as the stars,
But you are wrong if you suppose
That he will light cigars.

In fact, he seems to be exempt
From Nature's general plan;
He never makes the least attempt
To be of use to Man.

And if you think that it requires
A scientific brain
To understand his tiny fires
Then you are wrong again.

The meaning of his shininess
Is fairly clear to me;
It is intended to impress
The future Mrs. G.

No doubt you think it is his nose
Which gleams across the glen;
Well, it is not; the part that glows
Is on the abdomen.

And very likely that explains
Why all these millionaires
Buy such expensive shiny chains
To hang about on theirs.

* * * * *
The Editor who read these lines
Has quite a different tale;
He says it is the *she* that shines
To captivate the male.

He has a perfect right to doubt
The statements in this song,
But if he thinks I'll scratch them
out
He's absolutely wrong. A. P. H.

FOR OURSELVES ALONE.

Our hostess had taken us over to "Sheltered End," the pleasant country home of Mrs. Willoughby Brock, to play tennis. As however there was only one court and quite a number of young and middle-aged people were standing near it with racquets in their hands and an expression on their faces in which frustration and anticipation fought for supremacy, it followed that other beguilements had to be found. My own fate was to fall into the hands of Mrs. Brock, whose greatest delight on earth seems to be to have a stranger to whom she can display the beauties of her abode and enlarge upon the unusual qualities of her personality. She showed and told me all. We explored the estate from the dog-kennel to the loggia for sleeping out "under the stars;" from the pergola to the library; from the sundial to the telephone, "the only one for miles;" and as we walked between the purple and mauve Michaelmas daisies in her long herbaceous borders, with Red Admiral butterflies among the myriad little clean blossoms, she said how odd it was that some people have the gift of attracting friends and others not; and what a strange thing it is that where one person has to toil to make a circle others are automatically surrounded by nice creatures; and asked me if I had any views as to the reason, but did not pause for the reply.

It was a warm mellow day—almost the first of summer, according to one's senses, although nearly the last, according to the calendar—and Mrs. Brock was so happy to be

in a monologue that I could enjoy the garden almost without interruption. For a two and a half years' existence it certainly was a triumph. Here and there a reddening apple shone. The hollyhocks must have been ten feet high.

"Ah! here comes the dear Vicar," said Mrs. Brock suddenly, and, rising up from a rose which I was inhaling (and I wish that people would grow roses, as they used to do years ago, nose-high), I saw a black figure approaching.

"He is such a charming man," Mrs. Brock continued, "and devoted to me."

"Good afternoon," said the Vicar. "How exquisite those delphiniums are!" he added after introductions were complete; "such a delicate blue! I should not have intruded had I known you had a party"—he waved his hand towards the single tennis-court, around which the wistful racquet-bearers were now (as it seemed) some thousands strong, "but it is always a pleasure"—he turned to me—"to be able to walk in this paradise on a fine day and appreciate its colour and its fragrance. I find Mrs. Brock so valuable a parochial counsellor too."

"I think," I said, not in the least unwilling to be tactful, "I will see what the rest of our party are doing."

"Oh, no," said the Vicar; "please don't let me drive you away. As a matter of fact, since there are so many here I won't stay myself. But I wonder," he addressed Mrs. Brock, "as I am here, if I might use your telephone for a moment?"

"Of course," said she.

"Thank you so much," he replied; "yes, I know where it is," and with a genial and courtly salutation he moved off in the direction of the house.

"Such a true neighbour!" said Mrs. Brock. "Ah! and here is another," she went on. And along the same path, where the Michaelmas daisies were thickest, I saw a massive woman in white, like a ship in full sail, bearing down upon us, defending her head from the gentle September sun with a red parasol. "This," Mrs. Brock hurriedly informed me, "is Lady Cranstone, who lives in the house with the green shutters at the end of the village. Such a dear person! She's always in and out. The widow of the famous scientist, you know."

I didn't know; but what does it matter?

By this time the dear person was within hailing distance, but she flew no signals of cordiality; her demeanour rather was austere and arrogant. Mrs. Brock hurried towards her to assist her to her moorings, and I was duly presented.

"I didn't intend to come in again to-day," said Lady Cranstone, whose features still successfully failed to give to the stranger any indication of the benignity that, it was suggested, irradiated her being.

"But you are always so welcome,"

said Mrs. Brock. "Lady Cranstone," she continued to me, "is kindness itself. She makes all the difference between loneliness and—and content."

Lady Cranstone picked a rose and pinned it in her monumental bosom. "I don't know that I had anything in particular to say," she remarked. "I chanced to be passing and I merely looked in; but since I am here perhaps you would allow me to use your telephone—"

Mrs. Brock beamed her delighted acquiescence and the frigate sailed on. "You've no idea," said Mrs. Brock, "what a friendly crowd there is in these parts. I don't know how it is, but this little place of mine, modest though it is, and unassuming and unelever as I am, is positively the very centre of the district. It's like a club-house. How strange life is! What curious byways there are in human sympathy!"

This being the kind of remark that is best replied to with an inarticulate murmur, I provided an inarticulate murmur; and I was about to make a further and more determined effort to get away when a maid-servant approached with a card.

Mrs. Brock took it and read the name with a little cry of satisfaction. "Lord Risborough," she said to me. "At



"WHATEVER WILL YOU DO, GRANDPA, WHEN YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR GARDENING?"
"I EXPECT I'LL START GOLF. BUT I HOPE I SHAN'T LIVE AS LONG AS THAT."



"I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO COME TO THE MOTHERS' WELFARE MEETING ON WEDNESDAY. WE'VE PERSUADED A FAMOUS CHIEF TO COME AND GIVE US A LECTURE ON 'THE DECAY OF COOKERY.' IT SHOULD BE MOST HELPFUL."

"NOT TO ME, MUM. I ALLUS GIVES MINE TO THE PIGS WHEN IT GETS THAT FAR."

last! How nice of him to call. They live at Risborough Park, you know. I always said they would never condescend to dignify 'Sheltered End' with their presence; but I somehow knew they would." She purred a little. And then, "Where is his lordship?" she asked; but the girl's reply was rendered unnecessary by the nobleman himself, who advanced briskly upon Mrs. Brock, hat in hand.

"I trust," he said, "that you will pardon the informality of this visit. Lady Risborough is so sorry not to have been able to call yet, but—but— Yes, I was wondering if you'd be so very kind as to do me a little favour? The fact is, our telephone is out of order—most annoying—and I wondered if you would let me use yours. I hear that you have one."

"I will take you to it," said Mrs. Brock.

"Most kind, most kind!" his lordship was muttering. There was no difficulty in making my escape now.

E. V. L.

Mr. Punch desires to express his sincere regret for an injustice done, though without malice, to the Publishers (Messrs. SWEET AND MAXWELL) and the Editor of *Williams' Real Property*, in an article that appeared in the issue of August 18th, under the title, "Blowitt on Real Property." The new edition of *Williams' Real Property* contains a large amount of fresh material and represents considerable labour spent over the careful revision of the previous edition.

"At 1 a.m., uninterrupted rifle fire and bomb explosions were audible. It is reported that a French officer was then addressing the crowd."
Times of Malaya.

Our old sergeant-major must look to his laurels.

THE PEERLESS PROVINCIAL.

[A London paper learns from a West End tailor that many people in the North and Midlands now achieve a higher standard of dress than the "man about town."]

If perchance you would gaze upon those whose array's
Of impeccable texture and cut,
It is futile to go to Pall Mall or the Row,
Now the haunt of the locals at Leek;
Take a train (G.N.R.), for example, as far
As Cleckheaton or Cleethorpes-on-Sea,
Where each male that you meet, from his head to
his feet,
Follows Fashion's most recent decree.

A legitimate claim to sartorial fame
Can be made by the locals at Leek,
Whose apparel is apt to be ruthlessly scrapped
After having been worn for a week;
Trousers bag at the knees in no town on the Tees,
And the Londoner has to admit
That he cannot compete against Bootle's *élite*,
And that Percy of Pudsey is it.

Wigan's well in the van, for her sons to a man
Are the ultimate word in cravats
And are said to outdo even Cheadle and Crewe
In the matter of collars and spats;
But the pick of the lot is the privileged spot
Where the smart set, the quite *comme il faut*,
Have a mentor and guide who is famed far and wide
As Bertie the Bridlington Beau.

THE PASSING OF ALFRED.

Alfred is dead and with him has gone John's last efforts at making and training pets. It has simply been one disappointment after another. There was Charles the monkey. Charles could write his own name with a pen and digest the creamiest shaving-stick without making a lather. There was Joey, the billy-goat, such an entertaining fellow, who could pick up and set down anything with his horns from a basket to a dustman. And then there was Livo—immortal Livo. There never was such a down-at-heel and unscrupulous young ruffian of a mongrel terrier as Livo, nor one that more completely convinced people that he was a gentleman of blood and a pure-souled spiritualist.

Of course there were heaps of other pets as well, but just as they seemed about to reach that stage of human intelligence so earnestly desired by their young master they all suddenly died, even as Alfred, the last of a long list, gave up the ghost yesterday.

Alfred was a trout. Not your ordinary fly-jumping kind of trout, because there is never anything ordinary about John's pets. Alfred, for instance, had not lived in water for three months. He simply had no use for the stuff, and, as for jumping at a fly, his nerves were far too good for that sort of thing.

His attachment to John was complete. He would take food from no one else and the presence of his eight-year-old master in the long grass was sufficient to bring him erect on his tail, where he would wag his fins and make strange noises in cordial welcome. In many respects he was the most superior pet John has ever had. He could affect boredom and his exhibition of the glad eye was considered by John's eldest sister to be positively deadly. It is, in fact, true to say that his keen desire to adopt as many human habits as possible often led us to mistake him for one of ourselves.

John, however, was not quite satisfied with his pupil until one bright morning last week when Alfred displayed the first signs of having acquired the Directional Wriggle. Strange as it may sound, this very human trout actually wriggled after John for a distance of five yards. Three days later he pursued his master to the village post-office and beat him by a short gill.

Yesterday, however, Alfred excelled himself. John had left early for the stream, and being in a hurry took advantage of the thin plank crossing. Now the plank is very slippery and had been placed over the spot where the stream is deepest. John crossed it carefully enough, but looking back for

a second he suddenly noticed that Alfred was following him. Before he could raise his voice in protest the trout had mounted the plank and was wriggling across it. Then, horror of horrors! in the middle of the plank the wretched fish suddenly lurched, lost its footing, plunged into the water and was drowned.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

WHAT THE FAIRIES WEAR.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful magic to see and hear
By silently passing by;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear.

You can see each golden and silvery frock

In Lady's Mantle and Ladysmook;
There's Lady's Garter (which, I suppose,

They wear with the cowslips called Hose-in-hose);

The solemn fairies who ride on owls
Shroud their faces with Monkswood cowls;

And there's other things besides fairy dresses—

There's Lady's Mirror and Lady's Tresses.

Bachelors' Buttons must be for elves
Who have to do up their clothes themselves;

And the tailor fairies use Fairy Shears,
Long cutting-grasses that grow by meres;

And they mend their things with the Spider-stitches,

Faint white flowers that you find in ditches,

And Shepherd's Needle, which you'll see plain

In every meadow and field and lane;
And when they've used them they grow again.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful secrets to see and hear

By silently passing by;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear;

And if you look when they think you've gone

Perhaps you'll see them trying them on.

"The whole of the United States is intensely interested in a baseball scandal revealed a few days ago.

The Grand Jury, which is now investigating the charge, has already indicted eight of the leading players."—*Evening Paper*.

Mr. Punch wishes his old consort more power to her elbow.

ROBBERY IN COURT.

THERE would seem to be some need for watchfulness in our Courts of Justice lest the customs and privileges which to so great an extent have made them what they are should be allowed to lapse.

A great sensation was caused throughout the legal profession the other day when it was reported in the Press that a witness, in giving evidence, made the following remark:—"It goes in one ear and out of the other. Perhaps that is because there is nothing to stop it." The report stated that laughter followed, and, if that was indeed the case, then we have no hesitation whatever in characterising it as a most unseemly outburst.

If witnesses are to be permitted with impunity to snatch out of the Judge's mouth the jokes which naturally arise out of their evidence, our whole judicial system will be imperilled. In offering an explanation as to why "it goes in one ear and out of the other," the witness committed a grave breach of etiquette. That explanation, if made at all, should have been made by the Judge in the first place. Or if, after due opportunity had been given, his Lordship showed no desire to avail himself of the opening, then the privilege should have fallen to the examining counsel. If he in turn waived it, it should have been open to counsel on the other side to snap up the chance.

We fail to understand how such a remark, coming from a witness, could have been allowed to pass without rebuke from the Judge or protest from the counsel, or some attempt at least to maintain order on the part of the usher.

THE CHANTRY.

GREY dust lies on his battered face;
The glories of his shield are dim;
Half vanished are the words of grace
Beseeching pity and peace for him
Along the Purbeck rim.

His hands are folded palm to palm
(Some fingers lacking on the right),
And at his peaked feet the calm
Old lion shows he fell in fight,
As best became a knight.

The ivy shakes its tattered leaves
Where once he saw the painted pane;
The brooding, scurrying spider weaves
Where cloth of damask dyed in grain
Will never hang again.

With missal propped upon his helm
For him no drowsy chanter pleads;
But blackbirds in the darkening elm
Sing plain-song, and the Abbey meads
Retell their daisy-heads.

D. M. S.



Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Prospective Maid. "WELL, THAT'S A BIT INQUISITIVE, AIN'T IT, MUM? I DIDN'T ASK YOU WHY YOUR LAST GIRL LEFT YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM as a rule very strongly against the form of pedantry that hastens to cry "imitation" whenever a new writer finds himself impelled to a theme of the same character as that already associated with an old-established practitioner. But in the case of *The Lost Horizon* (METHUEN) I find myself overwhelmed. Consciously or unconsciously Mr. G. COLBY BORLEY has produced a story that in matter and treatment is so palpably a reflection of JOSEPH CONRAD that the likeness simply refuses to be ignored. It is in its way a good story enough—an affair of adventure in South America and on the high seas, with a generous sufficiency of oaths and blood-letting; a tale moreover that gives evidence (in spite of that distressing echo) of being written by one who takes his craft with a becoming dignity of purpose. One peculiarity of the Master has not only been borrowed by Mr. BORLEY, but exaggerated to his own undoing: I mean the trick of introducing a character or group of characters so clogged and obscured by the adhesions of the uncommunicated past that not till this has been gradually flaked from them do they emerge as figures in whom it is possible to take an intelligent interest. In the present instance this process is delayed for more than half the book. As for the intrigue, that concerns a group of cut-throat Europeans, who, having been ruinously involved in a South American revolution, are now further plunged into the plots of a scoundrelly African magnate and his conspiratorial gang. For myself, I parted from them all with a feeling of regret that they had not explained themselves earlier as the entertaining villains that they turned out to be.

Manhood End (HURST AND BLACKETT) is the title, not very cheery, that Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has given to her latest novel, a simple and quite human story of country vicarage life, told sympathetically, but in too many words for so slight a theme. The publishers are at the wholly superfluous pains of urging you as a preliminary to read the "turn-over of cover." Don't! All you will find there is a synopsis of the plot, just sufficient to destroy the slender thread of your interest in its development. And I must record a protest against the entirely unneeded Prologue, in which total strangers sit round at a churchyard picnic on the graves of the real protagonists, and speculate as to their history. The tale itself is placed in Sussex (why this invidious partiality of our novelists?), the actors being for the most part clerical. The main interest is centred in the matrimonial trials of the *Rev. Frederick Rainbird*, whose bride, having married him in haste, repented at leisure, eloped with the promising brother of a neighbouring parson, repented more, returned to domesticity, ran away again, and so on, *da capo*. Perhaps really these simple but not short annals have a flavour that I have failed to convey. Mrs. DUDENEY writes easily, but should avoid the snares of originality. To say of her heroine's morning appearance at the breakfast table, that she "stood in the tangle of a delicious coffee smell," may convey an impression, but at a ruinous expense of style.

Michael Winter, hero of *The Black Knight* (HUTCHINSON), by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK and CROSBIE GARSTIN, had led a nice easy life till his father's nefarious schemes crashed, bringing down in a common ruin half the small investors in the country. Left penniless, he changes his disgraced

name and goes out to Canada to make good. There, on the prairies, he puts in some hard, honest work. But, in his haste to be rich, the *Black Knight*, as they do in chess, after moving straight, moved obliquely. In order to make a coup out of a Wall Street cinch he helped himself to the money of the bank of which he was cashier. Other people who shall be nameless have done this sort of thing before, and, after returning the "borrowed" cash, have enjoyed a stainless prosperity. But *Michael*, through a motor-car accident, just failed to put it back in time, and had to do two years. But he had made a fortune, and on emerging from prison returned to Europe to enjoy it. There he rescues an innocent English girl from a shady Parisian environment and marries her. By chance she learns the secret of the source of his wealth and leaves him.

In order to appease her scruples and recover her he signs away his goods for the benefit of his father's creditors. What might have been a too sugary conclusion is saved by a pleasant touch of corrective irony in the very last line, where his wife expresses a very human satisfaction on finding that her best necklace was not included in the noble sacrifice. I hope I shall not be suspected of flattering Mr. Punch's "PATLANDER" if I admire the excellence of the Canadian section, obviously contributed by Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN, who has knocked about most of the world marked red on the maps. Here his humour and vitality are at their keenest. The rest of a well-told tale I attribute to Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, with the exception of a pugilistic episode, for which I imagine that the male fist was called in to supplement her proper inexperience.

I do believe that I have caught a detective napping; a real private detective, one of the great infallibles of fiction. Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's *Exterior to the Evidence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is one of those thrills in which any of the characters might have committed the murder and there is every reason, at times, to suspect that they have all had a hand in it. Over the moorland there ran a path, and at a spot known as Black Scar it came perilously near the edge of a forty-foot drop, with rocks at the bottom. Over this precipice went *Sir Cheville Stanbury* at midnight, a very odd circumstance considering his life-long familiarity with the path. *Weathershaw*, the great detective called in to investigate the matter on behalf of one of the suspects, took a line of his own and eventually hit upon someone you and I would never have thought of. - We have this excuse, that we had no idea of his existence until he was hit upon; but no more had *Weathershaw*. Now I am not going to give away the secret of this enticing affair, but I must dispute the detective's identification, on the last page but one, of the man responsible for *Sir Cheville's* death. If you compare the

statement of fact on page 301, seven lines from the bottom, which corroborates that on page 279, also seven lines from the bottom, with *Weathershaw's* dramatic accusation, you will understand what I mean and you will be left in considerable doubt (as I was) of what the author means. Does he suggest that *Sir Cheville* was never murdered at all? After so much excitement that would be a sad pity.

The publishers of *The Amorous Cheat* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) generously label it "an enthralling story of domestic and stage life." To which my comment must be, that the domesticity supplied by the hero's family and their quite uninteresting hesitations between town and suburban residence are entirely nebulous and illusive, that the stage as background has no significance one way or



"MY DEAR, I FELT I OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE TAKEN THE HOLIDAY. SCARCELY HAD I SET FOOT IN MY APARTMENTS WHEN I WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM FROM SARAH:—'PARROT LAID AN EGG. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS.'"

other, but that the improbability upon which (I must say frankly) the appeal of the book seems to depend is given without stint, in a measure that certainly may, for some readers, justify the publishers' epithet. You will understand therefore that I experience a little natural hesitation about suggesting the intrigue. It is certainly of the simplest—a mere question as to whether *Edward* and *Vivian*, casual acquaintances of a restaurant, shall or shall not spend a sequence of week-ends together. The lady is described as on the stage, but she might as well belong to a guild of art-needlework. *Edward* is the only question of importance, and the week-ends; if you ponder the significance of the title you can probably guess the rest. To be honest I ought to add that Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON wields an easy-flowing pen, and that at least one chapter certainly is wickedly entertaining, in the style of what we used to call "Continental" humour. To sum up, not a novel for family reading or for the fastidious. The others may even be enthralled.

The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India (LANE) contains an excellent collection of sporting anecdotes, and dip where you may you will find none of them trivial or tiresome. Mr. E. P. STEBBING states that his purpose in selecting material from his note-books was "to emphasize the necessity which exists of affording protection to the game and other animals of India," and, shy as some of us are of purposeful books, there is no reason to be scared by this one. In the first place Mr. STEBBING's purpose is one which will generally be commended, and in the second he achieves it in an absolutely unobtrusive manner. To sportsmen, and especially to those who have enjoyed the good fortune of shooting in India, this volume will be extremely welcome. The only cumbersome thing about it is its title. Add that Mr. STEBBING is as profuse in his illustrations as he is happy in his choice of subjects.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHENEVER I am in London," writes an American journalist, "I never miss the House of Commons." Nor do we, during the Recess.

"If Lord KENYON wishes, I am prepared to fight him with any weapon he chooses to name at any time," announced Sir CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY recently to a representative of *The Star*. In sporting circles it is thought that, in spite of his recent declaration, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN may consent to stage the encounter.

At the Air Conference last week Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRAZON, M.P., said the Government should appoint experts to control the weather. It looks as if *The Daily Mail* was not going to have things all its own way.

"The object of Poland," says M. DOMBSKI, "is peace, hard work and production." These were at one time the object of England, and she still hopes to get peace.

Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON has told a Glasgow audience that he is no kill-joy, but smokes cigars. It is also said that he has been seen going the pace playing dominoes.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." We can only add that the price of apples is enough to keep anybody away.

"What is a Penny Roll?" asks a headline. The answer is "Three halfpence."

The average boarding-house, says a gossip writer, is not what it seems. No, unfortunately it is what it is.

We understand that the world's record fast has been accomplished by a Scotsman, who has succeeded in remaining in Prohibition America for seven months and three days.

South Sea Islanders, when greeting friends, says *Til Bits*, fling a jar of

water over them. Cats on night duty are now putting a kindlier interpretation on the treatment they receive.

An employee at a coal-mine in Ohio is reported to have died from overwork. There is consolation in the fact that this could not possibly happen in England.

Three Glasgow workmen have started on a walk to London. With the possibility of a vote in favour of a dry Scotland we suppose they started early to avoid the rush.

It is still very doubtful whether

trouble," bemoans a writer in the "Picture" Press. Still, in our opinion it's the only thing worth living.

On two separate occasions last week a cat entered one of the largest churches in Yorkshire whilst a wedding was in progress. This supports our belief that feline society is contemplating the introduction of more ceremony into their own marriage system.

Ex-sailors on the reserve need not be alarmed by the repeated rumours that a surprise mobilisation of the Fleet may be ordered very shortly, as we now have it on good authority that, in order to ensure its complete success, plenty of notice will be given to them beforehand.

Women are said to be fonder than men are of morbid stage plays. Weddings also have a greater fascination for them.

Mr. T. A. EDISON is reported to have invented a machine to record communication with the other world. As a final experiment an attempt is to be made to get into touch with the PORT LAUREATE.

The motor-car of polished steel and no paint-work is the latest innovation. It is said that this will do away with the objection of pedestrians that under present

conditions one cannot be knocked down without soiling one's clothing.

"Water," says an official of the Metropolitan Water Board, "costs far too much to waste to-day." Adulterated with whisky, we believe it costs about eightpence a time.

The Music of the Future.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS."

For Sale, one small Economic Roller, 1 Brown's triple action Roller, 2 Eastern Produce Roll Breakers, 1 Updraft Sirocco Dryer—all the above in good order and can be seen working. 1 Saw Mill, good order. 1 Souter's roll Breaker, fair order.—*Ceylon Paper*.

"Mr. — won £400,000 at Aix-les-Bains. The lucky player, who was educated at Harrow . . ."—*Daily Paper*.

The italics are Mr. Punch's. Are our public schools beginning to advertise?



DIPLOMACY.

Mistress. "NORAH, WILL YOU TRY TO HAVE THE STEAK A LITTLE MORE UNDER-DONE?"

Norah (bristling up). "IS IT FINDING FAULT YE ARE?"

Mistress. "OH, NO, NO! I MERELY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICER FOR YOU NOT TO REMAIN OVER THE FIRE SO LONG."

JACK DEMPSEY can meet JESS WILLARD, says a sporting paper. A dear old lady thinks he might get over the difficulty by dropping him a letter.

It is reported that the captain of a village fire brigade recently declined to call his men out to a fire because it was raining. Unfortunately the owner of the fire was too busy to keep it going till the first fine day.

A clerk employed behind the counter at a post-office in the South of England recently rescued a young girl from drowning. In order to show their appreciation of the young man's bravery, local residents have now decided to purchase their stamps at his post-office.

"Life is uncertain and often full of

FALLING PRICES.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Commercial Statistician of "The Times.")

SAD is the sight, but not so strange,
When the dead leaf to earth declines:
I have observed this annual change
As one of Autumn's surest signs;
But oh, how very odd it is
To mark the falling prices of commodities.

One had supposed the boom of War
(Still raging with the desperate Turk),
Whose closure seemed past praying for,
Would carry on its hideous work
And swell for years and years
The bulging waistcoats of our profiteers.

But lo! a lot of useful wares
Within my modest range have come;
Trousers, I hear, are sold (in pairs)
At three-fifteen—a paltry sum;
And you can even get
Dittos as low as thirteen pounds the set.

I can afford a further lump
Of sugar in my cocoa—yes,
And cocoa too is on the slump,
Its "second grade" now costs me less;
And green peas (marrowfat)
Are down to fourpence. I can run to that.

And, though my coffers, sadly thinned,
May not command a home-killed ham,
And though the fees for pilehards (tinned)
And eggs (to eat) and strawberry-jam
Are still beyond my means
(The same remark applies to butter-beans);

Yet milk (condensed) and salmon ("pink"),
And arrowroot and pines (preserved)—
All "easier," I am glad to think—
These, and a soul not yet unnerved,
Shall keep me going strong,
Now that the price of boots is not so long.

O. S.

GONE AWAY!

It seems to me that our local Hunt wants waking up. In some places, I believe, there are still people who "cheerily rouse the slumbering morn" by hunting the fox or the fox-cub, and, if one cannot let slumbering morns lie, there is no jollier way of rousing them. But in our village we hunt the 8.52. Morning after morning, if you watch from a high place, you can see our bowlers and squash hats just above the hedgerows bobbing down to the covert side. That one bobbing last is me.

As we trudge homeward under the star-lit skies all our racy anecdotes are of the fine fast runs we have had with the 8.52, the brave swinging of the tail carriage, the heavy work over the points, the cheek and find again at East Croydon main . . . Those who arrive early at the meet in the morning (but, as I have hinted, I am not one of these) stroll about the platform, I am told, talking of the rare old times when the 8.52 used to be the 8.51, pulling out their watches every now and then and saying to the station-master, "She's twenty-five seconds late," for all season ticket-holders have special permission from the railway company to put trains into the feminine gender. This is a slight compensation for having to pay again when

they are challenged and can only pull out a complimentary pass to the Chrysanthemum Show.

As for myself, no one can say that I lack the sporting spirit, and if I am late in the field it is because there is not enough noise and bustle about our Hunt. It needs, I submit, the romantic colour and pageantry that fire an Englishman's blood and rouse him irrevocably from his marmalade.

In this connection, as we say so charmingly at our office, I have laid certain preliminary proposals before Enderby and Jackson. A lot of the sportsmen who hunt the 8.52 in our village do so in motor-cars, which is hardly playing the game. Of the stout-hearted fellows who follow on foot, both Enderby and Jackson pass in front of my house and may be discerned dimly through a gap in the hedge, which was probably made for that purpose by the previous tenant. Or it may have been because the gate-latch sticks and he did not jump well. Enderby asserts that my house is nine minutes from the station, and Jackson says it is six, and therein lies the whole difference between optimism and pessimism. All I know is that, if I gather my hat, coat, *Times*, stick, pipe, tobacco and matches and put as many as possible of them in appropriate places just after Enderby has passed the gap, I catch the 8.52 nicely. If I do these things just after Jackson has passed I catch it nastily, just about the rear buffers. My proposal is that Enderby and Jackson should encourage me a little by wearing scarlet coats, so that I can see them twinkling more brightly through the gap in my hedge, and if they will do this I will promise to provide them both with hunting horns. I have pointed out that a "View halloo" from Enderby, followed by a stirring

"Tantivvy, Tantivvy, Tantivvy;
Tra-la, Tra-la, Tra-la"

from Jackson, will, if any power on earth can do it, bring me from my toast in time for my train in the morning.

I have explained to them that nothing can be pleasanter or more beautiful for the baker, the butcher and the grocer to look at every morning than Enderby and Jackson dressed in pink, with a despatch-case in one hand and a hunting-horn in the other. There must be other sportsmen situated as I am, and I should like to see all the little lanes streaming with pink coats; and it would be very nice too if they all brought their dogs to see them off, as some do already.

I am quite prepared to admit that neither Enderby nor Jackson sees eye to eye with me in this matter. They argue that ample notice is given of the imminent arrival of the 8.52 by the express train which passes through the cutting at 8.43, and is popularly known as "the warner." I have replied that I cannot hear express trains when I am eating toast, and that the only warner I recognise is PLUM WARNER, who cannot by any stretch of language be called an express train. There the matter rests at present, and I suppose in a few days I shall miss the 8.52 again.

Happily I have now found out what to do when this occurs. Enderby and Jackson believe that the next train is the 10.15; but that is their narrow-minded parochialism. They are quite wrong. About ten minutes after the 8.52 has gone away another perfectly good train steals panting from the undergrowth. When one has missed the 8.52 one cannot wait on the platform till 10.15, nor, on the other hand, having waved an airy good morning to the butcher, the baker and the grocer as I trotted along, can I very well go back and undo it. And then the derision at home, the half-drunk stirrup-cup of coffee standing tepid and forlorn. But, as I say, the 9.5 is a perfectly sound train. It is quite true that it goes to Brighton, but the weather has been very warm of late. I hate these splits in the local Hunt, but there it is.

EVOR.



“THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. “STICK TO IT, BONAR. POOR OLD SISYPHUS NEVER HAD AN IMPLEMENT LIKE THIS.”



HIGH LIFE ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Lady (to tiresome individual). "I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU—HAMMERSMITH IS THE NEXT BUT ONE. THE NEXT IS BARON'S COURT. THAT'S MY STATION, NOT YOURS."

The Individual. "AH! THE BARONESS, I PRESUME?"

THE DINING GLADIATOR;

OR, WAR TO THE KNIFE (AND FORK).
(Being further Extracts from a certain Diary).

August 4th, 1914.—Declaration of War. I hereby take a solemn oath not to relax my efforts to win this struggle for England, even if it costs me my last drop of ink.

Began my series of powerful articles by calling for KITCHENER, of whom I now, if guardedly, approve. Lunched at the Carlton and dined at the Ritz to let all the world see that I am not downhearted. * * *

Spent the morning at the War Office, showing everyone how the work there ought to be done. Then to Downing Street to put things right there.

Lunched at Claridge's with six Leading Ladies, all of them cheery souls. * * *

Week-ended at Melton. Some good

tennis and bridge. Fear that none of our generals really knows his job.

* * *

I have been wondering to-day if any other military journalist could possibly know such a lot of the Smart Set, and so intimately as I do. I am extraordinary lucky in having all these nice people to fall back on when I am worn out with War-winning and Tribunal duties.

* * *

Wrote a wonderful article on the importance of dressing up some one to look like HINDENBURG and dropping him at night by parachute from an aeroplane into the German lines near Head-Quarters. It would have to be a bigish man who can speak German well—Mr. CHESTERTON perhaps, but I have never met Mr. CHESTERTON, as he seems never to lunch or dine at the Ritz; or even Lord HALDANE. Once safely landed (my article goes on to

explain) he would make his way to German H.Q., being mistaken for the real HINDENBURG, kill him and then issue orders to the Army which would quickly put the Germans in our power. Strange that no one else has thought of this.

* * *

It is very awkward to be the only man in London who has the truth in him. Relieved some of my embarrassment by a glass or two of remarkable 1794 brandy. * * *

WINSTON came to Carryon Hall to dine and we discussed his future. I mapped out the next six months for him very carefully, and he promised to follow my counsel; but I am afraid that Lady RANDOLPH may interfere. * * *

My HINDENBURG article not in *The Times* yet. Cannot think what is coming to journalism. And NORTH-CLIFFE calls himself a hustler.

Sent for the PRIME MINISTER and gave him a piece of my mind. He ought to be more careful in future.

Lunched at the Carlton with GEORGE GRAVES and had some valuable War talk.

In the afternoon to the Tribunal, where all excuses were disregarded and everyone packed off to the recruiting officer.

In the evening to a first-class revue at the Palace.

Had gratifying visit from ANATOLE FRANCE's friend, M. PUTOIS, who told me that the French look to me as the only Englishman capable of winning the War. My articles are read everywhere, and some have been set to music.

More men must be obtained, and therefore wrote a capital article calling on all criminals to cease their labours during the War, in order to release the police for the army. After this effort, which was very tiring, lunched at the Ritz with ETHEL LEVEY, LAVERY and SOVERAL. Some good riddles were asked. A discussion followed on ladies' boots, and whether toes should be pointed or square. From this we passed to stockings and then to lingerie. Tore myself away to attend to my Tribunal duties.

Met the GLOOMY DEAN in the Mall and walked with him to the Rag, where he left me. A most diverting man. He told me a capital story about a curate and an egg.

Finished a rattling good article on a way to make our army look more impressive to the foe, namely by fitting each man with a dummy man on either side of him. Bosch aeroplane observers would imagine then that we were three times as strong as we are, and some very desirable results might follow.

Sent for NORTHCLIFFE and told him that unless my articles are treated with more respect I cannot go on and the War will be lost. He seemed to be impressed, but you never know.

Lunched at Claridge's with Lady CUNARD, Lady DIANA MANNERS and GEORGE ROBEY. We were all very witty.

In the afternoon saw ROBERTSON at the W.O. and told him of my dummy soldier idea. He roared with delight.

Wrote one of my best articles, on the importance of either L. G. learning French or CLEMENCEAU learning English. Very depressed all day; have lost my appetite.



THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY.

"ONE OF THOSE TINS OF SALMON, PLEASE."

Dined at the Ritz. A large party, including Lady CUNARD and Lady DIANA MANNERS. The Princess of X. was present and I found her intelligent. Afterwards to Lady Y.'s for bridge. The cards were mad, but we had some wonderful rubbers, the four best players in London being concerned.

Wrote one of my best articles, on the importance of eating and drinking and being merry during great national crises. Urged among other things the addition of restaurant cars to all trains, even those on the Tubes. It is madness to encourage seriousness, as *The Times* is doing.

My eating article not printed. Practice, however, is more than precept, and I shall continue to do my bite.

(To be continued.) E. V. L.

Another Sex-Problem.

"SALE OF LIVE AND DEAD FARM STOCK.
6 Steers in milk and in calf."

Local Paper.

"In the second part of the programme Miss — was associated with Mr. — in 'It was a Lover and His Last.'—*Australian Paper.*
Let us hope she will remain so.

"Rejoicing in a measure of freedom after the harassing restrictions of the war, Scotsmen are not eager to thrust their necks into the nose again."—*Daily Paper.*

They prefer, we imagine, to thrust the nose of the bottle into their necks.

"Every British voter on the sea coast is at heart a sailor."—*Daily Chronicle.*

At heart, no doubt. But how many have found to their cost that it is in fact another organ which affords the ultimate test of sailorship.

CHECK BY THE QUEEN.

I HAD never before seen the Fairy Queen in such an agitated condition. She came dashing in, her cheeks glowing, her eyes aflame, her tiny form positively quivering with indignation and excitement.

In her hand she held a small scrap of paper, which she waved about in a frantic manner just in front of my nose.

"Look," she said, "look! My Press Agency sent it me this morning. Did you ever hear of such a thing? It's outrageous, it's incredible, it's . . . Oh, don't sit staring there as if it didn't matter. Can't you say something—suggest something?"

"Your Majesty," I said humbly, for one has to be a little careful when dealing with incensed Royalty, "I haven't been able to read it yet."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said with quick contrition; "I'm afraid I'm apt to get a little carried away when I'm upset. But surely this is more than anybody could be expected to stand, mortal or immortal."

She settled down on the desk in front of me, spreading out the crumpled bit of paper on the blotter and holding the ends down with her little hands.

"There," she said—"read it." And this is what I read:—

"M—'s FAIRY RING DESTROYER.

After prolonged experiments we have succeeded in producing a preparation which checks the growth of unsightly rings on Lawns, &c. Two pounds of the Destroyer per square pole is sufficient for a single dressing. Full particulars with each consignment."

"'Unsightly'!" said the Queen in a trembling voice. "Do you see that?" and she pointed to the offending word with a tiny forefinger. "'Prolonged experiments' too. Do you know, I remember now that I have had complaints from some of our Garden Settlements about discomfort; but of course I never dreamed of anyone doing it on purpose. Do you think—oh, do you think"—she looked at me with tears in her bright eyes—"that it's really true that human beings are beginning to get tired of us? That we're"—she dropped her voice and I saw that she could hardly get out the next words—"out-of-date?"

Her falling tears made tiny marks on the blotting-paper.

"Of course not," I said stoutly. "On the contrary, you're coming in stronger than ever. Why, one might almost look upon you as one of the newest fashionable crazes, like motor-scooters and cinema stars and indiscreet memoirs." I hardly knew what I was saying, it was so dreadful to see her cry.

"Oh, I hope not," she said, half-laughing and hastily dabbing her nose with a ridiculous atom of swansdown which she produced from a minute reticule.

"As to these gentlemen," I continued, pointing contemptuously to the announcement, "we'll very soon settle them." I seized a sheet of paper and began scribbling away as hard as I could go.

The Queen amused herself meanwhile by balancing on the letter-scales. She seemed almost happy. I heard her murmur to herself, "Dear me. Two ounces. I shall have to start dieting. No more honey—"

"There," I said presently, "send them that, and we shall see what we shall see."

This is what I had written:—

"We, Titania, Queen of Fairyland, Empress of the Kingdom of Dreams, Grand Dame of the Order of Absolute Darlings, etc., etc., beg to draw the attention of Messrs. M—— to the enclosed paragraph, impinging gravely on the ancient and indisputable rights and prerogatives of ourselves and our loyal subjects, which appeared in their recent seed catalogue. We feel that the inclusion of the aforesaid paragraph must be due to some oversight, since Messrs. M—— can hardly be unaware of the fact that it is only owing to the co-operation of ourselves and our subjects that they are able to carry on their business with success. We are unwilling to resort to extreme measures, but unless the paragraph is immediately withdrawn we shall be obliged to take steps accordingly, in which case Messrs. M—— are warned that the whole of next year's flower crop may prove an utter and complete failure. Given under our Royal Hand and Seal. TITANIA R."

The Queen seemed very pleased when I read it over to her.

"It's perfectly splendid," she said, clapping her hands. "How silly of me not to have thought of it; but I was so distracted. Won't it make them sit up? And of course we could do it easily, though it would be rather dreadful, wouldn't it? I shall have it copied out the minute I get home and sent off to-night. By the way" (a little anxiously) "there aren't any split infinitives in it, are there? My chamberlain's rather peculiar about them—they make him ill. Extraordinary, isn't it? But—don't tell anyone—I never quite understand myself what they are or where they split, though it certainly does sound very uncomfortable."

I reassured her on that point.

"Oh, then *that's* all right," she said; "and I don't think even he would ever have thought of 'impinging'; it's lovely,

isn't it? Thank you very much indeed," she added, as she folded up the paper and slipped it under her girdle. "You are a most helpful person. I really think I must—" I felt a touch on my cheek, lighter than the caress of a butterfly's wing, softer than the tip of a baby's finger, sweeter than the perfume of jessamine at night. For a moment the Queen continued to flutter close about me, radiant and shining. I shut my dazzled eyes for an instant. When I opened them she was gone.

I can't help wondering what Messrs. M—— will do. They'll be rather rash if they persist. And yet it does seem a little— Well, doesn't it? R. F.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE BEE.

I NEVER, never could admit

The virtues of the bee;

I thought she seemed a dreadful prig

When I was small, and now I'm big

I see she is a hypocrite,

And so, of course, are we.

It's true she rushes to and fro

With business promptitude,

But what about the busy ant?

Oh, let us clear our minds of cant—

Why is it that we love her so?

She manufactures food.

But not for us. If it were shown

She organised the feast

For us to eat, one might agree

About her virtue; but, you see,

She does it for herself alone,

The greedy little beast!

So grasping is the little dear

That every now and then

She readjusts the ration scales

By simply murdering the males,

With many a base, malicious jeer

At "idle gentlemen."

Nor does a man of us cry "Shame!"

Though every man would own

If there is one high hope for which

He labours on at fever-pitch

It is not honour, wealth or fame—

He wants to be a drone.

Why is it, then, we don't abhor

This horrid little prude?

Why don't we cast the foulest slur

On such a Prussian character?

Because, as I remarked before,

She manufactures food.

The world is full of beasts, my son,

And I know two or three

That any parent might employ

To be a model for their boy,

But take my word, we've overdone

The insufferable bee. A. P. H.

THE NEW POOR.



—I REMEMBER THE TIME—



—WHEN I THOUGHT—



—I NEVER SHOULD RIDE IN A BUS—



—AND NOW—



—I AM ALMOST CERTAIN—



—I NEVER SHALL."

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The other evening I was sitting at an open-air café whose coffee is better than its social reputation. To be exact it is a low haunt. I always go there and have a cup of coffee in a glass when I am wondering what to do next and feeling it is about time something was happening. One of my acquaintances came and sat down at my table. To confess the truth he has once been a pickpocket, the sort of professional who followed the trade in the old dull days of peace for the excitement it furnished. He has since served in the Foreign Legion, and says that now he cannot bring himself to return to his normal work, since by contrast it is so very tame. For a time he was stranded, but now the international conspiracy business provides him with just the sport he was looking for.

After a little conversation about pocket-picking, as it used to be in the good old days, he asked me if I was interested in communist plots. I said I was interested in anything. He looked round the café to see that all was well, leant across the table and asked me if I was not particularly interested in communist plots. "Yes," I whispered, "as long as it's a plot I'm interested in it, even though it is a communist one."

He grew suspicious; why was I so interested? There is always a lot of whispering and mutual suspicion about on these occasions. I told him of these letters I was writing to you on the subject. This made him more than suspicious; positively hostile. Who was this Charles? he wanted to know. I told him all about you; explained that you were a good friend of mine; quite all right—one of us.

He rather took to the description of you, dropped all signs of doubt or anxiety and wondered if we couldn't get hold of you to come and take coffee with us one evening? You may rest assured, Charles, that there is now one café in Central Europe where you are regarded as a first-class fellow, even though your acquaintance has yet to be made; *bon camarade*; not above picking a pocket or two yourself in a moment of enthusiasm. You must come here and show yourself one day. You need have no fear. We never pick each others' pockets; it isn't considered etiquette.

"I am now a Young Socialist," said my friend with great pride. The Young Socialists are the worst communists there are.

"Really?" said I; "the last time we had a chat you were an ardent German Monarchist."

He produced his Matriculation card; it wasn't in his proper name, but, as he explained, one name is as good as another and he has had so many from time to time that now he cannot rightly say which is his own. I asked him to elaborate the Young Socialists' programme of murder and sudden death, a subject which, as a proposed victim, had a morbid fascination for me. He said he knew nothing about that; their everlasting talk bored him and he never attended the public meetings. It was the committee work which interested him.

door for the committee assembled inside. And, when he thought the friendship was sufficiently advanced, he poured forth his inmost heart to that door-keeper. He said that Young Socialism was to him the breath of life, and the tragedy was that he was always kept on the outskirts of it. He said he would give anything to take part in a committee meeting, or anyhow to hear the great ones at it; and, to make this sound plausible, he expounded a scheme of Young Socialism of his own, which was far more drastic and bloodthirsty than anything that had yet occurred to any committee.

The door-keeper didn't believe there could be anybody who really cared all that much for communism; for his part he kept the door because there was money to be made easily that way. At the next committee meeting he made



CURE FOR INSOMNIA. MESMERISE YOURSELF.

more money and made it more easily, and my friend was safely locked up in the cupboard before the committee arrived. What with the heat inside, the thought that the door-keeper might be more cunning than had appeared and a persistent desire to sneeze, he questioned all the time whether he was the right man in the right place. The committee meanwhile did little more than vote its own salaries from the central fund and quarrel amongst itself who should be treasurer.

Later proceedings of the committee, as noted in the

He told me about the first committee meeting he attended. He wasn't a member of the committee at the time, a fact which put difficulties in the way of his attending the meeting, as it was held behind closed doors. All the doors were closed and locked, including the cupboard door. He was in the cupboard. I wondered what they would have done to him if they had found him there. He told me he had had plenty of time to wonder that himself when he had once got himself locked in.

"Begin at the beginning," said I.

It was a question, first, of getting round the door-keeper. He made friends with that door-keeper, took him out to supper, gave him a kirsch with his coffee and a cigar with his kirsch. He told the door-keeper that he was the most distinguished door-keeper he had ever met. He encouraged him to go through his ailments and his grievances and was visibly distressed by the recital. He got in the habit of sitting with the door-keeper while he was keeping the

cupboard, were more interesting. When the question turned on finding someone trustworthy and competent to take secret instructions to comrades in France and England, my friend very nearly burst forth from his shelf to say to them, "I'm your man!" He restrained himself, however, and thought out a more elaborate scheme than that.

He secured a front seat at the next public meeting of the section, applauded vigorously when the President referred to the need of more briskness in France and England and asked for a private interview after the meeting was over. In a few well-chosen words he offered his services to run messages over the frontier. Off his platform the President was quite a practical man and, though he didn't use these words, he indicated to my friend as follows: "If you are a genuine blackguard the police won't let you go; if you are not a genuine blackguard you are not really one of us."

My friend said that that would be all



Profiteer Host. "I'M AFRAID WE 'LL HAVE TO DRINK THE FIZZ OUT OF PORT GLASSES."

Profiteer Guest. "OH, WE DON'T MIND ROUGHIN' IT; WE'RE ALL SPORTSMEN, I TAKE IT."

right, and they agreed to meet later on. He then went to the police and explained that he was about to be entrusted with important letters to carry over the frontier, if they would afford the necessary facilities. The police also were practical and, without wishing in any way to hurt his feelings, raised the question of his being genuine. Genuine was, of course, the very last thing he was claiming to be, but he understood what they meant, said that that would be all right and arranged a later appointment. He then called on the President and found him duly suspicious.

"I've had a talk with the police," said my friend, "and I've told them all about you and your messages, and they are going to give me the facilities and I am going to give them the messages."

This was the first occasion on which the President had had to handle the plain truth, and he didn't know what to do or say next.

"Give me some dud messages, of course," said my friend, and the President, thinking what a bright young Socialist this was, complied.

He then went back to the police. "I've had a talk with the President," said he, "and I've told them all about you and your interest in the messages, and here the messages are; and you needn't worry to read them because they are dud."

The police had also got so unused to the truth from such quarters that they were taken aback when they met it.

"And now have I your full confidence?" said he, and they said that he might take it that he had. He then went back to the President.

"Good morning, Mr. President," said he. "I have given your messages to the police and told them they are dud messages, so that now I have their full confidence and can move about as I like. Give me the real messages and I'll be getting on with my journey."

Throwing precaution to the winds, the President wrote out the real messages in full and handed them to him.

"Come, come, come," said he, "you must be more careful than that," and he told him what he ought to do to make sure. He did it.

My friend then proceeded to the frontier, where, by arrangement, he was arrested. In the inside pocket of his inside coat a bundle of messages were found. The police nodded at him.

"Yes," they said, "here are the messages all right. We don't know that they help much, but we suppose that we mustn't blame you."

"Come, come, come," said my friend, "if you doubt me, search me." They did so, and, written on linen and sewn into the lining of his coat, they found some more messages, which really did help them.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

Relatives without Antecedents.

YOUTHFUL HOSTESSES.—A few years ago when a bachelor entertained he invited his aunt or his mother to act as hostess for him. Now he asks his grand-daughter.—*Daily Paper.*

"Ostensibly fit was a move to check the ever-rising cost of living, and in a way not fully realised by the public fit was a method of riveting control on the industry."

Evening Paper.

With money flung about like this the cost of living is bound to go up again.



SINISTER SIGNS FROM SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Alarmed House Agent. "MADAM, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PARTNER?"

Client. "I WAS JUST GIVING PARTICULARS OF MY FLAT, WHICH I AM ANXIOUS TO LET, AND WHEN I SAID, 'NO PREMIUM REQUIRED,' HE CRUMPLED UP AS IF HE'D BEEN SHOT."

SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT.

[The taking of finger-prints of all new-born babies is advocated. These will be useful for identification at trials, inquests, etc., since the pattern of the print does not change from the cradle to the grave.]

With paternal pride I used to glow

When the neighbours dropped their pleasant hints

How like Daddy Reginald would grow,

But to-day they took his finger-prints;

Now I am convinced they spoke in haste—

Such expressions show a lack of taste.

Operator was a kindly man,

Formerly a sergeant of police;

Dipped our Reggie's digits in a pan

Filled with printers' ink and oil and grease,

Pressed them on a card and soothed his moans,

Saying "Diddums" in official tones.

Mother stood and gazed upon the thing,

Lovingly as doting mothers do;

Asked, "Does Reggie's hieroglyphic bring

Memories of famous men to you—

Men who, having made their lives sublime,

Left their thumb-prints on the sands of time?

"Will it be his destiny to write

Or to earn a living with his brains?

Will he share a 'loop' with GRAHAME WHITE?

Do his 'arches' pair with those of BAINES?

Is there similarity between

Reggie's 'whorls' and those of M. MASSINE?"

Operator coughed behind his hand,

Moved his feet and shook his hoary head,

Thrust his fingers in his bellyband,

Then at last reluctantly he said,

"I've encountered in the course of biz
Many prints that much resembled his.

"One, I mind me, such impressions made;

Pr'aps you never heard of Ginger Hicks,
Him what done in uncle with a spade

Down in Canning Town in ninety-six?

Ginger was a wrong 'un from the fust;

As a child he bellowed fit to bust.

"Then there was another, something like,

Got a lifer seven years ago;

Surely you remember Mealy Mike,

Robbery with violence at Bow?

Michael's thumb-print, though of larger size,

Was the spit of Reggie's otherwise.

"Then again his lines could be compared——"

Mother snatched her precious up and fled,

Pausing once to ask him how he dared

Put such notions in um's little head.

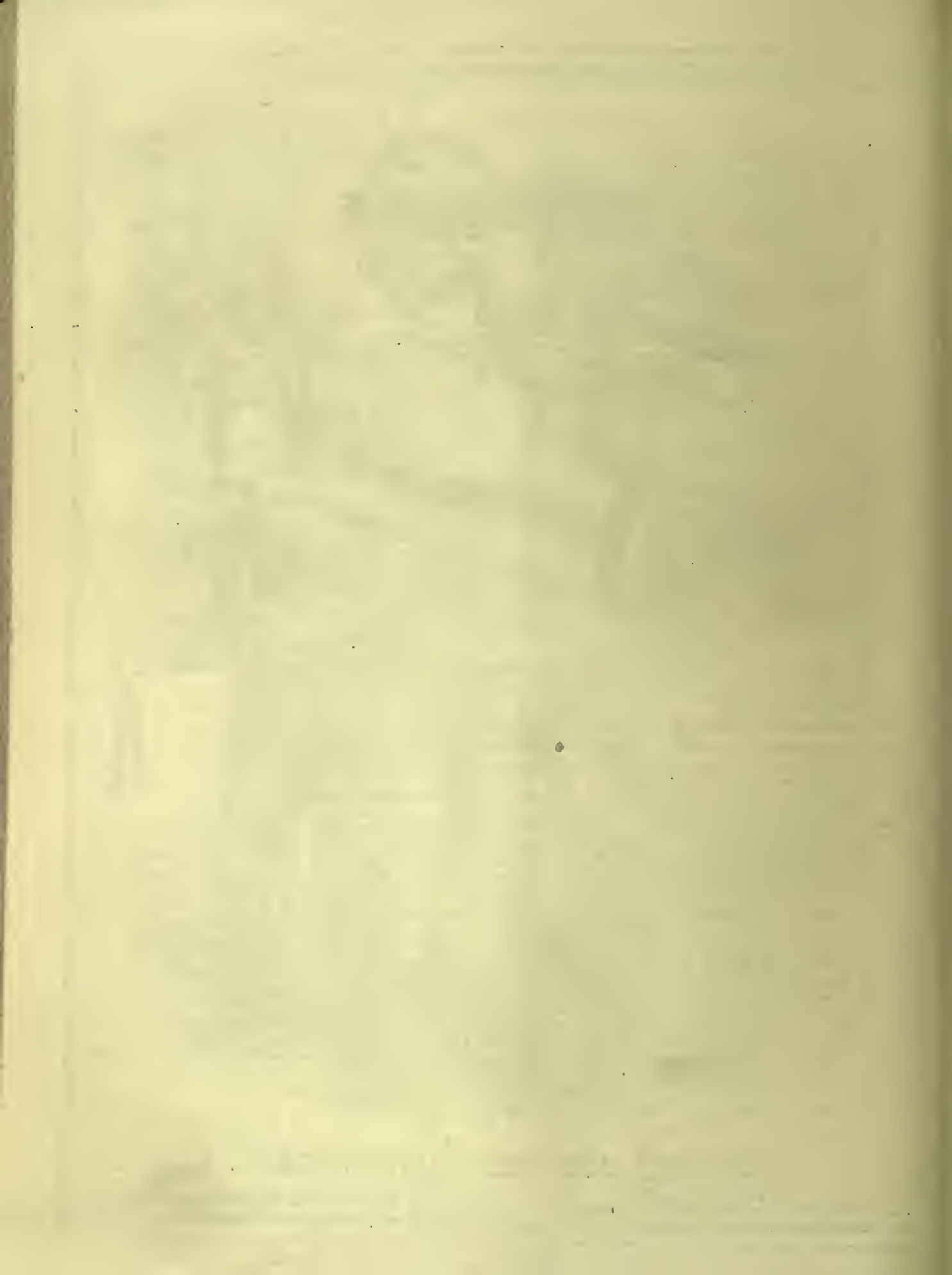
Her departure mid a storm of kissing

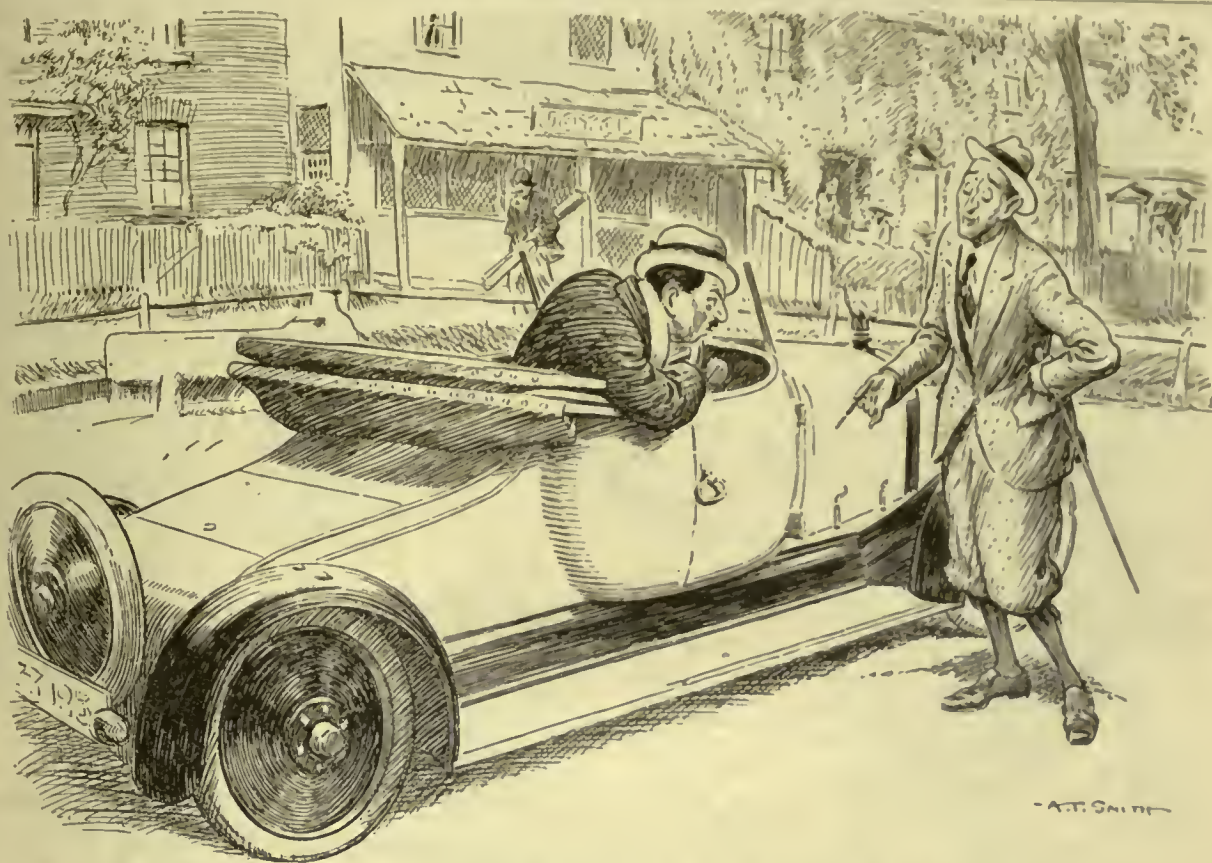
Put the lid on further reminiscing.



ALADDIN AND THE MINER'S LAMP.

THE GENIE. "I AM THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP. I THINK YOU SUMMONED ME."
MR. SMILLIE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT I DIDN'T REALISE YOU'D BE SO UGLY."





"YES, A NICE LITTLE BUS. BUT I SAY, OLD TOP, THE FOOTBOARDS ARE DEUCEDELY LOW. IF YOU RAN OVER ANYONE YOU MIGHT BE CAPSIZED—WHAT?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY SHOCKER.

John Antony Grunch was one of the mildest, most innocent men I ever knew. He had a wife to whom he was devoted with a dog-like devotion; he went to church; he was shy and reserved, and he held a mediocre position in a firm of envelope-makers in the City. But he had a romantic soul, and whenever the public craving for envelopes fell off—and that is seldom—he used to allay his secret passion for danger, devilry and excitement by writing sensational novels. One of these was recently published, and John Antony is now dead. The novel did it.

Yet it was a very mild sort of "shocker," about a very ordinary murder. The villain simply slew one of his typists in the counting-house with a sword-umbrella and concealed his guilt by putting her in a pillar-box. But it had "power," and it was very favourably reviewed. One critic said that "the author, who was obviously a woman, had treated with singular delicacy and feeling the ever-urgent problem of female employment in our great industrial centres." Another said that the book was "a brilliant burlesque of the fashionable type of detective fiction." Another

wrote that "it was a conscientious analysis of a perplexing phase of agricultural life." John thought that must refer to the page where he had described the allotments at Shepherd's Bush. But he was pleased and surprised by what they said.

What he did *not* like was the interpretation offered by his family and his friends, who at once decided that the work was the autobiography of John Antony. You see, the scene was laid in London, and John lived in London; the murdered girl was a typist, and there were two typists in John's office; and, to crown all, the villain in the book had a boar-hound, and John himself had a Skye-terrier. The thing was as plain as could be. Men he met in the City said, "How's that boar-hound of yours?" or "I like that bit where you hit the policeman. When did you do that?" "You," mark you. Old friends took him aside and whispered, "Very sorry to hear you don't hit it off with Mrs. Grunch; I always thought you were such a happy couple." His wife's family said, "Poor Gladys! what a life she must have had!" His own family said, "Poor John! what a life she must have led him to make him go off with that adventuress!" Several people

identified the adventuress as Miss Crook, the Secretary of the local Mothers' Welfare League, of which John was a vice-president.

The fog of suspicion swelled and spread and penetrated into every cranny and level of society. No servants would come near the house, or if they did they soon stumbled on a copy of the shocker while doing the drawing-room, read it voraciously and rushed screaming out of the front-door. When he took a parcel of washing to the post-office the officials refused to accept it until he had opened it and shown that there were no bodies in it.

The animal kingdom is very sensitive to the suspicion of guilt. John noticed that dogs avoided him, horses neighed at him, earwigs fled from him in horror, caterpillars madly spun themselves into cocoons as he approached, owls hooted, snakes hissed. Only Mrs. Grunch remained faithful.

But one morning at breakfast Mrs. Grunch said, "Pass the salt, please, John." John didn't hear. He was reading a letter. Mrs. Grunch said again, "Pass the salt, please, John." John was still engrossed. Mrs. Grunch wanted the salt pretty badly, so she got up and fetched it. As she did so she noticed



"THERE BE MRS. ROUSE'S, OVER AGIN THE CHURCH. I BELIEVE SHE DO PUT UP WITH LODGERS."

that the handwriting of the letter was the handwriting of A Woman. Worse, it was written on the embossed paper of the Mothers' Welfare League. It must be from Miss Crook. *And it was.* It was about the annual outing. "Ah, ha!" said Mrs. Grunch. (I am afraid that "Ah, ha!" doesn't really convey to you the sort of sound she made, but you must just imagine.) "Ah, ha! So *that's* why you couldn't pass the salt!"

Mad with rage, hatred, fear, chagrin, pique, jealousy and indigestion, John rushed out of the house and went to the office. At the door of the office he met one of the typists. He held the door open for her. She simpered and refused to go in front of him. Being still mad with rage, hatred, chagrin and all those other things, John made a cross gesture with his umbrella. With a shrill, shuddering shriek of "Murder!" the girl cantered violently down Ludgate Hill and was never seen again. Entering the office, John found two detectives waiting to ask him a few questions in connection with the Newcastle Pig-sty Murder, which

had been done with some pointed instrument, probably an umbrella.

After that *The Daily Horror* rang up and asked if he would contribute an article to their series on "Is Bigamy Worth While?"

Having had enough rushing for one day John walked slowly out into the street, trying to remember the various ways in which his characters had committed suicide. He threw himself over the Embankment wall into the river, but fell in a dinghy which he had not noticed; he bought some poison, but the chemist recognised his face from a photograph in the Literary Column of *The Druggist* and gave him ipecacuanha (none of you can spell that); he thought of cutting his throat, but broke his thumb-nail trying to open the big blade, and gave it up. Desperate, he decided to go home. At Victoria he was hustled along the platform on the pretence that there is more room in the rear of trains. Finally he was hustled on to the line and electrocuted.

And everybody said, "So it *was* true."

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian trade-circular:—

"We believe in making a Small Profit and selling Everybody rather than making a Big Profit and selling only a Few."

"Wanted for Tea Estate, Nilgiris, good climate Superintendent."—*Indian Paper.*

We could do with one here, too.

"THE WANDERING JEW,
E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S WONDERFUL PLAY."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

And still the wander grew.

"When the Prime Minister, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd George, appeared a magnificent ovation was accorded them."—*Welsh Paper.*

This tends to confirm the statements in the anti-Coalition Press that the PRIME MINISTER was beside himself.

From an examination-paper at a girls' school:—

Question. Why are the days in summer longer than those in winter?

Answer. Because they are warmer and therefore expand.

ERNEST EXPERIMENTS.

THERE is no doubt that Ernest was to blame. I know, of course, that he meant well. But a passion for fresh air, unless it is checked in time, is bound to lead one into all sorts of trouble.

You see, Ernest suffers so from theories. He has theories about eating, sleeping and waking, talking and thinking; but those on fresh air are the worst (or perhaps I ought to say the best) of all. Not that we, who constitute his family, would object to his theories if he didn't get us involved in them as well; but that is exactly what does happen. There was, for example, the camping-out proposition.

It began with Mother sitting at a table one evening in the early autumn and jotting down figures. Her brow was troubled. "We really can't afford a holiday this year, girls," she said, "though I suppose we shall *have* to. What with the price of everything just now and——" She then went on to speak with hostility of things like the Government and Sir ERIC GEDDES, though she is a peaceable woman as a rule.

Whereupon Ernest, who was at the open window engaged in a little quiet biceps-training (we won't allow him to do the more rowdy muscular exercises in the living-room), remarked, "But why should we be subjected to these eternal trammels of civilisation? Isn't the open country man's rightful heritage?"

"I see the prices have gone up at the select boarding-house where we stayed last year and met such nice people," went on Mother, ignoring Ernest. "It's five guineas a week each now."

"Monstrous," put in Ernest again. "Five guineas a week just to breathe the pure air of Heaven."

"Oh, they give you more than that," said Mother, "though I suspect the meat isn't English."

Ernest laughed sardonically. "Now let me tell you of my plan," he said, taking a newspaper cutting from his pocket. "Here is my solution to the holiday problem, and it certainly doesn't cost five guineas a week. Why not adopt it?"

"Why, it's an umbrella," commented Mother, feeling for her glasses. "But surely you don't expect it to rain all the time?"

"That is not an umbrella, it is an illustration of a portable tent," explained Ernest. "The canvas folds up and can be carried in the pocket, while the pole also folds and is convertible into a walking-stick by day.



Visitor. "LUCKY TO FIND A HAIRDRESSER IN A SMALL VILLAGE LIKE THIS."

Native. "WELL, BE RIGHTS IT'S MY SON'S BUSINESS AND 'E'S AWAY; BUT I'VE DONE A WUNNERFUL DEAL OF 'ORSE-CLIPPIN'."

Thus you are able to camp where you will; throw off the shackles of convention——"

"It may be all right for throwing off the shackles of convention," remarked Mother, "but nothing would induce me to undress in a thing like that."

"But when it's erected it's perfectly solid——"

"So am I," said Mother, "and I like room to turn round. No, Ernest, I am as fond of fresh air as anyone—you know I always have my bedroom window open at least two inches at night—but air is not everything. Give me a comfortable bed and good catering if I am to go on holiday and enjoy it. You can please yourself."

That is the mistake Mother made. Ernest ought not to be allowed to please himself. He doesn't know what is good for him. And, when he departed on his walking tour accompanied by his tent, his sponge-bag, a copy of OMAR KHAYYAM, but very little else, Mother felt uneasy.

"What will happen if you get your feet wet?" she asked. "I'm sure you ought to take more things with you, Ernest."

"What more do I want?" he demanded, "'A loaf of bread beneath the bough——'"

"A loaf of bread indeed!" echoed Mother. "Fiddlesticks! Mind you get at least three good meals a day." She



"SORRY TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND IS LAID UP AGAIN, MRS. GRIGGS."

"YES. THE TROUBLE IS HE BE AN OLD MAN, AND HE WILL TURN A DEAF EAR TO THE WRITIN' ON THE WALL."

then gave him the address of the boarding-house where we had finally decided to spend our holidays and told him to send her a wire at once if he got a cold in the head.

* * * * *

It was the hour of dinner at the Select Boarding Establishment (sep. tables, 3 mins. sea, elec. lt., mod.) where we had spent ten days of our entirely select holiday. Everyone was assembled in the lounge hall waiting for the gong to announce the meal. Mother, basking her soul in the atmosphere of gentility, was chatting with the half-sister of a bishop, who was just remarking that Mother must call on her in town, when a strange *fracas* was heard at the back of the hall; a mo-

ment later a strange figure thrust itself in our midst and looked wildly round.

"Ernest!" murmured Mother faintly. She was a wise woman to know her own child under the circumstances. Perhaps she identified the tent-pole to which he was still clinging. Otherwise he was scarcely recognisable. His hair was wild and unkempt, his clothing torn and damaged. His boots clung to his feet by the uppers only and were held together by fragments of a sponge-bag.

"Mother!" said Ernest, singling her out from amongst the gay throng. The moment was dramatic.

"I—I was arrested," went on Ernest. He spoke in a purely conversational tone, but it's surprising how far the human voice will carry at times. Every-

body about the place, including the lift-boy and the Belgian waiter, seemed to hear that remark.

"Arrested?" whispered Mother in reverberating tone-waves.

"Yes. How was I to know that I had pitched my tent on private property and was unwittingly trespassing? They would have prosecuted me if I hadn't—"

"You had better come up to my room and explain there," interposed Mother; and we followed her, a broken woman, to the lift. People fell aside to make a passage for us.

Mother held up until she got to her own room. Then she sat down and cried. "Why did you disgrace us like this?" she asked at last of Ernest. "Was it necessary for you to come here?"

"I had to," said Ernest apologetically. "You see I hadn't any money."

Mother looked up quickly. "But what of the extra ten pounds I insisted on your taking with you in case of emergency?"

Ernest appeared slightly shame-faced. "Well, when those fatuous asses hauled me up for trespassing they left me in the charge of a gamekeeper while they 'phoned for the police. I induced the chap to let me go, and I had to square him with a tenner."

There was a long pause. Mother's mind seemed to be working at some abstruse calculation. Then she dried her eyes and looked up with the triumphant smile of the woman who gets the last word and wins her point.

"And so, Ernest," she said, "it *did* cost you five guineas a week to 'breathe the pure air of Heaven' after all."

PRAWLING'S THEORY.

(By a Student of Jargon.)

By the courtesy of Professor Prawling, F.R.S., who has supplied us with the MS. of his recent lecture before the Psycho-Economical Society, we are in a position to give our readers a full account of that masterly and epoch-making address, of which, strange to say, no adequate notice has so far appeared in any newspaper.

Professor Prawling's credentials, we may premise, are of a nature to inspire the utmost confidence. His father, Theodore Prawling, was the inventor of the speedle, that remarkable implement, fully described by *Punch* in the early seventies, which rendered possible the emulsification of all gelatinoid substances and revolutionised the marmalade industry. He is duly commemorated by the fine statue which is one of the principal features of Dundee. His son, however, has even greater



"I TRUST YOU'LL EXCUSE ME MENTIONING IT, MY OOOD FELLOW, BUT THAT IS THE RIGHT ENTRANCE—ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROAD."

claims on our respect and admiration. Educated at the High School, Crief, and the Universities of Glasgow, Upsala, the Sorbonne and Princeton, he is generally recognised in the United States as the foremost authority on Pædological Gongorism and the cognate science of Mendelian Economics.

The problem with which he grapples in his latest contribution to these fascinating studies may be tersely summed up in a single sentence: Can a healthy metabolism be superinduced on an economic system already showing symptoms of extrinsic conglucination?

Professor Prawling is of opinion that it *can*, but only if and when the evils of co-partnership and co-operation have been neutralized by a diastolic synthesis. To compute exactly the extent to which these evils have been developed he has devised a syncrctic abacus, in which, on the principle of the spectroscopo, the aplanatic foci are arranged in fluorescent nodules each equidistant from the metacentre. With a frankness that cannot be too highly commended, Professor Prawling admits that this instrument is founded on BENTHAM'S Panopticon. But the deviations from BENTHAM and the expansions of his machine are far more

remarkable than the resemblances to it. Prawling—if he will allow us the familiarity—is not a utilitarian. His aim is to re-establish our textile pre-eminence by reconciling monistic individualism with the fullest solidarity of the social complex. He is meticulously careful in stressing the point that the demarcations arrived at by the use of his abacus are not absolute, but conditioned by EINSTEIN'S theory of relativity. The ancillary industries, each moving in its orbit, whether jurassic or botulistic, must be placed on a contractual basis with liberty of preferential retaliation. Thus the whole industrial polyphony is linked up by enharmonic modulations, and thrombosis—or, at any rate, conglucination—of the central ganglia of commerce is reduced to negligible dimensions.

At this juncture it is well to point out in the interests of clarity that regurgitation can only be avoided by a rigorous adhesion to the canon of CRITTENDEN—that the unit of nutrition must vary inversely with the square of dilution.

It will thus be seen that by the logical application of a few simple and easily apprehended principles Professor Prawling has built up a great edifice of practical economics, which, whether we

regard it in its subliminal or its pragmatic aspects, cannot fail to have influence on the dynamics of International Industrialism.

One word more. The conglucination theory appeals with especial force to *Punch*, because it reminds him of the kindred and remarkable speculation on Snooling discussed by him many years ago. The new theory, like the old, deserves to be treated "in no spirit of sedentary sentimentalism, but in its largest and most oleaginous entirety. It is no plan for fixing hat-pegs in a passage, nor is it a mode of treating neuralgia with treacle." How true and appropriate this is. *Mutatis mutandis* we may add the further statement that it is "the truest and tenderest thesis that can occupy the most calculating cosmopolite." The corporate pursuit of a granulated conglucination is perhaps the highest achievement of which the present generation is capable.

More Impending Apologies.

"Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Rouen, has been translated, as most of us expected, to the Archbishopric in Paris. Being a very distinguished man of letters, the Académie Française would like to include him among the Immortals, but, alas! they are 'full inside.'"

Evening Paper.

HEADLINING.

THE thrilling incident of the stray cat at "Chez Nous" is never likely to get into the newspapers. On the other hand, lots of incidents which do get in never deserve to. It's all a question of head-lining, which is the bluff by which the public is induced to read matter it would otherwise skip.

The affair began while I was in the City. I learnt afterwards that Marjorie (my wife) was crooning to her needles the unmetrical jumper lullaby, "Six purl, eight plain; then the same all over again." Anyhow she was knitting, when she suddenly found herself looking into the wistful eyes of a tortoiseshell cat which had appeared—merely appeared.

As she told me, she softly exclaimed, "A cat!" (right first time); then, because it looked so wistful, she directed the maid to set before the creature a saucer of milk. In fact—

HOMELESS BLACK-AND-TAN.

LUCKY CHANCE CALL.

TOOTING GOOD SAMARITAN.

When I arrived home, Marjorie ran into the hall to give me one of her smooth evening kisses. I stepped forward to exchange it for one of my stubby ones when—

"Oh, Jack," said Marjorie, "you've trodden on her!"

"Her?" I said. "Who's 'her'?"

"The dearest little tortoiseshell stray cat," replied Marjorie. "You really might have been more careful."

"I say, that's rather unfair," I said.

"I stagger home tired to the teeth after a particularly thin day in the City, followed by a sardine-tin journey, and my own wife turns on me in favour of the first outcast cat that comes along. It's enough to drive a man to dope." Or, as the headlines would have it:—

NEAR BREAKING-POINT.

STRAIN OF BUSINESS LIFE.

ORIGIN OF THE DRUG HABIT.

After a bath and a change I felt better, and came down to dinner humming a sentimental ballad in Marjorie's honour. But the word "love" died on my lips when I saw that in the lap of Marjorie's pretty pink gown reposed the stray cat. The colour-clash and the misapplication of caresses which should have been my monopoly threw me back with a jerk to a state of bearishness.

"Surely you're not going to keep that animal?" I asked.

"Of course I am, as long as she likes to stay," said Marjorie. "She's very fond of me, aren't you, pussy? Fonder than my husband, I 'spect."

"I know these stray cats," I said. "Stiff with microbes. Tribes of mangy lovers prowling round the house. A nest of kittens in my top-hat. I know."

"Poor li'l pussy," cooed Marjorie. "Don'tum listen to the big coarse man."

"Coarse be——"

In other (and more suitable) words—

HUSBAND'S PROFANITY.

MASK OFF AFTER TWO YEARS.

PEEVISH ABOUT WIFE'S PET.

Marjorie said coldly that she didn't know I had such a temper. I said hotly that I didn't know she could be so infantile.

We went on discovering things we hadn't known about each other:—

THE TESTING TIME

IN CONJUGAL FELICITY,

IS IT THE THIRD YEAR?

Dinner was an ordeal. I felt miles apart from Marjorie. A great gulf filled with black-and-yellow cat lay between us. Once only the topic of the beast arose (on the subject of fish-bones) and just as I was becoming big and coarse again the maid entered with the joint. She must have heard what I said.

SHOULD SERVANTS TELL?

BACKDOOR SCANDAL.

Still, the meal itself was a cheering one, and, after Marjorie had risen, the sentimental ballad mood gained on me again. After all, what was a stray cat compared with one's marriage vows? If the dear girl wanted to keep the thing we would have it vetted, definitely named, and warned as to followers.

Marjorie's voice interrupted my amiable planning. "Puss, puss," she called. I joined her and stated my decision to relent.

"But she's vanished," said Marjorie. She had. And she has never come back. Ah! those stray cats.

NINE LIVES—SPENT WHERE?

FOUR-FOOTED NOMADS.

FICKLE FELINE FRIENDSHIPS.

"Look here, old girl," I said, "I take back all I said about your little friend. I'm with you that she was the dearest, most hygienic, most moral cat that ever strafed a mouse."

"Perhaps it's all for the best that she's gone," said Marjorie.

The dear girl inclined her head towards my shoulder. Well, well.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

IS KISSING DYING OUT?

PRACTICIANS SAY "NO."

More Precocity.

"Unfurnished Rooms wanted (two or three), with attendance; one child, 4½ years; at business all day."—*Provincial Paper*.

LOVE'S HANDICAP.

[A daily paper points out that many girls find their sweethearts in print, and expresses the hope that when "a real man comes along he may be as brave and tender, as cheery and clean-living," as these heroes of fiction.]

DEAR lady, put down for a minute

That book which you eagerly scan,
Intent upon finding within it

Your perfect ideal of a man;

Its pages reflectively closing,

Consider a moment the strain

Your standard may soon be imposing

Upon some susceptible swain.

Those heroes whose fortunes you follow

I've noticed are able to show

The unparalleled charms of Apollo,

The muscles of SAMSON and Co.;

But he who comes seeking to win you

May have, for supporting his plea,

A palpable shortage of sinew

And beauty distinctly C 3.

And, unprepossessing in mien, he

May also lack some of the art

With which Saccharissa the Tweeny

Was wooed by Sir Marmaduke, Bart.;

His tongue may (conceivably) stammer,

His heart (not impossibly) quake,

And in stress of emotion his grammar

May even develop a shake.

But pause ere you "spurn his addresses;"

His merits may still be as high

As the sort that your hero possesses,

Though they leap not so quick to the eye;

At the least, you've the comfort of knowing,

Since his heart at *your* feet he has placed,

That in one thing at least he is showing
A wholly impeccable taste.

How Some Advertisers

"Tell the Tale."

"We spin the yarn ourselves."

—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"FULL TERM."

AN IMPRESSION AT CAMBRIDGE.

I watch the faces of the 'men,' boys in so many cases, jumping from their trains; from the north, the south, the east, the west they come, and they come not alone but *donna ferentes*—they carry tennis-racquets, golf-sticks, cycles, sidecars, kitbags, gladstone-bags, trunks, hold-alls."—*Evening Paper*.

Hefty chaps, these post-war undergraduates.

"Question.—How much has the time for crossing the ocean been shortened since the day of Columbus?"

T. E. C.

Answer.—Idaho is a North American Indian word meaning 'Gem of the Mountains' or 'Sunrise Mountains.'

Boston (Massachusetts) Herald.

We hope that T. E. C. isn't going to be put off with such a simple device as this.



Injured Party. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL, PASSON, FOR YOU TO SAY WOT 'ORRIBLE LANGWIDGE, BUT 'APPEN YOUR MISSIS AIN'T SUCH A GOOD SHOT WITH A FLAT-IRON AS MINE IS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is certainly this to be said of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE—that, having devised a tale of gloom, he allows no weak consideration for his readers' feelings to deter him from making the worst of it. I write, having but now emerged, blinking a little at the familiar sunlight (yet oddly invigorated too), from a perusal of the four-hundred-and-seventy pages of his *Captives* (MACMILLAN). Of course I have nothing like space to detail for you its plot. Summarised, it tells the life of a young woman, *Maggie Cardinal*, whom one may briefly call the hemused victim of religions—and relations. You never knew any well-intentioned heroine who had such abysmal luck with both. Her clergyman father, a bad hat, who spared us his acquaintance by expiring on the first page; her semi-moribund aunts in their detestable London home; the circle of the Inner Saints, with their intrigues that centred in the ugly little meeting-house; the seaside parish with its spiritually-dead atmosphere, in which *Maggie's* hopeless married life is spent—all these and more are realised with an art that is almost devastating in its unforced effect. Sometimes I hoped that such universal drabness was too bad to be true; one caught touches of manipulation, times in which these poor *Captives* seemed bound less by the chains of circumstance than by the wires of Mr. WALPOLE. The queer result was that I found myself believing in his compellingly human characters, but protesting that such unbroken misfortune could not, or need not, have encompassed them. To take an example, when *Maggie's* "tipsy" uncle was shown into the Vicarage

drawing-room on her "At Home day," no other guests had yet arrived. Surely therefore (save for peremptory orders from Mr. WALPOLE) she might somehow have removed the culprit to another room, or at least denied herself to subsequent callers, who included (of course) the most influential and scandal-mongering of the parish ladies. That is the kind of rather piled-up agony that made me suspect Mr. WALPOLE of letting his fortitude get at times the better of his commonsense. But he has written a big book.

Mr. E. F. BENSON, of whom it might justly be said that he produces not books but libraries (and the quality of his output under these circumstances remains for me amongst the literary wonders of the age), has been at it again. Hardly have I finished laughing over *Queen Lucia*, when I find him claiming a wholly different interest with a volume of personal recollections called *Our Family Affairs* (CASSELL). By its theme and treatment this is work standing naturally a little outside criticism; but I can say at once that Mr. BENSON has never written with a more sympathetic charm than in these pictures of the childhood of himself and his sister and brothers; of the various scholastic and ecclesiastical homes to which the increasing dignities of that rather alarming parent, the Archbishop, transported his family; and (quite the best and most attractive portrait in the collection) of the mother whom all of them united to adore. There is an actual photograph of her here, taken at the age of twenty, which goes far to explain how she came to be the heroine of the story; the lurking gaiety and laughter of it quaintly foretelling the great ecclesiastical lady who, on one occasion when the Archbishop was absent, could an-

nounce to her enraptured children that family prayers should be remitted, "as a treat!" Schooldays at Wellington; Cambridge; some topical memoirs of the Georgian *régime* in Athens, and (what will interest many readers most of all) the history of the origin of that famous lady, *Dodo*—these are but a selection from the contents of a volume that should find hosts of friends.

The Girl in Fancy Dress (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was so very much disguised in one way and another that *Anthony*, the hero, when he asked her to marry him, even for the second time, was taking considerable risks. The speed of the affair must also have been bewildering. *Cynthia*, the heiress, arrives on a Thursday to stay with his people, but, having tumbled out of a motor-car into a wet ditch on her way, she is dressed, rather like a stage coster-girl, in garments borrowed from a cottager. Naturally, as of course a nursery-governess is much more likely than an heiress to look like that, *Anthony's* people mistake her for a poor country cousin who is also expected, and *Cynthia*, discovering that her host and hostess and their dreary daughters intend the heiress to marry *Anthony* and, worse than that, that he has called her "the goose with the golden eggs," fosters the mistake and does her best to pay them all out. She leaves on the following Tuesday, but before that *Anthony* has taken her to one dance as a peasant girl and she has talked to him at another disguised as a green domino, and he has proposed to her as his cousin and withdrawn his declaration when he finds she isn't. Next he sees her as *Lady Teazle* in amateur theatricals, and then comes his final meeting with her in her proper person, which brings about a satisfactory ending for everyone but *Cynthia's* other lover. I don't say that all these things couldn't have happened; I only say that as a rule they don't. Apart from that, the bright bustling action of Mrs. J. E. BUCKROSE's story has a cheerful charm of its own, and *Cynthia*, as poor relation of one of the anxiously best families in a little country town, provides some amusing situations—for the reader.

If the shade of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is jealous of its rights and its copyrights, Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL may look to be hauled up before the Recording Angel, on his arrival, in the matter of his *Black Bartlemy's Treasure* (SAMPSON LOW), which he might just as well have called *Black Bartlemy's Treasure Island* and have done. Never was such frank adoption of ideas; and yet no God-fearing, adventure-loving Englishman will regret it. For all my devotion to R. L. S. I heartily enjoyed this elaboration of his idea, split me (to quote the thorough-going language of it)—split me crosswise else! There are forty-seven chapters and a bloody fight in every one of them, save in the dozen set apart for an interval of refreshment and romance in the

middle. Nay, but was not the primitive romance a gentler combat, itself, between *Martin Conisby* and *Lady Joan Brandon*, marooned, solitary, upon the Island where they did find (and lose) a treasure even greater than *Black Bartlemy's*? After having "consorted with pirates and like rogues" and having "endured much of harms and dangers, as battle, shipwreck, prison and solitude," it seemed we had sighted happiness at last. But even at the very end things took an ill turn and our *Martin*, our dear *Martin*, is left stranded and in sorry plight. Yet must there be a sequel to this. Had he been left to die on the Island he could not have told us his story thus far; moreover his last word is that the tale is yet to finish. May I be there to hear!

I rather think that the lady who elects to write under the name of O. DOUGLAS did less than justice to the peculiar quality of her own gifts in calling her last story *Penny Plain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Because really such confectionery as this, covered inches deep with the sweetest



TACT IN TIME.

King Alfred (to shopman). "AH! I SEE YOU STOCK MY PATENT CANDLE-CLOCKS. HOW ARE THEY SELLING?"

Shopman. "THEY'RE SELLING LIKE HOT—I MEAN THERE'S QUITE A RUN ON THEM, YOUR MAJESTY."

the young lord to her breast and is saying the correct things to the family lawyer of the aged man concerning the responsibilities of being his heiress. So there you have it. I doubt whether anything even temporarily unpleasant so much as suggests itself; for "O. DOUGLAS" has apparently discovered that, in a world still struggling with stale peace-bread, her pink sugar-cakes are not only cheerful to cook but likely to prove highly remunerative.

A Confession.

"The ——— Manufacturing Co. (The Profitsteering Stranglers)."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"Wanted, 1,000 pairs running shoes for local expeditionary force about to be organised."—*North China Daily News*.

The wise commander always prepares for a retreat.

The limits of age for entrance to the [Royal Air Force] college will be from 15½ to 1 years."—*Daily Paper*.

"Percy ——— has recently joined the R.A.F. He is only 199 years of age."—*Local Paper*.

We are sorry for PERCY, who will probably get the "push" as soon as the authorities find out that he has exceeded their very liberal age-limit.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the evils consequent on a coal strike can be obtained when we hear there was talk of a football match in the North having to be cancelled.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is certainly most unlucky. As a result of the coal strike the New World has again been postponed.

We are assured that everything has been done to safeguard our food supply. We ourselves have heard of one grocer who has sufficient fresh eggs to last him for many months.

"Large numbers of South Wales miners left by train yesterday for the seaside," says *Lloyd's News*. Unfortunately they did not travel by the Datum Line.

The Opera House at Covent Garden is to be used as a cinema theatre. Meanwhile the House of Commons remains firm.

The *Daily Mail* Prize Hat has now been chosen, though it is not yet definitely decided whether the wearing of it will be made compulsory. If it is, we understand that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will apply for exemption.

Thieves have broken into the railway station at Blaenau Festiniog and stolen a quantity of chocolate. Apparently with the idea of confusing the police, they left the name of the station behind them.

Twenty-one persons have been injured as the result of the explosion of a bomb in a first-class carriage on the Brazil Central Railway. The culprit, we understand, has written to the company expressing regret, but pointing out that no seat was available in a third-class carriage.

A ship's cook has been fined twenty shillings for refusing to join his ship, his excuse being that he had seen a rat as big as a cat in the cabin. It was pointed out to him that only ship's officers are entitled to see rats in the cabin.

A company has been formed at Stockholm for storing wind power. There should be a great demand for the

insides of some puff pastry that we know of.

An American has invented an aeroplane capable of remaining in the air for hours and hours. This is nothing to Mr. ASQUITH's Irish solution, which is guaranteed to remain in the air for years and years.

Brides are getting rather tired of Harris's lilies, says a writer in *The Daily Graphic*. It is only natural that brides should become rather bored if they always wear the same sort of flowers every time they're married.

MR. E. VAN INGEN, a New York merchant now in London, boasts that

"What is the right age for a man to marry?" asks Miss GERTIE WESTWORTH-JAMES. The answer is, Not yet.

While addressing a meeting of miners an extremist declared that the idle rich were the cause of all industrial troubles. It has since been reported that several of the audience immediately proceeded home and told themselves off in front of a mirror.

We understand that the miners greatly desire that Ireland will remain quiet for a short period, and thus refrain from distracting public attention from their cause.

"Lord Northcliffe," says *The New York World*, "is always in advance of public opinion." This is a fitting rejoinder to those who tell us that he is always behind *The Times*.

We cull the following from a speech of Senator HARDING: "As I note the cornfields I am reminded that we still plough the land and plant and cultivate the fields in order to grow crops." We would remind the Senator that, with the Elections drawing daily nearer, the habit of making such sweeping and unguarded statements as the above is extremely dangerous.

We advise all readers to stick to their own particular newspaper, as a sudden change might upset the "net sales" which are being so carefully compiled at the present moment.

The up-to-date song-writer, says a musical journal, must strike a sad and soulful note this season. We are already engaged in writing "The Scotsman's Farewell to his Corkscrew."

A theatrical writer informs us that *The Laughing Husband* will be revived this year. Not in our suburb, unless the cost of living drops considerably.

"The modern Hydra, embracing innumerable adverse factors, would appear at least as many headed as the ancient, for as fast as one is more or less effectively decapitated up comes another to upset the applecart."

Financial Paper.

Classical students will, of course, remember how cleverly Hercules made use of this habit of the Hydra to secure the apples of the Hesperides.



Betty. "GRANDMA, I KNOW MY TWELVE TIMES."
Grandma. "DO YOU, DEAR? WELL, WHAT ARE TWELVE TIMES THIRTEEN?"
Betty. "DON'T BE SILLY, GRANDMA. THERE ISN'T SUCH A THING."

he has crossed the Atlantic one hundred and sixty-eight times. It may be against the Prohibition laws, but we fancy it would be cheaper if he kept a few bottles of the stuff in New York.

A medical man advises people to use dried milk on health grounds. We have felt for some time that what was wanted was a really good waterproof milk.

MR. E. A. DOUSE has spent forty-two years in a Cheshire post-office. It is only fair to say that the young lady behind the counter didn't notice him standing there all that time.

A Hertfordshire farmer, says *The Daily Mail*, has counted one hundred and twenty-three grains of wheat in one ear. Our contemporary has not yet decided what can be done about it.

THE DINING GLADIATOR;

OR, WAR TO THE KNIFE (AND FORK).
(Being further Extracts from a certain Diary.)

ii.

WROTE an even better article than ever, on indigestion as a determining factor in national moral. Pointed out how important it is, if we are to think coolly, that we should eat discreetly. Sufficiently, of course, but with thought. At the Tribunal all the afternoon, busily combing out.

To the Hippodrome in the evening. A most diverting show.

NORTHCLIFFE is becoming impossible and I must find another paper. Several of my best commas cut out of to-day's article. All reference to the necessity for immediately beheading ASQUITH omitted yesterday. Was comforted by lunch at the Carlton with DORIS KEANE, GERTIE MILLAR and SCATTERS. We had some good jokes.

The news of my resignation from *The Times* has set my telephone ringing all the morning with congratulations, requests for interviews and offers of employment. Also some attractive invitations to dinner and week-ends. The War for the moment seems to be forgotten. Wonderful, the power of the printed word!

My first article in *The Morning Post*, distributing blame and praise with my usual deadly accuracy. Wonder what poor NORTHCLIFFE is doing without me.

Received long letter from HAIG asking for instructions, which I sent by return.

Lunched at the Carlton with some charming musical-comedy actresses. To the Tribunal after. Dined at the National Sporting Club and saw a good fight.

A visit from an Italian personage of consequence, who told me that my articles are the talk of Italy. If writing could win wars, he said, my pen would have done it.

L. G. came up to Carryon Hall heavily masked. I gave him an excellent dinner and some equally good advice, and he left much heartened.

Dined at Lady RANDOLPH's. A merry crowd there. Every one very gay and amusing; but we forgot that WINSTON was our hostess's son and castigated him badly. Lady JULIET said that with some people, no matter what they begin to talk about, even with Cabinet Ministers, it all comes back to food.

Wrote a careful article pointing out that we must have at least one hundred more divisions in the West before next Friday.

I was gratified to learn to-day that in consequence of my articles *The Morning Post* has doubled its circulation, while *The Times* hardly sells a copy.

Lunched with MASSINGHAM of *The Nation*, who eats more sensibly than he writes.

In Paris. Saw CLEMENCEAU at the War Ministry. His table was littered with papers and reports, amongst which he pointed out laughingly one of my articles. I can't think why he laughed. Lunched at Voisin's.

Left for rapid tour of inspection to British H.Q. Found much to put right. Issued an Order of the Day to soldiers of all ranks. The Germans, hearing of my presence, made desperate attempts to bomb me, but failed. Food at the Front not very alluring.

Yesterday's article, I learn, put the wind up the War Cabinet, and great things may result. All my pleasure spoilt, however, by breaking a tooth on a pellet in a Ritz grouse.

Visited the French H.Q. and was pleased with FOCIR, whom I asked to run over to Carryon when he was ever in any doubt. Sent home a powerful article which, when it is reproduced in all the French papers, as it will be, should encourage him and improve his position.

Dined at Lady RIDLEY's. A very cheery party and much chaff. Mrs. ASQUITH said that she was writing her reminiscences. I made no mention of my diary, but if I don't get it out in book form before hers I'm not the Colonel of the Nuts.

To-day's article should bring things to a head very shortly. Shall be very glad when it is over and I can rest a little. Took some bicarbonate of soda.

Armistice signed. Spent the day in a kind of triumphal procession from restaurant to restaurant, at each of which I was hailed with applause.

Reached Versailles and let the news be known. A visible quickening up already to be noted.

Sent for President WILSON, but something must have prevented his coming. Lunched at Paillard's and dined at Larue's. Saw an amusing Palais Royal farce.

June 28th, 1920.—Treaty of Peace, for which I have worked so long, signed at last. Now I can utter my *Nunc Dimittis*, having accomplished the two ends I had in view—to bring the first world War to a more or less satisfactory finish and to make it dangerous for any but the deaf and dumb to dine out.

E. V. L.

THE LATE WORM

(Being a correction of "A Ballad of the Early Worm," "Punch," October 6th).

Oh ye whose hearts were rent with pain

A few short weeks ago,
Is it unkind to harp again
Upon that tale of woe?

You know the tale—in *Punch*, I mean—
Pathetic every word;
Three wormlets fought to stand between
Pa and the Early Bird.

You sorrowed for their non-success
(By use of triple strength
They saved their father's life—ah yes—
But not his total length).

You thought, of course—I know you did—

That Father left his hole,
A briskly virtuous annelid,
To take an early stroll.

Well, now just go and read a book
Called *Vegetable Mould*
And *Earthworms* (DARWIN); if you look
You'll find that you've been sold.

It's not my own, it's DARWIN's firm
Authority I cite:
There never is an early worm;
Pa had been out all right.

He swaggered forth at eventide
And stayed till dawn next day;
For I will not attempt to hide
That *worms behave that way.*

So pious folk like you and me
Should not be filled with woe
At thought of Father's tragedy;
His morals were so low.

Our Courtly Contemporaries.

"The Earl of Athlone walked away on foot,
as is the simple way of our Royal Family."
Sunday Paper.

"High-backed chair of Tudor period, about
1660."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We don't question its genuineness, but
infer that it has been subjected to
Restoration.

"Furnished House, consisting of dining,
drawing, eight breakfast rooms, etc."
Sunday Paper.

Would suit a large family inclined to be
short-tempered in the morning.



A TOO-FREE COUNTRY.

ALIEN RIOTER. "DOWN WITH EVERYBODY!"

P.C. JOHN BULL. "WELL, WE'LL MAKE A START WITH YOU."



PEOPLE WE ADMIRE.

THE HERO WHO KEEPS UP HIS ARMY EXERCISES, STRIKE OR NO STRIKE.

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—So you have bought a very promising little gold-mine from a rollicking Irish nobleman called Patrick Terence O'Ryan, who is retiring on Mayo to take up the paternal estates. H-m!—have you? And you think you yourself will be retiring home presently on the proceeds of the said mine? H-m! again. There is a certain familiarity in your description of the gentleman. Tell me, has this Hibernian philanthropist a slight squint, a broken nose and a tendency to lisp in moments of excitement?

I think I see you nod.

Ginger, I once bought a mine from that man. His name was Algernon Maddox Cholmondely *then*, and he was homeward bound to assume the ancestral acres in Flint. He escorted me down the hole and displayed visible gold sparkling all along the reef. A week after he had gone I found that he had put it there with a shot-gun—an old "salter's" trick, but new to me at the time. You are not likely to be seeing Patrick Algernon Terence Mad-

dox O'Ryan-Cholmondely again, but, if you should, remember me to him, please—with the business end of a pick-axe. Always delighted to keep in touch with old friends.

Ginger, *you never can tell*. This is not an original remark. One of our brainy boys—George Bernard, unless I err—thought of it before I did; went away into the wilderness, wrapped his grey-matter in wet Jaeger bandages, subsisted on a diet of premasticated grape-nuts and produced this aphorism. And there's a world of truth in it, my son. You certainly never can.

One fine morning last August (yes, there was *one*), I stepped out of my diggings in an obscure Cornish fishing-village to find a gentleman busily engaged strangling a lady on the cliff side. He had her by the throat and was gradually forcing her over the edge. Once in Bristol I interposed in a slogging contest between husband and wife and was very properly chastised for my interference, not only by the happy pair but by the entire street, who had valuable bets laid on the event. That, you say, should have been a lesson

to me. But you know me, Ginger, impetuous, chivalrous, brave; I simply couldn't stand there and watch a defenceless woman—moreover a good-looking woman—foully done to death like that. I flung myself upon the villain—that is to say I spoke to him about it.

"Oh, dash it, old bean," I said, "draw it mild!"

Somebody shouted something behind me, but I didn't catch its purport for the sufficient reason that at that moment the long-suffering cliff gave way and we all went overboard, all three of us, he, she and it—me.

Fortunately the drop wasn't terrific—not more than four feet or so—and the tide happened to be in at the time, which was very decent of it. My first thought as I came to the surface—or, at any rate, *one* of my first thoughts—was "What of the woman?" I struck out for the poor creature. At the same moment she struck out for me, and, what is more, she got me too, clean between the eyes—a straight left-hander.

"Out of my way, fathead!" she hissed

and went on for the shore under her own steam at about forty knots an hour. I was washed up myself, along with a quantity of other jetsam, a few minutes later, to be met by a small furious man with a heliotrope complexion and white spats who wagged bunches of typescript under my nose and informed me that I had absolutely ruined about twenty million feet of the Flickerscope Company's five-reel paralysar, "The Smuggler's Bride."

Of course you say that you saw what was coming all along. Of course you did. But wait a moment.

Yesterday afternoon I was strolling down a certain fashionable street when a loud explosion occurred in a near-by shop and a cloud of acrid grey smoke came rolling out. Being by nature as inquisitive as a chipmunk I was on the point of shoving my head round the door-jamb to see what was up when caution prompted me to turn round. Yes, there they were, of course, a tall, thin youth winding away at a cine-camera like an Italian at a barrel-organ, and beside him a heavy-weight Israelite, dancing a war-dance, waving bunches of typescript and howling at me to stand clear. I had very near ruined a further mile or two of film.

I sprang out of range, and then, wishing to atone for my previous blunders and prove that I really had no malevolent intentions towards a struggling industry, I went round and assisted the caracoling producer in stemming the crowd. Among others I stemmed a pushful policeman. I didn't notice he was a policeman until he was biting the dust, with my stick between his legs. However an instantaneous application of palm-oil made it all right between us, and he squatted half-stunned on the kerb, nursing his brow with one hand, my five bob with the other and took no further interest in the proceedings. And very interesting they were, too.

Three masked men dashed out of the shop laden with booty and were pursued by a fourth, whom they knocked on the head and left lying for dead on the pavement. Most realistic. The crowd, led by me, cheered like mad. Then the thieves jumped into a waiting car and were whirled away. That done, the photographer and his step-dancing friend leapt into a second car and were whirled away also. Once more we cheered. I made a short speech to the effect that everything was all right with the British Cinema business and, after leading a few more cheers for myself, came home.

"Well," you say, "all very jolly and so on, but what about it?"

There's this about it, old companion, just this, that I am very probably



Mistress. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT THIS AFTERNOON, MABEL?"
Mabel. "I AM GOING OUT."

spending a meditative winter in gaol. The charge is that I did aid and abet a peculiarly ingenious gang of desperadoes to blow a jeweller's safe, knock the jeweller on the head and get safely away with the stuff. I am even accused of obstructing the police. An inspector has been round to see me this morning and he tells me there is practically no hope. He advises me, as between friends, to make a clean breast of it, return the boodle, betray my accomplices, plead mental deficiency and trust to the clemency of the Court. It's pretty rough, after making all arrangements for spending a cheerful Christmas in Algiers, to have it changed to cold porridge in Parkhurst or Princetown. Of the two I hope it'll be Parkhurst, for Princetown, so *habitués* tell me, is no place for a growing lad when the wintry winds do blow.

Thine, *de profundis* PATLANDER.

Rhymes of Unrest.

There was a young miner of Ayr
Who gave himself up to despair;
For he said, "If we're paid
On our 'get,' I'm afraid
That I canna e' canny no mair."

"Strike while the iron is hot,"
Said the wise old saw of old;
But the miners say, "What rot!
Strike while the weather's cold."

"The art of decoration is alien to painting in this—that you must mix your colours with your brains."—*Daily Paper*.

We await a reply from the intellectuals of Chelsea.

"There is one building now being erected, within a few miles of Manchester as the cock crows."—*Provincial Paper*.

We are unfamiliar with this method of mensuration.

ABOUT CONFERENCES.

WE may not have coal, but we can have conferences. A conference is the most typically English thing that there is. The old Anglo-Saxons had them and called them moots. Why they called them a silly name like that, when "conferences" would have done just as well, one can't imagine; but they had their notions and stuck to them. They would have called Parliament a moot; in fact they did. They called it a moot of wise men. Sarcastic beggars, these Anglo-Saxons!

The advantages of having a conference about everything are almost too numerous to explain. For one thing, suppose Smith is coming to see you at 2.30 P.M. "It's no use his waiting now," you say. "I've got a conference at 3. Tell him to come back at 5.30." And when he comes back at 5.30 of course the conference is still going on, so you don't have to see him at all.

There is nothing again that makes you feel so deliciously important as being at a conference. You may be a leader of quite an insignificant body of workers, like the Nutcracker-Tooth Makers' Union, but you rub shoulders at a conference with men whose names are a household word throughout the whole of Great Britain, amongst those who have houses. The distinguished and the undistinguished lay their heads together; the spat-wearing get their feet mixed with the non-spat-wearing; though there is rather a fake, mind you, about this spat-wearing business, for it may simply mean that the uppers are very badly worn, or that only that very bright pink pair of socks came home from the wash this week, or even that there are no socks underneath at all.

But anyhow, at a conference, Tom, Dick and Harry hobnob with Bob, James and George, and all are equal, except perhaps the chairman, who has two more pens in front of him and a much larger ash-tray. Mr. BEVIN and Sir ERIC GEDDES smile affably across at each other, and the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. CRAMP find out how much they have in common, such as love of poetry and pelargoniums. The mine-owner offers the miners' representative a cigarette, and the miners' representative says to the mine-owner, "Many thanks, old boy; but I'll have one of my own." And after it is over they all go out and stand arm-in-arm in a long row to be photographed for the papers, and are read next morning from left to right. It is the ambition of every properly constituted Englishman to wake up some morning and find that his portrait is being read from left to right; but how few succeed.

The total output of conferences in this country during one year has never been computed yet, but it is supposed to exceed that of any country in the world, except Red India. If there were to be a strike of conferents or conferees, whatever they are called, in England, it is impossible to say what would happen. But it might be possible to lay down a datum line—a shilling extra for the first million words above two hundred and fifty million per shift, and two shillings more for every million words above that. Fortunately this will never be necessary, for people who confer are so fond of conferences that they will never down chairs.

And no wonder. Only a very strong man can hew coal, and only a very reckless one can make a speech, but almost anyone can confer if he has a large enough ash-tray; and there seems no reason why more people shouldn't confer. Everybody is interested in conferences, whatever they are about, and the British public ought to be admitted to this kind of thing. One is always reading in the paper that the sound commonsense or the traditional sense of fair play of the great British public will support the miners in any just claim; but this claim is not just or just isn't, or something of that sort. But how do they know what the great British public will feel about it? They aren't there, are they? There ought to be representatives of the G.B.P. on all these conferences. They ought to be chosen from a rota, like jurymen. Very likely one of them would have found out what a datum line is, anyway. There's a man who comes up in the train with me in the morning who thinks he knows, but unfortunately he gets out at Croydon so we haven't found out yet.

By having a lot more conferences and having a lot of representatives from the public on them all, and paying them well for it, one could practically settle the unemployment problem for the winter. If the Government can only be brought to see that this is the only statesmanlike course, and the sole course consistent with the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice, and capable of leading to a satisfactory Exploration of Avenues, Finding of Bridges and Discovery of Ways Out, we may all achieve our life's ambition some day and open the morning paper to find that we are being read at last from left to right. "Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Lord RIDDELL," and so on and so on, till you come at last to "J. Smith, Esq., R.B.P.," smiling the widest of all. R.B.P.'s, I think, should wear a distinguishing mark—a single spat perhaps. EVOE.

MORE SECRET HISTORY.

[According to a report in a daily paper, at the recent Peace Conference held at Spa, where the delegates were royally entertained in the matter of hotel accommodation, meals, etc., the cigar bill (which has been sent in to the League of Nations and sent out again) amounted to three thousand two hundred pounds. What the delegates could not smoke they seem to have taken away with them.]

'Tis sweet in darkish times like these to see a

Rent in the veil which keeps the public blind,

And thus obtain a pretty shrewd idea Of what goes on behind;

To note how quite an innocent report 'll Reveal apparent trifles which befall, Proving that men whom we supposed immortal

Are human after all.

But here, while I can hardly call you blameful

For smoking "free" cigars with so much zest,

Frankly I feel 'twas little short of shameful

To go and pinch the rest.

I can forgive your huge hotel expenses; Your beef was rightly of a super-cut; A modicum of wine does whet the senses;

But those cigars—tut, tut!

For there's a finer aid to meditation, Much more appropriate, in my humble view,

When Nation nestles cheek by jowl with Nation,

And far, far cheaper too.

So, if you'd really slay Bellona's bow-wows,

Might I suggest your vicious ways should cease,

And that in future you conduct your pow-wows

Over the pipe of peace.

An Affectionate Diminutive.

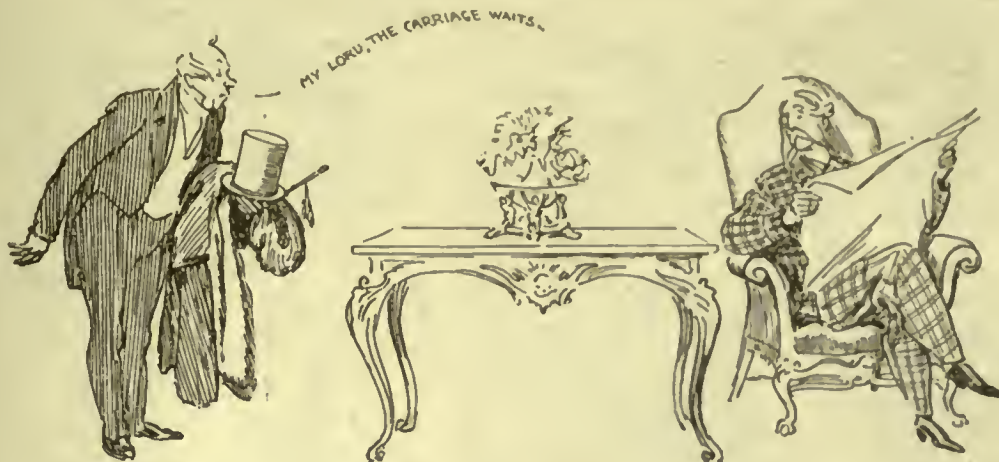
"Lord Buxton, who retired this summer from the post of High Commissioner and Governor-General of South Africa, has been made an early."—*Daily Paper*.

A correspondent, referring to Mr. Punch's quotation (from an Australian paper) of the title of a song, "It was a Lover and His Last," suggests "Ne suitor *ultra crepidam*."

On the coal strike:—

"We look to the Government to keep all doors open. We look to the public to keep cool."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The public should have no difficulty in doing its part if the Government do theirs.



Frank Reynolds.

TRANSPORT: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

v.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Let me remind you that the Bolshevik conspirator has to stir up conflagrations in other countries without leaving his own. Passports and things are put in to make it more difficult when he comes to getting his inflammable material and directions for use over the frontier. So he has to invent a way over the obstacles.

The first prize is awarded to the following: Secret instructions are printed in Arabic and the pages containing them are bound up in a five hundred page book in that language. The courier, an Oriental, carries this book openly in his hand when he presents himself at the frontier. It is ten to one that an innocent-looking book, thus carried, will not be suspected; a hundred to one against there being an official capable of reading it; five hundred to three against that official trying one of the guilty pages, if he is there and duly suspicious. Yet, with a hundred and sixty-six thousand chances against it, our Little Man got hold of these instructions.

The Sherlock Holmes of fiction is a gaunt figure, with a hatchet face, spare of flesh. Our Little Man is a chubby lad, standing about four foot ten in his stockinged feet, rubicund and corpulent, and he wears a mackintosh with a very mackintoshy smell in all weathers. He never did a day's work, and he never means to try, but he is a genius at getting it out of others. Some say he is of Swiss origin, some say he is American, and some say that surely he must be Chinese; he was never certain himself until Czecho-Slovak was invented, and he plumped for that. He has the degree of Master of Arts; what arts I don't know; probably the black ones. His inner knowledge of the human species seems to give him plenty to laugh at. He notices everything, forgets nothing, and there is never a weakness in a man but he is on to it. He made up his mind that those secret instructions were passing and set about to find how they passed and what they were. He was too lazy to begin at the beginning, so he began at the end. He called in person, as a commercial traveller, at the suspected office of destination, and in the short time available ascertained that the door-keeper

who turned him out was a patriotic and fervent admirer of the wine of the country.

Our Little Man had no vulgar idea of getting the secret out of him by making him drunk. If there was a secret it wouldn't be in the door-keeper. But he and that door-keeper got to drinking together and the door-keeper did all the paying; the drinking and the paying went on by progressive degrees till the door-keeper had no money

him a safe. Our Little Man then divulged that he was in reality a commercial traveller in safes; if the door-keeper would get his employer to buy one of his safes the Little Man would forgive him his debt by way of commission. He felt sure that the Head of the Office had a weakness for precautions. The door-keeper, now enthusiastic, said he should just think he had! The Little Man felt he was getting warm. The door-keeper put the deal

through and prevailed upon his master to instal a really safe safe in the office, instead of the old one. You had only to look at it to see it was impregnable by fire, water or the King's Enemies. But one set of keys stayed with the Little Man.

The drinking (by both) and the paying (by the door-keeper) were resumed. When the debt was again large enough the Little Man imposed new terms. This time he wanted to see the Head of the Office himself, to put further deals through. The door-keeper thought deeply, but could see no harm in this. The Little Man was thus introduced into the presence, and startled it by pointing to the safe and offering to do burglar on it any night of the week. The Head was manifestly concerned.

"We have here," said the Little Man, producing two formidable slabs of steel hinged together and leaving room between them when locked for a wad of papers only—"we have here a special strong box exactly suited for the storage of your bank-notes. Put them in this box, and the box in the safe, and then you really are ahead of your enemies."

The Head bought. He gave the Little Man less money than he had spent on the strong box, and the Little Man gave him less keys than he was entitled to.

The drinking and the debt were resumed, and, when it came to a question of settlement for the third time, the Little Man pointed out to the door-keeper that, if he hadn't the money to repay, then he must steal it. He now divulged that he was not really a broker, but a breaker of safes and strong boxes. He handed the door-keeper a key of his employer's safe. In the safe would be found the strong box. In the strong box would be found some notes of high value, unless he was very much mistaken.

So the door-keeper went and opened the safe and returned. And the Little Man opened the strong box, and he was



Giles. "I DIDN'T 'ARDLY AGREE WI' THE VICAR IN WOT 'E SAID ABOUT THEM EARLY MARTYRS BEIN' THROWN TO THE LIONS AN' BURN'T AT THE STAKE AN' LIVIN' ON FOR EVER."

Curate. "WHY NOT?"

Giles. "WELL, ZUR, NO CONSTITOOTION COULD STAND IT."

and only a still almighty thirst left. The Little Man left him with his thirst for a few days, until it became intolerable, and the door-keeper insisted that something simply must be done about it. The Little Man regretted that he could not give the necessary money to finance further orgies, but he would gladly advance it. Four nights got the door-keeper well in his debt, and our Little Man then began to talk about repayment. The door-keeper said he had no money; the Little Man said he must get it. Off whom? His employer.

How was the door-keeper to get his employer's money off him? By selling



CONCENTRATION.

very much mistaken. There was never a note there; just half-a-dozen pages torn out of a book printed in Arabic.

He was so angry that he gave the strong box one on the lid for itself, with the result that he couldn't lock it again. However, he said he had a friend who could lock or unlock anything, and he left the doorkeeper drinking, for the first time at the Little Man's expense, while he took off the box to be repaired by his friend. The latter happened to be in the next room with a camera. The pages were photographed; the Little Man returned to the door-keeper with the strong box, now capable of being re-locked; the door-keeper returned to the office and put back the strong box, locked, into the safe, which he also locked, and was wiping the sweat off his forehead and congratulating himself that no one was the worse, when he was startled to find a policeman had been watching him all the time.

But he proved to be a very amenable policeman. He said he would take no action before he and the door-keeper had had time to talk it over next day. By the time that talk came the photographs had been developed, printed and

translated. But the policeman did not wish to bore the door-keeper with the tiresome details. To put it quite shortly the policeman thought it was a most excellent crime, worthy of repetition at intervals.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE —.

I NEVER know why it should be
So rude to talk about the —.

What funny folk we are!
I think we've got the jealous hump
Because we see we'll never jump
So skilfully and far.

For, if one's nibbled by a gnat
Or harvest-bugs or things like that,

One seldom keeps it dark;
One may enlarge upon the tale
If one is gobbled by a whale
Or swallowed by a shark;

But if you speak about the bite
Of this abandoned parasite

You're very, very rash;
So sure is it to raise a frown
I dare not even write it down;
I simply put a —.

None but an entomologist
Will quite admit the things exist,
And generally they insist

On using other names;
For, when at night Professors leap
Out of their scientific sleep
Because these little devils keep
Playing their usual games,
They never shout, "It seems to be
A something, something, something
—!"

(The word is never used, you see,
Except by artisans);
No, as they fling the bedclothes high
They give a wild but cultured cry,
"Confound it! Botheration! Hi!
A *Pulex irritans*!" A. P. H.

Our Ruthless Motorists.

"Triumph 1920 4 h.p. Model H, also Baby,
both brand new; sacrifice, £5 off each."
Motor Journal.

"It was intended to hold mock trials in
order to familiarise women with court procedure and 'legal shibboleths.'

When I saw her to-day, Miss — said that
'techniabilities' would have been a better
word."—*Evening Paper.*

We hate to contradict a lady, but we
cannot agree.



Aggrieved Profiteeress (studying photographs of the Peerage). "WELL, I DON'T SEE AS THEY'VE ANY CALL TO LOOK THAT 'AUGHTY. LIKE AS NOT ME AN' YOU'D BE WEARIN' CORONETS THIS MINUTE IF ALL OUR ANCESTORS 'ADN'T A-BEEN CUT OFF IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES, OR SOMETHINK."

WORKING FOR PEACE.

(Extracts from the Diary of Mr. John Robert Boffkins, Trade Union Leader.)

Monday.—Rose with a heart overflowing with love towards my fellow-men. Industrial strife must cease. Strikes are a barbarous and futile method of redressing wrong. Rather think that an increase in wages of two shillings a day would appeal to our members. Must inquire.

Tuesday.—Have confirmed my opinion that a two-shillings' increase would appeal to our members. They all seem enthusiastic over the suggestion. They appear to be under the impression that the idea is their own. It is not. It is mine. If it materialises I shall be most popular. But I am all for peace. A strike is out of the question. I shall spare no effort to prevent one.

Wednesday.—Presented formal demand to employers to-day. Told our members they must be firm to the bitter end. The two-shillings' increase is their strict due, and, if we present a united front, the grasping capitalist will be brought to his knees. Am working night and day for peace.

Thursday.—Pointed out to the employers that a strike is inevitable unless

they give way. We can make no concession. My whole energies are concentrated on preventing a strike. Told our members that unless they remain firm the employers will crush them. A strike would be a national calamity and might spell ruin to the country.

Friday.—The possibility of a strike looms larger. Can nothing be done to prevent it? Informed the employers that we declined to abate one iota of our claim. "All or nothing" is our motto. Also refused to go to arbitration. Warned the employers that a strike means starvation for women and children. The prospect appals me.

Saturday.—The employers, who seem to be determined on a strike, have offered the men two shillings if they will consider the question of working five days a week instead of four. We refused their offer and demanded that our claim should be conceded unconditionally by noon, failing which our members would cease work.

Later.—The strike has commenced. Heaven knows that I did everything to prevent it which human being could do. The capitalists seem to have made up their minds to force civil war and all its horrors upon the country. The spectacle of little children starving causes me acute distress.

A GUIDE TO GREATNESS.

[Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN maintains in *The Daily Mail* that a man to be a creative genius must lead an orderly domesticated life.]

I COURTED the Muse as a stripling,
Immured in a Bloomsbury flat,
And yearned for the kudos of KIPLING
For fees that were frequent and fat;

But editors, far from discerning
The worth of the pearls that I placed
At their feet, had a way of returning
The same with indelicate haste.

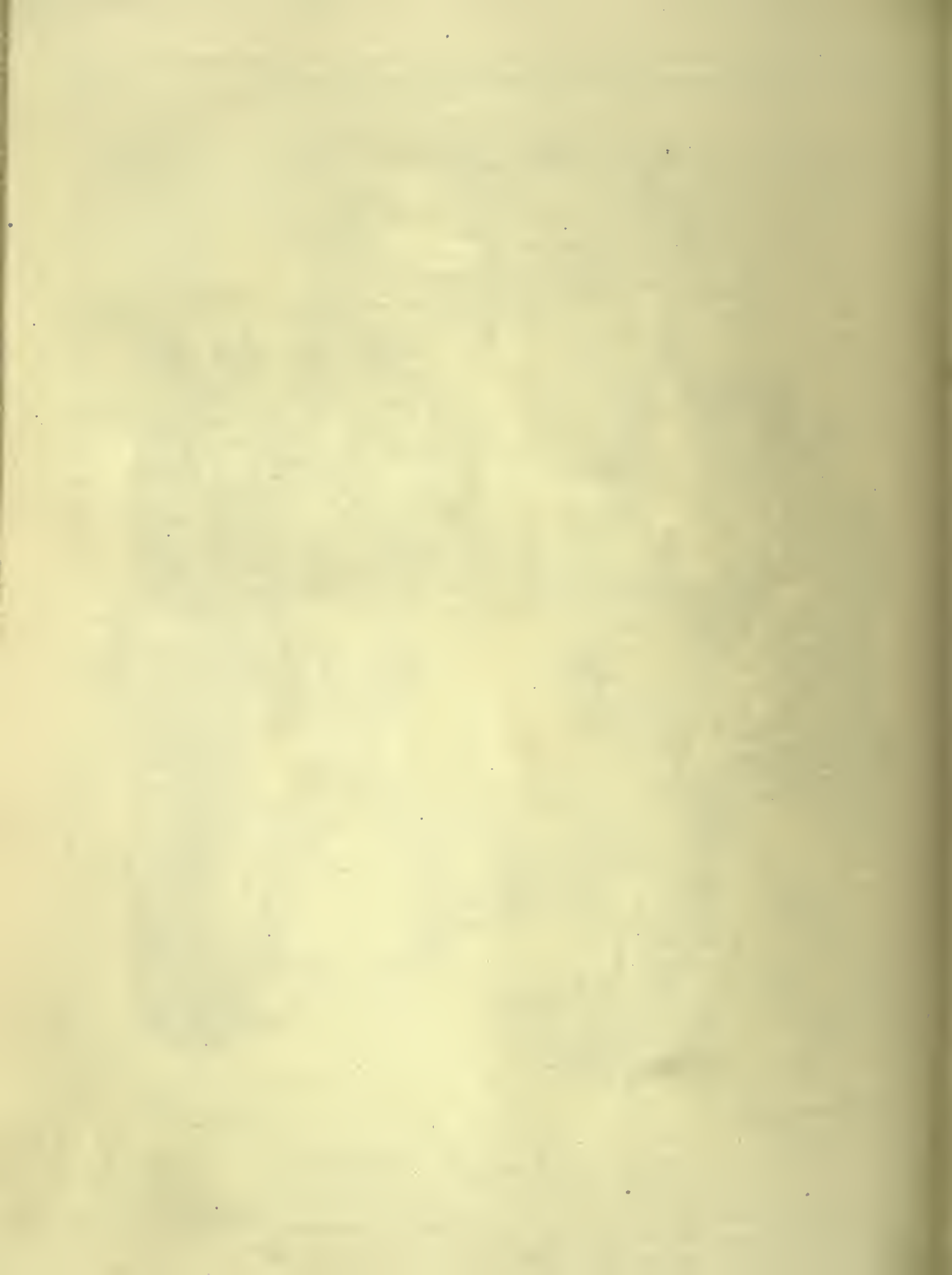
But, espousing, a year or two later,
The sweetest and neatest of wives,
I found, after peeling a tater
Or imparting a polish to knives,
I could scribble with frenzy and passion,
That the breaking of coal would inspire,
In a truly remarkable fashion,
My soul with celestial fire.

Serenity reigns in the household;
I've cancelled my grudge against
Fate;
My lyrical efforts are now sold
At a simply phenomenal rate;
And, whether I'm laying the line
Or bathing the babes, I regard
The job as a cushy one: I know
The way to succeed as a bard.



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

SIR ROBERT HORNE. "I WANT TO KEEP THE BALANCE. NOW THEN, BOTH TOGETHER."
THE MINER. "NO. YOU BEGIN—AND THEN PERHAPS I'LL THINK ABOUT IT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 19th.—A start was made with half a hundred Questions, and, considering that most of them had been in cold storage since before the Recess, it was surprising how fresh they remained. Persia and Mesopotamia—not to mention Ireland—are still unsettled; the Turkish Treaty is not yet ratified; the cost of living continues to rise, and the ratio of unemployment has alarmingly advanced, especially in the case of ex-service men.

These last are to be found work in the building trades, with, it is hoped, the assistance of the trade unions, but, if that hope is disappointed, then without it. The country requires half-a-million houses built.

"Here are men who could assist," said the PRIME MINISTER, "and we propose that they should be allowed to assist."

Over a prospect already sufficiently bleak there broods the shadow of the coal-strike. Sir ROBERT HORNE, in presenting the case for the Government, was admirably clearbut, perhaps naturally, a little cold. Only when the new lighting arrangement had flooded the House with artificial sunshine did the Minister warm up a little and hint that a way of peace might yet be found.

I wonder if it was by accident or artifice that Mr. BRACE began his plea for the miners with the admission that they had only dropped the demand for the reduction of fourteen shillings and twopence in the price of domestic coal when they discovered that "the money was not there." Anyhow the laughter that ensued served to put Members into a good temper and to cause them to lend a friendly ear to his suggestion that the two shillings advance, though in his view only "dust in the balance," should be "temporarily" conceded, pending the establishment of a tribunal which should permanently settle the conditions of the mining industry. The increase of output which everyone desired would then be brought about.

Most of the speakers who followed seemed to think that Mr. BRACE had sown the seed of a settlement. It was left to the PRIME MINISTER, who evi-

dently did not relish the task, to awaken the House from its beautiful dream. He pointed out that to accept the proposal would be to give the miners what they had originally claimed, without any guarantee that the greater output would be forthcoming. If it were not forthcoming and the two shillings were taken away, what would happen? "A strike," cried someone. "Precisely," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; only it would have been provoked by the Government instead of by the miners. He was not prepared to do business on those lines.

And so the debate came to an end rather than a conclusion.

Wednesday, October 20th.—The Peers plunged into the morasses of the Irish

but they were not prepared to set up a public inquiry such as Lord CREWE had demanded. It would only substitute "a competition in perjury" for the present "competition in murder"—a somewhat infelicitous phrase by which, as he subsequently explained, he did not mean to imply, as Lord PARMOOR suggested, that police and rebels were engaged in a murderous rivalry.

Simultaneously the House of Commons was engaged upon an identically similar debate. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON was as lugubrious as Lord CREWE in presenting the indictment and distinctly less adroit in selecting his facts. His theory was that the Government had provoked the Sinn Fein outrages

by its treatment of the people. Why, women had been prevented from taking their eggs to market!

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD spoke from the same brief as Lord CURZON, but threw far more passion and vigour into its recital. There had been some reprisals, he admitted, but they were as nothing compared to the horrors that had provoked them; and he protested against the notion that "the heroes of yesterday"—the R.I.C. is mainly recruited from ex-service men—had turned into murderers. As for the creameries, he had never seen a tittle of evidence that they

had been destroyed by servants of the Crown, and he warned the House not to believe the stories put out by the propaganda bureau of the Irish Republican Army. He was still a convinced Home Ruler—an Ulster hot-gospeller had accused him of being a Sinn Feiner with a Papist wife!—but the first thing to do was to break the reign of terror and end the rule of the assassin. That they were doing, and there was no case for Mr. HENDERSON's "insulting resolution."

The Opposition for the moment seemed stunned by the CHIEF SECRETARY's sledge-hammer speech. No one rose from the Front Bench and Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY had to overcome his modesty and step into the breach. Later on, Lord ROBERT CECIL, on the strength of information supplied by an American journalist, supported the demand for an inquiry.



P.C. GREENWOOD. "ARRAH! GET OUT WID YEZ AND LET THE LADY PASS."

Question. Lord CREWE asked for an official inquiry into the alleged "reprisals" and particularly instanced the attacks upon the creameries. Rather than that Ireland should be "pacified" by such methods as these he would see her engaged in civil war, "fairly conducted on both sides." From these words it may be gathered that his lordship's knowledge of civil war is happily not extensive.

Furnished with a voluminous brief from the Irish Office, Lord CURZON made a long reply, the purport of which was that many of the reprisals were bogus, many were actions undertaken in self-defence, while the rest were generally due to men "seeing red" after their comrades had been brutally murdered. The Government did not palliate such cases, and had instituted inquiries and taken disciplinary action against the offenders, when known;



Harassed Secretary. "I SAY, YOU NEEDN'T MAKE BUNKERS, YOU KNOW."

So did Mr. ASQUITH, on the ground that it would be in the interests of the Government of Ireland itself; but this argument was obviously weakened by Mr. BONAR LAW's reminder that in 1913 and 1914 Mr. ASQUITH himself had deprecated inquiries in somewhat similar circumstances. The Government had a very good division, 346 to 79; but there were many abstentions.

Thursday, October 21st.—It was, no doubt, by way of brightening an unutterably gloomy week that Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE, who has not hitherto been known as a humourist, invited the Government to intercede at Washington for the release of the notorious JAMES LARKIN, now languishing in an American gaol. Inasmuch as LARKIN had been convicted for having advocated the overthrow of the United States by violence, Mr. HARMSWORTH did not think H.M. Government were called upon to intervene. Mr. MALONE understood from this that the Government had no sympathy with British subjects in foreign lands, and so he got another laugh.

Commander BELLAIRS thought it would be a good idea if the League of Nations, pending the discharge of its more important functions, were to offer rewards for world-benefiting discoveries such as a prophylactic against potato-blight. Sir JOHN REES saw his chance and took it. "Does the League," he inquired, "declare to win on Phosphates,

Peace or Potatoes?"—thus supplying proof positive that he owes his precise pronunciation to past practice with "prunes and prisms."

It was rather impudent of Mr. ADAMSON, who has just been instrumental in throwing out of work some hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens, to initiate a debate on unemployment. Most of the speakers endeavoured to throw the blame on "the other fellow"—the Government on the trade unions, the trade unionists on the employers, and the employers on the Government. A welcome exception was Mr. HOPKINSON, who boldly blamed the short-sighted selfishness of some of his own class. Employés would not work their hardest to "make the boss a millionaire." As a fitting finale to an inconclusive debate the PRIME MINISTER announced that in order to force a settlement of the coal-strike the railwaymen—Mr. THOMAS, apparently, dissenting—had threatened to join the unemployed.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Willard was game and well trained, and in stature he was Goliath to the Daniel of Dempsey."—*Evening Paper*.

A DAVID come to judgment!

"The rate plague has developed to an alarming extent in Thanet, and considerable anxiety is felt, especially as there appears to be no effective preparation of poison to exterminate them."—*Evening Paper*.

And Thanet is not the only place.

THE TYPE-SLINGER.

Biting and keen as any razor
The fluent pen of LOVAT FRASER;
And swift as arrows, thick as hail,
His outbursts in *The Daily Mail*,
Exposing in impassioned phrase
The PREMIER's wild and wicked ways.
And yet the PREMIER doesn't squirm,
No, not a bit—the pachyderm!
But goes about with cheerful mien,
As if such things had never been.

So LOVAT FRASER grows emphatic
In efforts to be more dogmatic,
And down the column, once a week,
His shrill italics fairly shriek.
But does the PREMIER bow his back
And go and give himself the sack?
Not he. Indeed, for all he troubles,
His critic might be blowing bubbles.

It's up to LOVAT FRASER now
To make an even bigger row;
I'd like to see the sturdy fellow
Write articles that simply bellow.
I think the PREMIER might perhaps
Shiver and possibly collapse
If LOVAT GOT TO WORK IN "CAPS."

The Black Swan of Avon.

"A NATIVE DRAMA
Entitled

'Inu vere ki pani'

(Popularly known as Merchant of Venice, but beautified and enlarged to local taste), interspersed with Popular Dialogues, latest Songs, etc. Will (D.V.) be rendered by the — Guild."—*West African Poster*.

THE REVIVAL OF OLLENDORFF.

FROM the memories of my mid-Victorian childhood, before the instruction of a governess had reached a point at which the plunge was made into a preparatory school, three names emerge with remarkable distinctness. "Little Arthur," from whom I derived my earliest knowledge of the History of England; "Henry," by whom I was grounded in the rudiments of the dead Latin tongue (but who must be carefully distinguished from JAMES HENRY, the Virgilian, who in turn had nothing whatever to do with HENRY JAMES the novelist), and OLLENDORFF, the illustrious author of a series of manuals for the teaching of living foreign languages.

OLLENDORFF, I fear, is not even the shadow of a name to the present generation. There is no mention of him in *The Encyclopedia Britannica* or in *Chambers*. Even in his own country he seems to have lapsed into obscurity, and in MENDEL'S voluminous *Conversations-Lexikon* there is only a brief reference to the Ollendorffian method, but no account of the man or his history.

Yet he must have existed; OLLENDORFF cannot have been a mere symbol. And as students of SHAKESPEARE have endeavoured to reconstruct the man from his plays so I feel sure that the character of OLLENDORFF, his interests and politics, might very well be reconstructed from a study of his dialogues. One must admit that his Teutonic patronymic is an obstacle to his revival, but that difficulty can be surmounted by the adoption of an *alias*. For example, by the omission of one of the "f's" and the transposition of one other letter his name, read backwards, becomes Frondello, which is at once euphonious and void of all racial offence.

The Ollendorffian method, it may be noted for the benefit of the ignorant, did not merely depend on the employment of question and answer; it aimed at conveying information drawn from the homely affairs of daily life and the relations between persons belonging to different trades and occupations. "Have you," OLLENDORFF would ask, "the hat of the gardener's son?" And when this had been duly and correctly translated into German or French the pupil proceeded to the answer, "No, but I have the boots of the grocer's brother-in-law."

I think OLLENDORFF built better than he knew; or perhaps he did know. A strong vein of Socialism runs through all his examples, which seem to show a lively appreciation of the Communist principle. To him there was nothing wrong or dangerous in this mutual interchange and enjoyment of property.



WHAT OUR BOHEMIANS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Shabbily-dressed person. "I'VE LOST THE TICKET, BUT I LEFT A HAT. THAT'S IT OVER THERE."

Attendant. "I MUST ASK YOU TO FIND THE TICKET, SIR, PLEASE. THE HAT THAT YOU INDICATE IS QUITE NEW."

He drew no hard-and-fast lines between *meum* and *tuum*. We cannot help thinking that, at a time when so much depends on the fusion of classes, a new edition of these immortal dialogues, brought up to date so as to meet the exigencies of the new poor, the new rich, the old aristocracy and the new plutocracy, would be fraught with the most salutary results.

The following are some crude suggestions of the lines on which the revision might be carried out:—

"Have you the leathern waistcoat

of the taxi-driver?"—"No, but I have the reach-me-down trousers of an inferior quality to those worn by the village postman."

"Have you the smooth-running automobile of the prosperous grocer?"—"No, but I have the loan of the push-bicycle of my former under-gardener's uncle."

"Are you going to marry the beautiful daughter of the shoemaker?"—"Yes, and her brother has just become engaged to the widow of my cousin the marquis."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROMANTIC AGE."

I HOPE that Mr. ALAN MILNE is a good enough critic to agree with me in thinking that this is the best play he has so far given us. Not that the idea of it is as new as that of his *Mr. Pim* or his *Wurzel-Flummery*, but because, without sacrificing his lightness of touch and his sense of fun, he has, for the first time, produced a serious scheme.

People will tell you that his Second Act was the weak spot in the play; that the others were brilliant, but that this one, for its first half, was tedious and delayed the action. They will say this because they are familiar with A. A. M.'s humour, but not with his sentiment. Yet it was in this middle Act that he gave us the best passage of all, in presenting the philosophy of his pedlar, which had in it something of the dewy freshness of the early morning scene in the wood ("morning's at seven," as *Pippa*—not *Mr. Pim*—said *en passant*). There was no real delay in the action here, for the pedlar was providing the hero with the argument without which he could never have persuaded the lady to yield; could never have made her understand that Romance is not confined to the trunk-and-hose period, or any age, so named, of chivalry, but is to be found wherever there is a true companionship of hearts. Unfortunately the effect of this passage was a little spoilt by what had just gone before—a rather slow and superfluous scene with the village idiot—and some of the audience imagined that the author was still marking time.

Mr. MILNE has an individual manner so distinct that he can well afford to acknowledge his debt to Sir JAMES BARRIE. As in *Mary Rose*, so here (though there are no supernatural forces at work) we have the sharp contrast between commonplace life, as lived by the rest, and the life of Fairyland, as coming within the vision of one only. And we were reminded too of the Midsummer-madness that overtook the company in *Dear Brutus*. I won't say that it wasn't natural enough for *Melisande*, under the fascination of a moonlit Midsummer Eve, to imagine, when she chanced upon a gentleman in fancy dress of the right period, that at last she had realised her dream of a hero of romance; but she was stark Midsummer-mad to suppose, when she met him early next morning with his costume unchanged, that he would keep it on till he came to tea with the family, and then, still wearing it, waft her off to Faerie.

But not even BARRIE has ever made a better scene than that which showed

us the disillusionment of the visionary when she is confronted with her blue-and-gold hero of romance now transformed into a plain Stock Exchange man, his air of banality enhanced by the last word in golf suitings. The humour of this scene, in which she made conventional conversation without any real effort to conceal her sense of the bathos of the situation, was very perfect. The relatively simple humour of the match-making mother—not so simple, all the same, as its spontaneity made it appear—had the distinction which one expects of Mr. MILNE; but this was far the funniest feature in the play.



Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER (to himself). "WELL, I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR TASTE IN CLOTHES."

It would have been an easy matter to make cheap fun, as MARK TWAIN did in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, out of the popular view of the Age of Romance, but A.A.M. avoided that obvious lure. Indeed, in his natural anxiety not to be taken too seriously in his first attempt to be serious, he rather tended to make light of his own theory of modern romance, laying a little too much stress at the end on the culinary aspect of conjugal felicity.

I am not sure that Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER (to whom my best wishes for his new managership) quite realised, in his doublet and long hose, my idea of a figure of mediæval romance. In fact I am free to confess that I disagreed with *Melisande* and preferred him in his golf-clothes. But perhaps that was part of the idea, and Mr.

MILNE meant me to feel like that. Miss BARBARA HOFFE's *Melisande*—a difficult part, because she was the only other-worldly person in the play and the only one in desperate earnest—was very cleverly handled. In her most exalted moments of poetic rapture she was never too precious, and when called upon for a touch of corrective humour was quick to respond.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE laid herself out in her inimitable way for a broad interpretation of the visionary's very earthly mother; indeed once or twice she almost laid herself out of the picture; but she still remained irresistible. As a pair of light-hearted young lovers Miss DOROTHY TETLEY and Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS played really well in parts that were not nearly so easy as they looked. And there was the dry humour of Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, as the father (I fear he must have missed the romance of twin souls) and the open-air charm of Mr. NICHOLSON's performance as *Gentleman Susan*, the pedlar. In a word, my grateful compliments embrace as good a cast as ever caught—and held—the spirit of an author.

"PRISCILLA AND THE PROFLIGATE."

When you have been jilted by *Cynthia* at the church-door and, two days afterwards, in a fit of pique marry *Priscilla* at sight (of course you can't always get a *Priscilla* to consent to this arrangement; but Mr. Bensley Stuart Gore had a young ward at school who wanted her freedom; so that was all right), you may think to persuade the Faithless One that you have given solid proof of your indifference to her. But you mustn't dash off to Africa an hour after your wedding with the declared intention of being eaten by wild men or wilder beasts, because, if you do that, you give your scheme away and *Cynthia* will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has driven you to desperate courses. Yet that is what Mr. Bensley Stuart Gore did (he was the "Profligate" of the title, though he never gave any noticeable sign of profligacy).

After this strain on my credulity I felt prepared for anything, and was not in the least surprised to find him, six years older and still intact, on the terrace of the Hotel Casa Bellini, by the dear old shores of Lake Maggiore, which, as the programme advised me, is in Italy. It seemed, too, the most natural thing in the world that the author, Miss LAURA WILDIC, should have collected *Priscilla* and *Cynthia* (the latter in tow of a third-rate millionaire husband whom she loathed) at the same address.

It was at this juncture that Mr.



Diner. "I SAY, WAITER, I'VE ASKED THREE TIMES FOR POTATOES."

Waiter (still under the influence of military discipline). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M TOLD OFF TO CONCENTRATE ON THE CABBAGE."

Bensley Stuart Gore was inspired with a Great Thought. In order to set Priscilla free (I ought to say that he hadn't recognised her) he would elope with Cynthia. How Priscilla set out to frustrate this noble sacrifice and secure her husband for herself; how she bribed the caretaker to lock him up with her in the "Bloody Turret" of an adjacent ruin; how subsequently, at 2 A.M., in the public lounge of the hotel, she tried to work upon his emotions by appearing in a black night-dress (surely this rather vulgar form of allurements is *démodé* by now even in the suburbs, or, anyhow, is not so freshly daring as she seemed to think it), I will leave you to imagine. Even Miss Iris HOEY's nice soft voice and pleasant *côlineries* could not quite carry off this rather machine-made trifle. If anything saved it, it was the acting of Mr. FRANK DENTON as Jimmy Forde. Starting as Bensley's "best man," he missed the wedding ceremony through going to the wrong church, but after that he stuck close to his friend for the remainder of the plot, and greatly endeared himself to the audience by the excellent way in which he played the silly ass.

As for Bensley himself, you might have thought that he had a sufficiently chequered career, yet Mr. CYRIL RAY-

MOND got very little colour out of the part. For the rest, Mr. H. DE LANGE, as the millionaire, got a certain amount out of the subject of his wife's indigestion, which was a sort of *leit-motif* with him; but most of the colour seemed to have gone into the scenery, admirably designed and painted by Mr. McCLEERY and Mr. WALTER HANN.

O. S.

"LOGS TO BURN."

"Logs to burn; logs to burn;
Logs to save the coal a turn."

HERE'S a word to make you wise
When you hear the wood-man's cries;
Never heed his usual tale
That he has splendid logs for sale,
But read these lines and really learn
The proper kinds of logs to burn.

Oak logs will warm you well
If they're old and dry;
Larch logs of pine woods smell,
But the sparks will fly.
Beech logs for Christmas-time,
Yew logs heat well;
"Scotch" logs it is a crime
For anyone to sell.
Birch logs will burn too fast,
Chestnut scarce at all;
Hawthorn logs are good to last
If cut in the Fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax,

You should burn them green;
Elm logs like smouldering flax,
No flame to be seen.

Pear logs and apple logs,
They will scent your room;
Cherry logs across the dogs
Smell like flowers in bloom.

But Ash logs, all smooth and grey,
Burn them green or old;

Buy up all that come your way,
They're worth their weight in gold.

"GIRL EYE-MAKER."

Picture-title in Daily Paper.

Perhaps we ought to mention that the eyes she makes are artificial, not "glad."

Our Discreet Press.

"Mystery surrounds the Russo-Polish peace negotiations at Riga. According to a Central News message from Warsaw Marshal Pilsudski has had a conference with ????????, the Premier, as to whether demobilisation should take place shortly."—*Evening Paper*.

"When he [Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree] was prepared to play *Martin Chuzzlewit* he wrote to me (and doubtless explained to others) that he was going to present Mr. Micawber as 'a sort of fairy.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

We suppose if Sir HERBERT had staged *David Copperfield* he would have cast himself for the husband of Mrs. Harris.

THE PRIVATE FILM.

My attention has been drawn to the most recent and perhaps the most terrible development of the Cinema by an advertisement, from which I take the following extracts:—

"HAVE YOUR OWN FILM TAKEN.
THE MOST MODERN METHOD OF GAINING
PUBLICITY.

To Members of Parliament, Mayors,
Lecturers and other Public Men and
Women.

"The Cinema has become the cheapest, the surest and most rapid road to publicity. It is estimated that a third of the population attend the Cinema once a week. Messrs. Mump and Gump have therefore fitted up a special studio for film work, in which you can now have your own film taken, representing you in any action you may desire. This method of publicity is specially recommended to Members of Parliament. For instance one can be filmed writing a letter, which can be closed down and handed to a messenger, which action can be followed by the letter itself being thrown on the screen. . . Think what this means to a prospective Candidate when he goes to a constituency where he is unknown. He takes with him twenty or more films. Your constituents must see and know you before you can hope for their vote. The Cinema introduces your personality and your policy.

"Your film will cost you—

First reel . . . Three guineas.

Each extra reel. One guinea."

The more I see of business-men the less they seem to me to know about business. I never read an advertisement without thinking, "How much better I (or even you) could have done that!" Yet they will tell you that it is their advertisements which make the money. It only shows . . . However. Messrs. Mump and Gump, for instance, have scarcely skimmed the surface possibilities of their brilliant notion. This invention is going to make politics tolerable at last. No man minds being in the House of Commons; it is being in his constituency which is so dreadful. And now he need never go there.

For instance, when the constituency is tired of the letter-film, he can be filmed making a speech, which can be taken down and handed to a typist, which action can be followed by the speech itself being thrown on the screen—in instalments. The constituency will enjoy this, because it will take much less time to read it than it would to listen to it, and they can argue out loud about the meaning of Early English phrases like Datum-line and Functional

Representation. In fact they can go on arguing during the *Whips of Sin* which will follow.

As for the public man, it won't take him two minutes to be filmed making the speech, unless, of course, he has any very complicated gestures; and it won't take him any time at all to compose it, because the private secretary will do that; and the private secretary will be able to make sure that his joke about JEROBOAM is not turned into a joke about JEHOASHAPAT at the last minute, or simply shelved in favour of a peroration on rainbows. After the speech the M.P. can be filmed opening a flower-show and, if necessary, writing a cheque to the local hortiphilist society, which cheque can be thrown on the screen amid loud applause, but need not, of course, go any further.

There is one other point, but it is rather a delicate matter: Messrs. Mump and Gump say to the prospective Candidate, "Your constituents must see and know you before you can hope for their vote." Are they quite right? I have seen a good many Candidates in my time, and I can think of some to whom I should have said, "Your constituents must never see you if you hope for a single vote." I mean, when one looks round the present House of Commons, one really marvels how . . . But perhaps I had better not go on with that. The point is that a Candidate of that kind never need be seen by his constituents now. A handsome young private secretary, uniformed and be-ribboned, and the film does the rest.

Then I rather resent the assumption that Members of Parliament, Mayors, Lecturers and Actors are the only people who require publicity. I should have thought that those who spend their time writing things in the public Press, which are read by the public (if anybody), might have had at least the courtesy title of Public Man. Anyhow, I am going to have three guineas' worth. The only question is, what sort of picture will most thoroughly "get" my personality before a third of the population once a week? The moment when I am most characteristic is when I am lying in a hot bath, and to-morrow is Sunday; but I doubt if even a sixth of the population would be really keen on that. I don't mind writing a letter or two, only, if it meant an extra reel every time I decided to write it to-morrow instead, it would be rather a costly advertisement.

Really, I suppose, one ought to be done *At Work in His Study*; but even that would require a good deal of faking. Ought one, for instance, to remove the golf-balls and the cocoa-cup (and the rhyming dictionary) from The

Desk? Then I always write with a decayed pencil, and that would look so bad. Messrs. Mump and Gump would have to throw in a quill-pen. And I have no Study. I work in the drawing-room, when the children are not playing in it. To go into The Study I simply walk over to my table and put up a large notice: "THE STUDY. DO NOT SPEAK TO ME. I AM THINKING." Do you think that had better be in the film?

Or I wonder if a Comic would be more effective—a Shaving reel or a Dressing reel? It is the small incidents of every-day life that one should look to for the key to the character of a Public Man; and once a whole third of the population had seen for themselves what pain it gives me to put links and studs and all those things in a clean shirt, they would understand the strange note of melancholy which runs through this article.

But of course an author should have several different reels corresponding to the different kinds of work which he wants to publicitise. (That is a new word which I have just invented, but you will find it in common use in a month or two.) People like Mr. BELLOC will probably require the full politician's ration of twenty or more, but the ordinary writer might rub along with four or five.

When his *Pug, Wog and Pussy* is on the market there will be a Family reel, in which he is pretending to be a tree and the children are climbing it. And when he has just published *The Cruise of the Cow; or, Seven Hours at Sea*, he will be seen with an intense expression tying a bowline on a bight or madly hauling on the throat-halyard—at Messrs. Mump and Gump's specially-equipped ponds. And for his passionate romance, *The Borrowed Bride*—But I don't know what he will do then.

And even now we have not exhausted the list of Public Men. There are clergymen. Don't you feel that some of those sermons might be thrown on the screen—and left there? A. P. H.

The Merry Bishop.

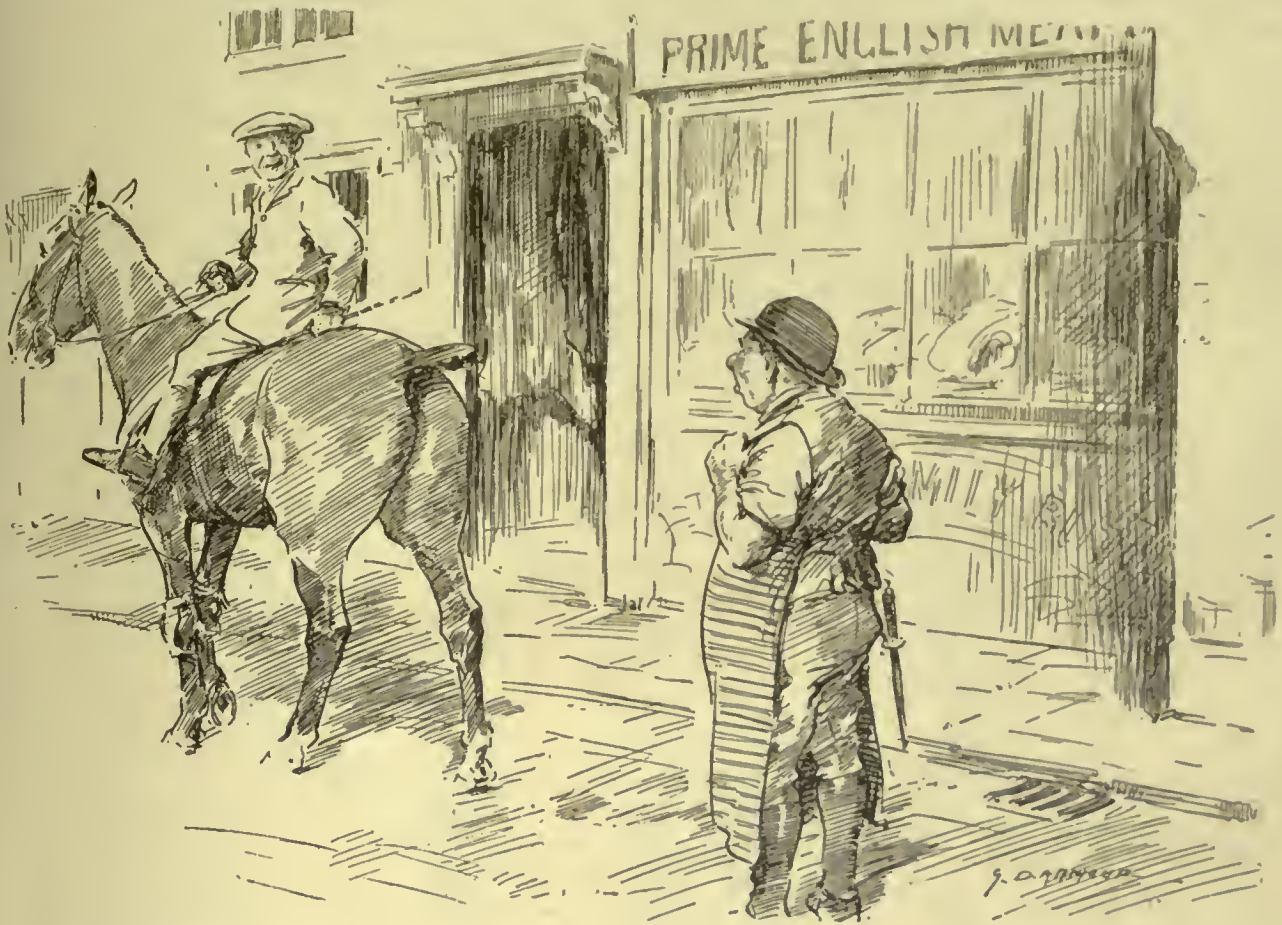
The Dean of CAPE TOWN with a critical frown

To the jests of St. Albans' gay Bishop demurs;

But the Bishop denies the offence and implies

'Tis the way of all asses to nibble at FURSE.

"Harvest Festival celebrations took place at St. John's Church on Sunday evening, when the choir rendered the anthem 'Praise the young ladies of the choir.'"—*Yorkshire Paper*. And we have no doubt they deserved it.



Butcher (at conclusion of scathing criticism of horse). "WELL, THAT'S MY OPINION, ANYWAY. AND I OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING BY NOW ABOUT A BIT OF 'ORSEFLESH WHEN I SEES IT."

Groom. "YES—AND SO OUGHT YOUR CUSTOMERS TOO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

How you regard Miss MAY SINCLAIR's latest story, *The Romantic* (COLLINS), will entirely depend upon your attitude towards the long-vexed question of the permissible in art. If you hold that all life (which in this association generally means something disagreeable) is its legitimate province and that genius can transmute an ugly study of morbid pathology into a romance, you will admire the force of this vivid little book; otherwise, I warn you frankly, you are like to be repelled by the whole business. The title, to begin with, is an irony as grim as anything that follows, in what sense you will find as the story reveals itself. *The Romantic* is a picture—what do I say? a vivisection—of eowardice, seen through the horrified eyes of a woman who loved the subject of it. The scene is the Belgian battlefields, to which John Conway, being unfitted for active service, had taken out a motor-ambulance, with Charlotte Redhead as one of his drivers. All the background of this part of the tale is wonderfully realised, a thing of actual and unforgettable experience. Here gradually the first tragedy of Conway is made clear, though shielded and ignored as long as possible by the loyalty of fellow-workers and the obstinate disbelief of the girl. Perhaps you think I am making too much of it all; treacherous nerves were the lot of many spiritually noble men in that hell. But little by little conviction of a deeper, less understandable,

horror creeps upon the reader, only to be explained and confirmed on the last page. To be honest, *The Romantic* is an ugly, a detestably ugly book, but of its cleverness there can be no question.

It would appear that Mr. A. E. W. MASON is another of those who hold that the day of war-novels is not yet done. Anyhow, *The Summons* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) shows him dealing out all the old familiar cards, spies and counter-spies, submarines and petrol bases and secret ink. It must be admitted that the result is unexpectedly archaic. Perhaps also Mr. MASON hardly gives himself a fair chance. The "summons" to his hero (who, being familiar with the Spanish coast, is required when War breaks out to use this knowledge for submarine-thwarting) is too long delayed, and all the non-active service part of the tale suffers from a very dull love-interest and some even more dreary racing humour. Archaic or not, however, Hillyard's anti-spy adventures, in an exquisite setting that the author evidently knows as well as his hero, are good fun enough. But the home scenes had (for me at least) a lack of grip and conviction by no means to be looked for from a writer of Mr. MASON's experience. His big thrill, the suicide of the lady who first sends by car to the local paper the story of her end and then waits to confirm this by telephone before making it true, left me incredulous. I'm afraid *The Summons* can hardly be said to have found Mr. MASON in his customary form.

"To write another person's life-history in the first person, and yet give to it the verisimilitude of a genuine autobiography, would under ordinary circumstances be a difficult if not impossible undertaking." So Mr. C. E. GOULDSBURY tells us in a note to *Reminiscences of a Stowaway* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), and most of us will cordially agree with him. But, after reading this volume of reminiscences, I think you will also agree that Mr. GOULDSBURY has acquitted himself admirably of a most difficult task. The man into whose skin, if I may so express it, he has temporarily tried to fit himself was Mr. ALEXANDER DOUGLAS LARYMORE, who started his adventurous career as a stowaway in an "old iron tub," and eventually became Inspector-General of Jails in India. For nearly forty years Mr. GOULDSBURY was Mr. LARYMORE's intimate friend, and has had sufficient data at his disposal to do justice to what was a remarkably full and interesting life. Possibly those of us who retain a tender spot in our hearts for stowaways may regret that Mr. LARYMORE grew tired of the sea; but his adventures were as numerous and amusing on land as on water, and they are also valuable for the strong light they throw on the India of some years ago. Mr. GOULDSBURY has at once provided a lasting tribute to the memory of his friend and written a book which both in style and matter would be hard to beat.

Are you a victim to the Tarzan habit? Perhaps your eye may have been caught by the word on bookstalls as the generic title of an increasing pile of volumes; but knowing, like myself, that all things explain themselves in time, you may have been content to

leave it at that. Meanwhile, however, the thing has continued to spread, till on the wrapper of *Tarzan the Untamed* (METHUEN), which now at last finds me out, its publishers are able to number its devotees in millions. Well, of course the outstanding fact about such popularity is that in face of it any affectation of superiority becomes simply silly. One has got to accept this creation of Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS as among the definite literary phenomena of our time. In the immediate spasm before me *Tarzan* (who is, if you need telling, a kind of horribly exaggerated *Mowgli* after a diet of the Food of the Gods) is represented as placing himself at the disposal of the British forces in East Africa, and attacking the Germans with man-eating lions. The rather chastening feature of which was my own unexpected enjoyment of the idea. Even, for one disconcerting moment, like the persons in the admonitory anecdotes who taste opium "just for fun," I began to feel that perhaps . . . However it passed, and the temptation has not returned. Meanwhile the real nature of Tarzanism, whether some sinister possession or simply the age-long appetite for the monstrous, just now a little out of hand, remains as far from solution as ever.

Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY, whose last excursion into poli-

tical fiction was a description of an opéra-bouffe Labour Government in action, addresses himself, in *The Monster* (HEINEMANN), to a more serious theme. His monster is the factory system, and if I say that this witty novel will provide the ignorant and comfortable with instruction as well as entertainment I hope I shan't have done him any harm. The author, while making his points against the system, notes truly enough that the risen ranker, the one who had been through the dreadful mill, with its ninety-hour working week for children, became the hardest master during that wonderful period of the Manchesterising of England which laid the train for the explosions of our present discontents. He reminds us also of that admirable speech, made about every ten years for the last hundred or so in the House with the same fervour and conviction, to the effect that any change in conditions or wages would surely mean the complete ruin of the country. A comforting speech, that! Perhaps Mr. BLEACKLEY, presenting three generations from Peterloo to the Jubilee of QUEEN VICTORIA, covers too much

ground for full effect, but he has pleasantly gilded a wholesome pill for pleasant people. Good luck to him.

I did not take the publishers' statement that *Pengard Awake* (METHUEN) was "entirely unlike Mr. STRAUS's previous stories" as a commendation, however alluring it was intended to be, for he has good and enjoyable work to his credit. I doubt, indeed, if he has yet written a book more acceptable to the novel-reading public than this tale of "action, mystery and wonderful adventures" (again I quote from the paper wrapper). Possibly

in a so-called mystery book the author ought to have his readers guessing all the time, but if I was not perpetually engaged in this rather exhausting pursuit I was, at any rate, intrigued. *Pengard*, who is also *Sylvester*, and yet is neither the one nor the other, may be too much for your saner moments of credulity. But Mr. STRAUS tells his queer story so plausibly and with so light a touch that even though you may affect to scoff at his dashing improbabilities you cannot escape their attraction. Indeed Mr. STRAUS's adventure into fields hitherto strange to him has been so successful that I am inclined to ask him to continue cultivating them.

Life's Little Contradictions.

"Now mind, you know, if I kill you it's nothing, but if you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder." This remark was put by JOHN LEECH into the lips of a small Special Constable, represented as menacing a gigantic ruffian, and was not, as you might think, addressed by a Sinn Féiner to a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son.

Mr. Punch wishes to offer the most sincere congratulations to his old friends on the occasion of the centenary of their firm.



The King. "LOOK HERE—THIS THRONE WON'T DO; IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO LOOK DIGNIFIED IN IT."

The Artificer. "I'M SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY. THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. I GOT IT IN MY 'EAD THAT YOUR MAJESTY ORDERED A LOUNGE THRONE."

CHARIVARIA.

"AFTER all," asks a writer, "why shouldn't Ireland have a Parliament, like England?" Quite frankly we do not like this idea of retaliation while more humane methods are still unexplored.

"The miners' strike," says a music-hall journal, "has given one song-writer the idea for a ragtime song." It is only fair to say that Mr. SMILLIE had no idea that his innocent little manœuvre would lead to this.

The Admiralty does not propose to publish an official account of the Battle of Jutland. Indeed the impression is gaining ground that this battle will have to be cancelled.

We are asked to deny that, following upon the publication of *Mirrors of Downing Street*, by "A Gentleman with a Duster," Lord KENYON is about to dedicate to Sir CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY a book entitled *A Peer with a Knuckle-Duster*.

"Mr. Lloyd George seems to have had his hair 'bobbed' recently," says a gossip-writer in a Sunday paper. Mr. HODGES still sticks to the impression that it was really two-bobbed.

"Cigars discovered in the possession of Edward Fischer, in New York," says a news item, "were found to contain only tobacco." Very rarely do we come across a case like that in England.

"Water," says a member of the L.C.C., "is being sold at a loss." But not in our whisky, we regret to say.

What is claimed to be the largest shell ever made has been turned out by the Hecla Works, Sheffield. It may shortly be measured for a war to fit it.

A taxi-driver who knocked a man down in Gracechurch Street has summoned him for using abusive language. It seems a pity that pedestrians cannot be knocked down without showing their temper like this.

After months of experiment at Thames Ditton the question of an artificial limb of light metal has been solved. It is said to be just the thing for Tubetravellers to carry as a spare.

In connection with Mr. PRINGLE's recent visit to Ireland we are asked to say that he was not sent there as a reprisal.

Mr. GEORGE LANSHURY recently told a Poplar audience why he went to Australia many years ago. No explanation was offered of his return.

A coal-porter summoned for income-tax at West Ham Police Court said that his wages averaged eight hundred pounds a year. We think it only fair to say that there must be labouring men here and there who earn even less than that.

"The thief," says a weekly paper report, "entered the house by way of

A reduction in prices is what every housewife in the land is looking for, says *The Daily Express*. It is not known how our contemporary got hold of this idea.

There is no truth in the report that *The Daily Mail* has offered a prize of a hundred pounds to the first person who can prove that it has been talking through its prize hat.

"What should *The Daily Mail* hat be worn with?" asks an enthusiast. "Characteristic modesty" is the right answer.

Emigrants to Canada, it is stated, now include an increasingly large proportion of skilled workers. Fortunately, thanks to the high wages they earn at home, we are not losing the services of our skilled loafers.

A burglar who was recently sentenced in the Glasgow Police Court was captured while in the act of lowering a chest of drawers out of a window with a rope. The old method of taking the house home and extracting the furniture at leisure is still considered the safest by conservative house-breakers.

Found under a bed in a strange house at Grimsby, a man told the police who arrested him that he was



"SHE DON'T 'ARF SWANK SINCE 'ER FARTER WAS KNOCKED OVER BY A ROLLS-ROYCE."

the front-door." We can only suppose that the burglars' entrance was locked at the time.

A small boy, born in a Turkish harem, is said to have forty-eight step-mothers living. Our office-boy, however, is still undefeated in the matter of recently defunct grandmothers.

The number of accidental deaths in France is attaining alarming proportions. It is certainly time that a stop was put to the quaint custom of duelling.

A rat that looks like a kangaroo and barks like a prairie dog is reported in Texas, says *The Columbia Record*. We can only say that, when we last heard that one, it was an elephant with white trunk and pink eyes.

"Why do leaders of the Bar wear such ill-fitting clothes?" asks a contemporary. A sly dig, we presume, at their brief bags.

looking for work. It was pointed out to him that the usual place for men looking for work is in bed, not under it.

In a recent case a Hull bargee gave his name as ALFAINA SWASH. Nevertheless the Court did not decide to hear the rest of his evidence *in camera*.

A cyclist who stopped to watch a stag-hunt near Tivington Cross, in Somerset, was tossed into the hedge by the stag. On behalf of the beast it is claimed that the cyclist was off-side.

"The Czecho-Slovaks will shortly be able to see the successful play, 'The Right to Stroke.'"—*Evening Paper*.

Good news for the local pussies.

"The first annual dinner of the — Club was held in the Club Rooms on Saturday evening, a large number sitting down to an excellent coal collation."—*Local Paper*.

Surely a little extravagant in these times.

THE POET LAUREATE AND HIS GERMAN FRIENDS.

"Prisoners to a foe inhuman, Oh, but our hearts rebel;
Defenceless victims ye are, in claws of spite a prey."

Nor trouble we just Heaven that quick revenge be done
On Satan's chamberlains highseated in Berlin;
Their reek floats round the world on all lands neath the sun:
Tho' in craven Germany was no man found, not one
With spirit enough to cry Shame!—Nay but on such sin
Follows Perdition eternal . . . and it has begun."

The POET LAUREATE, in "The Times," November 4th, 1918.

"The letter [of reconciliation from Oxford Professors, etc., 'to their fellows in Germany'] is written . . . with the recognition that we have both of us been provoked to 'animosities' which we desire to put aside . . . The commonest objection was that the action was 'premature'—my own feeling being that of shame for having vainly waited so long in deference to political complications, and that shame was intolerably increasing . . . It is undiscerning not to see that at a critical moment of extreme tension they [the German Professors] allowed their passion to get the better of them."

The POET LAUREATE, in "The Times," October 27th, 1920.

[The author of the following lines fears that he has failed to do full justice to the metrical purity of the Master's craftsmanship.]

Such people as lacked the leisure to peruse
My scripture, one-and-a-quarter columns long
In *The Times*, may like me, as having the gift of song,
To prosodise succinctly my private views.

Did I cry Shame! in November, 1918,
On those who never cried Shame! on the lords of hell?
Rather the shame is mine who delayed to clean
My soul of a wrong that grew intolerable.
What if our German colleagues, our brothers-in-lore,
Preached and approved for years the vilest of deeds?
Yet is there every excuse when the hot blood speeds;
We too were vexed and wanted our fellows' gore,
Saying rude things in a moment of extreme tension
Which in our calmer hours we should never mention.

Dons in their academic ignorance blind,
With passions like to our own as pea to pea,
Shall we await in them a change of mind?
Shall we require a repentant apology?
Or in a generous spasm anticipate
The regrets unspoken that, under the heavy stress
Of labour involved in planning new frightfulness,
They have been too busy, poor dears, to formulate?

Once I remarked that on German crimes would follow
"Perdition eternal"; Heaven would make this its care,
Nor need to be hustled, with plenty of time to spare.
Those words of mine I have a desire to swallow,
Finding, on further thought, which admits my offence,
That a few brief years of Coventry, of denied
Communion with Culture—used in the Oxford sense—
Are ample for getting our difference rectified.

What is a Laureate paid for, I ask *The Times*,
If not to recant in prose his patriot rhymes?
I stamp my foot on my wrath's last smouldering ember,
And for my motto I take "*Lest we remember.*" O. S.

THE SUPERFECTION LAUNDRY.

I LET myself into my flat to find a young woman sitting on one of those comfortless chairs designed by upholsterers for persons of second quality who are bidden to wait in the hall.

"You want to see me?" I inquired. "Yes; what is it?"
"I have called, Madam, to ask if you are satisfied with your laundry."

"Far from it," I said. "It is kind of you to ask, but why?"

"Because I wish to solicit your custom for the laundry I represent."

"What faults do you specialise in?" I inquired.

"I beg your pardon, Madam?"

"Will you send home my husband's collars with an edge like a dissipated saw?"

The young woman's face brightened with comprehension.

"Oh, no, Madam," she replied. "We exercise the greatest care with gentlemen's stand-up collars."

"Will you shrink my combinations to the size of a doll's?"

An expression of horror invaded her countenance. "The utmost precaution," she asserted, "is taken to prevent the shrinkage of woollens."

"Is it your custom to send back towels reduced to two hems connected by a few stray rags in the middle?"

The young woman was aghast. "All towels are handled as gently as possible to avoid tearing," she replied.

"How about handkerchiefs?" I asked. "I dislike to find myself grasping my bare nose through a hole in the centre."

The suggestion made my visitor laugh.

"Are you in the habit of sewing nasty bits of red thread, impossible to extricate, into conspicuous parts of one's clothing?"

"Oh, no, Madam," she asseverated; "no linen is allowed to leave our establishment with any disfiguring marks."

"You never, I suppose, return clothing dirtier than when it reached you?" I proceeded.

Suppressed scorn that I could believe in such a possibility flashed momentarily from her eyes before she uttered an emphatic denial.

"Nor do you ever perhaps send home garments belonging to other people while one's own are missing?"

"Never, I can assure you, Madam."

"Does the man who delivers the washing habitually turn the basket upside down so that the heavy things below crush all the delicate frilly things that ought to be on top?"

She seemed incapable of conceiving that such perverted creatures could exist.

"Do they never whistle in an objectionable manner while waiting for the soiled clothes?"

"Whistling on duty is strictly forbidden, Madam."

"Well, all these things I have mentioned my laundry does to me, and even more, and when I write to complain they disregard my letters."

"We rarely have complaints, Madam, and all such receive prompt attention. I can give references in this street—in this block of flats even."

"Well," said I, "if you like to give me a card I am willing to let you have a trial."

The young woman opened her bag with alacrity and handed me a card.

"The Superfection Laundry," I read with amazement. "Surely there must be some mistake?"

"Are you not Mrs. Fulton?" asked the young woman.

"No, you have come a floor too high. Mrs. Fulton lives in the flat below me."

"I must apologise for my call, then; I was sent to see Mrs. Fulton. But all the same may we not add you to the list of our customers?"

"Impossible," I said.

"May I ask your reasons, Madam?"

"Because the laundry I employ at present is the Superfection."

The Church Militant in the Near East.

"Resht was bombed by Red aeroplanes on September 28 and 30; one of the machines was forced to descend on the latter date some 6 miles to the north of the town. The pilot and observer were taken by the Cassocks."—*Evening Paper.*



OUR VILLAGE SIGN.



The Guest (exasperated with waiting). "I'VE A GOOD MIND TO DRIVE OFF, BUT I'M AFRAID OF HITTING THAT IDIOT IN FRONT."
The Hostess. "HIT HIM WHERE YOU LIKE, DEAR—IT'S MY HUSBAND."

PROOF POSITIVE.

THIS kind of thing had been going on morning after morning until I was quite tired.

They. You ought to get hold of a good dog.

It is extraordinary how many things one ought to get hold of in the country. Sometimes it is a wood-chopper and sometimes a couple of hundred cabbages, and sometimes a cartload of manure, and sometimes a few good hens. I find this very exhausting to the grip.

I. What for?

They. To watch your house.

I. I do not wish to inflict pain on a good dog. What kind of a dog ought it to be?

They. Well, a mastiff.

I. Isn't that rather a smooth kind of dog? If I have to get hold of a dog, I should like one with rather a rougher surface.

They. Try an Irish terrier.

I. I have. They fight.

They. Not unless they're provoked.

I. Nobody fights unless he is provoked. But more things provoke an Irish terrier than one might imagine.

The postman provoked my old one so much that it bit the letters out of his hand and ate them.

They. Well, you didn't get any bills, then.

I. Yes, I did. Bills always came when the dog was away for the week-end. He was a great week-ender, and he always came back from week-ends with more and more pieces out of his ears until at last they were all gone, and he couldn't hear us when we called him.

They. Well, there are plenty of other sorts. You might have a Chow or an Airedale or a boar-hound.

I. Thank you, I do not hunt boars. Besides, all the dogs you mention are very expensive nowadays. In the War it was quite different. You could collect dogs for practically nothing then. My company used to have more than a dozen dogs parading with it every day. They had never seen so many men so willing to go for so many long walks before. They thought the Millennium had come. A proposal was made that they should be taught to form fours and march in the rear. But, like all great strategical plans, it was stifled by red tape. After that—

They. You are getting away from the point. If you really want a good cheap dog—

I. Ah, I thought you were coming to that. You know of a good cheap dog?

They. The gardener of my sister-in-law's aunt has an extremely good cheap dog.

I. And would it watch my house?

They. Most intently.

That is how Trotsky came to us. Nobody but a reckless propagandist would say that he is either a mastiff or a boar-hound, though he once stopped when we came to a pig. I do not mind that. What I do mind is their saying, now that they have palmed him off on me, "I saw you out with your whatever-it-is yesterday," or "I did not know you had taken to sheep-breeding," or "What is that thing you have tied up to the kennel at the back?" There seems to be something about the animal's tail that does not go with its back, or about its legs that does not go with its nose, or about its eyes that does not go with its fur. If it is fur, that is to say. And the eyes are a different colour and seem to squint a little. They say that one of them is a wall-eye. I think that is the one he watches the

house with. Personally I consider that they are very handsome eyes in their own different lines, and my opinion is that he is a Mull-terrier; or possibly a Rum. Anyhow he is a good dog to get hold of, for he is very curly.

The village policeman came round to the house the other day. I think he really came to talk to the cook, but I fell into conversation with him.

"You ought to be getting a licence for that dog of yours," he said.

"What dog?" I asked.

"Why, you've got a dog tied up at the back there, haven't you?" he said.

"Have I?" said I.

And we went out and looked at it together. Trotsky looked at me with one eye and at the policeman with the other, and he wagged his tail. At least I am not sure that he wagged it; "shook" would be a better word.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired.

"Oh, I just got hold of it," I said airily. "It's rather good, don't you think?"

He stood for some time in doubt.

"It's a dog," he said at last.

I shook him warmly by the hand.

"You have taken a great load off my mind," I told him. "I will get a licence at once."

This will score off them pretty badly.

After all you can't go behind a Government certificate, can you? EVOE.

THE CRY OF THE ADULT AUTHOR.

[The "Diarist" of *The Westminster Gazette*, in the issue of October 25th, utters a poignant *cri de cœur* over what he regards as one of the great tragedies of the time—the crowding-out of the "genuine craftsmen" of journalism and letters by Cabinet Ministers, notoriety-mongers and, above all, by sloppy infant prodigies.]

Oh, bitter are the insults

And bitter is the shame

Heaped on deserving authors

Of high and stronuous aim,

When all the best booksellers

Their shelves and windows cram

With novels from the nursery

And poems from the pram.

In recent Autumn seasons

Writers of age mature

(From eighteen up to thirty)

Of sympathy were sure;

Now publishers their portals

On everybody slam

Save novelists from the nursery

And poets from the pram.

Unfairly WINSTON CHURCHILL

Invades the Sunday sheets;

Unfairly Mrs. ASQUITH

With serious scribes competes;

But these are minor evils—

What makes me cuss and damn

Are novels from the nursery

And poems from the pram.



Caller. "Is Mrs. JONES at home?"

Cook-General. "SHE IS, BUT SHE AIN'T 'ARDLY IN A FIT STATE TO SEE ANYBODY. SHE'S JUST BIN GIVIN' ME NOTICE."

When on the concert platform
The prodigy appears
I do not grudge his welcome,
The clappings and the cheers;
But I can't forgive the people
Who down our throats would cram
The novelists from the nursery,
The poets from the pram.

I met a (once) best seller,
And I took him by the hand,
And asked, "How's OPAL WHITELEY
And how does DAISY stand?"

He answered, "I can only
See sloppiness and sham
In novels from the nursery
And poems from the pram."

If I were only despot,
To end this painful feud
I'd banish straight to Mespot
The scribbling infant brood,

And bar the importation,
By that hustler, Uncle Sam,
Of novels from the nursery
And poems from the pram.

From an account of Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S *début* :—

"It was interesting to remember that in the audience on that occasion were Dante, Gabriel, Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne."—*Provincial Paper*.

The archangel was a great catch.

"When the Royal Cream horses were dispersed from the royal stables, one or two golf clubs made an endeavour to get one of these fine animals, and Ranelagh and Sandy Lodge were fortunate to secure them. The horses look fine on the course behind the mower."

Evening Paper.

Shoving, we suppose, for all they are worth.

EUCLID IN REAL LIFE.

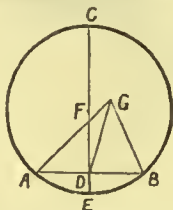
IF it was not for the paper-shortage I should at once re-write EUCLID, or those parts of him which I understand. The trouble about old EUCLID was that he had no soul, and few of his books have that emotional appeal for which we look in these days. My aim would be to bring home his discoveries to the young by clothing them with human interest; and I should at the same time demonstrate to the adult how often they might be made practically useful in everyday life. When one thinks of the times one draws a straight line at right angles to another straight line, and how seldom one does it EUCLID'S way . . . every time one writes a T . . .

Well, let us take, for example—

BOOK III., PROPOSITION 1.

PROBLEM.—To find the centre of a given circle.

Let ABC be that horrible round bed where you had the geraniums last year. This year, I gather, the idea is to have it nothing but rose-trees, with a great big fellow in the middle. The question is, where is the middle? I mean, if you plant it in a hurry on your own judgment, everyone who comes near the house will point out that the bed is all cock-eye. Besides, you can see it from the dining-room and it will annoy you at breakfast.



CONSTRUCTION.—Well, this is how we go about it. First, you draw any chord AB in the given bed ABC. You can do that with one of those long strings the gardener keeps in his shed, with pegs at the end.

Bisect AB at D.

Now don't look so stupid. We've done that already in Book I., Prop. 10, you remember, when we bisected the stick of nougat. That's right.

Now from D draw DC at right angles to AB, and meeting the lawn at C. You can do that with a hoe.

Produce CD to meet the lawn again at E.

Now we do some more of that bisecting; this time we bisect EC at F.

Then F shall be the middle of the bed; and that's where your rose-tree is going.

PROOF???—Well, I mean, if F be not the centre let some point G, outside

the line CE, be the centre and put the confounded tree *there*. And, what's more, you can jolly well join GA, GD and GB, and see what that looks like.

Just cast your eye over the two triangles GDA and GDB.

Don't you see that DA is equal to DB (unless, of course, you've bisected that chord all wrong), and DG is common, and GA is equal to GB—at least according to your absurd theory about G it is, since they must be both *radii*. *Radii* indeed! Look at them. Ha, ha!

Therefore, you fool, the angle GDA is equal to the angle GDB.

Therefore they are both right angles.

Therefore the angle GDA is a right angle. (I know you think I'm repeating myself, but you'll see what I'm getting at in a minute.)

Therefore—and this is the cream of the joke—therefore—really, I can't help laughing—therefore the angle CDA is equal to the angle GDA! That is, the part is equal to the whole—which is ridiculous.

I mean, it's too laughable.

So, you see, your rose-tree is not in the middle at all.

In the same way you can go on planting the old tree all over the bed—anywhere you like. In every case you'll get those right angles in the same ridiculous position—why, it makes me laugh *now* to think of it—and you'll be brought back to dear old CE.

And, of course, any point in CE *except* F would divide CE unequally, which I notice now is just what you've done yourself; so F is wrong too.

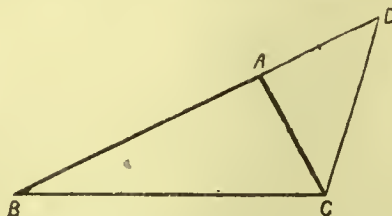
But you see the idea?

What a mess you've made of the bed!

BOOK I., PROPOSITION 20.

THEOREM.—Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side.

Let ABC be a triangle.



CONSTRUCTION.—You know the eleventh hole? Well, let B be the tee, and let C be the green, and let BC be my drive. Yes, *mine*. Is it dead? Yes.

Now let BA be *your* drive. I'm afraid you've pulled it a bit and gone into the road by the farm.

You can't get on to the green by the direct route AC because you're under the wall. You'll have to play further

up the road till you get opposite that gap at D. It's a pity, because you'll have to play about the same distance, only in the wrong direction.

Take your niblick, then, and play your second, making AD equal to AC. Now join CD.

I mean, put your third on the green. You can do that, *surely*? Good.

PROOF.—There, I'm down in two. But we won't rub it in. Do you notice anything odd about these triangles? No? Well, the fact is that AD is equal to AC, and the result of that is that the angle ACD is equal to the angle ADC. That's Prop. 5. Anyhow, it's obvious, isn't it?

But steady on. The angle BCD is greater than its part, the angle ACD—you must admit that? (Look out, there's a fellow going to drive.)

And therefore the angle BCD—Oh, well, I can't go into it all now or it will mean we shall have to let these people through; but if you carry on on these lines you'll find that BD is greater than BC.

I mean you've only got to go back to where you played your third and you'll see that it *must* be so, won't you? Very well, then, don't argue.

But BD is equal to BA and AC, for AD is equal to AC; it *had* to be, you remember.

Therefore—now follow this closely—the two sides BA and AC are together greater than the third side BC.

That means, you see, that by pulling your drive out to the left there you gave yourself a lot of extra distance to cover.

You'd never have guessed that, would you? But old EUCLID did.

Come along, then; they're putting. You must be more careful at this hole.

I think it's that right shoulder of yours . . .

A. P. H.

Our Candid Candidates.

From an election address:—

"Should I get returned as your representative you will have no cause for regret when my term of office expires."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The strike of the mechanical staff of the 'Karachi Daily Gazette' has ended."—*Evening Paper*.

We wondered why everybody looked so pleased in London that day.

"Since her treatment with the monkey gland Miss Ediss has received enough complimentary nuts to stock a market garden. An ornate basket of monkey nuts fills a prominent place in her room, and two coconuts tied up with coloured ribbon strike the eye of the visitor."—*Sunday Paper*.

In that case we shall postpone our intended visit until Miss Ediss is herself again.



MANNERS AND MODES.

NOW THAT MEN'S ATTIRE IS SO COSTLY WHY NOT TAKE A LEAF FROM THE LADIES' BOOK OF FASHION AND LET THE TAILORS HAVE DRESS PARADES OF THE LATEST DESIGNS?

THE CONSPIRATORS.

VI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I was talking to the Editor the other day about this correspondence of ours which we are conducting in the public Press, thus saving the twopenny stamps and avoiding the increased cost of living which is hitting everyone else so hard.

"This ought to be put a stop to," said he.

"That is just what I have been saying since 1918," I replied; "but the question is what to do about it? When you get down to it, the word 'Bolshevist' is but the Russian for 'advanced Socialist,' and there is nothing to prevent Socialists, whether they be advanced or retarded. How then are you going to put a stop to Bolshevism?"

"I was thinking of the correspondence," the Editor replied.

So I stopped talking to him and sat down to write my last letter to you on the subject.

To resume: In the summer of 1918 the German War Lords began to have their doubts of a Pax Germanica and saw signs rather of a Wash-out Germanicum. Things looked ill with them, so they consulted their doctor, a certain person who called himself "Dr. Help-us" by way of a jest. He proved more successful as a business man, however, than he was as a humourist. He advised that the "War of World Conquest" was not likely to produce a dividend, because its name was against it. Cut out "Imperialism"; substitute another word, with just as many syllables and no less an imposing sound, "Proletariat"; call the thing "Class Warfare"; advertise it thoroughly and attract to it all the political egoists of disappointed ambition in the various countries of the enemy, and the German War Lords would find it no longer necessary to crush all existing nations, since all existing nations would then set about to crush themselves.

The idea was voted excellent, and the trial run in Russia gave complete satisfaction.

But not all countries were so immediately susceptible to the idea of a World Revolution. Victory hath its charms and does not predispose a people to complain; so where the Masses (invested with a capital "M" to flatter their

vanity and secure their goodwill) were victorious and content they were to be made to believe by advertisement that with a little trouble they could become even more victorious and more content. The KAISER and Imperialism had been disposed of; it only remained to get rid of Capitalism and Charles. The subterranean campaign was developed, and that is what our conspirators have since been so brisk and busy about.

That was the programme; but it is

turned up they were always just on their way to England; either they had a poor sense of direction or, being bad sailors, were afraid of the crossing. There was never any knowing in what corner of the earth they would next be appearing; in fact the only country which those Chinese Bonds seemed to have successfully avoided was China.

The first time we heard of them, I will admit that we were thrilled. They gave a touch of reality to an otherwise over-hairy and unconvincing narrative of conspiracy. The second time we were told of them we were pleasurably moved. So it was true, after all, about those Chinese Bonds?

The third time we heard of them we were satisfied; the fourth time we heard of them we were indifferent; the fifth time bored, the sixth time irritated, the seventh time infuriated, and the eighth time we said to our informant, "Now look you here. We appreciate the excitement of your mysterious presence and the soothing effects of your hushed voice, and as long as you care to go on revealing your secrets we will listen. You may speak of finance and you may even touch upon British bank-notes forged by the Soviets; you may go so far as to divulge some new forms of script involved, getting as near as even, say, Japanese Debentures; but if you so much as mention China or its Bonds to us again we will wrap you up in a parcel and post you to Moscow with a personal note of warning to LENIN as to your inner knowledge and the dangerous publicity you are giving it."

For ourselves we wrote many a learned treatise on the subject and sent many a thousand memos home to those authorities near to whose hearts the welfare of those Bonds should be. And after many months of this correspondence someone in the what-d'you-call-it office suddenly sat up and took notice and wrote to us as follows: "His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Thingummy has the honour to inform you that rumours have reached his ears concerning the existence of certain bonds, alleged to be Chinese, in the hands of Bolshevik agitators coming or intending to come to this country. You are requested to ascertain and report what, if anything, is known of these Chinese Bonds."

I could have made a story for you of



THE CULT OF FACE-READING.

'Erb (a cinema habitue). "SEE WOT 'E'S SAYING, EM'LY? 'E'S STILL AT THE OFFICE AND WON'T BE ABLE TO GET 'OME TO DINNER."

a programme which required money. And so at last to the Chinese Bonds.

Oh, those Chinese Bonds! How some people abroad have learned to curse the very mention of them these last many months! I don't know where that tiresome man, LITVINOFF, first got them from, but my poor friends, whose business all this is, were running after them at least ten months ago. Sometimes they were in Russia, sometimes they showed up in Denmark, sometimes they got scent of them in Germany, and I am told it is the merest fluke that the Bonds did not come to Switzerland for the winter sports. And wherever they



Nervous Party. "ARE YOU SURE THAT LOBSTER'S ALL RIGHT?"

Fishmonger (on his dignity). "QUITE RIGHT, SIR. IF IT ISN'T WE SHALL BE HERE TO-MORROW."

Nervous Party. "YES—BUT SHALL I BE HERE TO-MORROW?"

the uses to which the Bonds were put in other countries and newspapers as well as your own. But that painfully honest journal, *The Daily Herald*, has anticipated me. And anything more you want to know about the conspiracies or the conspirators you may now, as I judge from reading your Press, experience for yourself. So upon that these letters may end. I would like to have concluded by a protestation that, in making these frank statements as to the working of, and against, the Conspirators, I personally draw no pecuniary benefit of any sort, not a sovereign, not a bob, not a half-penny stamp. It is perhaps better, however, to anticipate discovery by owning up to the fact that my frankness is being paid for at so many pence per line.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(Concluded.)

EPITAPH FOR A PROFESSOR OF TANGO:
"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

THE CAGE.

HE stood in the packed building, a small lonely figure, pathetic in the isolation that shut him off from the warm humanity of the watching crowd.

He felt weak, ill, but he struggled to bear himself bravely. He could not move his eyes from the stern white face that seemed to fill all the space in front of him. About that cold minatory figure, which was speaking to him in such passionless even tones, clung an atmosphere of awe; the traditional robes of office lent it a majesty that crushed his will.

He knew he was being addressed, and he strove to listen. His brain was a torrent of thoughts. And so his life had come to this. It was indeed the final catastrophe. That was surely what the voice meant—that voice which went on and on in an even stream of sound without meaning. Why had he come to this—in the flower of his life to lose its chiefest gift, Liberty?

Up and down the spaces of his brain thought sped like fire. The people behind—did they care? A few perhaps pitied him. The others were indifferent. To them it was merely a spectacle.

Suddenly into his mind crept the consciousness of a vast silence. The voice had stopped. The abrupt cessation of sound whipped his quivering nerves. It was like the holding of a great breath.

He gathered his forces. He knew that the huge concourse waited. A question had been put to him. It seemed as if the world stood still to listen.

He moistened his lips. He knew what he had meant to say, but his tongue was a traitor to his desire. What use now to plead? The soundlessness grew intolerable. He thought he should cry aloud.

And then—

"I will," he said, and, looking sideways, caught the swift shy glance of his bride.



G. L. STANGER.
The Master Plumber. "I'VE NEVER SEED A BLOKE TAKE SO LONG OVER A JOB IN ALL ME LIFE. THAT LAD 'LL GO FAR."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE SPONGE.

THE sponge is not, as you suppose,
A funny kind of weed;
He lives below the deep blue sea,
An animal, like you and me,
Though not so good a breed.

And when the sponges go to sleep
The fearless diver dives;
He prongs them with a cruel prong,
And, what I think is rather wrong,
He also prongs their wives.

For I expect they love their wives
And sing them little songs,
And though, of course, they have no
heart

It hurts them when they're forced to
part—

Especially with prongs.

I know you'd rather not believe
Such dreadful things are done;
Alas, alas, it is the case;
And every time you wash your face
You use a skeleton.

And that round hole in which you put
Your finger and your thumb,
And tear the nice new sponge in two,
As I have told you *not* to do,
Was once his *osculum*.

So that is why I seldom wash,
However black I am,
But use my flannel if I must,
Though even that, to be quite just,
Was once a little lamb. A. P. H.

HOW TO MISS THE MISSING LINK.

We understand that an expedition will shortly leave the United States for Central Asia in search of the Missing Link. "Aeroplanes, motor cars, camels, mules and all means of locomotion found suitable will be used by the anthropologists, archæologists and other scientists," taking part.

We predict that an enterprise so opposed to all the traditions of exploration is doomed to failure. We cannot doubt that the Missing Link possesses a sense of smell keen enough to detect a camel or a Ford car while yet afar off. His regrettable elusiveness is more likely to be established than overcome when he beholds mules and anthropologists, attended by aeroplanes and motor-cars, and possibly whippet-tanks, motor-scooters and phrenologists. Even if there are only nine or ten of each variety it will be enough to ensure that the adventurers miss the Link after all.

Another aspect of the expedition should be borne in mind. The progress through the jungle of such vehicles and personnel would cause something like consternation among the larger fauna, whose limited intelligence might reasonably fail to distinguish the procession from a travelling menagerie. In these days of unrest is it right, is it expedient, thus to stir up species hatred? It would be indeed deplorable if the present quest were to be followed by a search party got up to trace the missing Missing Link expedition.

Surely the old methods of the explorer are still the best. Simply equipped with an elephant-rifle and a pith helmet, let him plunge into the bush and be lost to sight for a few years. Whereas the Missing Link may be relied on to remain resolutely beneath his rock at the sight of a sort of a Lord Mayor's Show wandering among the vegetation, the spectacle of a simple-looking traveller in the midst of the lonely forest would rather encourage the creature to emerge from its place of retreat.

Then nothing would remain but for the explorer to advance with out-stretched hand (preferably the left), and exclaim, "The Missing Link, I presume?"

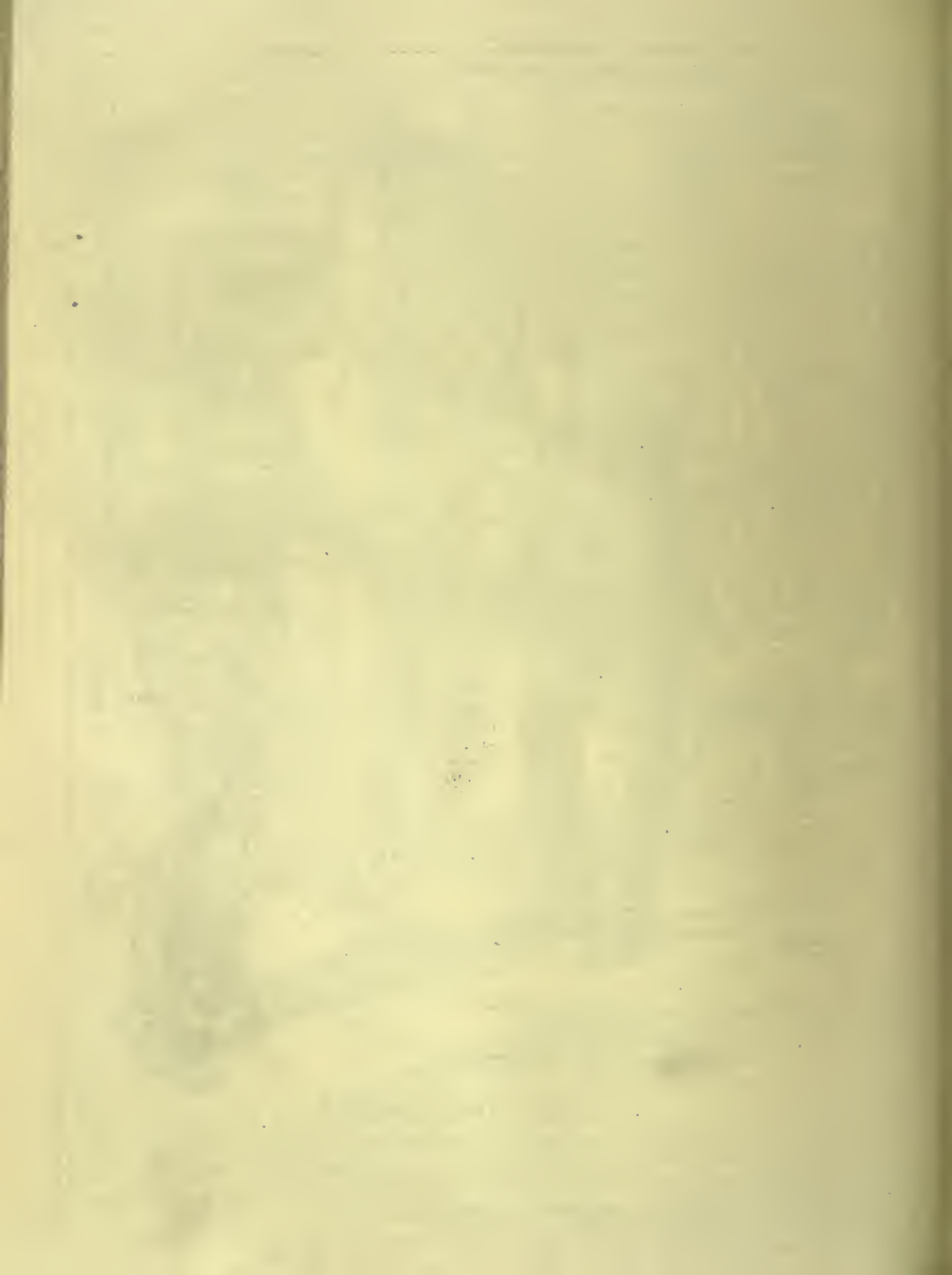


A CLOSE CORPORATION.

EX-SERVICE MAN (*unemployed*). "IF YOU'RE SO SHORT OF LABOUR, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME ON?"

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "MY GOOD FELLOW, BRICKLAYING REQUIRES YEARS AND YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP."

EX-SERVICE MAN. "SO DOES SOLDIERING; BUT THEY WEREN'T SO PARTICULAR WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO BE DONE AT THE FRONT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 25th.—Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, the newest recruit on the Treasury Bench, already answers Questions with all the assurance of the other LLOYD G. His readiness in referring the inquisitive to other Departments and in declining to go beyond his brief—witness his modest refusal to discuss in reply to a Supplementary Question the possibility of imposing a tariff in this country—suggests that somewhere behind the SPEAKER's chair there must be a school for Under-Secretaries where the callow back-bencher is instructed in the arts and crafts required in the seats of the mighty.

For this purpose I can imagine no better instructor than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who combines scrupulous politeness with an icy precision of language. Take, for example, his treatment of Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING's defiant inquiry if it would now be "compatible with the dignity of the Government" to say that there had never been any intention to bring the War-criminals to trial. "No," replied Sir GORDON HEWART in his most pedagogic manner,



A GOVERNMENT RECRUIT.

Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

"it cannot be compatible with anyone's dignity to make a statement which is manifestly untrue."

This week was to have been devoted, *de die in diem*, to getting on with the Government of Ireland Bill. But the malignant sprite that has hitherto foiled every effort to pacify Ireland again intervened, and the House found itself called upon to discuss the Emergency Powers Bill. The measure is a peace-time successor to D.O.R.A. (who in the opinion of the Government is getting a little *passée*) and, perhaps naturally, met with little approval. Mr. ASQUITH,

while admitting that something of the kind might be required, took exception to the vagueness of its drafting. "What is 'substantial'?" he inquired. "Ask



SOMETHING "SUBSTANTIAL."

MR. WILL THORNE.

them another!" Mr. WILL THORNE joyfully interjected. "What is 'substantial'?" repeated the EX-PREMIER; whereupon the Coalition with one voice replied, "WILL THORNE."

With consummate skill the PRIME MINISTER managed to get the House out of its hostile mood and to satisfy the majority, at any rate, that the measure was neither provocative nor inopportune, but a necessary precaution against the possibility that "direct action" on the part of extra-Parliamentary bodies might confront the country with the alternatives of starvation or surrender.

Tuesday, October 26th.—In these troublous times the House gladly seizes the smallest occasion for merriment. There was great laughter when Colonel YATE, the politest of men, inadvertently referred to Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON as "the right honourable gent," and it broke forth again when, in his anxiety to make no further slip, he addressed him *tout court* as "the right honourable."

There are some fifty thousand British soldiers in Ireland, costing over a million pounds a month. But Mr. CHURCHILL took the cheery view that after all they had to be somewhere, and would cost nearly as much even in Great Britain.

They would cost a good deal more in Mesopotamia, where we have a hundred thousand troops (British and Indian), and the cost is two and a half millions a month. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS could not understand why

we should spend all this money "merely to hand the country back to the rebels." Mr. CHURCHILL said he had heard nothing about handing the country back to the rebels; from which it may be inferred either that he is not admitted into all the secrets of the Cabinet or that he draws a distinction between "rebels" and "persons who object to British rule."

The Press campaign in favour of a nickel three-halfpenny coin has not succeeded. In Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinion it would not be a coin of vantage. Among his objections to it may be the extreme probability that the present Administration would promptly be nicknamed (I will not say nickel-named) "the Three-half-penny Government."

Owing to a number of concessions announced by the HOME SECRETARY the Emergency Powers Bill had a fairly smooth passage through Committee. Objections were still raised to making an Emergency Act permanent—it does sound rather like a contradiction in terms—but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL skillfully countered them by pointing out that it was only the framework of the machinery, not the regulations, that would be permanent. One can imagine the bold bad baron who set up a gallows to overawe his villains comforting objectors with the remark that after all it was merely a framework—quite useless without a rope.



THE BOLD BAD BARON.

Sir GORDON HEWART. "MERELY A FRAMEWORK—QUITE USELESS WITHOUT A ROPE."

Wednesday, October 27th.—Much pother in the Lords because the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS had set up a Committee to advise him with regard to the preservation of ancient

monuments, including cathedrals and churches, without first consulting the ecclesiastical authorities. Lord PARMOOR moved a condemnatory resolution, and His Grace of CANTERBURY, after renouncing Sir ALFRED MOND and all his works, declared that, so far as religious edifices were concerned, the proposed Committee was a superfluity of naughtiness with which he personally would have nothing to do. Lord LYTTON, with that delightful free-and-easiness which characterises the attitude of our present Ministers towards their colleagues, observed that he could have sympathised with the objectors if it were really intended to place cathedrals under Sir ALFRED'S care; but it wasn't; so why all this fuss? Lord CRAWFORD, while sharing the Opposition's dislike of restorers, from VIOLET-LE-DUC to the late Lord GRIMTHORPE, could not admit that in this matter the Office of Works had been guilty of anything worse than a want of tact. Lord PARMOOR insisted on going to a division, and carried his motion by 27 to 17. Despite this shattering blow the Government is said to be going on as well as can be expected.

What happened at Jutland? After four years' cogitation the Admiralty does not appear to have emerged from the state of uncertainty into which it was plunged by the first news of the battle. In February last Mr. LONG announced that the official report would be published "shortly," but then the German sailors began to publish *their* stories, and these not very unnaturally differed from the British accounts. So now My Lords have decided to leave Sir JULIAN CORBETT'S *Naval History of the War* to unravel the tangle and inform Lords JELlicoe and BEATTY (who, according to Sir JAMES CRAIG, are quite agreeable to the proposal) exactly what they and their gallant seamen really did on that famous occasion.

Thursday, October 28th.—There being no Labour Party in the House of Lords the Emergency Powers Bill passed through all its stages in a single sitting. Even Lord CREWE did not challenge its necessity in these troublous times, but Lord ASKWITH was a little alarmed at the possibility that "an unreasoning Home Secretary"—as if there could ever be such a monster!—might be over-hasty to issue Orders in Council, and so exacerbate an industrial dispute.

A long list of "reprisal" Questions—mercifully curtailed by the time-limit—was chiefly remarkable for Sir HAMAR

GREENWOOD'S emphatic declaration that he was not going to accept the statements even of English newspaper correspondents against the reports of officials "for whom I am responsible and in whom I have confidence."

Assuming that the House of Commons is, as it ought to be, a microcosm of the population, it will be some time before this country goes "dry." Members of all parties pressed upon the PRIME MINISTER the necessity of relaxing the regulations of the Liquor Control Board. His suggestion that an informal Committee should be set up to make recommendations to the



A PILLAR OF THE CHURCH.

Government was received with cheers, and there was much amusement when Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Lady ASTOR, who do not, I gather, quite see eye to eye on this subject, promptly nominated themselves for membership.

As the PRIME MINISTER is popularly supposed to be not averse from appearing in the limelight, especially when there is good news to impart, it is pleasant to record that he left to Sir ROBERT HORNE the congenial task of announcing that an agreement had been reached with the Miners' Federation, and that the coal-strike was on the high road to settlement. The terms, as stated, seemed to be satisfactory to all parties, and the only mystery is why the negotiators should have required the stimulus of a strike before they could arrive at them.

THE DOWNING OF THE PEN.

A LITTLE difference of opinion on the moral aspect of strikes which has been ventilated in *The Daily News* has caused one correspondent to write: "Let us suppose that Mr. SILAS HOCKING regards the serial rights of one of his novels as worth £250. Suppose I offer him £100. What does he do? He withholds his labour; and quite right too!"

But does this analogy go far enough? It would be a simple matter, for which we might easily console ourselves, if the author in question merely withheld his own labour. But if he followed modern strike tactics he would do more.

Calling in aid the services of his brother JOSEPH, he would endeavour by peaceful persuasion to induce Mrs. ASQUITH, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE and others to withhold their labour also. Picketing would follow, and London would be stirred to its depths by the news that Sir HALL CAINE was on duty outside the establishment of *The Sunday Pictorial*, and that Miss ETHEL M. DELL was in charge of the squad on the doorstep of the Amalgamated Press.

Sympathetic strikes would develop. The newspaper-vendors would rise and demand that *The Daily Mirror* feuilleton be suppressed, thus plunging the country into an agony of suspense, and railwaymen would cease work at the sight of any passenger immersed in the most recent instalment of the *Home Bits* serial story.

Mr. W. W. JACOBS would address mass meetings at the Docks, and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC would embark on a resolute thirst-strike.

At the same time daily newspapers would compete in offering solutions of the problem. One would say, "For goodness' sake give him the extra paltry one hundred and fifty pounds and let the country get on with its work;" and another would suggest a compromise at one hundred-and-fifty guineas, conditional upon the author's output.

Far from the simple withholding of his labour by a single novelist, such a turmoil would ensue as would not only shake our intellectual life to its foundations, but would keep the PRIME MINISTER engaged in the exploration of interminable vistas of avenue.

Mixed Education.

"Formerly a student at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, her husband is a Fellow of Balliol College."—*Local Paper*.



Prospective Sitter (with unconventional past). "I ALWAYS THINK YOU GET SUCH WONDERFUL CHARACTER INTO YOUR PORTRAITS."
Artist. "GLAD TO HEAR THAT. I ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE MY SUBJECTS' PORTRAITS A MIRROR OF THEIR PAST LIVES."

THE SUBSTITUTE.

[Sweets are replacing alcohol.—*Vide Papers passim.*]

As more and more the god of wine
Grows faint from want of tippling,
Nor round his path the roses shine,
Nor purple streams are rippling;
As usquebaugh and malt and hops
No longer much entice us,
We crown anew with lollipops,
With peppermints, with acid drops,
Tho nobler Dionysus.

Bright coloured as his orient car,
Piled high with autumn splendours,
The pageants of the sweetstuffs are
At all the pastry-vendors;
From earliest flush of dawn till eight
The Mænad nymphs in masses,
With lions' help upbear the freight
Of marzipan and chocolate
And stickjaw and molasses.

The poet from whose lips of flame
Wine drew the songs, the full sighs,
Performs the business just the same
When masticating bull's-eyes;
The knight who bids a fond "Farewell,
Love's large, but honour's larger!"
Shares with the Lady Amabel
One last delicious caramel
And leaps upon his charger.

The rake inured to card-room traps,
Yet making fearful faces
Because his foes, perfidious chaps,
Have always all the aces—
"Ruined! the old place mortgaged! faugh!"
(The guttering candles quiver)—
Instead of draining brandy raw
Clenches a jujube in his jaw
And strolls towards the river.

O happier time that soothes the brain
And rids us of our glum fits
(Eliminating dry champagne)
With candy and with comfits!
The oak reflects the firelight's beam,
In song the moments fly by,
Till the old squire, his face agleam,
Sucking the last assorted cream,
Toddles away to bye-bye.

EVOR.

From a P.S.A. notice:—

"Subject: 'A RENEWED WORLD—No Sorrow. No Pain.
No Death.' No Collection."—*Local Paper.*

The last item sounds almost too good to be true.

"The proposed changes were discussed with the captain of the
England side and one or two prominent cricketers who had visited
Australia."—*Expensive Daily Paper.*

Hitherto it had been supposed that these cheerful little
creatures only sought the kind of "ashes" that you get on
the domestic hearth.



• "WE AIN'T A BIT AFRAID, ALFY 'IGGINS. YER OWN FICE IS A LUMP UGLIER."

A STRIKE IN FAIRYLAND.

THE fairies were holding a meeting.

"They grumble when we send the rain," said a Rain-fairy, "and they grumble when we don't."

"And we get no thanks," sighed a Flower-fairy. "The time we spend getting the flowers ready and washing their faces and folding them up every night!"

"As for the stars," said a Star-fairy, "we might just as well leave them unlit for all the gratitude we get, and it's such a rush sometimes to get all over the sky in time. They don't even believe in us. We wouldn't mind *anything* if they believed in us."

"No," agreed a Rainbow-fairy, "that's true. I take such a lot of trouble to get just the right colours, and it has to be done so quickly. But I wouldn't mind if they believed in us."

"I wonder what *they'd* do," said the Queen, "if no one believed in them?"

"They'd go on strike," said the Brown Owl (he was head of the Ministry of Wisdom). "They always go on strike if they don't like anything."

"Then we'll go on strike," said the Queen with great determination.

They all cheered, except the Flower-fairies.

"But the flowers," they said, "they'll get so dusty with no one to wash them, and so tired with no one to fold them up at nights."

"I hadn't thought of that," said the Queen. "When *they* go on strike," she said to the Brown Owl, "how do things get done?"

The Brown Owl considered for a moment and everyone waited in silence.

"Of course there are sometimes blacklegs," he began.

"I don't know what blacklegs are," said the Queen cheerfully, "but we'll appoint some." And she did.

"Is that all?" said the Queen.

"Someone ought to have a sympathetic strike with us," said the Brown Owl. "*They* always do that."

So a fairy was sent off to the Court of the Birds to request a sympathetic strike.

"Is *that* all?" said the Queen.

"You ought to *talk* more," said the Brown Owl. "*They* talk ever so much."

"Yes, but they can't help it, can they?" said the Queen kindly.

And so the strike began that evening.

None of the birds sang except one little blackleg Robin, who sang so hard in his efforts to make up for the rest that he was as hoarse as a crow the next morning. The blackleg fairies had a hard time too. They hadn't a minute to gossip with the flowers, as they usually did when they flew round with their acorn-cups of dew and thistledown sponges and washed their faces and folded up their petals and kissed them good-night.

"But what's the matter?" said the flowers sleepily.

"We're on strike," said one of the other fairies importantly; "not for ourselves, but for posterity."

The Brown Owl had heard *them* say that.

Meanwhile the rest of the fairies sat silent and rather mournful, awaiting developments.

Then a Thought-fairy flew in. Thought-fairies can see into your heart and know just what you think. They get terrible shocks sometimes.

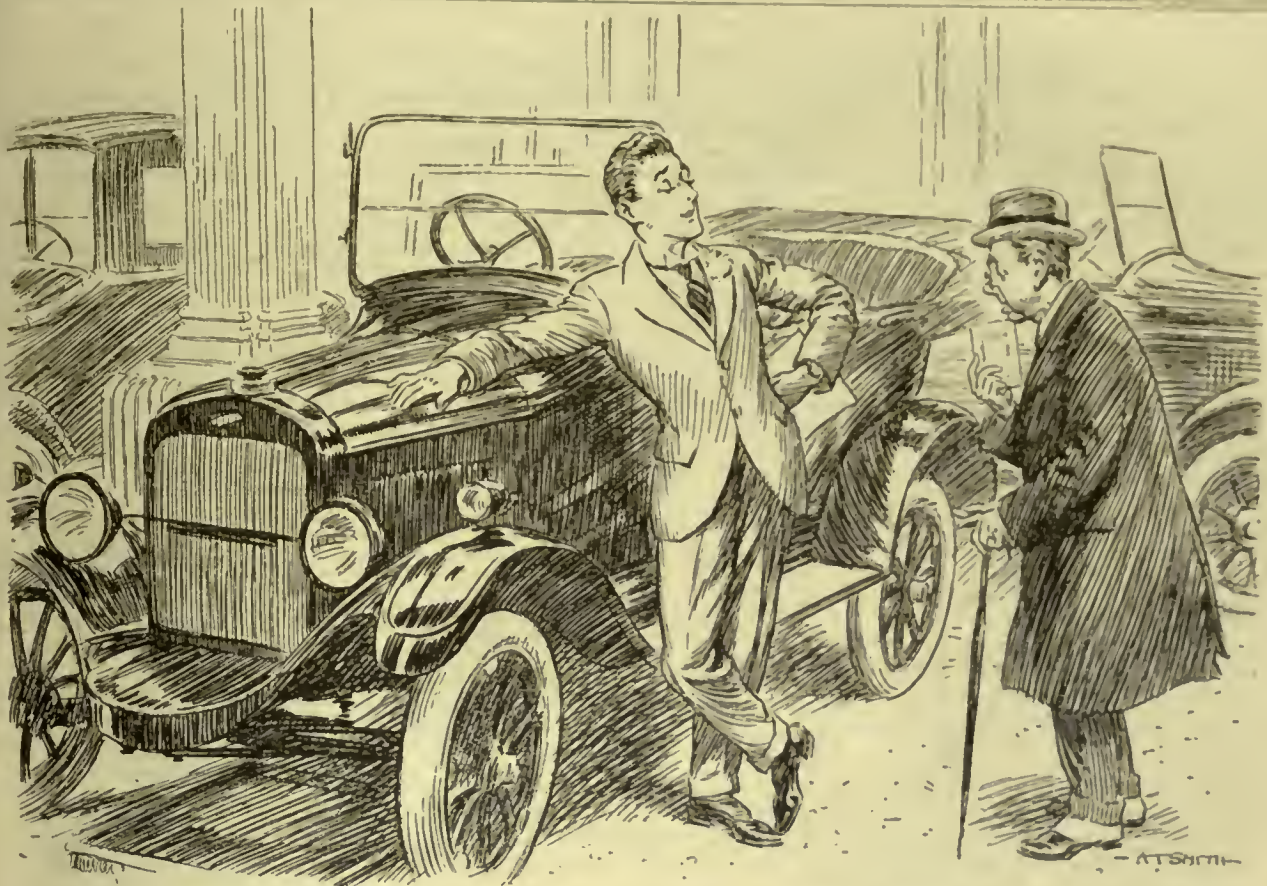
"I've been all over the world," she said breathlessly, "and it's much better than you think. *All* little girls believe in us and——" She paused dramatically.

"Yes?" they said eagerly.

"All fathers of little girls believe in us."

The Queen shook her head.

"They only pretend," she said.



Salesman. "IT IS POSSIBLE THAT IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT OUR CAR WAS DRIVEN UP ALL THE FLIGHTS OF STEPS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE."

Inquiring Visitor. "WELL—ER—NOT MUCH. YOU SEE, I LIVE IN A BUNGALOW."

"No, that's just it," said the Thought-fairy. "They pretend to pretend. They never tell anyone, but they really believe."

"Then we'll end the strike," said the Queen.

Here the Brown Owl bustled in, carrying a little notebook.

"I've found out lots more," he said excitedly. "We must have an executive and delegates and a ballot and a union and a Sankey Commission report and a scale of the cost of living and a datum line and——"

"But the strike's over," said the Queen. "It was a misunderstanding."

"Of course," he said huffily. "All strikes are that, but it's correct to carry them on as long as possible."

"And the blacklegs are to have a special reward."

"That's illogical," muttered the Brown Owl.

He was right, of course, but things are illogical in Fairyland. That's the nicest part of it.

"Fears are entertained that the chalice, which is of silver-gilt, may have been broken up and investments profaned."—*Daily Herald*.

We should have thought that our Communistic contemporary was the last paper that would have considered investments sacred.

"K. T. B— and T. W. H—, both of Liverpool, who were in company with Mr. L— in the car, agreed that the speed was about fifty-one miles an hour. On the gradient and at the turn it was not safe to travel faster."—*Provincial Paper*.

One of those examples of "Safety First" which we are always pleased to chronicle.

THE OPENING RUN.

The rain-sodden grass in the ditches is dying;

The berries are red to the crest of the thorn;

Coronet-deep where the beech-leaves are lying

The hunters stand tense to the twang of the horn;

Where rides are refilled with the green of the mosses,

All foam-flecked and fretful their long line is strung;

You can see the white gleam as a starred forehead tosses,

You can hear the low chink as a bit-bar is flung.

The world's full of music. Hounds rustle the rover

Through brushwood and fern to a glad "Gone away!"

With a "Come along, Pilot!"—one spur-touch and over—

The huntsman is clear on his galloping grey;

Before him the pack's running straight on the stubble—

"Toot-toot-toot-toot-toot!" "Tow-roe-ow-ow-ow!"

The leaders are clambering up through the double

And glittering away on the brown of the plough.

The front rank, hands down, have the big fence's measure;

The faint-hearts are craning to left and to right;

The Master goes through with a crash on "The Treasure;"

The grey takes the lot like a gull in his flight;

There's a brown crumpled up, lying still as a dead one;

There's a roan mare refusing, as stubborn as sin;

While the breaker flogs up on a green underbred one

And snashes the far-away rail with a grin.

The chase carries on over hilltop and hollow,

The life of Old England, the pluck and the fun;

And who would ask more than a stiff line to follow

With hounds running hard in the Opening Run? W.H.O.

IN PRAISE OF THE PELICANS.

THE pelicans in St. James's Park
On every day from dawn to dark
Pursue, inscrutable of mien,
A fixed unvarying routine.
Whatever be the wind or weather
They spend their time in peace together,
And plainly nothing can upset
The harmony of their quartet.

Most punctually by the clock
They roost upon or quit their rock,
Or swim ashore and hold their lovée,
Lords of the mixed lacustrine bevy;
Or with their slow unwieldy gait
Their green domain perambulate,
Or with prodigious flaps and prances
Indulge in their peculiar dances,
Returning to their feeding-ground
What time the keeper goes his round
With fish and scraps for their nutrition
After laborious deglutition.

Calm, self-sufficing, self-possessed,
They never mingle with the rest,
Watching with not unfriendly eye
The antics of the lesser fry,
Save when bold sparrows draw too near
Their mighty beaks—and disappear.

Outlandish birds, at times grotesque,
And yet superbly picturesque,
Although resignedly we mourn
A Park dismantled and forlorn,
Long may it be ere you forsake
Your quarters on the minished Lake;
For there, with splendid plumes and
hues

And ways that startle and amuse,
You constantly refresh the eye
And cheer the heart of passers-by,
Untouched by years of shock and strain,
Undeviatingly urbane,
And lending London's commonplace
A touch of true heraldic grace.

RING IN THE OLD.

THERE is a shabby-looking man who (I read it in *The Times*) rings the bell of London hospitals, asks to see the secretary, presumes (as is always a safe thing to do) that the establishment is grievously in need of funds, and without any further parley hands to the startled but gratified official bank-notes to the tune of five hundred pounds. He then vanishes without giving name or address. This unknown benefactor is dressed in top-boots, riding breeches of honourable antiquity, a black coat green with age and a "Cup Final" cap. At the same time (this too on *The Times*' authority) there is an oddly and obsolescently attired lady going about who also makes London hospitals her hobby. She begins by asking the secretary if she may take off her boots, and, receiving permission, takes them off, places

her feet on an adjacent chair and hands him two thousand pounds.

The result of the activities of these angelic visitants is that all the other hospital porters have had instructions from their eager and hopeful secretaries to be careful to be polite to any and every person, even though he or she should be in rags, who expresses the faintest desire to enter on business; more than polite—solicitous, welcoming, cordial; while all the secretaries are at this moment polishing up their smiles and practising an easy manner with ladies in last century costumes who put sudden and unexpected requests.

The Times, in limiting the effect of these curious occurrences entirely to hospital servants, seems to me to lose a great opportunity. Surely the consequences will be more wide-reaching than that? To my mind we may even go so far as to hail the dawn of the golden age for old clothes; for in the fear that shabbiness may be merely a whimsical disguise or the mark of a millionaire's eccentricity the whole world (which is very imitative and very hard up) will begin to fawn upon it, and then at last many of us will enter the earthly paradise.

But the gentleman who puts ease before elegance and the lady who prefers comfort to convention have got to work a little harder yet. They must not fold their hands at the moment under the impression that their labours are done. The support of hospitals is humane and only too necessary, and all honour to them for their generosity; but other spheres of action await exploration.

I had hoped that the War was going to reform ideas on dress and make things more simple for those whose trouser-knees go baggy so soon and remain thus for so long; but, like too many of the expectations which we used to foster, this also has failed. It is therefore the benign couple who must carry on the good work. Let them, if they really love their fellow-creatures, go to a wedding or two (having previously given a present of sufficient value to ensure respect) and display their careless garb among the guests, and then in a little while old garments would at these exacting functions become as fashionable as new and we should all be happier.

I was asked to a wedding last week, and should have accepted but for the great Smart Clothes tradition. If *The Times*' hero and heroine were to become imaginatively busy as I suggest, I could go to all the weddings in the world. (Heaven forbid!) Receptions, formal lunches, the laying of stones, the unveiling of monuments, private

views—these ceremonies, now so full of terrors for any but the dressy, could be made enduring if only the gentleman in the black coat green with age and the lady with the elastic sides would show themselves prominently and receive conspicuous attentions.

And then, if any more statues were needed for the police to keep their waterproofs on, one of them should be that of an unknown philanthropical gentleman who wears venerable top-boots, and another that of a philanthropical lady who would rather be without any boots at all, and the inscription on the pedestals would state that their glorious achievement was this: They made old clothes the thing.

E. V. L.

THE OLD BEER FLAGON.

(Many old English flagons are adorned inside with grotesque figures of animals.)

WITHIN my foaming flagon
There crawls on countless legs
A lazy grinning dragon
That wallows in the dregs;
Of old I saw him nightly
Look up with friendly leer,
As if to hint politely,
"I share your taste in beer!"

Through merry nights unnumbered
(From Boxing Day to Yule)
He'd greet me, ere I slumbered,
From out his amber pool;
But now he is beginning
To look a trifle strange;
His smile, once wide and winning,
Has undergone a change.

No more, as pints diminish
(I wish the price grew less)
He hails me at the finish
With wonted cheeriness;
For, as I drain my mellow
Allowances of ale,
He seems to sigh, "Old fellow,
Will PUSSYFOOT prevail?"

Commercial Candour.

"Cleaning and pressing suites, \$3. Dyeing and pressing suits, \$6. Clothes returned looking like now."

Advt. in "Standard" (Buenos Aires).

From an election address:—

"As a woman and a ratepayer, I realise the importance of eliminating all unavoidable expenditure in Municipal undertakings."

Local Paper.

We trust she will be elected and show how it's done.

"After an interval of seven years, the 'Beasts' Ball, a pro-war popular annual event in aid of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is to be held at the Guildhall, on Wednesday, November 10. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. Bushe-Fox and from Mrs. Wolf."—*Cambridge Review*.
It sounds just like *Uncle Remus*.



ECHOES OF THE COAL STRIKE.

"WHAT'S THE KID SHOUTING ABOUT? THERE AIN'T NO RACING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Two households, both alike in dignity. . . ." I ask you, could the novel, of which this quotation is the text, have been written by anyone but Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY? Actually indeed the disputants belong to two branches of the same family, that grim tribe of *Forsytes*, whom you remember in *The Man of Property*, and of whose collective history the present book is a further instalment (not, I fancy, the last). I should certainly advise anyone not already familiar with the former work to get up his *Forsytes* therein before attacking this; otherwise he may risk some discouragement from the plunge into so numerous a clan, known for the most part only by Christian names, with their complex relationships and the mass of bygone happenings that unites or separates them. This stage of the tribal history is called *In Chancery* (HEINEMANN), chiefly from the state of suspended animation experienced by the now middle-aged *Soames* ("Man of Property") with regard to his never-divorced runaway wife *Irene*. Following the ruling *Forsyte* instinct, *Soames* wants a son who will keep together and even increase his great possessions, while continuing his personality. The expiring generation, represented by *James*, is urgent upon this duty to the family. You may imagine what Mr. GALSWORTHY makes of it all. These possessive persons, with their wealth, their hatred and affections and their various strongholds in the more

eminently desirable parts of residential London, affect one like portions of some monstrous stone-fronted edifice, impressive but repellent. I have some curiosity to see, with Mr. GALSWORTHY's help, how the *Forsyte* castle stands the disintegration of 1914-18.

What with the scientists who explain things on the assumption that we know nearly as much as they do and those who explain things on the assumption that we know nothing, it is very difficult for you and me to persevere in our original determination to learn something. But I have always felt that Sir RAY LANKESTER is one of the very few who do understand us, and I feel it still more strongly now that I have read his *Secrets of Earth and Sea* (METHUEN). He is instructive but human; he does not take it for granted that we know what miscegenation means, but he does credit us with a little intelligence. And he realises how many arguments we have had about questions like "Why does the sea look blue?" Personally I rushed at that chapter, though I must say that I was a little disappointed to find that the gist of his answer was "Because water is blue." You see, if you had a tooth-glass fifteen feet high and filled it with water— But you must find out for yourself. Then I went on to the chapter on Coal, and discovered that "it is fairly certain that the blacker coal which we find in strata of great geological age was so produced by the action of special kinds of bacteria upon peat-like masses of vegetable refuse." I wonder if Mr. SMILLIE

knows that. It might help him to a sense of proportion. The author is constantly setting up a surprising but stimulating relation between the naturalist's researches and the problems of human life, as when he observes that "the 'colour bar' is not merely the invention of human prejudice, but already exists in wild plants and animals," and in his remarks on mongrels and the regrettable subjection of the males of many species. There are chapters on Wheel Animalcules, Vesuvius, Prehistoric Art—everything—and all are admirably illustrated. A fascinating book.

The Diary of a Journalist (MURRAY) is a volume of which the title is its own sufficient description, save that it leaves unsuggested the interest that such briskly written and comprehensive comments as these of our old friend, Sir HENRY LUCY, must command. His book differs from most of those in the flood of recollections that has lately broken upon us in being a selection from "impressions of the moment written without knowledge of the ultimate result."

In these stray moments between the years 1885 and 1917 I find at least two examples in which this ignorance of the final event adds much to the interest of the immediate record—the startling forecast of the ex-KAISER's destiny, entered in the Diary under November '98; and the mention, long before the actual illness of KING EDWARD declared itself, of the growing belief in certain circles that his coronation would never take place. It is at once obvious that not even "TONY's" three previous volumes have by any means exhausted his fund of good stories, the scenes of which range from Westminster to Bouverie Street, and round half the stately (or, at least, interesting) homes of England. Of them all—not forgetting DISRAELI and the peacocks and a new W. S. GILBERT—my personal choice would be for the mystery of the Unknown Guest, who not only took a place, but was persuaded to speak, at a private dinner given by Sir JOHN HARE at the Garrick Club, without anyone ever knowing who he was or how he came there. A genial lucky-bag book, which (despite unusually full chapter headings) would be improved by an index to its many prizes.

MR. JAMES HILTON is very young and very clever. If, as he grows older, he learns to be clever about more interesting things he ought to write some very good novels. *Catherine Herself* (UNWIN) has red hair, but then she has a rather more red-haired disposition than most red-haired heroines have to justify it, so this is not my real objection to the book. My quarrel is that, though I cannot call it an ugly story without giving a false impression, it is certainly a quite unbeautiful one, and at the end of its three hundred and more pages it has achieved nothing but a full-length portrait of an utterly selfish woman. MR. HILTON has dissected her most brilliantly; but I don't think she is

worth it. Catherine, whether they marry or are given in marriage, or do anything else, are really stationary; and, since the persons of a story, if it is to be worth telling, must move in some direction, MR. HILTON will be well advised in future to choose a different type of heroine. I want to say too that I don't believe that it is either so easy or so profitable to become a well-known pianist "not in the front rank" as he seems to imagine it is. I wish I could think that no one else would believe him.

It seems rather a bright idea of C. NINA BOYLE to dedicate "to Thea and Irene, whose lives have lain in sheltered ways," a seven-shilling shocker about ways that are anything but sheltered. Perhaps the sheltered in general, and THEA and IRENE in particular, will take it from me that the villainies of *Out of the Frying Pan* are much larger than life or, at any rate, much more concentrated, and that pseudo-orphans like *Maisie* usually have a better chance of getting out of frying-pans into something cool than



Knight (to his henchman). "EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, PERKINS? YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING? WHAT'S THAT?"

Henchman. "IT'S THE PORTRAIT OF YOUR LADY, SIR, THAT YOU PROMISED TO TAKE INTO BATTLE WITH YOU, SIR."

Knight. "DID I? WELL, I MUST H'EN KEEP MY WORD. FASTEN IT ON MY BACK. ONE NEVER KNOWS—IT MAY BE USEFUL IN CASE OF A REVERSE."

the author allows her heroine. I also submit that there was nothing in *Maisie's* equipment to suggest that she would have been quite so slow in separating goats from sheep. But let me say that THEA and IRENE have had dedicated to them an exciting and amusing *fritto misto* of crooks, demi-mondaines, blackmailers, gamblers, rōues, murderers, receivers and decent congenital idiots of all sorts. The characterisation is adroitly done and the workmanship avoids that slovenliness which makes nineteen out of twenty books of this kind a weariness of spirit to the perceptive. I wonder if *Maisie* with

such a father and mother would have been such a darling. Perhaps PROFESSOR KARL PEARSON will explain.

The Hon. William Toppys (pronounced "Tops"), brother of Lord Topsham, left Devonshire and retired to an island in the Torres Straits. There he married a Melanesian woman and became the father of a frizzy-haired and coffee-coloured son. It is a little strange to me, who think of MR. BENNET COPPLESTONE as Devonian to the tip of his pen-finger, that the Hon. William is not rebuked for so shamelessly deserting his native county. Instead he is almost applauded for his wisdom, and this despite the fact that he quite spoilt the look of the family tree with his exotic graft. For in the course of time his son, insularly known as Willatopy, inherited the title and became twenty-eighth (no less) Baron of Topsham. MR. COPPLESTONE does not realise the vast difference between light comedy and broad farce, but apart from this substantial reservation I can vouch that his yarn of *Madame Gilbert's Cannibal* (MURRAY) is deftly spun. Should you decide to follow the famous *Madame Gilbert* when she visits the island where the twenty-eighth baron lived you will witness a lively and unusual entertainment.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the Presidential elections are over it is hoped that any Irish-Americans who joined the Sinn Féin murder-gang for electioneering purposes will go home again.

Owing to pressure on space, due among other things to the American election, the net sale controversy in one of our contemporaries was held over on Wednesday last. We are quite sure that neither Senator HANCOCK nor Mr. COX was aware of his responsibility in the matter.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN says, "I would rather trust a crossing-sweeper with an appreciation of music than a man who comes from a public school." We agree. The former is much more likely to have been a professional musician in his time.

The mystery of the Scottish golf club that was recently inundated with applications for membership is now explained. It appears that a caddy refused a tip of sixpence offered him by one of the less affluent members, and the story somehow leaked out.

At one Hallowe'en dinner held in London the haggis was ten minutes late. It is said that it had had trouble with a dog on the way and had come off second best.

The man who was heard last week to say that he had no idea that Mrs. ASQUITH had published a book of memoirs has now, on the advice of his friends, consented to see a doctor.

The clergy of Grays, in Essex, are advocating the abolition of Sunday funerals. It is said that quite a number of strict Sabbatarians have a rooted objection to being buried on the Sabbath.

According to an evening paper Hawthorn buds have been plucked at Hornsey. We don't care.

A Liberal Independent writes to ask if the Mr. LEONARD GEORGE, who has been elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, is the well-known Prime Minister of that name.

A firm of music publishers have pro-

duced what they describe as a three-quarter one-step. It will soon be impossible to go to a dance without being accompanied by a professional arithmetician.

It seems that high prices have even put an end to the chicken that used to cross the road.

"Only through poverty," says Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, "will England thrive." As a result of this statement we understand that several profiteers have decided to get down to it once again.

A Japanese arrested at Hull was found to have seven revolvers and two

oral college professors of America quite readily admit that they never thought of that one.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to say that he wears a hat exactly like *The Daily Mail* hat, and that he purchased it long before *The Daily Mail* was started. The audacity of some people in thinking that anything happened before *The Daily Mail* started is simply appalling.

Three stars have recently been discovered by an American. No, no; not those stars, but stars in the heavens.

"Whilst returning to camp one night I walked right into a herd of elephants," states a well-known explorer in his memoirs. We have always maintained that all wild animals above the size of a rabbit should carry two head-lights and one rear-light whilst travelling after dark.

A small island was advertised for sale last week. Just the sort of thing for a bad sailor to take with him when crossing the Channel on a rough day.

"Everyone knows," a writer in *The Daily Mail* declares, "that electric light in the poultry-house results in more eggs." There may be more of them but they never have the real actinic taste of the natural egg.

An American inventor has devised a scheme for lassoing enemy submarines. This is a decided improvement on the method of just sticking a pin into them as they whizz by.

Since the talk of Prohibition in Scotland, we are informed that one concert singer began the chorus of the famous Scottish ballad by singing "O ye'll tak the dry road."

From an article on "Bullock at the Bar":—

"He who had read his *Pickwick*—and who has not?—will never forget the trial scene where poor, innocent Mr. Pickwick is as wax in the hands of the cross examiner."

Provincial Paper.

We regret to say that, in our edition, Mr. Serjeant Snubbin omitted to put his client in the witness-box, and consequently Mr. Serjeant Busfus never had a chance of showing what he could do with him.



Mrs. Jones. "YOU'D BEE IN THE PAPERS, JOHN, ABOUT THE AGITATION IN FAVOUR OF THE WIFE GOVERNING THE HOME."
Mr. Jones. "WELL, CARRY ON, DEAR."

thousand rounds of ammunition on him. It was pointed out to him that the War was over long ago.

A contemporary refers to a romance which ended in marriage. Alas! how often this happens.

The United States Government has decided to recognise the present Mexican Government. Mexican bandits say they had better take a good look at them while there is yet time.

A Prohibitionist asserts that Scotland will be dry in five years. Our own feeling is that these end-of-the-world prognostications should be prohibited by law.

An Oxford professor has made himself the subject of a series of experiments on the effects of alcohol. Sev-

BEFORE THE CENOTAPH.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1920.

NOT with dark pomp of death we keep their day,
 Theirs who have passed beyond the sight of men,
 O'er whom the autumn strews its gold again,
 And the grey sky bends to an earth as grey;
 But we who live are silent even as they
 While the world's heart marks one deep throb; and
 then,
 Touched by the gleam of suns beyond our ken,
 The Stone of Honour crowns the trodden way.
 Above the people whom they died to save
 Their shrine of sleep is set; abideth there
 No dust corruptible, nought that death may have;
 But from remembrance of the days that were
 Rises proud sorrow in a resistless wave
 That breaks upon the empty sepulchre.

D. M. S.

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

PRIZE-MONEY.

THE really intriguing thing about Naval prize-money is the fact that no one knows exactly where it comes from. You don't win it by any definite act of superlative daring—I mean to say, you don't have to creep out under cover of darkness and return in the morning with an enemy battleship in tow to qualify for a modicum of this mysterious treasure. You just proceed serenely on your lawful occasions, confident in the knowledge that incredible sums of prize-money are piling themselves up for your ultimate benefit. I suppose the authorities understand all about it; nobody else does. One just lets it pile. It is a most gratifying thought.

During the more or less stormy times of the First Great War, we of the Navy were always able to buttress our resolution with golden hopes of a future opulence denied to our less fortunate comrades in the trenches. Whenever the struggle was going particularly badly for us—when, for instance, a well-earned shore-leave had been unexpectedly jammed or a tin of condensed milk had overturned into somebody's sea-boot—we used to console each other with cheerful reminders of this accumulating fruit of our endeavours. "Think of the prize-money, my boy," we used to exclaim; "meditate upon the jingling millions that will be yours when the dreary vigil is ended;" and as by magic the unseemly mutterings of wrath would give place to purls of pleasurable anticipation. Even we of the R.N.V.R., mere temporary face-fringes, as it were, which the razor of peace was soon to remove from the war-time visage of the Service—even we fell under the spell. "Fourteen million pounds!" we would gurgle, hugging ourselves with joy in the darkness of the night-watches.

In the months immediately following demobilisation I was frequently stimulated by glittering visions of vast wealth presently to be showered upon me from the swelling coffers of a grateful Admiralty. During periods of more or less temporary financial embarrassment I would mention these expectations to my tailor and other restless tradespeople of my acquaintance. "Fourteen millions—prize-money, you know," I would say confidentially; "may come in at any time now." I found this had a soothing effect upon them.

As the seasons rolled by, however; as summer and winter ran their appointed courses and again the primrose pranked the lea unaccompanied by any signs of vernal activity on the part of the Paymaster-in-Chief, these visions of mine became less insistent. I was at length obliged to confess that another youthful illusion was fading; prize-money

began to take its place in my mind along with the sea-serpent and similar figures of marine mythology. I was frankly hurt; I ceased even to raise my hat when passing the Admiralty Offices on the top of a bus.

That was a month or two ago; everything is all right again now. I once more experience the old pleasing thrill of emotion when riding down Whitehall. I have come to see how ungracious my recent attitude was.

A chance meeting with Bunbury, late sub-Loot R.N.V.R. and a sometime shipmate of mine—Bunbury and I had squandered our valour recklessly together aboard the Tyne drifters in the great days when Bellona wore bell-bottoms—sufficed to bring me head-to-wind.

In the course of conversation I referred to the non-fulfilment of our early dreams; I spoke rather bitterly.

"And there are fourteen millions somewhere belonging to us," I concluded mutinously.

Bunbury regarded me with pained surprise. "Really, old sea-dog," he said, "this won't do. Never let the engine-oil of discontent leak into the rum-cask of loyal memories, you know. Now listen to me. Two years ago you and I wore the wavy gold braid of a valiant life; we surged along irresistibly in the wake of NELSON; we kept the watch assigned. Does not your bosom very nearly burst with pride to call those days to mind? It does. What then? Has it never once occurred to you that the last remaining link between us and the stirring past is this very prize-money you are so eager to soil with the grimy clutch of avarice? Don't you realize that this alone exists to keep our memory green in the minds of our old leaders at Whitehall? Picture the scene as it is. Someone mentions the word 'prize-money.' Immediately the Lords of the Admiralty reach for their record files and begin turning over the pages. They come upon the names of John Augustus Plimsoll—yourself—and Horatio Bunbury—me. 'Ah,' they exclaim fondly, 'two of our old gun-room veterans—when shall we look upon their like again?' Then they get up and go out to lunch.

"A month or so later the same thing occurs; once more our names leap out from the type-written page. 'Brave boys,' they murmur, 'gallant lads! What should we have done without them in the dark days? They shall have their prize-money this very—why, bless my soul, if it isn't one o'clock!'

"Surely," pursued Bunbury earnestly, "you appreciate the fine sentimental value of this one last tie? As long as our prize-money is in the keeping of the Service we can still think of it with intimate regard; we can still call ourselves BEATTY's boys and hide our blushes when the people sing 'Rule, Britannia.' You must see that this is the only large-hearted way of looking at the matter."

"Bunbury, old sailor," I said, swallowing a lump in my throat, "you have done me good; you have made me feel ashamed of myself."

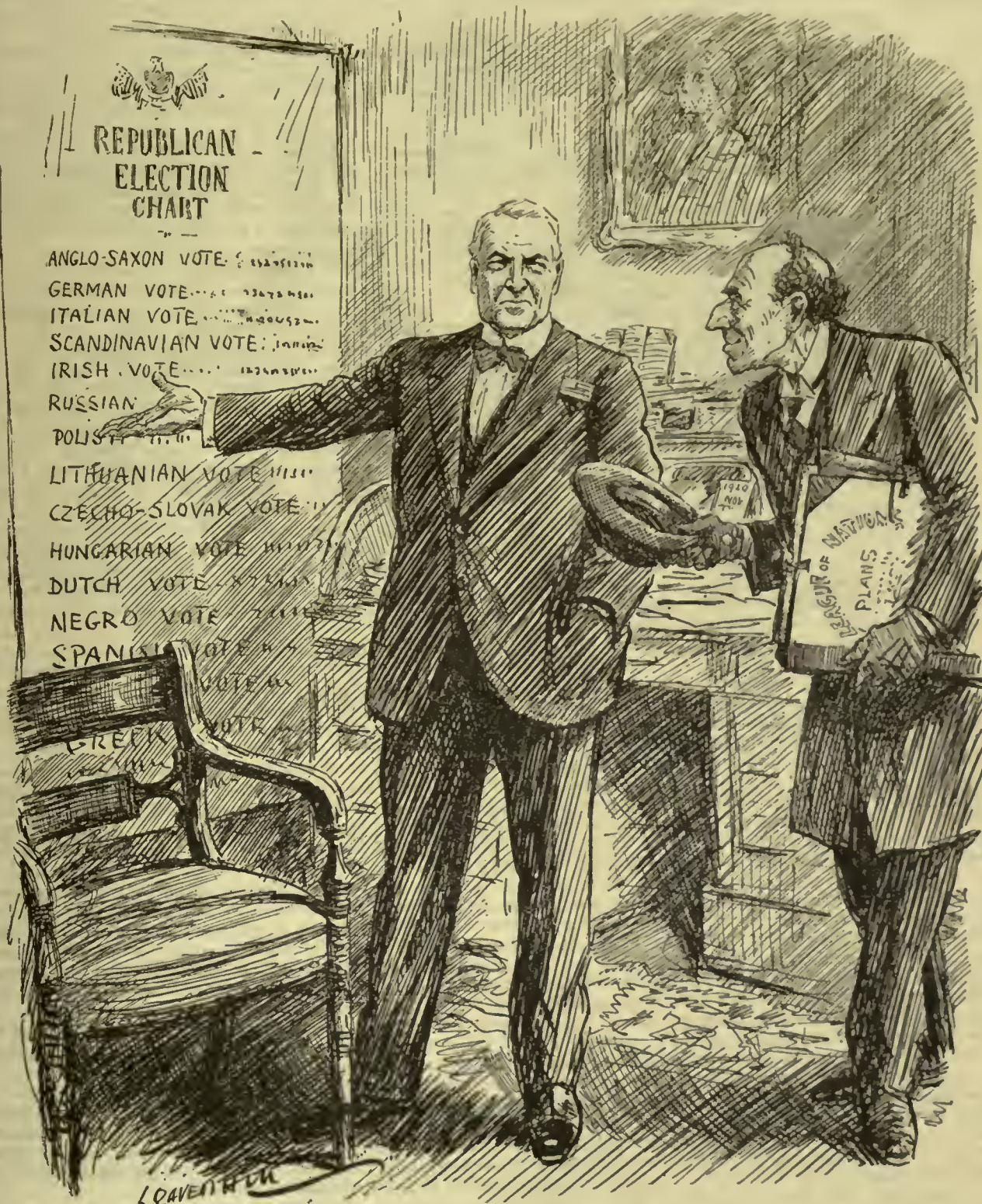
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There can be no doubt that Bunbury is right. I am so convinced of it that when next my tailor inquires anxiously what steps are being taken for the distribution of prize-money I shall put the matter to him just as Bunbury put it to me. He is certain to understand.

Commercial Candour.

"The newest fashions are now being displayed in —'s new dress salons, so that it is an easy matter to select an entire winter outfit with the minimum of ease."—*Evening Paper*.

"Sir Harry Johnston's 'The Gay Donkeys' has passed its fifth edition in London."—*Australian Magazine*.
 A clear case for the S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors).



ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

LORD ROBERT CECIL. "I TRUST THAT AFTER ALL WE MAY SECURE AT LEAST YOUR QUALIFIED SUPPORT FOR OUR LEAGUE OF NATIONS?"

U.S.A. PRESIDENT-ELECT: "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OURS?"



Stout Gentleman (overhearing political discussion). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW—I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR ARGUMENTS; AND LET ME TELL YOU WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

Politician. "LUNNE, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BETTER COME IN THE MIDDLE OF IT THEN."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

I THINK the time has come for me to follow the example of so many other people and offer to the world a few pen pictures of prominent statesmen of the day. I shall not call them "Shaving Papers from Downing Street," nor adopt the pseudonym of "The Man with the Hot Water (or the Morning Tea)," nor shall I roundly assert that I have been the private secretary, the doctor, the dentist or the washerwoman of the great men of whom I speak. Nevertheless I have sources of information which I do not mean to disclose, except to say that heavy persons who sit down carelessly on sofas may unknowingly inflict considerable pain, through the sharp ends of broken springs, on those beneath.

I shall begin naturally with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

There is probably no statesman of whom such widely different estimates have been formed as the present Prime Minister of Great Britain. I have heard him compared with THEMISTOCLES, with MACCHIAVELLI, with MIRABEAU (I think it was MIRABEAU, but it may have been

one of those other people beginning with "M" in French history. Almost everybody in French history began with an "M," like the things that were drawn by the three little girls in the well), and even with the younger PITT. I have heard him spoken of as a charlatan, as a chameleon, as a chatterbox, and, by a man who had hoped that the KAISER would be hanged in Piccadilly Circus, as a chouser. Almost all of these estimates are thoroughly fallacious. Let us take, for instance, MACCHIAVELLI. It was the declared opinion of MACCHIAVELLI that for the establishment and maintenance of authority all means may be resorted to and that the worst and most treacherous acts of the ruler, however unlawful in themselves, are justified by the wickedness and treachery of the governed. Has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ever said this? He may have thought it, of course, but has he ever said it? No. When one considers that besides this dietum MACCHIAVELLI wrote seven books on the art of war, a highly improper comedy, a life of CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI (unfinished, and can you wonder?), and was very naturally put to the torture in 1513, it

will be seen how hopelessly the parallel with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE breaks down.

Let us turn then to the younger PITT. I have read somewhere of the younger PITT that he cared more for power than for measures, and was ready to sacrifice great causes with which he had sincerely sympathised rather than raise an opposition that might imperil his ascendancy. That is just the kind of nasty and long-winded thing that anybody might say about anybody. It was by disregarding this kind of criticism that the younger PITT kept on being younger. But apart from this, does Mr. LLOYD GEORGE quote HORACE in the House? Never, thank goodness. How many times did WILLIAM PITT cross the English Channel? Only once in his whole life. That settles it.

The predominant note—I may almost say the keynote—of the PRIME MINISTER'S character is rather a personal magnetism such as has never been exercised by any statesman before or after. When he rises to speak in the House all eyes are riveted on him as though with a vice until he has finished speaking. Even when he has

finished they sometimes have to be removed by the Serjeant-at-Arms with a chisel. His speeches have the moral fervour and intensity of one of the Minor Prophets—NAHUM or AMOS, in the opinion of some critics, though I personally incline to MALACHI or HABAKKUK. This personal magnetism which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE radiates in the House he radiates no less in 10, Downing Street, where a special radiatorium has been added to the breakfast-room to radiate it. Imagine an April morning, a kingfisher on a woody stream, poplar-leaves in the wind, a shower of sugar shaken suddenly from a sifter, and you have the man.

It has been said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has quarrelled with some of his nearest friends; but this again is a thing that might happen to anybody. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may have had certain slight differences of opinion with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, but what about HENRY VIII. and WOLSEY? and HENRY V. and *Fulstaff*? and HENRY II. and THOMAS À BECKET?

Talking of THOMAS À BECKET, rather a curious story has been told to me, which I give for what it is worth. It is stated that some time ago Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was so enraged by attacks in a certain section of the Press that he shouted suddenly, after breakfast one morning in Downing Street, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent scribe?" Whereupon four knights in his secretarial retinue drew their swords and set out immediately for Printing House Square. Fortunately there happened to be a breakdown on the Metropolitan Railway that day, so that nothing untoward occurred.

I sometimes think that if one can imagine the eloquence of SAVONAROLA blended with the wiliness of ULYSSES and grafted on to the strength and firmness of OLIVER CROMWELL, we have the best historical parallel for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It ought to be remembered that the grandfather of OLIVER CROMWELL came from Wales and that the PROTECTOR is somewhere described as "Oliver Cromwell *alias* Williams." Something of that old power of dispensing with stupid Parliamentary opinion seems to have descended to our present PRIME MINISTER. There is one difference, however. OLIVER CROMWELL's famous advice to his followers was to trust in Divine Providence "and keep your powder dry." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE puts his powder in jam.

Our Patient Fishermen.

"Mr. —, jun., had another salmon on the Finavon Water. This is the second he has secured since the flood."—*Scotch Paper*.



"DON'T TURN YOUR 'EAD AWAY, MY LORD. WHY, DURIN' THE WAR IT WAS ALL 'MA, MA, 'AVE YOU ANY MATCHES?'"

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE WHALE.

AIR.—"The Tarpaulin Jacket."

THE whale has a beautiful figure,
Which he makes every effort to spoil,
For he knows if he gets a bit bigger
He increases the output of oil.
That is why he insists upon swathing
His person with layers of fat.
You have seen a financier bathing?
Well, the whale is a little like that.
At heart he's as mild as a pigeon
And extremely attached to his wife,
But getting mixed up with religion
Has ruined the animal's life.
For in spite of his tact and discretion
There is fixed in the popular mind
A wholly mistaken impression
That the whale is abrupt and unkind.

And it's simply because of the prophet
Who got into a ship for Tarshish
But was thrown (very properly) off it
And swallowed alive by "a fish."
Now I should not, of course, have con-
tested
The material truth of the tale
If the prophet himself had suggested
That the creature at fault was a
whale.
But the prophet had no such sus-
picion,
And that is convincing because
He was constantly in a position
To see what the miscreant was.
And this is what punctures the bubble,
As JONAH, no doubt, was aware:
"A fish" was the cause of the trouble,
But the whale is a mammal. So
there!

A. P. H.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

"DANCERS are born, not made," said John.

"Some are born dancers," corrected Cecilia, "others achieve dancing."

"Well, I'm not going to have it thrust on me anyway," retorted John. "I never have liked dancing and I never shall. I haven't danced for years and years and I don't intend to. I don't know any of these new-fangled dances and I don't want to."

"Don't be so obstinate," said Cecilia. "What you want doesn't matter. You've got to learn, so you may as well give way decently. Come along now, I'll play for you, and Margery will show you the steps."

"If Margery attempts to show me the steps I shall show her the door. I won't be bullied in my own house. Why don't you make your brother dance, if somebody must?" said John, waving his arm at me.

"Come on, Alan," said Margery; "we can't waste our time on him. Come and show him how it's done."

"My dear little sister," I said sweetly, "I should simply love it, but the fact is—I can't."

"Can't," echoed Margery. "Why not?"

"I hate to mention these things," I explained, "but the fact is I took part in a war that has been on recently, and I have a bad hip, honourable legacy of same."

"Oh, Alan," said Margery, "how can you? Your hip's absolutely fit, you know it is. You haven't mentioned it for months."

"My dear Margery," I said, drawing myself up, "I hope your brother knows how to suffer in silence. But if you suppose that because I don't complain—Great heavens, child, sometimes in the long silent watches of the night—"

"Well, how about tennis, then?" said Margery. "You've been playing all this summer, you know you have."

"All what summer?" I asked.

"That's a good one," said John; "I bet she can't answer that."

"Don't quibble," said Margery.

"Don't squabble," said Cecilia.

"Yes, stop squibbling," said John.

"I'm not quabbling," said I.

John and I leaned against each other and laughed helplessly.

"When you have finished," said Cecilia with a cold eye, "perhaps you will decide which of you is going to have the first lesson."

"Good heavens," said John tragically, "haven't they forgotten the dancing yet?"

"We may as well give way, John,"

I said; "we shall get no peace until we do."

"I suppose not," said John dismally.

"Very well, then, you're her brother; you shall have first go."

He waved me politely to Margery.

"Not at all," I said quickly.

"Brothers-in-law first in our family—always."

"Could we both come together?" asked John.

"No, you can't," said Margery.

"Then we must toss for it," said John, producing a coin.

"Tails," I called.

"Tails it is," said John, walking across the room to Margery.

And the lesson commenced.

* * * * *

"*Chassée* to the right, *chassée* to the left, two steps forward, two steps backward, twinkle each way—"

"Five shillings on Twinkle, please," I interrupted.

Margery stopped and looked at me.

"You keep quiet, Alan," shouted Cecilia, cheerfully banging the piano.

"I shall never learn," said John miserably from the middle of the room, "not in a thousand years."

"Yes, you will," encouraged Margery.

"Just listen. *Chassée* to the right, *chassée* to the left, two steps forward, two steps back, twinkle each way—"

"Take away the number you first thought of," I suggested, "and the answer's the Louisiana Glide."

"To finish up," said Margery, "we grasp each other firmly, prance round, two bars . . ."

"That sounds a bit better," said John.

" . . then waltz four bars," continued Margery, "and that's all. Come on, now."

They came on . . .

"Good," said Margery as they finished up; "he's doing it splendidly, Cecilia." John beamed complacently.

"I got through that last bit rather well," he said; "upon my word, there's more in this dancing than I thought. I quite enjoyed that twinkling business."

"Have another one," I suggested.

"Don't mind if I do," said John. "May I have the pleasure?" with a courtly bow to Margery.

They re-commenced.

"That's right," said Margery; "now two forward."

"I must have a natural genius for dancing," said John, conversing easily; "I seem to . . . Do we twinkle next?"

"Yes," said Margery.

"I seem to fall into it naturally."

"Look out!" shrieked Margery.

I don't know exactly what happened; I rather think John got his gears mixed up in the twinkling business. At any rate, one of his feet shot up in the air,

he made a wild grab at nothing and tripped heavily backwards into the hearth. The piano was drowned in general uproar.

John arose with difficulty from the ashes and addressed himself haughtily to Cecilia.

"I can understand that these two," he said, waving a black but contemptuous hand at Margery and myself, "should scream with delight. Their whole conception of humour is bound up with banana-skins and orange-peel. But may I ask why you should have hysterics because your husband has fallen into the fireplace?"

"You seemed to fall into it so naturally," I quoted in a shaky voice.

"Darling," sobbed Cecilia, "I am trying—please—if only you would take that piece of soot off your nose—" She dabbed her eyes and wept helplessly.

John rubbed his nose quickly and walked to the door.

"If you want my opinion of dancing," he said bitterly, "I think it's a low pagan habit."

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," sang Margery.

"Bah!" said John, and banged the door.

THE NEW UTOPIA.

[Suggested by Mr. J. H. THOMAS's book, just out, with a Red Flag on the wrapper.]

O ENGLAND, with what joy I hail
The master-hand that calms and cools
In THOMAS's entrancing tale,
When Labour Rules.

There will be no more serfs and slaves;
There will be no more feudal fools;
The KING may stay, if he behaves,
When Labour rules.

Workers, in Downing Street installed,
Will never think of downing tools;
Strikes clearly never will be called
When Labour rules.

The hand of brotherhood that knits
At present Tom and Dick with Jules
Will be extended to good Fritz,
When Labour rules.

The vile capitalistic crew
Of human vampires, sharks and
ghouls
Will vanish in the boundless blue
When Labour rules.

Our children will be standardized
In psycho-analytic schools,
And brains completely equalized
When Labour rules.

O Paradise! O frabjous day!
When 'neath the flag of flaming gules
Labour shall hold unchallenged sway—
When THOMAS rules.



FOLLOWING THE ENORMOUS SUCCESS
OF THE DAILY MAIL HAT—



—WE LOOK FORWARD ANXIOUSLY
TO THE TIMES CRAVAT—



—THE TELEGRAPH COAT—



—THE CHRONICLE QUILTED BAGS—



—THE HERALD PATENT BABOTS.



STUDY OF AN IMPARTIAL READER.

Frank
Reynolds

GENEVA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

"Genf," like "Genève," is the Swiss for "Geneva." It was selected, nearly two years ago, as the seat of the League of Nations. In a few days the League arrives; and I doubt if any person, firm, company, corporation or league, having provided itself with a seat, ever waited so long before it came and sat upon it.

You will remember a learned treatise of mine in these pages on the subject of Lucerne, written in August last, when our PRIME MINISTER came and sat there. I make my living by writing up the towns of Switzerland as one by one they get sat on. As there are not more than half-a-dozen eligible towns in Switzerland, and as we shall have exhausted two of them in less than half a year, the living I make is a precarious one; in other words I shall soon be dead. Well, well! A short life and a merry one, say I. You must admit a touch of subtle merriment in that word "Genf."

To get to Geneva you provide yourself with a passport, a book of rail and steamer tickets, a ticket for a seat in the Pullman car, a ticket for a berth in the sleeping-car and a ticket for the registration of your luggage. In short, by the time you are in France you will

have had pass through your hands one passport and eleven tickets; and the first thing you will do upon settling down into the French train is to compete and intrigue to get a twelfth ticket for your lunch. You will find that this useless ticket will follow you all the way to Geneva and will always assert itself when you are accosted by a ticket inspector. I even know a traveller who arrived eventually at the Swiss frontier with no other paper of identity or justification; for a passport which should have given his name, address, motive for travelling, shape of mouth, size of nose and any other peculiarities, he could only tender documentary evidence of his having eaten the nineteenth lunch of the first series of the day before.

Two things catch the eye about Geneva. In the first place it is on a lake, and in the second place it is

always brimful of International Unions, Leagues, Congresses and Conferences. The lake is navigated in the season by a fleet of sizeable steamers, and one of these, a two-hundred tonner, used to call every morning of the season at the little pier outside my house to take me to business, and brought me back again every evening. By the pier rests an old, old man whose only duty in life it is to catch the hawser as it is thrown from the incoming liner. Twice a day for four months that hawser was thrown for the old man to catch, and twice a day for four months he missed it. I spoke to him about this on the last day, and he showed a fine courage

do in similar circumstances. Stepping out of the station exit it will hurry off to its hotel. But when Leagues go to hotels they buy the darned things outright. I don't know what they do about notices on the walls; alter some and remove others, no doubt. The international delegates will be requested to ring once for the political expert, twice for the military expert and three times for the naval expert. If my old man gets the last-named job they will have to ring rather more than three times if they want him to come up *at once*, and discuss schemes for readjusting the various oceans.

As to the other usual decorations of hotel bedroom walls, the notice will be removed which informs all concerned that the management will not be held responsible for valuables, unless these be deposited in the office safe, though this will not be intended to indicate that the new management has doubts as to the safety even of its own safe.

The "Hôtel National," which is the hotel in question, was in process of complete reconstruction when the purchase took place. A bathroom has been annexed to every room. Presumably every international delegate will have a suite allotted to his nation. The question

I ask myself is this, Will he put himself in the room and his secretaries in the bathroom, or himself in the bathroom and the secretaries in the room? And the answer I make to myself is as follows: The delegate will appoint the room to be his room and the bathroom to be his bathroom and will leave his secretaries to make the best of things out in the corridor. The suggestion you will probably make is that there are more suites of rooms than nations; that I must leave you to work out for yourself. The number of suites of rooms is ascertainable, but no one seems able to inform me how many nations there are. Personally every time I pick up a newspaper I seem to discover a new one. However that may be, the nations are now all formed into their League, and may the best one win the Cup Final, say I!

F. O. L.



The Profiteer's Wife. "HEAVENS! MARGARET HAS ELOPED WITH THE CHAUFFEUR IN THE CAR."

The Profiteer. "WHAT! NOT THE NEW ROLLS-ROYCE?"

which nothing can depress. Next season he means to try again. As he will be out of a job in the interval I am plotting to secure for him the post of naval expert to the League.

Turning from the lake to the international delegates, who abound in Geneva, it is to be noted that the last lot here were the International Congress of Leagues of Women. Their main agenda was to pronounce their complete independence of men. One of these delegates went for a row on the lake and fell in. She was pulled out again by a man.

You will find that Geneva was nominated as the seat of the League in the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Ever since, the people of Geneva have been busy conjecturing what the League of Nations will do upon its arrival in Geneva. It will do exactly what you and I would

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch comes once more, hat in hand, to beg for help in a good cause. This time he asks the generous aid of his readers on behalf of the Victoria Home at Margate, of which Her Majesty the QUEEN is Patroness. This Home cares for invalid children, from very little ones of only a few months old, to boys of twelve years and girls of fifteen. There is room for between fifty and sixty of them and they stay, on an average, for the best part of a year, during which they receive careful medical attention, and have all their needs tended, body and mind. Many of them have lost a leg or an arm and nearly all have some bandaged

limb, yet, with these disabilities, they contrive to learn the duties of a loyal Scout and are very proud of their uniform.

The cost of drugs, of surgical dressings and all house-keeping necessities has risen enormously and the Home is compelled to plead for further help. Mr. Punch invites his readers to send for a report and see for themselves the very touching pictures which it gives, in an admirable set of photographs, of the life of these children in their happy surroundings.

All communications and gifts should be addressed to the Secretary of the Victoria Home for Invalid Children, at 75, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.



Minister's Wife. "ARE YOU ALWAYS AS FEEBLE AS THIS, MR. MACPHERSON? DO YOU NEVER FEEL STRONGER?"

Macpherson. "AH WEE, ME'N, AS THE MEENISTER WAD TELL YE HIMSEL', ANY SMA' MEASURE O' HEALTH THAT AH HAE IS JUST ABOUT MEALTIMES."

"The Unknown Warrior."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1920.

HERE lies a warrior, he alone
Nameless among the named and known;
None nobler, though by word and deed
Nobly they served their country's need,
And won their rest by right of worth
Within this storied plot of earth.
Great gifts to her they gave, but he—
He gave his life to keep her free.

—O. S.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

["In New York Mr. Harding leads by a figure something like the circulation of *The Daily Mail*. Pennsylvania gives him a majority which appears equal to the circulation of *The Evening News*. It is phenomenal."—*The Evening News*.]

THE method which is being used just now by some of Mr. Punch's contemporaries to draw attention to their circulations does not, it will be seen, tend to numerical nicety, though doubtless it has its advantages from the advertising point of view. The following items of news are intelligently anticipated.

* * *

The licences cancelled in one district in Scotland, as a result of the recent local veto poll, total exactly half the

number of quires of "returns" of last week's *Pawkieshells Gazette*. It is insignificant.

* * *

An analysis of the miners' votes in the Lancashire coalfield proves that there were as many men in favour of rejecting the Government proposals as would have provided ten readers for each copy sold (not merely printed) of the last issue of *The Choubent and Chequerbent Chronicle*. It is magnificent.

* * *

It is estimated that, if three more distinguished statesmen and another woman of letters can be prevailed upon to write piquant reviews of Mrs. ASQUITH's autobiography, the sale of the work will probably greatly exceed the numbers of copies of the latest *Blue Book* issued by H.M. Stationery Office. It is unthinkable.

* * *

It is confidently expected that, if the protests against a certain cinema plot can be sustained for a few days longer, as many people will go to see the show in the first week as there are feet in the film—without counting those who will sneak round for a free view of "The Stage Door of the Diadem Theatre." It is good business.

"An ex-Army officer was charged with stealing cooks valued at 51/- from Messrs. —'s."—*Sunday Paper*.

At that price they must have been very plain cooks.



THE SHRINE OF HONOUR.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

"I HAVE NO NAME. I DIED FOR MY COUNTRY."

"PASS, UNKNOWN WARRIOR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 1st.—In response to a renewed demand for the Admiralty's account of the Battle of Jutland the PRIME MINISTER made the remarkable statement that it was very difficult to get "an official and impartial account," but he added that the Government were willing to publish all the reports and despatches on the subject and leave the public to judge.

Who shall decide, when Admirals disagree? Why, JULIAN CORBETT, or the great B.P.

Owing to the unexpectedly rapid passage through Committee of the Government of Ireland Bill last Friday, the way was cleared for a number of British measures. Although dealing with the most diverse subjects they were alike in one respect—without exception they incurred the hostility of Sir F. BANNURRY. Whether it was a proposal to reduce the dangers of employing women in lead processes or to give married women in Scotland the same privileges as their English sisters (including the duty of supporting an indigent husband), or to hold an Empire Exhibition, or to set up Juvenile Courts, the hon. baronet found reason for opposing them all.

Once or twice he secured the support of Sir JOHN REES, but for the most part he was *Athanasius contra mundum*, maintaining his equanimity even when Mr. HOGGE advised him to "marry a



"ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM."
SIR FREDERICK BANNURRY.

Scotswoman," or Lady ASTOR expressed her regret that he had not women, instead of bankers, for his constituents.

The Government had no reason to

complain of his activity, which may indeed have prevented the intrusion of more dangerous critics; for despite his efforts every Bill went through.

Tuesday, November 2nd.—The most striking thing in Lord LOREBURN's speech upon Irish affairs seemed to me to be his uncompromising declaration



"No supporter of Mr. ASQUITH."
LORD LOREBURN.

that he was "no supporter of Mr. ASQUITH." He endorsed, however, his former chief's demand for an independent inquiry into the reprisals, but his motion was defeated by 44 to 13.

Ever since Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS defeated Mr. CHURCHILL at Manchester he has felt it his duty to keep on his track. Convinced that our policy in Mesopotamia is due to the WAR MINISTER's megalomania he is most anxious to bring him to book. The prospect of a Supplementary Estimate for the Army seemed likely to furnish the desired occasion. But when he pressed Mr. CHURCHILL on the subject the alleged spendthrift airily replied that there was no hurry; "I do not immediately require money."

The gloom of the daily Irish catechism was a little brightened by an interchange of pleasantries between Mr. STANTON and Mr. JACK JONES. On this occasion the latter had rather the best of it. "Golliwog!" he shouted in allusion to his opponent's luxuriant *chevelure*. Mr. STANTON could think of no better retort than the stereotyped "Bolshiel!" and when Mr. JONES rejoined with "You ought to be put into Madame Tussaud's" Mr. STANTON was reduced to silence. But is it not a scandal that these entertaining comedians should only get four hundred a year?

On the Agriculture Bill Sir A. GRIF-

FITH-BOSCAWEN was faced with an urgent demand for a separate Wages Board for Wales. First he wouldn't; it would be "an exceedingly inconvenient and expensive arrangement." But the Welshmen were so insistent that he changed his mind, and when the vigilant Sir FREDERICK BANNURRY challenged the new clause on the ground that it would impose a fresh charge on the Exchequer Sir ARTHUR was able to convince the SPEAKER that, though there would be "additional expenditure," there would be no "fresh charge." Such are the nice distinctions of our Parliamentary system.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—When Mr. CHURCHILL, some sixteen years ago, crossed the floor of the House, his manœuvre was regarded as a portent, and men talked of "a sinking ship." It cannot be said that Lord HENRY BENTINCK's sudden appearance among the Labour Members created anything like the same sensation, even though he was joined a little later by Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY. Lord HENRY has always derived his political opinions rather from his heart than his head, and has lately developed a habit of firing explosive Questions at Ministers from his eyrie behind their backs. They will probably find his frontal attacks less disconcerting.



"OLD GOLLIWOG."
MR. C. B. STANTON
(As viewed by Mr. JACK JONES).

While Lord HENRY was in the House, off and on, for thirty-four years before discovering that he was on the wrong side, Mr. MOSLEY has made the same dis-

covery after an experience of barely as many weeks. From his new perch he inquired this afternoon if Government cement was being sent abroad, to the detriment of British builders. Dr. ADDISON contented himself with professing ignorance of any such transaction. A less serious Minister might have replied that the Government needed all their cement to mend the cracks in the Coalition.

News that the coal-strike was over reached the House during the evening. Mr. BRIDGEMAN, always cautious, "understood" that the men had been "recommended" to go back to work. Mr. ADAMSON, fresh from the Conference, was much more downright. "The strike," he said, "has been declared off, and the men return to work." So that's that.

Thursday, November 4th. — Lord SALISBURY's complaint that the Government's policy in Egypt was shrouded in more than Egyptian darkness brought a spirited reply from Lord CURZON, who declared that every stage in the negotiations had been fully revealed in the Press. If no definite decision as to the future government of the country had been published that was simply because the Cabinet had not yet had time to make up its collective mind. Judging by Lord MILNER's subsequent account of his Mission, it would appear that the process will be long and stormy. The Mission went to Cairo to sound the feeling of the Nationalists, but for all practical purposes they might as well have stopped in London, where they ultimately interviewed ZAGHLUL PASHA and his colleagues, and obtained information which materially altered and softened their previous views. The best Nationalists were not anti-British, but simply pro-Egyptian. Lord MILNER's final appeal, that his piece should not be hissed off the stage before it had been heard, sounded a little ominous.

Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE is not very popular in the House of Commons just now. When he rose to address a "Supplementary" to the WAR MINISTER he was so persistently "boo-ed" that the SPEAKER had to intervene to secure him a hearing. Mr. LOWTHER probably repented his kindness when it appeared

that Mr. MALONE had nothing more urgent to say than that Mr. CHURCHILL would be better employed in looking after the troops in Ireland than in reviewing books for *The Daily Mail*.

For the third day in succession Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR essayed to move the adjournment in order to call attention to what he called "the policy of frightfulness" in Ireland. This time the SPEAKER accepted the motion, but the ensuing debate was of the usual inconclusive kind. Mr. DEVLIN gave another exhibition of stage-fury. He objected to the word "reprisals" being used for the "infamies" going on in Ireland, declared that the Government were responsible for all the murders and prophesied that the present CHIEF SECRE-



"Old Mother Goose was delighted when she saw what a fine bird her son had provided her with."

WALES AND SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAGEN.

TARY, "with all his outward appearance of great masculinity," would fail, as BALFOUR and CROMWELL—the House enjoyed this concatenation—had failed before him.

In points of detail Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD conceded a little more to his critics than on some former occasions. He undertook to consider whether the Government should compensate the owners of creameries or other property wrongfully destroyed; and he admitted that some constables had exceeded their duty, nine of them being actually under arrest on various charges. But on the main point he was adamant. Quoting the remark of a police-sergeant at Tralee, "They have declared war upon us and I suppose war it must be," the CHIEF SECRETARY said in his most emphatic tones, "War it will be until assassination stops."

STUTTFIELD AND THE REDS.

Stuttfield was nothing of a NERO. He would never have fiddled while Rome burned. He would have been more likely to imagine that Rome was burning when there was really nothing more going on than a bonfire. He is one more example of the pernicious influence of sensational literature upon a nervous temperament.

It all began through Stuttfield finding a copy of *The Daily Blast* in a railway carriage last June. This journal is printed on white paper, but the tendency of its contents is ruddy—that is to say, it has "Red" leanings. It was a revelation to Stuttfield.

"Are people allowed to say such things?" he asked me in horror.

"My dear fellow, no one takes it seriously," I said. "Don't you worry."

But Stuttfield did worry. *The Daily Blast* had the same effect upon him as a snake has upon a rabbit; it terrified him, yet he could not run away from it. In fact he became a regular subscriber and continued so despite some rumours that it was supported financially by the Rougetanians—rumours which required, and received, a great deal of explanation.

Then, through the offices of his manservant, he obtained a copy of *The Volcano*.

The Volcano appears to be in advance of *The Daily Blast* in its ideals, and immensely so in their expression. But here again I assured Stuttfield that no one took them seriously. "I don't suppose they take themselves seriously," I assured him. "They want to sell *The Volcano*, that's all."

"Yes," said Stuttfield, "but they do sell it, and people read it."

"I expect the circulation's about two thousand a week," I said consolingly. But Stuttfield, as I could see, was not consoled.

I met him at intervals after that, and on each occasion he seemed to be more obsessed with the notion that the "Reds" would overwhelm us all shortly.

"Russia is Red," he whispered; he always whispers now for fear of being overheard by a Red agent, though

there was not very much risk of that in St. James's Street. "And what about India and China?"

"Red, black and yellow—the Zingari colours," I said ribaldly, and Stuttfield left me in disgust.

Then I heard from a friend that he had sold his cottage at Redhill. This was a bad sign, and I went to see him. I found him much worse.

"You've taken an overdose of *The Volcano*," I said.

He seized my arm with trembling fingers.

"The Red Revolution is upon us," he hissed.

I laughed. "Don't you worry about the Red Revolution. You come out to lunch."

He would hardly be persuaded. Clubs and restaurants would be attacked first, he thought. If we lunched together it had better be in an eating-house in Bermondsey. "I have a disguise," he said, and disclosed a complete proletarian outfit.

"Well, I haven't," I said. "Not that these clothes of mine will lead anyone to mistake me for a capitalist. But, so far as lunch goes, hadn't we better be killed by a Red bomb at the Fitz than by tripe in Bermondsey?"

Stuttfield could not but admit the sense of this, so we started out.

It is widely recognised that Flag Days, however admirable their objects, have been a little overdone. But it was sheer bad luck that brought Stuttfield face to face with a flag-seller just as we were entering the Fitz. She came at him with a determined aspect and began "The Red Cr——"

It was enough. Poor Stuttfield was across the pavement and into a taxi before I could stop him. There was nothing for me to do but follow him.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Waterloo," he answered through blanched lips. I could get nothing more from him.

At Waterloo he sprang out, leaving me to pay the cab, and disappeared into the station. I followed as quickly as I could, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Where would he go to hide from the Reds?" I asked myself. Suddenly I had an idea about his destination.

I was right. In the foremost carriage I found him. I tried to persuade him to come out, but he clung to the rack. So I left him. I have not seen him since.

I hope he feels safe in the Isle of Wight.

"You can burn your slack cook in oven in our — Grate."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But now that the coal strike is over we shall try to put up with our cook a little longer.



Our Reverend Spoonerist (calling at the Deanery). "IS THE BEAN DIZZY?"

"WALLASEY'S LOW FIGURE.

POPULATION JUMP—FROM 21,192 TO 99,493 IN 28 DAYS."

Liverpool Paper.

We do not know why this should be described as a "low figure." To us it seems remarkably good going.

"The weather forecast for Sheffield and district for the next twenty-four years is as follows:—

Wind southerly, light, freshening later; cloudy or overcast; probably some rain later; visibility indifferent to fair; mild."

Yorkshire Paper.

It is hoped however that some improvement may be shown in 1945.

Puck's Record Eclipsed.

"For five minutes I was in the Mercantile Marine and the Navy. During these five minutes I made a complete circuit of the globe."—*Letter in Welsh Paper.*

"The pruning-fork is being applied in order to bring the staff within the capacity of the accommodation."—*Provincial Paper.*

After which harmony will be restored by means of the tuning-knife.

"It did one good, on entering the Queen's Hall last night, to find every seat in the building, even to those at the back of the rostrum, occupied by the London Symphony Orchestra."—*Evening Paper.*

An audience is often so distracting.



Fortune-Teller (to client). "A DARK MAN HAS BEEN HOVERING ABOUT YOUR PATH FOR THE LAST MONTH."
Client. "OH, THAT MUST BE THE AGENT WHO'S BEEN WORRYING ME TO INSURE MY LIFE."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW MYSTERY.

In a provincial paper I find the following passage:—

"Counsel stated that the prisoner's mother was in court. Later he informed the Judge that he had made a mistake; it was the prisoner's mother-in-law. A general laugh throughout the court followed this 'correction.'"

We have here in a nutshell the case for traditional communal humour, and once again we are set to wondering why—except possibly to allay some whimsical twinges of self-respect—dramatists ever try to invent new jokes at all. Even more are we set to wondering why this particular joke never fails.

In the present case the injustice done to an honourable class of women—that is to say, those who provide lovers with their loves (for that is how these relationships begin)—was the greater because no doubt, when the laughter had subsided a little, every eye sought for the lady in question. Normally we have not the opportunity of visualising the butt at all. It is enough that she should be mentioned. Nor would any grotesque details in her costume or physiognomy make the joke appreciably better. It requires no such assistance; it is rich enough without them; to possess a married daughter is all that is necessary to cause gusts of joyful mirth.

That it is not the lady herself who is funny could—no matter how Gothie her figure—be proved in a moment by placing her in the witness-box and asking her to state her relationship to the prisoner's wife. She would say, "I am her mother," and nothing would happen. But if the question were, "What is your relationship to the prisoner?" and she replied, "I am his mother-in-law," sides would split. Similarly one can imagine that if the husband's reply to the counsel's question, "Who was with you?" had been, "My wife was with me," there would have been no risible reaction whatever; but if the reply had been, "My wife's mother was with me," the place would have been convulsed. Of course the true artist in effect would never say, "My wife's mother," but "My mother-in-law." It is the "in-law" that is so exquisitely amusing and irresistible.

But both would be the same person: the gravest thing on earth, it might be, in every other respect—even sad and dignified—but ludicrous because her daughter happened to have found a husband.

To inquire why the bare mention of the mother of a man's wife should excite merriment is to find oneself instantly deep in sociology—and in some of its seamiest strata too. While exploring them one would make the odd

discovery that, whereas the humour that surrounds and saturates the idea of a wife possessing a maternal relative is inexhaustible, there is nothing laughable about the mother of a husband. A wife can talk of her husband's mother all day and never have the reputation of a wit, whereas her husband has but to mention her mother and he is the rival of the Robeys.

As for fathers-in-law, low comedians would starve if they had to depend on the help that fathers-in-law give them. Fathers-in-law do not exist. Nor do brothers-in-law or sisters-in-law, except as facts; but the joke is that they can be far more interfering (interference being at the root of the matter, I take it) than anyone in the world. It is the brother-in-law who knows of absolutely safe gilt-edged investments (which rarely succeed), and has to be helped while waiting for something to turn up; it is the sister-in-law who is so firmly convinced that dear Clara (her brother's wife) is spoiling the children. But both escape; while many really charming old ladies, to whom their sons-in-law are devoted, continue to be riddled by the world's satirical bullets.

What is to be done about it? Nothing. Only the destruction of the institution of marriage could affect it. E. V. L.

MY APOLOGIA.

(Lines accidentally omitted from a notorious volume of Memoirs.)

If life is dull and day by day
I see that wittier, wiser
England where I was wont to play
(Being as bold as I was gay)
Keep passing rapidly away
All through the GERMAN KAISER;

If "Souls" are not the things they were,
If caste declines and Vandals
Go practically everywhere
From Cavendish to Berkeley Square,
And dowdy frumps without the "air"
Monopolise the scandals;

There is but one thing left to do—
And what's a sporting flutter worth
Unless one takes a risk or two?—
"I'll shock the world," I thought,
"anew,"

And (ultimately) did so through
The firm of THORNTON BUTTER-
WORTH.

Two worlds indeed. The mighty West
Poured out her untold money
To gaze upon my palimpsest;
I think that Codex A was best,
But parts of this have been suppressed;
Publishers are so funny.

And now my fame through London
rings

In well-bred speech and argot;
At mild suburban tea-makings
The postman knocks, and poor dear
things

Tear wildly at the parcel-strings
When MUDIE gives them MAUGOT.

Pressmen have tried to make a lot
Out of a certain instance
Of mild misstatement as to what
Happened in 1914. Rot!
All I can say is that my plot
Has much more *verve* than WINSTON'S.

Well, never mind. The work is done;
People who do not need it—

The wit, the fire, the force, the fun,
The pathos—let them simply shun
This frightful book, shout "Shame!"
and run;

Nobody's forced to read it.

EVOR.

NOMEN, OMEN.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

No one who is interested in the possibilities of psycho-therapy can view without serious misgiving recent tendencies in artistic nomenclature. Some of us are old enough to remember when the trend was in the direction of Italianisation; when FOLEY became Signor FOLI; CAMPBELL, CAMPOBELLO, and an American from Brooklyn was transformed into BROCCOLINI. The vogue of alien aliases has passed, but it may return, and it is to guard against

the formidable and deleterious results of its recrudescence that the following suggestions are propounded, not merely in the interests of Gongorism or of an intensive cultivation of syncretic euphuism, but in accordance with the most approved conclusions of psycho-analytic research.

It may be urged—and the objection is natural—that there can be little danger of a relapse in view of the heroic and patriotic adhesion of some of our most distinguished artists to their homely patronymies. No doubt the noble example of CLARA BUTT and CARRIE TUBB is fortifying and reassuring, and there are also claimant proofs that denationalisation is no passport to eminence. But it would be foolish

to overlook the existence of powerful influences operating in an antipodal direction. I confess to a feeling approaching to dismay when I study the advertisement columns of the daily papers and note the recurrence, in the announcements of impending concerts, of names of a strangely outlandish and exotic form. In a single issue I have encountered KRISH, ARRAU, KOUNS and DINH GILLY. The Christian names of some of these eminent performers are equally momentous and perturbing, e.g., JASCHA, KOPZA and UTT.

My grounds for perturbation are not imaginary or based on the hallucinations of a hypersensitive mind. They are prompted and justified by the notorious facts, established by the



Dentist (after preliminary inspection). "EXTRAORDINARY THING—THERE'S ONE OF YOUR TEETH ONLY HALF STOPPED."

Patient. "AH, THAT WERE T'OOTHER DENTIST. T' LAAD 'URT ME, SO AH GAVE 'IM A GOOD LICK IN T' JAW."

leading psycho-analysts, that, just as mellifluous and melodious names exercise a mollifying influence on the activities of the sub-conscious self, so the possession or choice of strange or ferocious appellations incites the bearer, if I may be permitted to use so commonplace a term, to live up to his label.

It is therefore with all the force at my command that I entreat and implore singers, players and dancers to think, not once but twice or thrice, before they yield to the fascination of the unfamiliar and adopt artistic pseudonyms calculated to intensify the "urges" of their primitive instincts. It is not too much to say that a singer who deliberately assumes the name of Pongo, Og or Botuloffsky runs a serious risk, in virtue of the inherent magic of names, of developing qualities wholly unfitted for the atmosphere of a well-conducted concert-hall.

I believe that the question of establishing a censorship of artists' names has been seriously considered by Dr. ADDISON, in view of its bearing on public hygiene, and that he estimates the cost of staffing the new department as not likely to exceed seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. Still, in these days when State economy is so needful, it would be better if the desired effect were attained by the pressure of enlightened public opinion rather than by the operations of even so inexpensive a department as that contemplated by the MINISTER OF HEALTH.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

THESE famous verses, which originally appeared in *Punch*, December 8th, 1915, being the work of a Canadian officer, Lieut.-Colonel McCRAE, who fell in the War, have been subjected to so many perversions—the latest in a letter to *The Times* from a Minister of the Crown, where the closing lines are misquoted as follows:

"If ye break faith with those of us who died,
We shall not sleep, though poppies bloom in
fields of Franco"—

that Mr. Punch thinks it would be well to reproduce them in their correct form:—

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

AT THE PLAY.

"FÉDORA."

It may or may not be well that the War has modified our estimate of the value of life; but it is a bad thing for the legitimate drama. And in the case of *Fedora* the bloody régime of LENIN has so paled our memory of the terrors of Nihilism that SARDOU's play seems almost further away from us than the tragedy of *Agamemnon*. In our callous incapacity to be thrilled by the ancient horrors of forty years ago we fall back on the satisfaction to be got out of the author's dexterity in the mechanics of his craft.

And here the critic's judgment is also apt to be more cold-blooded. He recognises the crude improbability of certain details which are essential to the tragic development of the play. The death of *Count Vladimir* (accented on the first or second syllable according to the temporary emotion of the speaker) was due to the discovery of a letter in an unlocked drawer where it could never possibly have been thrown, being an extremely private letter of assignation. The death of *Fedora*, again, was the direct result of a letter which she despatched to Petersburg denouncing a man who proved, in the light of fresh facts learned a few minutes later, to be the last (or last but one) that she would wish to injure. It is incredible that she should not have hastened to send a second letter withdrawing her charge; "instead of which" she goes casually off on a honeymoon with his brother, and apparently never gives another thought to the matter till it is fatally too late.

However, I am not really concerned at this time of day with the improbabilities of so well-established a tragedy, but only with the most recent interpretation of it. And let me say at once that, for the best of reasons, I do not propose to compete with the erudition of my fellow-critics in the matter of previous interpreters, for I bring a virgin mind to my consideration of the merits of the present east.

Fedora is the most exhausting test to which Miss MARIE LÖHR has yet put her talent. The heroine's emotions are worked at top-pressure almost throughout the play. At the very start she is torn with passionate grief for the death of her lover and a still more passionate desire to take vengeance on the man who killed him. When she learns the unworthiness of the one and the justification of the other those emotions are instantly exchanged for a passionate worship of the late object of her vengeance, to be followed by bitter remorse for the harm she has done him and terror of the consequences when he

comes to know the truth. And so to suicide.

I will confess that I was astonished at the power with which Miss LÖHR met these exigent demands upon her emotional forces. It was indeed a remarkable performance. My only reservation is that in one passage she was too anxious to convey to the audience the intensity of her remorse, when it was a first necessity that she should conceal it from the other actor on the stage. It was nice and loyal of Mr. BASIL RATHBONE to behave as if he didn't notice anything unusual, but it must have been as patent to him as to us.

Of his *Loris* I cannot say too much in admiration. At first Mr. RATHBONE seemed a little stiff in his admirably-fitting dress-clothes, but in the last scene he moved through those swift changes of emotion—from joy to grief, from rage to pity and the final anguish and horror—with extraordinary imagination and resource.

Of the others, Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as *Jean de Sirivier*, played in a quiet and assured undertone that served to correct the rather expansive methods of Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, whose humour, always delightful, afforded a little more relief than was perhaps consistent with the author's designs and her own dignity as a great lady in the person of the *Countess Olga*.

O. S.

A Matinée in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children will be given at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, November 17th, at 2.30, when a comedy by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER will be presented, entitled, *Pomander Walk* (period 1805).

It is hoped that at the Alhambra Matinée on November 16th one thousand pounds will be raised to complete the special pension fund for actors, which is to be a tribute of affection to the memory of Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, who, in the words of Mr. McKINNEL, "did more for the rank and file of the theatrical profession than any actor, living or dead."

"The Dog it was who Died."

"At Dovey Board of Conservators at Barmouth it was decided to ask Major Dd. Davies to hunt the district with his otter hounds, and failing this the water bailiffs themselves should attempt to stamp them out."—*Welsh Paper*.

Major Dd. DAVIES' answer is not known to us, but we assume that he said, "Well, I'm Dd."

"Royal Surrey Theatre. Grand Opera. To-night, 8, Cav. and Pag."—*Daily Paper*.
More evidence of the paper-shortage.



Affluent Sportsman (after a long blank draw). "Now I BET YOU WE'LL FIND AS SOON AS I LIGHT ONE OF MY HALF-DOLLAR CIGARS." Friend. "DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT MAKE A CERTAINTY OF IT IF I LIT ONE TOO?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I do not think that even the most phlegmatic of Englishmen could read *Francis and Riversdale Grenfell: a Memoir* (NELSON) without a quickening of the pulses. This is not to suggest that Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has sought to make an emotional appeal—indeed he has told the tale of these devoted brothers with a simplicity beyond praise—but it is a tale so fine that it must fill the heart, even of those who were strangers to them, with joy and pride. I beg you to read the memoir for yourselves, and see how and why it was that these twin brothers, from Eton onwards, radiated cheerfulness and a happy keenness wherever they went. "Neither," Mr. BUCHAN writes, "could be angry for long, and neither was capable of harshness or rancour. Their endearing grace of manner made a pleasant warmth in any society which they entered; and since this gentleness was joined to a perpetual glow of enthusiasm the effect was triumphant. One's recollection was of something lithe, alert, eager, like a finely-bred greyhound." Those of us who were not personally acquainted with FRANCIS and RIVERSDALE GRENFELL will, after reading this Memoir and the Preface by their uncle, Field-Marshal Lord GRENFELL, seem to know them intimately. FRANCIS won the first V.C. gained in the War, but when he read the announcement of it in *The Gazette* his brother was already killed and his joy of life was quenched. "I feel," he wrote to his uncle, "that I know so many who have done and are doing so much more than I have been able to do for England. I also feel very strongly that any honour

belongs to my regiment and not to me." In that spirit he met his death a few months later. In work and sport, in war or peace, the twins were ardent, generous and brave, and their deaths were as glorious as their lives were gracious and radiant. The profits of Mr. BUCHAN'S book are to be devoted to the funds of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, in which the brothers were deeply interested.

There are certain tasks which, like virtue, carry their reward with them. No doubt Miss ELEANORE SINCLAIR ROHDE would be gratified if her book, *A Garden of Herbs* (LEE WARNER), were to pass into several editions—as I trust it will—and receive commendation on every hand—as it surely must—but such results would be irrelevancies. She has already, I am convinced, tasted so much delight in the making of this, the most fragrant book that I ever read, in her delving and selecting, that nothing else matters. Not only is the book fragrant from cover to cover, but it is practical too. It tells us how our ancestors of not so many generations ago—in Stuart times chiefly—went to the herb garden as we go to the chemist's and the perfumer's and the spice-box, and gave that part of the demesne much of the honour which we reserve for the rock-garden, the herbaceous borders and the pergola. And no wonder, when from the herbs that grow there you can make so many of the lenitives of life—from elecampane a sovran tonic, and from purslane an assured appetiser, and from marjoram a pungent tea, and from wood-sorrel a wholesome water-gruel, and from gillyflowers "a comfortable cordial to cheer the heart," and from thyme an eye-lotion that will "enable one to see the fairies." Miss ROHDE tells us all, inter-

mingling her information with mottoes from old writers and new. Sometimes she even tells too much, for, though she says nothing as to how lovenge got its pretty name, we are told that "lovenge should be sown in March in any good garden soil." Did we need to be told that? Is it not a rule of life? "In the Spring a young man's fancy . . ."

To my mind, amongst the least forgettable books of the present year will be that to which Mr. SETON GORDON, F.Z.S., has given the title of *The Land of the Hills and the Glens* (CASSELL). Mr. GORDON has already a considerable reputation as a chronicler of the birds and beasts (especially the less approachable birds) of his native Highlands. The present volume is chiefly the result of spare-moment activities during his service as coast-watcher among the Hebrides. Despite its unpropitious title, I must describe it without hyperbole as a production of wonder and delight. Of its forty-eight photographic illustrations not one is short of amazing. We are become used to fine achievement in this kind, but I am inclined to think Mr. GORDON goes one better, both in the "atmosphere" of his mountain pictures and in his studies of birds at home upon their nests. To judge, indeed, by the unruffled domesticity of these latter, one would suppose Mr. GORDON to have been regarded less as the prying ornithologist than as the trusted family photographer. I except the golden eagle, last of European autocrats, whose greeting appears always as a super-imperial scowl. Chiefly these happy results seem to have been due to a triumph of patient camouflage, concerning which the author suggests the interesting theory that birds do not count beyond unity, i.e., if two stalkers enter an ambush and one subsequently emerges, the vigilance of the feathered watchers is immediately relaxed. Should this be true, I can only hope that Mr. GORDON will get in another book before the spread of higher education increases his difficulties.

I should be inclined to call Mr. NORMAN DOUGLAS our only example of the romantic satirist, though, unless you have some previous knowledge of his work, I almost despair of condensing the significance of this into a paragraph. For one thing the mere exuberance of his imagination is a rare refreshment in this restricted age. His latest book, with the stimulating title of *They Went* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is an admirable example of this. Certainly no one else could have created this exotic city with its painted palaces and copper-encrusted towers, a vision of sea-mists and rainbows; or peopled it with so iridescent a company—the strange princess; the queen, her mother; the senile king who should have been (but wasn't) her father; *Theophilus*, the Greek artist; the philosophic old Druidess, and the dwarfs who "chanted squeaky hymns amid sacrifices of mushrooms and gold-dust." Perhaps this random quotation may hint at the fantastic nature of the tale; it can give no idea of the intelligence that directs it, mocking,

iconoclastic, almost violently individual. Plot, I fancy, seldom troubles Mr. DOUGLAS greatly; it happens, or it does not. Meanwhile he is far more concerned in fitting a double meaning (at least) to the most simple-sounding phrase. To sum up, *They Went* is perhaps not for idle, certainly not for unintelligent, reading; for those who can appreciate quality in a strange guise it will provide a feast of unfamiliar flavours that may well create an appetite for more.

That clever writer, Mr. A. P. HERBERT, would lightly describe his story, *The House by the River* (METHUEN), as a "shocker." But there are ways and ways of shocking. He might wish to show us the embarrassments of a fairly respectable member of the intellectual classes, living in a highly respectable environment, when he finds that he has committed homicide; and he might make the details as gruesome as he liked. But there was no need to shock the sensitive when he made his choice of the circumstances in which the poet, *Stephen Byrne*, inadvertently throttles his housemaid. It is a fault, too, that his scheme only interests him so far as it concerns *Stephen* and his society, and that the horror of the tragedy from what one may loosely call the victim's point of view does not seem to affect him at all. Otherwise, even for the sake of brevity, he could not so flip-pantly refer to the body, sewn in a sack and thrown into the river, as just "Eliza." He may argue that he never thought of the corpse as a real one and that the whole thing was merely an experiment in imaginative art; but his details are too well realised for that, and so is his admirable picture of the society of Ham-merton Chase, W., a thin



MARTYRS OF SCIENCE:—THE INVENTOR OF TOFFEE.

disguise for a riverside neighbourhood easy to recognise. I could never get myself quite to believe that *Stephen's* friend, *Egerton*, accessory after the fact, would so long and so tamely have borne the suspicion of it; but for the rest Mr. HERBERT's study of his milieu shows a very intimate observation. If his *Stephen*, in whom the highest poetic talents are found tainted with a touch of coarseness, may not always be credible, the passion for self-expression which leads him on to versify his own experience in the form of a mediæval idyll, and so give himself away, is true to life. But my final impression of Mr. HERBERT's book—he will perhaps think I am taking him too seriously—is that his many gifts and notably his humour, whose gaiety I prefer to its grimness, are here exercised on a rather unworthy theme.

Fashions for Proxy-Fathers.

"The bride entered the church on the arm of Mr. T. —, of Happy Valley (who acted in loco parentis and was charmingly attired in crope-de-chino)."—*South African Paper*.

"Is there anyone amongst the thousands of men who will benefit who will be some an (please let the word remain, Mr. Editor) as not to show his appreciation in the same way?"—*Educational Paper*. Personally we think the Editor was a little too complaisant.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that a gentleman who purchased a miniature two-seater car at the Motor Show last week arrived home one night to find the cat playing with it on the mat. *

It appears that nothing definite has yet been decided as to whether *The Daily Mail* will publish a Continental edition of the Sandringham Hat. *

The matter having passed out of the hands of D.O.R.A., the Westminster City Council recommend the abolition of the practice of whistling for cabs at night. Nothing is said about the custom of making a noise like a five-shilling tip. *

We shall not be surprised if Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN becomes the Viceroy of India, says a gossip-writer. We warn our contemporary against being elated, for it is almost certain that another Chancellor of the Exchequer would be appointed in his place. *

During the Lord Mayor's Show last week we understand that the LORD MAYOR's coachman was accompanied by the LORD MAYOR. *

The licensee of a West Ham public-house has just purchased a parrot which is trained to imitate the bagpipes. The bird's life will of course be insured. *

Ireland will have to be careful or she will be made safe for democracy, like the other countries. *

Upon hearing that Mr. WILLIAM BRACE had accepted a Government appointment several members of the Labour Party said that this only confirmed their contention that his moustache would get him into trouble one day. *

Mrs. STACKPOOL O'DELL warns girls against marrying a man whose head is flat at the back. The best course is to get one with a round head; after marriage it can be flattened to taste. *

A man who persistently refused to give any information about himself was remanded at the Guildhall last week.

He is thought to be a British taxpayer going about *incognito*. *

The cackle of a hen when she lays an egg, says a scientist, is akin to laughter. And with some of the eggs we have met we can easily guess what the hen was laughing at. *

The National Collection of Microbes at the Lister Institute now contains eight hundred different specimens. Visitors are requested not to tease the germs or go too near their cages. *

A large spot on the sun has been seen by the meteorological experts at Greenwich Observatory. We understand that it will be allowed to remain. *

With reference to the complaint that a City man made about his telephone, we are pleased to say that a great improvement is reported. The instrument was taken away the other day. *

Discussing the remuneration of Cabinet Ministers a contemporary doubts whether they get what they deserve. This only goes to prove that we are a humane race. *

Hatters say that the price of rabbit skins is likely to ruin the trade. Meanwhile the mere act of getting the skins is apt to ruin the rabbit. *

"Mine," says General TOWNSEND, "was a mission which NAPOLEON would have refused." We doubt, however, if Lord NORTHCLIFFE is to be drawn like that. *

Dr. E. HALFORD ROME, of Piccadilly, is of the opinion that coal contains remarkable healing powers. Quite a number of people contemplate buying some of the stuff. *

"What does milk usually contain?" asks a weekly paper. We can only say it wouldn't be fair for us to reply, as we know the answer. *

An Indomitable Spirit.

"Mr. —'s tank held only — Spirit during the whole climb and not satisfied with climbing up Snowdon Mr. — then drove down again." *Motoring Paper.*

"WHY I DIDN'T GO TO THE BAR.
By Horatio Bottomley."
"John Bull" Poster.

Perhaps it was after hours.

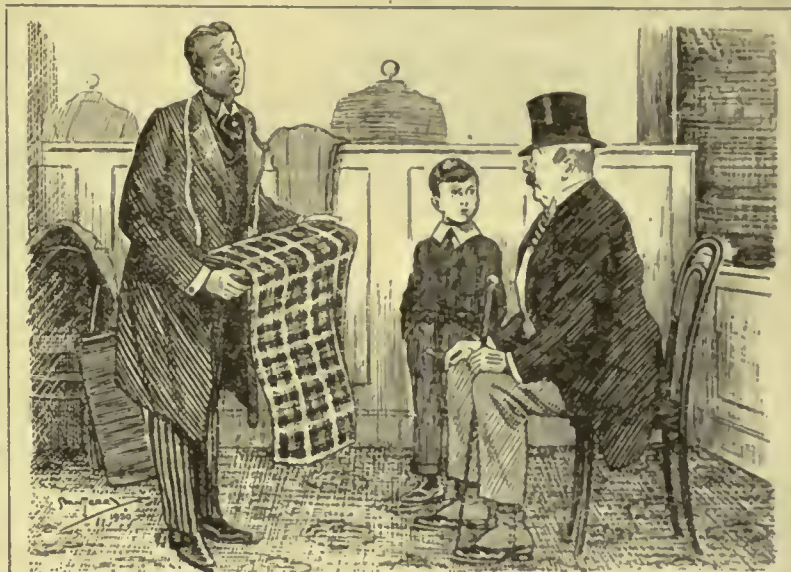
"This upset Mr. Chesterton, a patriotic, beer-eating Englishman."—*Sunday Paper.*
We deplore the modern tendency to pry into the details of an author's dietary.

"What the word 'Democracy' was intended to mean was that every man should have to be trampled on by the feet of the rich."
Local Paper.

We have long suspected this.

"MILWAUKEE.—Fourteen cases of whiskey, a large quantity of brandies, gin and wines were found stored in a bathhouse. It will be presented to the federal grand jury for action."
Canadian Paper.

Not the obvious form of "direct action," we trust.



Small Boy at Tailor's (to father, who seems to be impressed with "Jazz" tweed).
"I SAY, DAD, GO SLOW. REMEMBER WHO'S GOT TO WEAR IT AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED WITH IT."

Mr. RAYMOND FORSDIK, of Chicago, states that twelve times more murders are committed in Chicago than in London. But, under Prohibition, Satan is bound to find mischief for idle hands. *

Canon F. J. MEYRICK, of Norwich, is reported to have caught a pike weighing twenty-five pounds. In view of the angler's profession we suppose we must believe this one. *

A curate of Bedford Park has had his bicycle stolen from the church, and as there were a number of people in the congregation it is difficult to know whom to blame. *

"Shall Onkie Live?" asks a *Daily Mail* headline. We don't know who he is, but he certainly has our permission. We cannot, however, answer for Mr. BOB WILLIAMS.

HOW TO VITALISE THE DRAMA.

A hint of what might be done by following the example of the Press.

"More than one actor-manager during the past few months has been searching round frantically in his efforts to find a new play."
The Times.

Oh, have you marked upon the breeze
The wail of hunger which occurs
When starved theatrical lessees
Commune with hollow managers?
"Where is Dramatic Art?" they say;
"Can no one, no one, write a play?"

I cannot think why this should be,
This bitter plaint of sudden dearth;
To write a play would seem to me
Almost the easiest thing on earth.
Sometimes I feel that even I
Could do it if I chose to try.

What! can this Art be in its grave
Whose form was lately so rotund,
Whose strength was as a bull's and gave
No sign of being moribund?
I'm sure my facts are right, or how
Do you account for *Chu Chin Chow*?

As for the gods, their judgment shows
No loss of *flair* for grace or wit;
We see the comic's ruby nose
Reduce to pulp the nightly pit,
Whose patrons, sound in head and heart,
Still love the loftiest type of Art.

Nor should the playwright fail for lack
Of matter, if with curious eyes
He follows in our Pressmen's track,
Who find the source of their supplies
In Life, that ever-flowing font,
And "give the public what they want."

If authors, moving with the times,
Would only feed us, like the Press,
On squalid "mysteries," ugly crimes,
Scandals and all that carrion mess,
I see no solid reason why
Dramatic Art should ever die. O. S.

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

II.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

If it be urged that a few trifling inaccuracies have crept into the sketch which is here given of a great statesman's personality I can only say, "*Humanum est errare*," and "*Homio sum: humani nihil alienum a me puto*." These two Latin sentences, I find, invariably soothe all angry passions; you have only to try their effect the next time you stamp on the foot of a stout man when alighting from an Underground train.

Of all the present-day politicians, and indeed there are not a few, upon whose mantelpieces the bust of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE is displayed, Mr. WINSTON

CHURCHILL is probably the most assiduous worshipper at the great Corsican's shrine. How often has he not entered his sanctum at the War Office, peering forward with that purposeful dominating look on his face, and discovered a few specks of dust upon his favourite effigy. With a quick characteristic motion of the thumb resembling a stab he rings the bell. A flunkey instantly appears. "Bust that dust," says the WAR MINISTER. And then, correcting himself instantly, with a genial smile, "I should say, Dust that bust."

BUT NAPOLEON'S is not the only head that adorns Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S room. On a bookshelf opposite is a model of his own head, such as one may sometimes see in the shop windows of hatters, and close beside is a small private hat-making plant, together with an adequate supply of the hair of the rabbit, the beaver, the vicuna and similar rodents, and a quantity of shellac. Few days pass in which the WAR MINISTER does not spend an hour or two at his charming hobby, for, contrary to the general opinion, he is far from satisfied with the headgear by which he is so well known, or even with the Sandringham hat of *The Daily Mail*, and lives always in hopes of modelling the ideal hat which is destined to immortalise him and be worn by others for centuries to come. The work of a great statesman lives frequently in the mindful brain of posterity, less frequently upon it.

Other mementoes which adorn this remarkable room at the War Office are a porcelain pot containing a preserve of Blenheim oranges, a framed photograph of the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, a map of Mesopotamia with the outpost lines and sentry groups of the original Garden of Eden, marked by paper flags, and a number of lion-skin rugs of which the original occupants were stalked and killed by their owner on his famous African tour. In his more playful moments the WAR MINISTER has been known to clothe himself completely in one of these skins and growl ferociously from behind a palm at an unwelcome intruder.

Of the man himself perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic is dynamic energy. Whether other people's energy is ever dynamic I do not know, but undoubtedly Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S is; he dominates, he quells. He is like one of those people in the papers with zig-zags sticking out all over them because they have been careful to wear an electric belt. He exudes force. Sometimes one can almost hear him crackle.

As a politician it is true he has not yet tried every office; he has not, for instance, been Chancellor of the Exchequer, though his unbounded success

in the Duchy of Lancaster amply shows what his capabilities as a Chancellor are. But as a soldier, a pig-sticker and a polo-player he is rapidly gaining pre-eminence, and as an author and journalist his voice is already like a swan's amongst screech-owls. (I admit that that last bit ought to have been in Latin, but I cannot remember what the Latin for a screech-owl is. I have an idea that it increases in the genitive, but quite possibly I may be thinking of dormice.)

Anyhow, to return to Mr. CHURCHILL'S room: whilst the floor is littered with volumes that have been sent to him for review, his desk is equally littered with proofs of essays, sermons, leaders and leaderettes for the secular and Sunday Press. As a novelist he has scarcely fulfilled his early promise, but it is on record that he was once introduced to a stranger from the backwoods, who asked ignorantly, "Am I speaking to the statesman or the author?"

"Not *or*, but *and*," replied the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, with a simple dignity like that of St. AUGUSTINE.

To poetry he is not greatly attached, preferring to leave this field of letters to his staff. When asked for his favourite passage of English verse he has indeed been known to cite a single line from Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC'S *Modern Traveller*—

"That marsh, that admirable marsh!"

which is far from being Mr. BELLOC'S most mellifluous effort.

We feel bound to ask what is most likely to be the next outlet for Mr. CHURCHILL'S ebullient activity. Remembering that bust upon his mantelpiece it is hard to say. There are some who consider that, prevented by the sluggishness of our times from the chance of commanding an army in the field, he may turn his strategic mind at last to the position of Postmaster-General. If he does there can be no man better fitted than he to make our telephones hum. K.

"A.—Comme vous voudrai.—P."

Agony Column in Daily Paper.

Taking advantage of "P.'s" kindness we may say that we prefer "*voudrez*."

"A TRUE FISHING STORY.

Lady — is surprising everyone with her skill as an angler and a shot. Last Friday, I am told, she caught two trout weighing 2½lb. and 3½lb. And on the same afternoon she got a right and a left hit at a roebuck with a small four-bore gun!"—*Daily Paper*.

Not caring to believe that she mistook a roebuck for an elephant, we are glad to note that the epithet "true" is only applied to the "fishing" part of the story.



THE ABYSMALISTS.

BRITISH EXTREMIST. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

VOICE OF RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIST FROM BELOW. "DIGGING A GRAVE FOR THE BOURGEOISIE."

BRITISH EXTREMIST. "THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO DO; BUT HOW DO YOU GET OUT?"

VOICE FROM BELOW. "YOU DON'T."



French Visitor (inspecting artificial silk stockings). "SOIE?"

Shopman (formerly of the B.E.F., resourcefully). "WELL, SCARCELY, MADAM; SHALL WE SAY 'SOI-DISANT'?"

CONTEMPORARY FOLK-SONGS.

"THE GRAVE OF THE BOORZH-WAW-ZE."

[The following folk-song is believed to be a local (and adult) version of the ballad which, according to *The Times*, is now being sung by Communist children in the Glasgow Proletarian Schools, with the refrain:—

"Class-conscious we are singing,
Class-conscious all are we,
For Labour now is digging
The grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze."

The metre is a bit jumpy, and so are the ideas, but you know what folk-songs are.]

Look, we are digging a large round hole,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

To put the abominable tyrant in—
The Minister, the Master, the Mandarin;

And never a bloom above shall blow
But scarlet-runners in a row to show
That this is the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,

With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Who do we put in the large round hole,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee?

The blackcoat, the parasite, the keeper
of the laws,

Who works with his head instead of
with his paws;

The doctor, the parson, the pressman,
the mayor,
The poet and the barrister, they'll all
be there,

Snug in the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Dig, dig, dig, it will have to be big,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

One great cavity, and then one more
For the bones of the SECRET'RY OF
STATE FOR WAR;

The editor, the clerk and, of course,
old THOMAS,

We wring their necks and we fling them
from us

Into the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Peace and Brotherhood, that's our
line,

With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

But nobody, of course, can co-exist
In the same small planet with a Com-
munist;

Man is a brotherhood, that we know,
And the whole damn family has got
to go

Plomp in the grave of the Boorzh-
waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Too many people are alive to-day,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-
haw-hee!

Red already is the Red, Red Sea
With the blood of the brutal Boorzh-
waw-ze,

And that's what the rest of the globe
will be—

Believe me!

We'll stand at last with the Red Flag
furled*

In a perfectly void vermilion world
With the citizens (if any) who have
not been hurled

Into the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk! A. P. H.

* NOTE.—In the Somerset version the word is "unfurled," which makes better sense but scans even worse than the rest of the song. I have therefore followed the Gloucestershire tradition.

SOURCES OF LAUGHTER.

"It will have to be a great deal funnier than that before it's funny," said George.

This represented the general opinion, though Edna, who has a good heart, professed to find it diverting already. Unfortunately she has no sense of humour.

Jerry, the writer, claimed exemption on the ground of being the writer, though he did not see why his article should not remove gravity (as they say in *The Wallet of Kai Lung*) from other people quite as effectually as the silly tosh of A. and B. and C., naming some brilliant and successful humorists.

The company then resolved itself into a Voluntary Aid Detachment.

When they met again at tea Edna made the suggestion of a sprinkling of puns.

"We've got rather beyond that, I think," said the victim with dignity.

"I'm not so sure," said George cruelly, "that you can afford to neglect any means. Some people laugh at them even now, in this twentieth century, in this beautiful England of ours."

"And I can tell you why," broke in Raymond eagerly. He took from his pocket a well-known Manual of Psychology and whirled over the pages.

"Meanwhile," said George learnedly, "BERGSON may be of some assistance to you. He knows all about laughter. He analysed it."

"Why couldn't he leave it alone?" said Allegra uneasily.

"He defines laughter," said George, "as 'a kind of social gesture.'"

"It isn't," said Allegra rashly. "At least," she added, "that sort of thing isn't going to help Jerry. Do give it up."

"Well, then, here's something more practical," said George. "Listen. 'A situation is always comical when it belongs at one and the same time to two series of absolutely independent events, and can at the same time be interpreted in two different ways.'"

"I should think," said Edna brightly, "that might be very amusing."

She remarked later that it made it all seem very clear, but even she showed signs of relief when Raymond interrupted, having found his place.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "The book says that the reason a pun amuses you—"

"It doesn't amuse me," said most of the company.

"But it does—it must amuse you. It's all down here in black and white. Listen. The reason a pun amuses you is as follows: 'It impels the mind to identify objects quite disconnected.



The Fisherman. "I SUPPOSE THIS RAIN WILL DO A LOT OF GOOD, PAT?"

Pat. "YE MAY WELL SAY THAT, SORR. AN HOUR OF UT NOW WILL DO MORE GOOD IN FIVE MINUTES THAN A MONTH OF UT WOULD DO IN A WEEK AT ANNY OTHER TIME."

This obstructs the flow of thought; but this is too transient to give rise to pain, and the relief which comes with insight into the true state of the case may be a source of keen pleasure. Mental activity suddenly obstructed and so heightened is at once set free, and is so much greater than the occasion demands that—"

"And is that why we laugh at things?" said Allegra sadly.

The heavy silence which followed was broken by the voice of Mrs. Purkis, the charlady, who "comes in to oblige," and was now taking a short cut to the front gate, under Cook's escort, by way of the parsley bed. This brought her

within earshot of the party, who were taking tea on the lawn.

When Mrs. Purkis could contain her mirth so as to make herself understood, her words were these: "I dunno why, but when I see 'im stand like that, staring like a stuck pig, I thought I'd died a-larf'n. I dunno why, but it made me larf—"

She passed, like Pippa.

"Listen to her," said Allegra in bitter envy. "She doesn't know why."

And Allegra burst into tears.

What's in a Name?

"A Recital' will be given by Miss H. E. Statter (the well-known Elocutionist)."

Local Paper.

AT THE BLOATER SHOW.

THE last time I was at Olympia—as everybody says at the door—it was a Horse Show. But this time it is much the same. There they stand in their stalls, the dear, magnificent, patient creatures, with their glossy coats and their beautiful curves, their sensitive radiators sniffing for something over the velvet ropes. Panting, I know they are, to be out in the open again; and yet I fancy they enjoy it all in a way. It would be ungrateful if they did not; for, after all, the whole thing has been arranged for them. The whole idea of the Show is to let the motors inspect the bloaters—and not what you think. (You don't know what bloaters are? Well, I can't explain without being rude.)

All the year round they can study *ad nauseam* their own individual bloaters; but this is the only occasion on which they have the whole world of bloaters paraded in front of them for inspection. Now only can they compare notes and exchange grievances.

And how closely they study the parade! Here is a pretty limousine, a blonde; see how she watches the two huge exhibits in front of her. They are very new bloaters, and one of them—oh, horror!—one of them is going to buy. He has never bought before; she knows his sort. He will drive her to death; he may even drive her himself; he will stroke her lovely coat in a familiar, proprietary fashion; he will show her off unceasingly to other bloaters till she is hot all over and the water boils in her radiator. He will hold forth with a horrible intimacy and a yet more horrible ignorance on the most private secrets of her inner life. Not one throb of her young cylinders will be sacred, yet never will he understand her as she would like to be understood. He will mess her with his muddy boots; he will scratch her paint; he will drop tobacco-ash all over her cushions—not from pipes; cigars only. . . .

There—he has bought her. It is a tragedy. Let us move on.

Here is a little *coupé*—a smart young creature with a nice blue coat, fond of town, I should say, but quite at home in the country. She also is inspecting two bloaters. But these two are very shy. In fact they are not really bloaters at all; they are rather a pair of nice-mannered fresh herrings, not long mated. The male had something to do with that war, I should think; the *coupé* would help him a good deal. The lady likes her because she is dark-blue. The other one likes her because of something to do with her works; but he is very reverent and tactful about it. He seems to know that he is being scrutinised,

for he is nervous, and scarcely dares to speak about her to the groom in the top-hat. He will drive her himself; he will look after her himself; he will know all about her, all about her moods and fancies and secret failings; he will humour and coax her, and she will serve him very nobly.

Already, you see, they have given her a name—"Jane," I think they said; they will creep off into the country with her when the summer comes, all by themselves; they will plunge into the middle of thick forests and sit down happily in the shade at midday and look at her; and she will love them.

But the question is—Ah, they are shaking their heads; they are edging away. She is too much. They look back sadly as they go. Another tragedy. . . .

Now I am going to be a bloater myself. Here is a jolly one, though her stable-name is much too long. She is a Saloon-de-Luxe, and she only costs £2,125 (why 5, I wonder—why not 6?) I can run to that, *surely*. At any rate I can climb up and sit down on her cushions; none of the grooms is looking. Dark-blue, I see, like Jane. That is the sort of car I love. I am like the lady herring; I don't approve of all this talk about the *insides* of things; it seems to me to be rather indecent—unless, of course, you do it very nicely, like that young herring. When you go and look at a horse you don't ask how its sweetbread is arranged, or what is the principle of its liver. Then why should you . . . ?

Well, here we are, and very comfortable too. But why does none of these cars have any means of communication between the owner and the man next to the chauffeur? There is always a telephone to the chauffeur, but none to the overflow guest on the box. So that when the host sees an old manor-house which he thinks the guest hasn't noticed he has to hammer on the glass and do semaphore; and the guest thinks he is being asked if he is warm enough.

Otherwise, though, this is a nice car. It is very cosy in here. Dark and quiet and warm. I could go to sleep in here.

* * * * *

What? What's that? No, I don't really want to buy it, thank you. I just wanted to see if it was a good sleeping-car. As a matter of fact I think it is. But I don't like the colour. And what I really want is a *cabriolet*. Good afternoon. Thank you. . . .

A pleasant gentleman, that. I wish I could have bought the Saloon. She would have liked me. So would he, I expect.

Well, we had better go home. I shan't buy any more cars to-day. And we won't go up to the gallery; there is

nothing but oleo-plugs and graphite-grease up there. That sort of thing spoils the romance.

Ah, here is dear Jane again! What a pity it was—Hullo, they have come back—the two nice herrings. They are bargaining—they are beating him down. No, he is beating them up. Go on—go on. Yes, you can run to that—*of course* you can. Sell those oil shares. Look at her—look at her! You can't leave her here for one of the bloaters. He wavers; he consults. "Such a lovely colour." Ah, that's done it! He has decided. He has bought. She has bought. They have bought. Hurrah! A. P. H.

THE PREMIER'S METAPHORS.

SOME time ago the PREMIER beheld the sunrise upon the mountains, and now he has plunged his thermometer into the lava to discover that the stream is cooling—indicating comfort, let us hope, to any who may be buried beneath it. Only by an oversight, we understand, did he omit to mention in his speech at the Guildhall that the chamois is once more browsing happily among the blooming edelweiss.

But in continuing his lofty metaphors Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will find himself confronted by no small difficulty when dealing with the glacier. What can he say that the glacier is doing? It must do something. A glacier is of no rhetorical value if it merely stays where it is. One may take in hand the ice-axe of resolution and the alpenstock of enterprise and pull over one's boots the socks of Coalition, but the glacier remains practically unchanged by these preparations. It would be of little use to declare that its uneven surface is being levelled by the steam-roller of progress and its crevasses filled in by the cement of human kindness, because the Opposition Press would soon get scientists, engineers and statisticians to establish the absurdity of such a claim. And to announce that the glacier is getting warmer would create no end of a panic among the homesteads in the valley. Unless he is very, very careful Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may make a grave slip in negotiating the glacier.

Then the "awful avalanche" has not yet been dealt with. A few helpful words on the direction this is likely to take and the safest rock to make for when it begins to move might be welcomed by the PREMIER's followers. He may argue that it is folly to meet trouble half-way, but on the other hand, if he does not speak on this subject soon, the opportunity may disappear. Let him avoid the glacier if he chooses; he cannot (so we are informed) escape the avalanche.

TREATING UNDER PROHIBITION.



"HELLO, OLD FRIGHT—HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES!"



"WE MUST HAVE ONE."



"WHAT'S YOURS?"
"THINK I'LL HAVE A COLLAR."



"TWO COLLARS, PLEASE—SEVENTEENS."
"CHEERIO!"



"NOW YOU MUST HAVE ONE WITH ME.
WHAT ABOUT AN EVENING SHIRT?"
"NO, NO—IT'S TOO EARLY."
"THE SAME AGAIN, THEN?"
"WELL, PERHAPS A SOFT ONE THIS TIME."



"SAME AGAIN, PLEASE—ONLY SOFT."



"BYE-BYE! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON."

G. L. PUNCH.
1920

THE SAYINGS OF BARBARA.

THE man who sets out to expose popular fallacies or to confound time-honoured legends is bound to make enemies.

The latest legend I have been privileged to explore is not the product of superstition and slow time, but a deliberately manufactured growth of comparatively recent origin. It is concerned with Barbara, not the impersonal lady who figures in the old logic-book doggerel, but an extremely live and highly illogical person to whom for half a decade I have had the honour to be father. It is also concerned with Barbara's Aunt Julia and, in a lesser degree, with Barbara's mother.

From the time (just over three years ago) when Barbara first attempted articulate speech I have been bombarded with reports of the wonderful things my daughter has said. In the earlier years these diverting stories, for which Julia was nearly always cited as authority, reached me through the medium of the Field Post-Office, and, being still fairly new to fatherhood, I used proudly to retail them in Mess, until an addition was made to the rule relating to offences punishable by a round of drinks.

On my brief visits home I would wait expectantly for the brilliant flashes of humour or of uncanny intelligence to issue from Barbara's lips, and her failure during these periods to sustain her reputation I was content to explain on the assumption that I came within the category of casual visitors. But I have now lived in my own home for over a year, and Barbara and I have become very well acquainted. She talks to me without restraint, and at times most engagingly, but seldom, if ever, does she give utterance in my hearing to a *jeu d'esprit* that I feel called upon to repeat to others. Nevertheless until a few days ago I was still constantly being informed—chiefly by Barbara's aunt and less frequently by her mother—of the "killing" things that child had been saying. I grew privately sceptical, but had no proof, and it was only by accident that I was at last enabled to prick the bubble.

Julia (who besides being Barbara's aunt is Suzanne's sister) had come to

tea and was chatting in the drawing-room with Suzanne (who besides being Julia's sister is Barbara's mother and my wife) and Barbara (whose relationship all round has been sufficiently indicated). The drawing-room door was open, and so was that of my study on the opposite side of the passage, where I was coquetting with a trifle of work. The conversation, which I could not help overhearing, was confined for the most part to Julia and Barbara, and ran more or less on the following lines:—

Julia. Where's Father, Babs?

Barbara. In the library.

Julia. Working hard, I suppose?

Barbara. Yes.

Julia. Or do you think he's sleeping? (No answer.) Don't you think

"You ought to hear what your daughter has been saying about you," said Julia.

"Oh, and what does Barbara say?" I asked.

"She says that when Father sits in that stuffy little room of his he usually writes in his sleep. She really does take the most amazing notice of things, and the way she expresses herself is quite weird."

"So Barbara says I write in my sleep?"

"Yes, you heard her, didn't you, Suzie? Oh, and did I tell you that the other day, during that heavy thunderstorm, she said that the angels and the devils must be having a big battle and that she supposed the angels would soon be going over the top?"

"Come here, Barbara," I said.

Barbara, who at her too fond aunt's request had been granted the privilege of taking tea in the drawing-room, stuffed the better half of a jam sandwich into her mouth and came.

"Do you see those rich-looking pink cakes?" I asked her. "You shall have one as soon as we've had a little talk."

"The biggest and pinkiest one?" demanded Barbara.

"Yes. Now tell me—don't you think that people ought always to speak the truth, and to be especially careful not

to distort the remarks of others?"

"Yes. Can I have the one with the greeny thing on it?"

"Certainly, in a minute. And don't you think that women are much more careless of the truth than men?"

"Yes. Can I—"

"Do you love your Aunt Julia?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

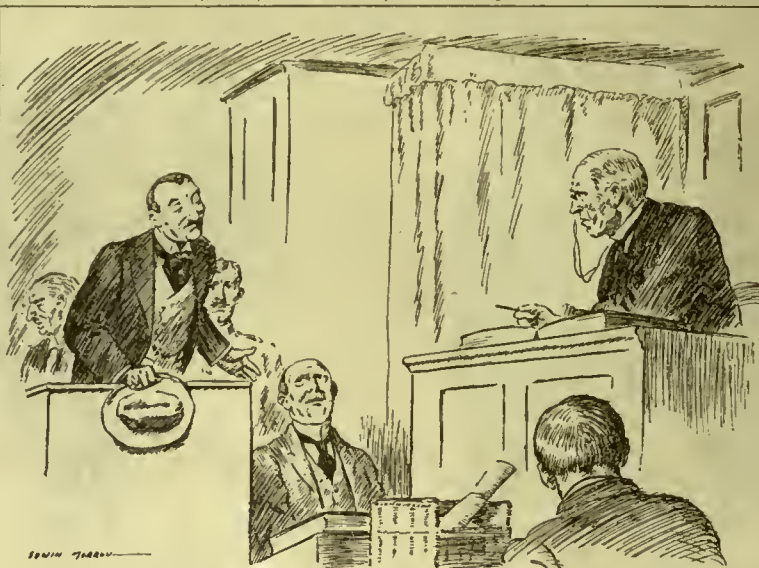
"Cos she always has got choc'lates in her bag."

"But don't you think it's much more important to have the truth in your heart than chocolates in your bag?"

"Yes. Now can I have my pink cake?"

I released and rewarded her, and Julia prepared to speak her mind. Fortunately, however, just at that moment my brother Tom, who is Barbara's godfather, came in.

"Why, what a big girl we're get-



Magistrate. "BUT, MR. GOLDSTEIN, WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR HOUSE AND YOUR BUSINESS IN YOUR WIFE'S NAME?"

Mr. Goldstein. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M NOT A BEESSNESS MAN."

father's probably asleep half the time he's supposed to be working?

Barbara. Probly. What you got in that bag?

Julia. I expect that big armchair he sits in is just a weeny bit too comfy for real work.

Barbara. I've eated up all those choc'lates you did bring me.

Julia. Perhaps we'll find some more presently. Do you think Father writes in his sleep?

Barbara. Yes, I fink he does.

Julia. Listen to her, Suzie. I expect really he only dreams he's working. Don't you, Babs?

At this point I thought it advisable, for the sake of preserving the remnants of my parental authority, to come in to tea. Julia was handing Barbara a packet of chocolate, and greeted me with an arch inquiry as to whether I had been busy writing. I replied with a hearty affirmative.



AN INCENTIVE TO VIRTUE.

Small Boy (much impressed). "THE TICKET-COLLECTOR SAID 'GOOD EVENING' TO DAD."

Mother. "YES, DEAR, HE ALWAYS DOES. AND PERHAPS, IF YOU'RE GOOD, HE'LL SAY THE SAME TO YOU—WHEN YOU'VE TRAVELLED ON THIS LINE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."

ting!" he observed to Barbara in his best godfatherly manner. "I suppose we shall soon be going to school?"

"Oh, no, not yet awhile," I interposed. "The fact is she's already far too forward, and we think it a good thing to keep her back a bit. You'd never believe the amazing remarks she makes. Just now, for instance, we happened to be discussing the comparative love of truth inherent in men and women, and Barbara chipped in and told me she thought women were far more careless of the truth than men."

"Good heavens!" said Tom, who is a bachelor by conviction. "She certainly hit the nail on the head there."

"Yes, and she added that she herself prized truth above chocolates."

"It sounds almost incredible," gasped Tom.

"Doesn't it? But ask Julia; she heard it all. And Julia will also tell

you what Barbara remarked about my work."

But Julia, who was already gathering her furs about her, followed up an unusual silence by a sudden departure.

From what Suzanne has since refrained from saying I am confident that I've broken the back of one more legend, and saved Barbara from the fate of having to pass the rest of her childhood living up (or down) to a spurious halo of precocity.

Another Impending Apology.

"DEPARTURE OF THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR.
ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES."
Channel Islands Paper.

"Indeed, it is simple to understand why the Canadian portion of the audience almost rise from their seats when Fergus Winbus, the 'Man,' says, 'Canada is the land of big things, big thoughts, big hopes.'—*Provincial Paper.*
Not forgetting the "Byng Boys" either."

MUSICAL CARETAKERS.

["A LADY is willing to give a thoroughly good HOME to a GRAND PIANO (German make preferred), also a COTTAGE, for anyone going abroad."—*Morning Paper.*]

A GRAMOPHONE of small to medium size can be received as p.g. in select RESIDENTIAL HOTEL. Young, bright, musical society. Separate tables.

Will any LADY or GENTLEMAN offer hospitality on the Cornish Riviera for the winter months to an EX-SERVICE CORNET suffering from chronic asthma (slight)?

BAG-PIPES (sisters) in reduced circumstances owing to the War, seek sit. as COMPANIONS or MOTHER'S HELPS, town or country.

From a list of forthcoming productions:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, —. Boo Early."



Old Lady. "AND HOW IS YOUR DEAR MOTHER, TO-DAY?"

Child of the Period. "OH, SHE'S ROTTEN."

YARNS.

WHEN the docks are all deserted and the derricks all are still,
And the wind across the anchorage comes singing sad and shrill,
And the lighted lanthorns gleaming where the ships at anchor ride
Cast their quivering long reflections down the ripple of the tide,

Then the ships they start a-yarning, just the same as sailors do

In a hundred docks and harbours from Port Talbot to Chefoo,
Just the same as deep-sea sailormen a-meeting up and down
In the bars and boarding-houses and the streets of Sailortown.

Just the same old sort of ship-talk sailors always like to hear—

Just the same old harbour gossip gathered in from far and near,
In the same salt-water lingo sailors use the wide world round,
From the shores of London river to the wharves of Puget Sound,

With a gruff and knowing chuckle at a spicy yarn or so,
And a sigh for some old shipmate gone the way that all men go,
And there's little need to wonder at a grumble now and then,
For the ships must have their growl out, just the same as sailormen.

And they yarn along together just as jolly as you please,
Lordly liner, dingy freighter rusty-red from all the seas,
Of their cargoes and their charters and their harbours East and West,
And the coal-hulk at her moorings, she is yarning with the best,

Telling all the same tales over many and many a time she's told,

In a voice that's something creaky now because she's got so old,

Like some old broken sailorman when drink has loosed his tongue

And his ancient heart keeps turning to the days when he was young.

Is it but the chuckling mutter of the tide along the buoys,
But the creak of straining cables, but the night wind's mournful noise,

Sighing with a rising murmur in among the ropes and spars,
Setting every shroud and backstay singing shanties to the stars?

No, the ships they all are yarning, just the same as sailors do,
Just the same as deep-sea sailors from Port Talbot to Chefoo,
Yarning through the hours of darkness till the daylight comes again,

But oh! the things they speak of no one knows but sailormen.

C. F. S.



WORTH A TRIAL.

ULSTERMAN. "HERE COMES A GIFT-HORSE FOR THE TWO OF US. WE'D BEST NOT LOOK HIM TOO CLOSE IN THE MOUTH."

SOUTHERN IRISHMAN. "I'LL NOT LOOK AT HIM AT ALL."

ULSTERMAN. "OH, YOU'LL THINK MORE OF HIM WHEN YOU SEE THE WAY HE MOVES WITH ME ON HIS BACK."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 8th.—To allay the apprehensions of Sir JOHN REES the PRIME MINISTER informed him that the League of Nations can do nothing except by a unanimous decision of the Council. As the League already includes thirty-seven nations, it is not expected that its decisions will be hastily reached. Now, perhaps, the United States may think better of its refusal to join a body which has secured the allegiance of Liberia and of all the American Republics save Mexico.

The daily demand for an impartial inquiry into Irish "reprisals" met with its daily refusal. The PRIME MINISTER referred to "unfortunate incidents that always happen in war"—the first time that he has used this word to describe the situation in Ireland—and was confident that the sufferers were, with few exceptions (Mr. DEVLIN, who complained that his office had been raided, being one of them), "men engaged in a murderous conspiracy." He declined to hamper the authorities who were putting it down. Taking his cue from his chief, Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD excused his lack of information about recent occurrences



OBERLEUTNANT KENNWÜRDIG
INSPECTS THE REICHSTAG
(IN THE IMAGINATION OF GENERAL CROFT).

with the remark that "an officer cannot draw up reports while he is chasing assassins." Tragedy gave way to comedy when Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY observed that the proceedings

were "just like the German Reichstag during the War." "Were you there?" smartly interjected General CROFT.

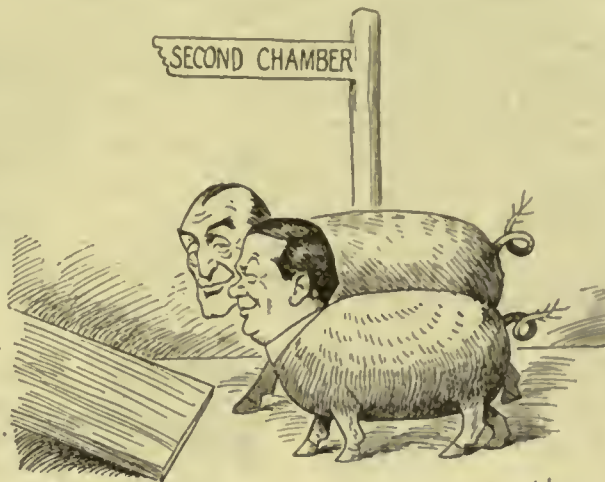
The Government of Ireland Bill having been recommitted, Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS explained the Government's

sponsible for the Irish Office, and consequently "they were always compelled to accept official answers." A strictly official answer was all he got from Lord CRAWFORD, who declared that the arrest had been made under the authority of D.O.R.A., and gave their Lordships the surely otiose reminder that "conditions were not quite simple or normal in Ireland just now."

Mr. SHORR has formed his style on the model of one of his predecessors in office, who used to be described as the Quite-at-Home Secretary, and he declined to share Colonel BURN'S alarm at the prevalence of revolutionary speeches. Hyde Park, he reminded him, had always been regarded as a safety-valve for discontented people. Even Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE'S recent reference to Ministers and lamp-posts did not at that moment disturb him.

The new Ministry of Health Bill had a rather rough passage, and, if the voting had been in accordance with the

speeches, it would hardly have secured a second reading. Particular objection was raised to the proposal to put the hospitals on the rates. Mr. MYERS, however, was sarcastic at the expense of people who thought that "rates and



"TWO BY TWO."

SIR E. CARSON AND MR. DEVLIN.

expedient for providing the new Irish Parliaments with Second Chambers. Frankly admitting that the Cabinet had been unable to evolve a workable scheme—an elected Senate would fail to protect the minority and a nominated Senate would be "undemocratic"—he proposed that the Council of Ireland should be entrusted with the task.

Having regard to the probable composition of the Council—half Sinn Feiners and half Orangemen—Colonel GUINNESS feared there was no chance of its agreeing unless most of them were laid up with broken heads or some other malady. Sir EDWARD CARSON, however, in an unusually optimistic vein, expressed the hope that once the North was assured of not being put under the South and the South was relieved of British dictation they would "shake hands for the good of Ireland." The clause was carried by 175 to 31.

On another new clause, providing for the administration of Southern Ireland in the event of a Parliament not being set up, Mr. ASQUITH declared that "this musty remainder biscuit" had reduced him to "rhetorical poverty." Perhaps that was why he could get no more than ten Members to follow him into the Lobby against it.

Tuesday, November 9th.—In supporting Lord PARMOON'S protest against the arrest, at Holyhead, of an English lady by order of the Irish Executive, Lord BUCKMASTER regretted that there was no one in the House of Lords re-



THE OLD SHEEP-DOG.

Mr. ASQUITH. "TUT-TUT! To think that I could only round up TEN of 'EM!"

taxes must be saved though the people perished," and declared that there was plenty of war wealth to be drawn upon.

Lieut.-Colonel HURST objected to the term "working-class" in the Bill. It

would encourage the Socialistic fallacy that the people of England were divided into two classes—the leisured class and the working class; whereas everybody knew that most of the “leisured class” had no leisure and many of the “working-class” did no work.

Wednesday, November 10th.—The Peers welcomed Lord Buxton on his advancement to an earldom, and then proceeded to discuss the rights of the inhabitants of Heligoland. Having been handed over to Germany against their will in 1890, they hoped that the Treaty of Versailles would restore them to British nationality. On the contrary the Treaty has resulted in the island being swamped by German workmen employed in destroying the fortifications. Lord Crawford considered that the new electoral law requiring three years' residence would safeguard the islanders from being politically submerged, and wisely did not enter into the question of how long the island itself would remain after the fortifications had disappeared.

In the Commons the Indian Secretary underwent his usual Wednesday cross-examination. He did not display quite his customary urbanity. When an hon. Member, whose long and distinguished Indian service began in the year in which Mr. Montagu was born, ventured to suggest that he should check Mr. Gandhi's appeals to ignorance and fanaticism, he tartly replied that ignorance and fanaticism were very dangerous things, “whether in India or on the benches of this House.”

Mr. Stewart expressed anxiety lest under the new arrangements with Egypt the Sudan water-supply should be subjected to Egyptian interference. Mr. Harmsworth was of opinion that for geographical reasons the Sudan would always be able to look after its own water-supply; *vide* the leading case of *Wolf v. Lamb*.

Thursday, November 11th.—The Prime Minister was in a more aggressive mood than usual. Mr. Devlin, who was noisily incredulous as to the existence of a Sinn Féin conspiracy with Germany in 1918, was advised to wait for the documents about to be published. To make things even, an ultra-Conservative Member, who urged the

suspension of Mr. Fisher's new Act, was informed that the Prime Minister could conceive nothing more serious than that the nation should decide that it could not afford to give children a good education.

Any doubts as to the suitability of Armistice Day for the Third Reading of the Government of Ireland Bill were removed by the tone of the debate. The possibility that the “Unknown Warrior” might have been an Irishman softened the feeling on both sides, and though Mr. Adamson feared that the Bill would bring Ireland not peace but a sword, and Mr. Asquith appealed to the Government to substitute a measure more generous to Irish aspirations, there was no sting in either of their speeches. The Prime Minister,



“Now, seriously, Mr. Wiggins, can you recommend the lamb this week?”

“Well, Ma'am, it all depends what you want it for. If you were thinkin' of eatin' it, speakin' as man to man, I should say 'No.'”

while defending his scheme as the best that could be granted in the present temper of Southern Ireland, did not bang the door against further negotiations; and Sir Edward Carson said that Ulstermen were beginning to realize that the Parliament thrust upon them might be a blessing in disguise, and expressed the hope that in working it they would set an example of tolerance and justice to all classes. Barely a third of the House took part in the division, and no Irish Member voted for the Third Reading, which was carried by 183 votes to 52; but, having regard to the influence of the unexpected Irish affairs, this apparent apathy may be a good sign. After thirty-five years of acute strife, Home Rule for Ireland is, at any rate, no longer a party question.

Jones minor wants to know if the letter “T,” used to designate the new super-bus, stands for “Tarquinius.”

THE GREAT IDEA.

Perkins has got hold of a brilliant idea. He explained it to me in the Tube yesterday.

“Our little world,” he said, “is turned topsy-turvy.”

“Knocked absolutely sideways,” I replied.

“Those who were rich in the old days,” said Perkins, “haven't two sixpences to rub together, and the world's workers are rolling in Royces and having iced meringues with every meal. What follows?”

“Indigestion,” I said promptly.

“Everybody,” he said, ignoring my *jeu d'esprit*, “feels like a fish out of water, and discontent is rife. The newly-poor man wishes he had in him the stuff

of which millionaires are made, and the profiteer sighs for a few pints of the true ultramarine Norman blood, as it would be so helpful when dealing with valets, gamekeepers and the other haughty vassals of his new entourage. And that is where my scheme comes in. There are oceans of blue blood surging about in the veins and arteries of dukes and other persons who have absolutely no further use for such a commodity, and I'm sure lots of it could be had at almost less than the present price of milk. So what is to prevent the successful hosier from having the real stuff coursing

through the auricles and ventricles of his palpitating heart, since transfusion is such a simple stunt nowadays?”

“And I suppose,” I said, “that you would bleed him first so as to make room for the new blood?”

“There you touch the real beauty of my idea,” said Perkins. “The plebeian sighs for aristocratic blood to enable him to hold his own in his novel surroundings; the aristocrat could do with a little bright red fluid to help him to turn an honest penny. So it is merely a case of cross-transfusion; no waste, no suffering, no weakness from loss of blood on either side.”

I gasped at the magnitude of the idea.

“I'm drawing up plans,” Perkins continued, “for a journal devoted to the matter, in which the interested parties can advertise their blood-stock for disposal, a sort of ‘Blood Exchange and Mart.’ The advertisements alone would pay, I expect, for the cost of production.

"See," he said, handing me a slip of paper, "these are the sort of ads. we should get."

This is what I read:—

"Peer, ruined by the War, would sell one-third of arterial contents for cash, or would exchange blood-outfits with successful woollen manufacturer.—5016 Kensington Gore, W.

"To WarProfiteers. Several quarts of the real cerulean for disposal. Been in same family for generations. Pedigree can be inspected at office of advertiser's solicitor. Cross-transfusion not objected to. Address in first instance, BART., 204, Bleeding Heart Yard, E.C.

"Public School and University Man of Plantagenet extraction would like to correspond with healthy Coal Miner with view to cross-transfusion. Would sell soul for two shillings.—A. VANE-BLUDYER, 135, Down (and Out) Street, West Kensington, W."

"Makes your blood run cold," I said, handing back the paper.

"Not it," he said, detaching himself from the strap as the train drew into King's Cross; "not if the operation's properly performed."

A TRAGEDY IN BIRDLAND.

I.

Perey is a partridge bold
Who in Autumn, so I'm told,
Dwells among the turnip roots
And assists at frequent shoots,
Really I have seldom heard
Of a more precocious bird;
Possibly his landlord's not
What you'd call a first-rate shot,
And his pals, though jolly chaps,
Are not quite so good perhaps;
Still, he thinks their aim so trashy
That, I fear, he's getting rash. He
Even perches on the end
Of the gun my poor old friend
Bill employs for killing game.
True he's very blind and lame,
And he's well beyond the span
Meted out to mortal man,
And his gout is getting worse
(Meaning Bill, of course, not Peree);
Still, if he won't mend his ways,
One of these fine Autumn days
I'm afraid there's bound to be
Quite an awful tragedy.
He'll be shot—I'm sure he will
(Meaning Perey now, not Bill).

II.

Weep, ye lowering rain-swept skies!
In the dust our hero lies.
Weeping-willow, bow thy head!
Our precocious fowl is dead.
Sigh, thou bitter North Wind, for
Perece the Partridge is no more!

Now, as long as he was ready
Just to sit, sedate and steady,



New Landlord. "GEORGE, BILLIARDS WILL BE EIGHTEENPENCE A HUNDRED."

Potman. "THAT'S MORE 'N THEY PAID BEFORE, SIR."

New Landlord. "WHAT DID THEY PAY?"

Potman. "WELL, IT WAS A BOB, BUT THEY MOSTLY SNEAKED OUT THROUGH THAT DOOR."

On the barrel of the gun
Little mischief could be done;
But on that sad morn a whim
Suddenly seized hold of him;
'Twas the lunatic desire
To observe how shot-guns fire;
So he boldly took his stand
Where the barrel ended, and,
All agog to solve the puzzle,
Poked his napper up the muzzle.

Well, the weapon at the minute
Chanced to have a cartridge in it,
And it happened that my friend
Bill was at the other end,
Who with calm unfurried aim
Failed (at last) to miss the game.

With the tragic tale of Percy's
Death I meant to close these verses,
But we see quite clearly there, too,
Other ills that Bird is heir to.

He has also lost, you see,
Individuality;
Perece the Partridge, named and
known,
With an ego all his own,
Disappears; and in his place
There remains but "half-a-brace."

Situations to Suit all Ages.

"Lady-Typist (aged 1920) required for invoicing department of West End wholesale firm."—*Daily Paper*.

"Wanted, capable Person, about 3 years of age, to undertake all household duties, country residence."—*Scottish Paper*.

"DICK WHITTINGTON, 1920.

And, last of all, here is Dick WPhittington, otherwise known as Alderman Roll, Lord Mayor of London."—*Evening Paper*.

But for the headline we should never have recognised him.



The Beginner. "I HOPE TO HEAVEN I'VE GOT THE LABELS ON THE RIGHT STICKS, OR I'M DONE!"

BEAU BRIMACOMBE.

"WELL, Unele Tom," I said, leaning over the gate, "and what did you think of London?"

On Monday morning Uncle Tom Brimacombe had driven off in his trap with his wife to the nearest station, five miles away, and had gone up to London for the first time in his life, "to see about a legacy."

"Lunnon! mai laife. It's a vaine plaace. Ai used 'think Awkeyampton was a big town, but ai'm barm'd if Lunnon dawn't beat un."

"As you knaw, Zur, us 'ad to get up and gaw off 'bout three in th' morn'n, and us got upalong Lunnon 'bout tain. Well, the waife knew 'er waay 'bout, laike; 'er's bin to Plymouth 'fore now. Zo when us gets out of the traain us gaws inzaide a sort er caage what taakes us down a 'awl in the ground. Ai was frightened out 'me laife. 'Yer, ai sez, 'wur be us gwaine then?"

"'Dawn'ee ax no questions, me dyur,' sez the waife, 'or ai 'll vorget ahl what the guard in the traain tawld us.'

"Well, baimbai the caage stops gwaine down and us gets out, and ai'm blawed if us wadn't in a staation ahl below the ground! Then a traain comes out of anither 'awl, and befwer us 'ad zat down proper inzaide un, 'er was off agaain, 'thout waitin' vur watter nor noth'n'. Well, we zat us down and thur was

tu little maids a-vaacin' us what 'adn' mwer'n lef' school a yer'tu, and naw zinner do they zet eyes on me than oue of 'n whispers zimmat to tither and they bawth starts gazin' at my 'at and laaf'n'.

"Well, ai stid it vur some taine and at laast ai euden' a-bear it naw longer, so ai says to the waife, 'Fur whai they'm laaf'n' then? What's wrong wi' my 'at?"

"'Dawn'ee taake naw nawtice of they,' 'er says. 'The little 'uzzies ought to be at 'awm look'n' aafter the chicken, 'staid of gallivantin' about ahl bai thur-salves. Yure 'at's all raight.'

"Ai was wear'n' me awld squeeer brown bawlerat what ai wears to Laan-son market on Zat'dys.

"Well, zune us gets out, though ai caan't tall'ee whur tu 'twas, and ai caan't tall'ee what us did nither, vur ine 'aid was gwaine round an' round and aachin' vit to burst. But us vound the plaace us was aafter and saigned ahl the paapers wur the man tawld us tu. Then, when us gets outsaide, the waife, 'er says, 'Look'ee, me dyur, thur's a bit of graass and some trees; us 'll gawn zit down awver there and eat our paasties.'

"Mighty pwer graass 'twas tu, but thur was seats, so us ait our paasties thur, and us bawth started erai'n when us bit into un. They zort 'er taasted of 'awm, laike.

"Then ahl't once the waife, 'er says,

'Pon mai word, thur's a man taak'n our vottygraff.' And thur 'e was, tu, with a black tarpaulin awver 'is 'aid! 'Come away, me dyur,' says she; 'ai'm not gwaine to paay vur naw vottygraffs. Ai 'ad one done at Laan-son 'oss shaw when ai was a gal, and it faaded clean away insaide a twelve-month.' Zo us gaws back along the staation agaain and comes 'awm just in taine to get the cows in.

"Well, next evenin' ai went down along 'The Duke' to tall 'em ahl 'bout Lunnon, but when ai gets insaide they ahl starts shout'n' and bingin' thur mugs and waav'n the paaper at me. 'What's come awver yu?' ai axes un; 'yume ahl gone silly then?"

"'Theym bin and put yure vottygraff in the paaper, Unele,' says John Tonkin, and 'awlds un out vur me to look. And thur, sure 'nuff, 'twas, with the waife in tu! So ai gets un to let me cut'n out and keep'n. Yur 'tis if 'eed laike to see un."

Uncle Tom fumbled in his pocket, drew out a cutting and handed it to me. There surely enough was a photo of him and "the waife," sitting on a public garden-seat eating pasties and underneath the legend—

"SUITS YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE. An old couple snapped in Hyde Park. The gentleman, smart though elderly, is seen wearing a brown model of *The Daily Mail* hat."

THE CYNOSURE.

AMONG the passengers on the boat was a tall dark man with a black moustache and well-cut clothes who spent most of his time walking the deck or reading alone in his chair. Every ship has such recluses, who often, however, are on the fringe of several sets, although members of none. But this man remained apart and, being so determined and solitary, he was naturally the subject of comment and inquiry, even more of conjecture. His name was easy to discover from the plan of the table, but we know no more until little Mrs. King, who is the best scout in the world, brought the tidings.

"I can't tell you much," she began breathlessly; "but there's something frightfully interesting. Colonel Swift knows all about him. He met him once in Poona and they have mutual friends. And how do you think he described him? He says he's the worst liver in India."

There is no need to describe the sensation created by this piece of information. If the man had set us guessing before, he now excited a frenzy of curiosity. The glad news traversed the ship like wind, brightening every eye; at any rate every female eye. For, though the good may have their reward elsewhere, it is beyond doubt that, if public interest is any guerdon, the bad get it on earth.

Show me a really bad man—dark-complexioned, with well-cut clothes and a black moustache—and I will show you a hero; a hero a little distorted, it is true, but not much the less heroic for that. Show me a notorious breaker of male hearts and laws and—so long as she is still in business—I will show you a heroine; again a little distorted, but with more than the magnetism of the virtuous variety.

For the rest of the voyage the lonely passenger was lonely only because he preferred to be, or was unaware of the agitation which he caused. People walked for hours longer than they liked or even intended in order to have a chance of passing him in his chair and scrutinising again the features that masked such depravity. For that they masked it cannot be denied. A physiognomist looking at him would have conceded a certain gloom, a trend towards introspection, possibly a hypertrophied love of self, but no more. Physiognomists, however, can retire from the case, for they are as often wrong as hand-writing experts. And if any Lavater had been on board and had advanced such a theory he would have been as unpopular as JONAH, for the man's wickedness was not only a joy to us but a sup-



AFTER THE BALL.

"The Spirit of Jazz." "TAXI!"

Taxi-Driver. "SORRY, SIR—OLE NICK 'AS JUST COPPED ME."

port. Without it the voyage would have been interminable.

What, we all wondered, had he done? Had he murdered as well as destroyed so many happy homes? Was he crooked at cards? Our minds became acutely active, but we could discover no more because the old Colonel, the source of knowledge, had fallen ill and was invisible.

Meanwhile the screw revolved, sweepstakes were lost and won, deck sports flourished, fancy-dress dances were held, concerts were endured, a Colonial Bishop addressed us on Sunday mornings and the tall dark man with the black moustache and different suits of well-cut clothes sat in his chair and passed serenely from one OPPENHEIM to another as though no living person were within leagues.

It was not until we were actually in port that the Colonel recovered and I came into touch with him. Standing

by the rail we took advantage of the liberty to speak together, which on a ship such propinquity sanctions. After we had exchanged a few remarks about the clumsiness of the disembarking arrangements I referred to the man of mystery and turpitude, and asked for particulars of some of his milder offences.

"Why do you suppose him such a blackguard?" he asked.

"But surely——" I began, a little disconcerted.

"He's a man," the Colonel continued, "that everyone should be sorry for. He's a wreck, and he's going home now probably to receive his death sentence."

This was a promising phrase and I cheered up a little, but only for a moment.

"That poor devil," said the Colonel, "as I told Mrs. King earlier in the voyage, has the worst liver in India."

E. V. L.

A VACILLATING POLICY.

(A Warning against dealing with Disreputable Companies.)

WHEN the Man of Insurance made his rounds
I "covered" my house for a thousand pounds;
Then someone started a fire in the grounds
At the end of a wild carouse.

The building was burnt; I made my claim
And the Man of Insurance duly came.

Said he, "Always

Our Company pays

Without any fuss or grouse;

But your home was rotted from drains to flues;

I therefore offer you as your dues

Seven hundred pounds or, if you choose,

A better and brighter house."

I took the money; I need not say
What abuse I hurled at his head that day;

But, when he began in his artful way

To talk of Insurance (Life),

And asked me to take out a policy for

My conjugal partner, my *cordium cor*,

"No, no," said I,

"If my spouse should die

We should enter again into strife;

You would come and say at the funeral, 'Sir,

Your wife was peevish and plain; for her

I offer six hundred or, if you prefer,

A better and brighter wife."

THE HAPPY GARDENER.

(Extracts from a Synthetic Diary à la mode.)

November 11th.—Now is the time to plant salsify, or the vegetable oyster, as it has been aptly named from its crustacean flavour so dear to herbaceous boarders. This may be still further accentuated by planting it in soil containing lime, chalk or other calcareous or sebaceous deposits.

Hedgehogs are now in prime condition for baking, but it is desirable to remove the quills before entrusting the animal to the oven. But the hedgehog cannot be cooked until he is caught, and his capture should not be attempted without strong gloves. Those recently invented by Lord THANET are far the best for the purpose. It is a moot point among culinary artists whether the hedgehog should be served *en casserole* or in *coquilles*; but these are negligible details when you are steeped in the glamour of pale gold from a warm November sun, and mild air currents lag over the level leagues where the water is but slightly crimped and the alighting heron is lost among the neutral tints that envelop him. . . .

Though the sun's rays are not now so fervent as they were in the dog-days, gardening without any headgear is dangerous, especially in view of the constant stooping. For the protection of the *medulla* nothing is better than the admirable hat recently placed on the market by the benevolent enterprise of a great newspaper. But an effective substitute can be improvised out of a square yard of linoleum lined with cabbage-leaves and fastened with a couple of safety-pins.

As the late Sir ANDREW CLARK remarked in a luminous phrase, Nature forgives but she never forgets. The complete gardener should always aim (unlike the successful journalist) at keeping his head cool and his feet warm; and here again the noble enterprise of a newspaper has provided the exact *desideratum* in its happily-named Corkolio detachable soles, which are absolutely invaluable when roads are dark and ways are foul, when the reeds are sere, when

all the flowers have gone and the carrion-crow from the vantage of a pollard utters harsh notes of warning to all the corvine company round about . . .

Shod with Corkolio the happy gardener can defy these sinister visitants and ply the task of "heeling over" broccoli towards the north with perfect impunity.

The ravages of stag-beetles, a notable feature of late seasons, and probably one of the indirect but none the less disastrous results of the Land Valuation policy of the PRIME MINISTER, can be kept down by leaving bowls of caviare mixed with molasses in the places which they most frequent. This compound reduces them speedily to a comatose condition, in which they can be safely exterminated with the aid of the patent hot-air pistolette (price five guineas) recently invented by a director of one of the journals already alluded to.

But *tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*; and while the kingfisher turns his sapphire back in the sun against the lemon-yellow of the willow leaves, and the smouldering russet of the oak-crowns succeeds to the crimson of the beeches and the gold of the elms, we shall do well to emulate the serene magnanimity of Nature and console ourselves with the reflection that the rural philosopher, if only assured of a sympathetic hearing in an enlightened Press and provided with a suitable equipment by the ingenuity of its directors, may contemplate the vagaries of tyrannical misgovernment with fortitude and even felicity.

A SARTORIAL TRAGEDY.

[“To be fashionable one must have the waist so narrow that there is a strain upon the second button when the jacket is fastened.”

Note on Men's Dress.]

GARBED in the very height and pink of fashion,

To-day I sallied forth to greet my fair,

Nursing within my ardent heart a passion

I long had had a craving to declare;

Being convinced that never would there fall so

Goodly a chance again, I mused how sho

Was good and kind and beautiful, and also

Expecting me to tea.

And after tea I stood before her, feeling

Now was the moment when the maid would melt,

My buttoned jacket helpfully revealing

The graces of a figure trimly svelte,

But, all unworthy to adorn a poet

Who'd bought it for a fabulous amount,

Just as I knelt to put the question, lo, it

Popped on its own account.

The button, dodging my attempts to hide it,

Rolled to her very feet and rested there,

And when I laid my loving heart beside it

She only smiled at that incongruous pair—

Smiled, then in contrite pity for the gloomy

Air that I wore of one whose chance is gone,

Promised that she would be a sister to me

And sew the button on.

A Test of Endurance.

“The dancing will commence at 9 p.m. and conclude at 2 p.m. Anyone still wanting tickets may procure same at the Victoria.”

East African Paper.

For ourselves, after seventeen hours' continuous dancing, we shall not want any more tickets.

From a parish magazine:—

“A nation will not remain virulent which destroys the barriers which protect the Sunday.”

We are all for protecting the Sunday, but we don't want to remain virulent. It is a terrible dilemma.



SITUATION: Burglar caught red-handed.

Woman. "THE SORCE O' THE FELLER! 'E PRETENDED TO BE MY 'USBAND AND CALLED OUT, 'IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLIN'—IT'S ONLY ME.' IT WAS THE WORD 'DARLIN' WOT GIVE 'IM AWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN looking at the title-page of *John Seneschal's Margaret* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) no lover of good stories but will be saddened by the reflection that the superscription, "by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE," is there seen for the last time. The double signature, herald of how much pleasure in the past, is here attached to a cheerfully improbable but well-told tale of the after-war about a returned soldier who was mistaken for his dead fellow-prisoner and hailed as son, heir and fiancé by the different members of the welcoming group in the home that wasn't his. The descriptions of this home, by the way—a house whose identification will be easy enough for those who know the beautiful North-Dorset country—are as good as any part of the book. If you protest that the resulting situation is not only wildly improbable but becoming a stock-in-trade of our novelists, I must admit the first charge, but point out that the authors here secure originality by making the deception an unintended one. *John Tempest*, who in the hardships of his escape has lost memory of his own identity, never ceases to protest that he is at least not the other *John* for whom the members of the *Seneschal* family persist in taking him—a twist that makes for piquancy if hardly for added probability. However, the inevitable solution of the problem provides a story entertaining enough, though not, I think, one that will obliterate your memory of others, incomparable, from hands to which we all owe a debt of long enjoyment.

I read *Inisheeny* (METHUEN), as I believe I have read every story by the same hand, at one sitting. Whose was the hand I will ask you to guess. Characters: one Church of Ireland parson, drily humorous, as narrator; one lively heroine with archæological father, hunting for relics; one schoolboy; one young and over-zealous R.I.C. officer on the look-out for concealed arms; poachers, innkeepers, peasants, etc. Action, mostly amphibious, passes between the mainland of Western Ireland and a small islet off the coast. Will the gentleman who said "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" kindly consider himself entitled to ten nuts? I suppose it was the mention of an islet that finally gave away my simple secret. Mr. "BIRMINGHAM" is one of the too few authors who understand what emotion an island of the proper size and right distance from the coast can raise in the human breast. *Inisheeny* delightfully fulfilled every condition in this respect; not to mention sheltering an illicit still and being the home of Keltic treasure. Precisely in fact the right kind of place, and the sort of story that hardly anyone can put down unfinished. I am bound to add that, perhaps a hundred pages from the actual end, the humour of the affair seems to lose spontaneity and become forced. But till the real climax of the tale, the triumphant return of the various hunters from *Inisheeny*, I can promise that you will find never a dull page.

There were moments in *The Headland* (HEINEMANN) when, with *Roma Lennor*, the "companion" and heroine, I "shivered, feeling that London, compared with the old

house on the Headland and the family inhabiting it, was a clean place with a clear atmosphere and inhabited by robust, sane, straightforward persons. You felt homesick." Cornwall is notoriously inhabited by queer people, and the *Pendragon* family was not merely queer but hereditarily rotten and decadent: the old father, who burns a valuable old book of his own to appease his violent temper; the granddaughter a kleptomaniac; the son of forty addicted to hideous cruelties. Unpleasant but well drawn, all of them. Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott has powerfully suggested the atmosphere of the strange and tragic household, mourning its dead mistress; and she understands the peculiar quality of the Cornish people and the Cornish seas. I have not read her other novels, but, if she will promise to wrestle with one or two rather irritating mannerisms, I will promise to look out for her next one. I have no prejudice against the Welshian triplet of dots, but really Mrs. Scott does overdo it. And a good deal of her quite penetrating psychoblingummy was spoiled for me by her trick of conveying nearly every impression and reflection of her characters through an impersonal "you" or "one." This means an economy of words and for a short time a certain vividness, but it soon becomes tedious. One knows what a tangle you get into if one starts using "one's" and "you's" in your letters; and you find that the author has been caught once or twice. However, the story is good enough to survive that.

The title of *The Lady of the Lawn* (JENKINS) has "the ornament of alliteration," but beyond that there doesn't seem to be any particular reason why Mr. W. RILEY should have chosen it. Certainly in his story there is an old lady who spends more of the winter on a lawn than any old lady of my acquaintance could be induced to, even with rugs and a summer-house to make up for the comforts of the fireside; but *Miss Barbara* and her site really have not so much to do with the tale as its title seems to imply. The love affairs of a young officer who, while blind from wounds, fell in love with his nurse to the extent of becoming engaged to her and didn't recognise her when they met again, are Mr. RILEY's real concern. *Eric*, who is quite as priggish as his name suggests, falls in love with his sweetheart, as a lady of leisure, all over again, and goes through agonies of remorse on account of his own faithlessness to her as a nurse. *Marion* or *Constance*, for she uses two names to help the confusion, lets him suffer a while for the good of his soul, but the happy ending, the promise of which is breathed from every line of the book, is duly brought about. His publisher asserts that "there is no living author who writes about Yorkshire as does Mr. RILEY." I daresay he is quite right, but at least as far as the present book is concerned I don't think that I should have bothered to mention it.

Those—and I suspect they are many—whose first real

enthusiasm for ABRAHAM LINCOLN was kindled by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER's romantic morality play can profitably take up Mr. IRVING BACHELLER's *A Man for the Ages* (CONSTABLE) for an engaging account of the early days of the great Democrat. They will forgive a certain flamboyance about the author's preliminaries. Hero-worship, if the hero be worthy, is a very pardonable weakness, and they should certainly admire the skill and humour with which he has patched together, or invented where seemly, the story of lanky ANE, with his axeman's skill, his immense physical strength, his poor head for shopkeeping, his passion for books, his lean purse and "shrinking pants," his wit, courage and resource. A romance of reasonable interest and plausibility is woven round young LINCOLN's story. Perhaps Mr. BACHELLER makes his hero speak a little too sententiously at times, and certainly some of his other folk say queer things, such as, "What so vile as a cheap aristocracy, growing up in idleness, too noble to be restrained, with every brutal passion broad-blown as flush as May?" What

indeed! The picture of pioneering America in the thirties is a fresh and interesting one.

To few of those who visit Switzerland, with its incomparable mountains, can it have occurred that, once a man is kept there against his will, it can be a prison as damnable as any other; possibly even more damnable by reason of those same inevitable mountains. British prisoners of war interned there knew that. Mr. R. O. PROWSE, in *A Gift of the Dusk* (COLLINS), speaks with subtle penetration for those other prisoners, interned victims of the dreadful malady. Of



WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Mounted Gentleman (who has come to grief in a morass). "If I ESCAPE THIS PERIL I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO BUILD A CHURCH HERE AS A THANK-OFFERING. AN ILL SITE, I FEAR."

necessity he writes sadly; but yet he writes as a very genial philosopher, permitting himself candidly "just that little cynicism which helps to keep one tolerant." He is of the old and entertaining school of sentimental travellers, but he is far from being old-fashioned. The story running through his observations and modern instances is so frail and delicate a thing that I hesitate to touch it and to risk disturbing its bloom. All readers, save the very young and the very old, will do well to travel with him, from Charing Cross ("I have a childlike fondness for trains. I like to be in them, I like to see them go by") to the peaceful, almost happy end, at the mountain refuge by the valley of the Rhone. They will not regret an inch of the way; and they will derive some very positive enjoyment from the picture of that most melancholy hotel where the story is set.

A New Safety Model.

"Lady's strong cycle, 23-in. frame, 28 wheels."—*Cycling*.

From an account of the M.C.C. team's match at Colombo: "When the unlucky thirteen was reached, Hobbs, who was sleeping finely, fell to a great catch at mid-on by Gunasekera."—*Ceylon Paper*. Happily HOBBS appears to have waked up when he got to Australia.

CHARIVARIA.

No sooner had the League of Nations met at Geneva than news came of the pending retirement of Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN. We never seem to be able to keep more than one Great Idea going at a time. *

"Have you read Mrs. Asquith's Book?" asks an evening paper advertisement. "What book?" may we ask. *

"In our generation," says Dean INGE, "there are no great men." It is said that Sir ERIC GEDDES will not take this lying down. *

Since the Gloomy Dean's address at Wigmore Hall it is suggested that the world should be sold to defray expenses while there is yet time. *

"What is wanted to-day," says Mr. H. M. RIODEN, "is a Destruction of Pests Bill." "Jaded Householder" writes to say that when this becomes law anybody can have the name of his rate-collector. *

"M. RHALLIS, the new Greek Premier," says *The Evening News*, "is a regular reader of *The Daily Mail*." We had felt all along he was one of us. *

"Dendrology," says a contemporary, "is an admirable pursuit for women." We seem to remember, however, that one of the earliest female arboriculturists made a sad mess of it. *

According to the U.S.A. Bureau of Standards the pressure of the jaw during mastication is eleven tons to the square inch. If this is propaganda work on behalf of the United States' bacon industry we regard it as particularly crude. *

A Sioux City millionaire is said to have paid two hundred pounds for a goat. He claims that it is the only thing in Iowa that has whiskers and isn't thirsty. *

"Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has just visited Edinburgh, his birthplace, after an absence of fifty years," says a news item. We can only say that if he invented our telephone he had reason to keep away.

"After all," says an evening paper, "the Coalition is only human." *The Times*, however, is not quite so sure about it. *

It is said that Mr. BOTTOMLEY is about to make a powerful announcement to the effect that the present year will be nearly all over by Christmas. *

In connection with the Ministry of Health Bill, we read, not a penny of additional expenditure or expense will fall on the ratepayer or taxpayer. People are now wondering whether the Government thought of that one themselves. *

Balls made of newspapers soaked in

sixty-seven times. Indeed it is understood that he has only to say "Season" to be admitted to any police-court. *

"Pussyfoot beaten," announces a headline. We hear, however, that he intends to have another try when the water-rate is not quite so high. *

A Streatham youth has been fined ten shillings for causing a disturbance by imitating a cat at night. He said everything would have gone off well if somebody had not made a noise like a policeman. *

"All men are cowards," declares a lady-writer in a weekly journal. Still it should be remembered that one of us married the lady who is now known as "Mrs. Grundy." *

In describing a storm a local paper recently stated that waves seventy feet high lashed themselves to fury against the rocks. We have always been given to understand that waves never exceed fifteen feet, but we suppose everything has gone up since the War. *

"When is the Government going to commence operations in connection with the Channel Tunnel?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. We understand that unless the English homing rabbit,

recently released at Calais, puts in an appearance on this side once again, the idea will be abandoned as impracticable.

High Life Below Stairs.

"Head Laundress wanted, titled lady."
Irish Paper.

This is what results from washing dirty linen in public.

"L'AMITIÉ FRANCO-ANGLAISE
UN TÉLÉGRAMME DU ROI GEORGE I^{er} À
M. MILLERAND."
Le Figaro.

The attention of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should be drawn to the unusually long delay in delivery.

"The Rat Catcher then said 'Look behind.' I looked behind, and there on the seat was strapped a larger cake. This contained 145 live rodents."—*Local Paper.*

And now the pie with the four-and-twenty blackbirds must also take a back seat.



"SHALL I DUST THE BRICKY-BRACK, MUM?"
"NOT TO-DAY, NORA. I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD IT."

oil are said to be a good substitute for coal. It seems as if newspapers are determined to get a good circulation somehow. *

Cars that run into four figures were to be seen at many stands at the recent Motor Show. In the ordinary way motor-cars run into as many figures as get in their way. *

It appears that the man who was knocked down in Charing Cross Road by a motor-scooter was one of the middle class, and so could not afford to have it done properly by a motor-car. *

It is rumoured that a Radical paper is about to offer a prize of one hundred pounds for the best design for a *Daily Mail* halo. *

A man charged at the Guildhall admitted that he had been convicted

BELLES OF THE BALL.

A FOOTBALL eleven composed of work-girls from a Lancashire factory recently journeyed to Paris to play a team of French female footballers. With women forcing an entry into the ranks of minor professions, such as the Law and Politics, it is doubtful if even the sacred precincts of professional football can now be considered safe, and Mr. Punch wonders if he may soon find himself reading in the Sporting Columns of the Press paragraphs something in the nature of the following:—

Kitty Golightly, who has the reputation of being one of the fastest young women seen in London this season, has now definitely thrown in her lot with the Tottenham Hotstuff. Her forward work is likely to cause something in the nature of a sensation.

The dropping of Hilda Smith from the League team of Newcastle United has been much criticised by football enthusiasts throughout the country. We are, however, in a position to state that there has been trouble between Hilda Smith and the Newcastle Directors for some time past. It appears that Newcastle's brilliant full-back objected to wearing the Newcastle jersey, on the plea that its sombre colour-scheme did not suit her complexion. She pointed out that Fanny Robinson, the Newcastle goal-keeper, wore an all-red jersey and that, as the shade chosen was most becoming to anyone with dark hair, she (Hilda Smith) claimed the right to wear red also. The Newcastle Directors replied that under the laws of the Football Association the goal-keeper is required to wear distinctive colours from the rest of the team. That being so, Hilda Smith would only consent to turn out in future on condition that she should play in goal, and as the club management would not agree to displacing Fanny Robinson the only thing to be done was to leave Hilda Smith out of the side entirely.

What would have been a very serious misfortune to the team chosen to represent England in the forthcoming International against Wales has only just been averted. But for the common-sense and good feeling of all concerned, Dolly Brown, the English captain, might have found herself assisting the Welsh side instead of her own country's eleven. Not long ago this brilliant back became engaged to a Welsh gentleman from Llanfairfechan and the wedding had been fixed for Thursday next. Under the present state of the British Constitution a married woman takes on

the nationality of her husband, and had the marriage been solemnized before the International Match on Saturday Dolly Brown would have been ineligible for England and available for Wales. On this being pointed out to her she at once consented to postpone her marriage, like the patriotic sportswoman she is, and in the meantime legislation is to be rushed through both Houses of Parliament to alter the absurd state of the law and retain for England the services of one of the finest backs that ever fouled a forward.

Mr. Ted Hustler, the popular chairman of the Villa North End Club, has been away from home for some days, rumour being strong in his native city that he has gone to Scotland after Jennie Macgregor. On our representative calling at Mr. Hustler's house this morning to inquire if it really were true that Mr. Hustler has for a long time had his eye on Jennie Macgregor, Mrs. Hustler, the charming wife of the chairman, was understood to reply that she would like to catch him at it.

The regrettable incident at Stamford Bridge on Saturday last, when Gertie Swift was sent off the field by the referee, is to our mind yet another example of the misguided policy of the League management. Gertie Swift was strongly reprimanded by Mr. G. H. Whistler, the official in charge of the match, for an alleged offence. Gertie Swift retorted. Mr. Whistler warned her. Gertie again retorted. Mr. Whistler then ordered Gertie to retire from the game. Whilst we quite agree that a referee must exercise a strong control it is perfectly obvious that no self-respecting woman player is going to allow any mere man to have the last word; and the sooner the Football Association realise this and dispense with the services of all male referees the better for the good of the game.

Our arrangements for a full report of the English Cup Final are now completed. Our fashion experts are to journey to London with both teams, and a detailed description of the hats and travelling costumes worn by the players will appear in an extra special edition of this paper. We understand that the two rival elevens are to turn out in silk jumpers knitted in correct club colours by the players' own fair hands during the more restful periods of their strenuous training.

A Casual Family.

"Small house or flat required; one child (off hand); any district."—*Daily Paper.*

INCREASED OUTPUT. *

(A comparative study of incentives to labour.)

THE miner's rôle is not for me;
These manual jobs I always shun;
In the bright realm of Poesy
My thrilling daily task is done.
My songs are wild with beauty. This
is one.

Yet has the miner, not the bard,
A life that runs in pleasant ways;
His labour may be pretty hard,
But, when compared with mine, it
pays.
Scant the reward of my exhausting days.

I bear no grudge. I don't object
To watch his wages soaring high,
If, as I'm told, we may expect
To see him resolutely ply
His task with greater vigour. So must I.

Up, Muse, and get your wings unfurled!
My rhymes at double speed must
flow;
Now, from this hour, the astonished
world
Must see my output daily grow.
And why? I want some coal—a ton
or so.

Coal is my greatest need, the crest
And pinnacle of my desires;
And as I toil with feverish zest
'Twill be the dream of blazing fires
That spurs me to my labour and inspires.

I wonder if the miner too
Has visions in his dark abyss
Which urge him on to hack and hew
That he may so achieve the bliss
Of buying great and deathless songs
(like this).

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a Canadian book-shop:—

"It often happens that you are unable to obtain just the book you want. We specialise in this branch of book-selling."

"Observing a straw stack on fire opposite her house a woman removed her baby from the bath and poured the bath water on to the flames."—*Evening Paper.*

What we admire is her presence of mind in first removing the baby.

"Mr. and Mrs. John — wish to return grateful thanks to all who so kindly contributed to their late great loss by theft."
Local Paper.

Always be polite to burglars. You never know when they may call again.

We understand that Smith minor, who in an examination paper wrote *margot*, instead of *margo*, as the Latin for "the limit," has been reprimanded severely by his master.



THE LAST STRAW.

THE CAMEL DRIVER. "NOW, WHICH HUMP HAD THIS BETTER GO ON?"
THE CAMEL. "IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME. IT'S BOUND TO BREAK MY BACK ANYHOW."



Old Josh (who has just purchased stamp). "Would yer mind a-stickin' of it on for me, missie? Oi baint no scholar."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

III.—SIR ERIC GEDDES.

WHICH is boyhood's commonest ambition, to run away to sea or to be something on a railway line? And how few, when they are grown up, find that they have realised either of these desires! The present Minister of Transport has freely confessed to his intimates that more than once, when he was floating paper-boats in his bath or climbing a tree in the garden to look out for icebergs from the crow's-nest, he felt in his child's heart that water was the ultimate quest, the adventure, the gleam. And yet for many a long year railways entranced and enslaved him. Often he would sit for hours, forgetful of the griddle cakes rapidly being burnt to a cinder, and gaze at the puffs of steam coming from the spout of the kettle or the quick vibrations of its lid, planning in his mind some greater and better engine that should be known perhaps as The Snorting Erie, and be enshrined in glass on Darlington platform.

Once, when he had bought a small model stationary engine and the methylated spirit lamp had by some accident

set fire to the carpet, he was found after the conflagration had subsided standing serenely amongst the wreckage. When challenged as to its cause, "I cannot tell a lie," he replied calmly; "I did it with my little gadget." A few months later he and the present Ambassador of Great Britain at Washington had constructed a double line of miniature tracks, which connected all the rooms on the ground floor of the house and considerably interfered with the parlourmaid's duties. It was known to the family as the Great Auckland Railway. Another favourite hobby of the young engineer was to lie on his back and watch the spider spin her web, comparing the results with a railway map of Great Britain. It was seldom that he went to bed without having learnt at least a page of *Bradshaw* by heart.

Going from strength to strength this apparently dreamy lad had climbed the giddy rungs of fame until, at the outbreak of war, he stood with the ball at his feet and the title of Deputy General Manager of the N.E.R. It was he who had invented the system whereby the handle of the heating apparatus in railway carriages could be turned either to

OFF or ON without any consequent infiltration of steam, thereby saving passengers from the peril of death by suffocation. It was he who, thumping the table with an iron fist, had insisted vehemently that caged parrots travelling in the rack should, if capable of speech, be compelled to pay the full fare. It was he who effected one of the greatest economies that the line had ever known by using rock-cakes which had served their term of years in the refreshment-room as a substitute for the keys which hold the metals of the permanent way in their chairs.

In the summer of 1914 he was about to adopt a patent device for connecting the official notices in compartments with gramophones concealed under the seats in such a way that when humourists had by dint of much labour made the customary emendations, such as "It IS DANGEROUS TO LEAP OUT OF THE WINDOWS," "TO STOP THE RAIN PULL DOWN THE CHAIN" and "TO EAT FIVE PERSONS ONLY," a loud and merry peal of laughter should suddenly hail the completed masterpiece.

Armageddon supervened, and the rest of Sir ERIC GEDDES' career is history. When a new and sure hand was needed

at the Admiralty, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was not long in making the only suitable choice. Sir ERIC GEDDES' bluff hearty manner, positively smacking, despite his inland training, of all that a viking ought to smack of, had long marked him out as the ideal ruler of the King's Navy, and his name was soon known and feared wherever the seagull dips its wing. Underneath the breezy exterior lay an iron will, like a precipitate in a tonic for neurasthenia, and scarcely had he boarded the famous building in Whitehall and mounted his quarter-deck (Naval terms are always used at the Admiralty, the windows being called "port-holes" and the staircases the "companion") than victory began to crown the arms of the Senior Service.

But peace no less than war finds an outlet for the energies of the old seadog, and the veriest hint of a railway strike finds him ready with flotillas of motor lorries in commission and himself in his flag char-à-banc, aptly named the Queen of Eryx, at their head. Lever, marlin-spike or steering wheel, it is all one to the brain which can co-ordinate squadrons as easily as rolling-stock, to the man who is now sometimes known as the Stormy Petrol of the Cabinet. Yet even so the sailor is strongest in him still. It is not generally known that Sir ERIC has already cocked his weather eye at our inland waterways as an auxiliary line of defence in case of need. Experience has taught him that it is even now quicker to travel, let us say, from Boston (Lines.) to Wolverhampton, by river and canal than by rail, and the future may yet see Thames, Trent and Severn churned to foam by motor barges of incredible rapidity, distributing the nation's food supplies.

This is one of the things that the Ministry of Transport has, so to say, up its sleeve, and is alone a sufficient answer to those who suggest that this Ministry has outlived its hour. There is a grim Norse spirit amongst its officials, inspired perhaps by their chieftain's name, and already the plans for a first-class Pullman galley are under way. As LONGFELLOW sings:—

"Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue;
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm or Blue Tooth Harold,
Owned a ship so well apparelled,
Boasted such a crew." K.

"Mr. P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey 'cricket captain who has gone out with the M.C.C. team to Australia, is preparing a book on the tour, for which he has chosen the title of 'Defending the Ashes.'—*Weekly Paper*.

Quite the proper function for a FENDER.



Tailor (to yokel who has brought suit back). "WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T THEY FIT?"
Yokel. "OH, AY, THEY FIT ALL RIGHT, BUT (pointing to fashion-plates) WOT'S USE O' THEY PICTURES IF YOU BAIN'T GOIN' TO HIDE BY US."

ELFIN TENNIS.

ONCE in a fold of the hill I caught them—

All by my lone was I—
Out on the downs one night in Autumn,
Under a moonlit sky.

There on a smooth little green rectangle
Sparkled the lines of dew;
Over the court with their wings
a-spangle

Four little fairies flew;
Skeleton leaves in their hands for
racquets

(All in a ring around
Brownies and elves in their bright
green jackets
Watched from the rising ground).

Then, as I crept up close for clearer
Sight of the Fairy Queen,
Oberon, throned on a toadstool near her,
Carolled out "Love fifteen."

Over a net of the fairies' knitting
(Fine-spun gossamer thread)
Smallest of tiny puff-balls flitting
Hither and thither sped.

So for a minute I watched them, shrink-
ing

Low in the gorse-bush shade;
Then, like a mortal fool unthinking,
Shouted aloud, "Well played!"

Right in the midst of an elfin rally
Sudden I stood alone;
Far away over the distant valley
Fairies and elves had flown.

A D'ANNUNZIO DIALOGUE.

[From which will be perceived not only that telephonic communication exists between Fiume and Lucerne, but also that there is an easy way out of the difficulty with Greece if only the League of Nations will utilise the instrument that lies to their hand.]

D'Annunzio (testily). Hello, Lucerne! Hello! Is that the Greek King?

Confound this buzz! Is that you, Tino?

King Constantine. Speaking.

D'Ann. What do you want? I'm packing up my grip. D'ANNUNZIO speaks. Attend the trumpet's lip. Snatching a few brief moments, CONSTANTINE, Out of my business morning—eight to nine, Composing epic poems; nine to one, Consolidating our position in the sun (Sweet Alexandrine!), breakfast, bath and post, A raid or two on the Dalmatian coast, Speeches, parades and promulgating laws Which, being published to my followers, cause Loud cries of "Author!" and sustained applause; Such is the round of toil that leaves not limp Fiume's favoured Pontifex et Imp.— I thought I'd ring you up.

King Con. Well, well, what is it?

D'Ann. I hear you are proposing to revisit Athens.

King Con. Well, if I am, what's that to you?

D'Ann. This, that, whilst gazing at the local blue The other day, I hit upon the plan Of conquering the Mediterranean, Including the Ægean and the finer Portions, most probably, of Asia Minor, And holding them as provinces beneath Fiume and my own imperial wreath.

King Con. Go on, then, dash you.

D'Ann. I shall soon begin; But I decline to have you butting in. Tyrants there still may be, but not the sort Discarded from a philo-Teuton Court; The tolerant warmth that sheds a kind of lustre Over a stout Ausonian filibuster Does not extend to thoroughly bad hats Like abdicated Hellene autoerats. And, if the Allies feel some slight reserve About resisting your confounded nerve, I, GABRIELE, do not. You may be A kind of subject satrap under me; If not, look out. You shall have cause to know The singing eagles of D'ANNUNZIO.

King Con. I'll think it over.

D'Ann. Do so swiftly then; Meanwhile good morning; I must see some men—

Also the Muse. She waits upon my pen.

[Rings off.
EVOE.

"How many cocktails are there? 'William,' the mixer at the Royal Automobile Club, who was for eays at the Hotel Cecil, states that he can produce some 70 varieties without repeating himself."

Daily Paper.

And did the author of the above paragraph try them all?

"Towards the conclusion of the meeting Miss Dolly — sang the solo 'The City of Light' in a very able style, and, as Mr. — mentioned in a vote of thanks, which he proposed, seconded and supported, to the Chairman, speaker, accompanist, and soloist, she excelled herself."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the Gasworkers' Union has remonstrated with the orator on his excessive output.

THE SNIPER.

Brackley is a good fellow, but I loathe him.

How would you like it if you were tied to work and every now and then a man came up to you in your club and said, "Old man, do come away with me to the Pyrenees and shoot jummel," or "Can't you spare a month, old fellow, to come stalking ibex in Montenegro with me?" or "Look here, you're just the chap I want to run over to Alaska with me for a pot at the grizzlies?"

Just a fortnight ago Brackley came and told me of a delightful rough shooting he had rented in an obscure corner of Ireland. According to him it was a congested snipe area. You could not see the pools for wild-duck. The honking of wild-geese kept one awake at night. The drawback to the estate was that you were always tripping over hares.

"You won't be safe there," I said to Brackley.

"I'm safe anywhere," said Brackley. "Work it on system. In Arabia send the mullah a bottle of brandy. On the Continent stand the local mayor a bottle of wine. In Ireland ask the priest up to drink whiskey with you in the evening. So long as the authorities have their thirst relieved there's never trouble. Now just come for a fortnight. There'll be crowds of snipe. I'm told there are woodcock too."

I was adamant.

"Well," sighed Brackley, "I'll send you a card to say how I get on."

When his postcard arrived it ran:—

"To-day—

"Ballinagrub.

Ten brace snipe.
One brace partridge.
Nine hares.

Four landrail.
Three wild-duck.
One woodcock.

"What ho!"

Isn't that an aggravating eard to get when you are deep in the most elusive and trying chase of all—the money hunt?

I wrote Brackley a scornful postcard:—

"Go on with your baleful schemes. Wallow in slaughter. Roll in blood. Devastate the district. As an honest hard-working Englishman I regard you with utter contempt."

Three days later Brackley slapped me on the back in our club.

"What are you doing here?" I said. "Don't tell me the snipe have gone on strike."

"All your fault," he grumbled. "About half-an-hour after I got your infernal postcard six outsize Republican soldiers called on me and gave me just ten minutes to get a car and drive to the station. I told them what a silly fool you were and that it was one of your wretched jokes; but you can't expect an Irishman to see a joke. I tried to explain it; I said that you referred to my exploits as a sniper; and they replied that sniping was their department and nobody else's."

"So I decided to come home and arrange for some shooting in a place where there's a bit of peace. I'm thinking of going after the ongnu antelopes in Somaliland. You can't spare three months, can you?"

"Why didn't you face it out?" I said, knowing that Brackley had spent four years and two months of his life shooting Huns.

"Not worth while. I could have had a guard, of course. But you can't expect decent snipe-shooting when there's a lot of promiscuous firing going on in the district. The snipe is a peculiarly nervous bird, you know."



Jugasse

HUMOROUS DRAMA: AN UNREHEARSED DIVERSION.



Porter. "DO YOU WANT TO SIT NEXT TO ONE ANOTHER, OR VICE-VERSA?"

A FOOTNOTE TO THE "BAB BALLADS."

[The Vice-Chairman of No. 1 Committee of the League of Nations, dealing with general organisation, is Mr. WELLINGTON Koo, the distinguished Chinese diplomatist.]

SERENE and Celestial Sage,

How well you revivè and renew
The delights of an age when good
"Bab" was the rage—

Eminent WELLINGTON Koo!

For I feel, though I may be a fool,
You were reared in remote Rum-ti-
Foo,
Maybe suffered at school its episcopal
rule—

Tolerant WELLINGTON Koo.

Next I see you adorning the scene
In the city of fair Titipu,
Garbed in green and in gold, very fine
to behold—

Sumptuous WELLINGTON Koo.

Then you probably met *Captain Reece*
And all his affectionate crew,
Who knew no decrease of their com-
fort and peace—

Nautical WELLINGTON Koo.

Clonglocketty Angus McClan

I fear was withheld from your view;
That unfortunate man was not fated
to scan

Fortunate WELLINGTON Koo.

But my reason instinctively tells
—It was you who contrived to imbue
With his knowledge of spells *John*
Wellington Wells—
Magical WELLINGTON Koo.

"Morality, heavenly link,"
I'm sure you will never taboo,
Though to it I don't think you'll
"eternally drink"—

Temperate WELLINGTON Koo.

It is rather malicious, I own,
To play with a name that is true,
But I hope you'll condone my irrev-
erent tone—

Generous WELLINGTON Koo.

"ROYAL EXILES."

Some archdukes have become clerks, and
many have become governesses and ladies'
maids."—*Tasmanian Paper*.

For these last two posts, their arch-
ness would, we think, be an irresistible
qualification.

"NURSES WANTED."

540 Hours Working Week.

Extra pay at special rates for any time
worked in excess of ordinary working hours."
Provincial Paper.

The generous provision for "overtime"
makes the above offer unusually at-
tractive.

IF THEY WERE AT SCHOOL.

(That is, if the House of Commons
were like our School Debating Society
—as indeed it is—and if its proceedings
were reported with the incisive brevity
of our School Magazine—and why not?)

ON Wednesday the Society held its
2,187th meeting. There was some
regrettable rowdiness during Private
Business, and A. MOSELEY (Collegers)
had to be ejected for asking too many
questions. Members must not bring
bags of gooseberries into the debates.

In Public Business the motion was:—
"That in the opinion of this House
Science is better than Sport."

D. LLOYD GEORGE, Proposer (School
House), said that Science had won the
War, and quoted Wireless Telegraphy
and Daylight Saving to prove this. The
most successful Generals had had a
scientific training. His uncle had met
a General who knew algebra and used
it at the Battle of the Marne. Only
two first-class cricketers had ever been
in the Cabinet. Three scientists had.
The earth went round the sun. The
moon went round the earth. Rivers
flowed into the ocean.

An improving speaker, who is in-
clined to be carried away by his en-
thusiasm. Too many metaphors.

H. ASQUITH, Opposer (Collegers), said that the speech of the hon. Proposer was a tissue of fabrications, as ineffective as they were insincere. Never in the whole course of his career had he encountered a subterfuge so transparent, a calumny so shameless as the attempt of the Hon. Prop., he might say the calculated and cynical attempt of the Hon. Prop., to seduce from their faith the tenacious acolytes of Sport by the now threadbare recital of the dubious and, on his own showing, the anæmic enticements of Science. The War had proved that Science was no good.

This speaker is steadily improving, but he has a tendency to a "fatal fluency," and he must beware of high-sounding phrases. Also too many passages in his speech sounded like quotations.

A. BONAR LAW, Secondor (Commoners), said that the War had proved that Sport was no good. Gas had been invented by Science. He pointed out the importance of astronomy in navigation.

A rapidly improving speaker. But he must not mumble.

E. G. PRETYMAN (Hodgeites) said that farming was both a science and a sport. The canal system of Great Britain had been neglected.

Some neat little epigrams.

LESLIE SCOTT (Collegers) said that his father was a lawyer. Science had been used in the Russo-Japanese War.

This speaker was not at his best.

Perhaps it was the gooseberries.

LESLIE WILSON (Hittites) said that his Christian name was the same as the previous speaker's—(Laughter)—but his views were very different. (Loud laughter.) He would like to ask the House which had done most in the War—Tanks or Banks.

The speech of the evening. Witty and well-argued. But he must not fidget with his waistcoat-buttons.

W. S. CHURCHILL (Hivites) said that this was a revolutionary motion. Sport and Science must stand together. True sport was scientific and true scientists were sportsmen. (Applause.) Together they would stand as an imperishable bulwark against the relentless tide of Socialism. Divided they would fall.

A steadily improving speaker, but he must not recite.

H. A. L. FISHER (Collegers) was in favour of Proportional Education.

He must not lecture.

E. GEDDES (Perizzites) said he did not mind what game he played. Rugger, Soccer, Hockey, Cricket, Lacrosse, Rounders—he was equally at home with all of them.

An improving speaker. He must



AN "IMPASSE" AT OUR HOTEL.

OUR ADMIRAL AND GENERAL, WHO ARE NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS, FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE ONE ANOTHER WHEN THEY MEET ON THE STAIRS.

not speak at the roof; there is no one there.

F. BANBURY (Sittites) must not go on and on.

A. MOND (Moabites) must not fidget with his feet.

H. D. KING (Hivites) said that sailing was scientific.

He has not been heard before.

R. KENWORTHY (Day-boy) must not be heard again.

R. BLACE (Coalites) must not wheedle.

ADAMSON (Coalites) must not shout.

A. ADDISON (Collegers) was inaudible where we were.

E. CARSON (Jehusites) was inaudible

everywhere. But we gather we did not miss much. He must speak up.

W. BENN (Amalekites) was invisible.

A. BALFOUR (Stalactites) was insensible. But why not sleep in the dormitory?

H. CECIL *mi.* (Parasites) must not preach.

J. DEVLIN (Meteorites) said that Ireland was a nation. But he must not get excited.

R. CECIL *ma.* (Collegers) must not eat while he is speaking. Otherwise a gentlemanly speech.

The President summed up and the Motion was carried by 12 votes to 11.

A. P. H.



THE COLISEUM QUEUE, A.D. 60 OR THEREABOUTS.

"LADIES AND GENTS, I 'OPE YOU WILL LET ME 'AVE YOUR KIND ATTENTION WHILE I GIVE A RENDERING OF 'RULE, BRITANNIA,' THE NATIONAL SONG OF BRITAIN, ACCOMPANYIN' MYSELF ON THE 'ARP, WICH I LEARNED TO PLAY WEN I WAS SERVIN' IN THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN THAT REMOTE AND BARBAROUS ISLAND."

A DIFFICULT CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is one of those social problems which end by asking what A should do, only in this case I want to know what you would do.

It happened on the first day of my leave, just after I had, as is my custom on this day, had my hair cut and otherwise made beautiful at a place in Bond Street. (I am afraid this sounds as if I was a rich man, but really I am a Naval Officer.)

I was wearing—well, that would not interest you, but it really was rather a pleasant suit, with a hat which even *The Daily Mail* could not improve upon. Briefly, I was strolling along in a perfectly contented frame of mind when a horse, drawing a van, chose to fall down right alongside me.

In a moment of rashness and chivalry—have I said that the horse was being driven by a girl?—I promptly sat on the brute's head, an act which I had always been told is the correct thing to do, though, I should imagine, discouraging for the horse.

In my haste I sat down with my back to the van, so was unable to gauge the progress of the refitting work which was going on.

In an effort to convey to the crowd, which had, of course, collected, that I was in no way embarrassed, nay more, that I was well accustomed to sitting on horses' heads in the middle of Bond Street, I lit a cigarette and tried to look *blasé*, no easy thing to do in the circumstances.

Small boys made tactless remarks about my personal appearance and eccentric habits, but I ignored them, feverishly thinking that this adventure would necessitate an early visit to my club. I had just decided what brand of cocktail would best meet the case when I felt a tap on my shoulder and looked up at a vast blue expanse which I realised later was a policeman.

"If you've quite finished with that there 'orse you're sitting on, young man," he said, "the ledly wants to take it 'ome."

The crowd chuckled and I rose hurriedly. Unfortunately, so did the horse, urged on, possibly by the cries and kicks of several willing helpers, or possibly by the sight of his mistress, who had come up, I hoped, to thank me.

Not only did the horse rise, but he rose at full speed and without giving me time to get my foot off the rein on which I was unwittingly standing.

My leg shot into the air and I lost

all sense of direction for a few seconds. Then a slight shock, and I found myself clasp the "ledly" firmly round the neck.

At this juncture my aunt appeared.

My aunt, I should explain, is nothing if not dignified. She is built on the lines of a monitor, bluff in the bow, broad in the beam, slow and majestic of movement. Her lips were moving feebly when I saw her, but she uttered no sound, uncertain, I suppose, whether to intervene or to pretend that I was in no way connected with her.

Paralysed by her arrival, I saw her slowly take in the scene. Her eye wandered from the policeman to me, from me to the unfortunate girl to whom I still clung. I could see her jumping—no, moving ponderously—towards the wrong conclusion.

Mr. Punch, what would you have done? Yours faithfully, An N.O.

[Your first thought should have been for the girl, whom you had clearly compromised in your aunt's eyes. You should at once have introduced her to that lady as your long-lost fiancée. Later in the afternoon you could have called on your relative and told her that you had mislaid the girl again—this time irretrievably.—Ed.]



THE FOLLY OF ATHENS.

ATHENA (to her Owl). "SAY 'TINO'!"

THE OWL. "YOU FORGET YOURSELF. I'M NOT A PARROT. I'M THE BIRD OF WISDOM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 15th.—To induce the House of Lords to accept a measure for the compulsory acquisition of land is analogous to the process of getting butter out of a dog's mouth; and it is not surprising that Lord PEEL essayed the task of getting a second reading for an Acquisition of Lands Bill in rather gingerly fashion. When one remembered a racy correspondence in the newspapers over certain Midlothian farms one could hardly have been surprised if the Laird of DALMENY had reappeared in the arena, flourishing his claymore. But, alas! he still remains in retirement, and it was left to Lord SUMNER to administer some sound legal thwacks and, in his own words, to "dispel the mirage which the noble Viscount raised over the sand of a very arid Bill." He did not oppose the Second Reading, but hinted that if ever it emerged from Committee its own draftsman would not know it.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE must regard Monday with rather mixed feelings. That is the day on which Questions addressed to his Department have first place on the Order-paper; and accordingly he has a lively quarter-of-an-hour in coping with the contradictory conundrums of Cobdenites and Chamberlainites. On the whole he treads the fiscal tight-rope with an imperturbability worthy of BLONDIN. A Tariff Reformer, indignant at the increased imports of foreign glass-ware, provoked the query, "Does my hon. friend regard bottles as a key-industry?" And a Wee Free Trader who sarcastically inquired if foreign countries complained of our dumping cement on them at prices much above the cost in this country was promptly told that "that is the very reverse of dumping."

Sir DONALD MACLEAN was rewarded to-night for all his uphill work as leader of the Wee Frees before—and since—Mr. ASQUITH's reappearance. On the Financial Resolution of the Ministry of Health Bill his eloquent plea for the harassed ratepayers received an almost suspiciously prompt response from Mr.

BONAR LAW, who admitted that it was inconvenient to drive an "omnibus" measure of this kind through an Autumn Session, and intimated that thirteen of its clauses would be jettisoned. An appeal from Lady ASTOR, that the

Tuesday, November 16th.—I don't suppose Lord CREWE and the other noble Lords who enlarged upon the theme "*Persicos odi*" expected to embarrass the FOREIGN SECRETARY by their cross-questioning. Persia is to Lord CURZON

what "de brier-patch" was to Brer Rabbit. He has been cultivating it all his life, and knows every twist and turn of its complicated history, ancient and modern. The gist of his illuminating lecture to the Peers was that our one aim had been to maintain Persian independence with due regard to British interests, and that it now rested with the Persians themselves to decide their own destiny.

Hopes of a relaxation of the passport restrictions were a little dashed by Mr. HARMSWORTH's announcement that the fees received for British visas amounted to some fifty per cent. more than the cost of the staff employed. The Government will naturally be loth to

scrap a Department which actually earns its keep.

The WAR MINISTER was again badgered about the hundred Rolls-Royces that he had ordered for Mesopotamia. Now that we were contemplating withdrawal was it necessary to have them? To this Mr. CHURCHILL replied that the new Arab State would still require our assistance. A mental picture of the sheikhs taking joy-rides in automobiles *de luxe* presented itself to Mr. HOGAR, who gave notice that he should "reduce" the Army Estimates by the price of the chassis. A little later Mr. CHURCHILL came down heavily on an innocent Coalitionist who had proffered suggestions as to the better safeguarding of the troops in Ireland. "Odd as it may seem," he told him, "this aspect of the question has engaged the attention of the military authorities."

In the course of debate on the Agricultural Bill, Mr. ACLAND hinted that Sir F. BARNBY, one of its severest critics, was out of touch with rural affairs. Whereupon Mr. PRETTYMAN came to the rescue with the surprising revelation that the junior Member for the City of London, in addition to his vocations as banker, stockbroker and



THE OVERLOADED OMNIBUS.

Conductor ADDISON (to Driver LAW). "WHAT, YOU CAN'T GET 'OME BY CHRISTMAS WITH ALL THEM PASSENGERS ON TOP? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE I TOOK 'EM ON?"

Government should not "economise in health," fell upon deaf ears. Dr. ADDISON not only enumerated the thirteen doomed clauses, but threw in a fourteenth for luck.



BRER RABBIT IN HIS ELEMENT.
LORD CURZON.

railway director, had on one occasion carried out the functions of "shepherd to a lambing flock." The right hon. Baronet, who is known to his intimates as "Peckham," will have Mr. PREYMAN to thank if his *sobriquet* in future is "Little Bo-Peep."

Wednesday, November 17th. — The Lords, having welcomed the Bishop of DURHAM—a notable addition to the oratorical strength of the Episcopal Bench—proceeded to show that even the lay peers had not much to learn in the matter of polite invective. Lord GAINFORD invited them to declare that the Government should forthwith reduce its swollen Departmental staffs and incidentally relieve our open spaces from the eyesores that now disfigure them. Perhaps he laid overmuch stress upon the latter part of his motion, for the Ministerial spokesman rode off on this line—Lord CRAWFORD confessing that his artistic sensibility was outraged by these "horrible hutments"—and said very little about cutting down the staffs. This way of treating the matter dissatisfied the malecontents, who voted down the Ministry.

The Front Opposition Bench in the Commons was almost deserted at Question-time. Presently the appearance of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY in unusually festive attire furnished an explanation. After forty years of bachelorship and four of fighting, WEDGWOOD BENN is Benedict indeed; and his colleagues were attending his wedding-festivities.

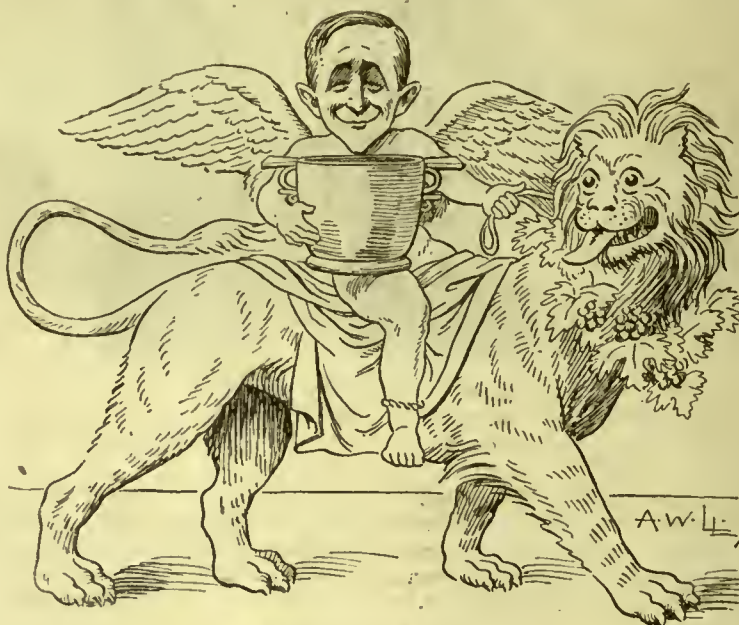
The SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY has not yet attained to the omniscience in Naval affairs that his predecessor acquired in the course of twelve years' continuous occupancy of the post. But Sir JAMES CRAIG can handle an awkward questioner no less deftly than "Dr. MAC." Witness his excuse for not replying to a "Supplementary":—"The hon. and gallant gentleman must understand that I attach so much importance to his questions that I wish to be most punctilious in my answers." Who could persist after that?

Mr. BONAR LAW stated that the treaties by which Great Britain and France were responsible for constitutional government in Greece came to an end in August last. Consequently

the two Powers have "a completely free hand" in regard to the Greek Monarchy. But he begged to be excused from saying in what manner that "free hand" would be used if TINO should think of returning.

Thursday, November 18th.—In the Lords the Acquisition of Land Bill had most of its teeth drawn. Lord SUMNER was the most adroit of the many operators employed, and he used no gas.

The usual dreary duel of Nationalist insinuation and Ministerial denial in regard to Irish happenings was lightened by one or two interludes. Mr. JACK JONES loudly suggested that the Government should send for General Lu-



AMOR TRIUMPHANS.

(After the Pompeii mosaic.)

WITH MR. PUNCH'S BEST WISHES TO CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.

DENDORFF to show them how to carry out reprisals. "He is no friend of mine," retorted the CHIEF SECRETARY, with subtle emphasis. Later he read a long letter from the C.-in-C. of the Irish Republican Army to his Chief of Staff discussing the possibility of enlisting the germs of typhoid and glanders in their noble fight for freedom. The House listened with rapt attention until Sir HAMAR came to the pious conclusion, "God bless you all." Amid the laughter that followed this anti-climax Mr. DEVLIN was heard to ask, "Was not the whole thing concocted in Dublin Castle?" Well, if so, Dublin Castle must have developed a sense of humour quite foreign to its traditions. Perhaps that is the reason why the PRIME MINISTER, earlier in the Sitting, expressed the opinion that "things in Ireland are getting much better."

THE BOOT MYSTERY.

DRAMATIC SCENES AT BILBURY QUARTER SESSIONS.

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION ARRIVES FROM LONDON.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

NOTES ON THE LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE GREAT DRAMA.

PRISONER ADKINS' AWKWARD ADMISSION.

[NOTE.—The author is surprised, not to say pained, at the conspiracy of silence on the part of the daily Press, as a result of which he is left to write this matter up himself. However . . .]

A SOMBRE court-house of Quarter Sessions, the light with difficulty penetrating the dusty panes of the windows.

On the so-called Bench sits the Bench so-called; in point of fact there are half-a-dozen ripe aldermen sitting on chairs, in the midst of which is an arm-chair, and in it Mr. Augustus Jones, the Recorder of Bilbury.

Born in 1873 of rich but respectable parents; called, with no uncertain voice, to the Bar in 1894; of a weighty corpulence and stormy visage, Mr. Jones now settles himself in his arm-chair to hear and determine all this business about Absalom Adkins and the Boots. How admirably impressive is Mr. Jones's typically English absence of hysteria, his calm, his restfulness. Indeed, give Mr. Jones five minutes to himself and it is even

betting he would be fast asleep.

The Clerk of the Court with awful dignity suggests getting a move on. Mr. Blathwayte who, as well as Clerk of the Court is also Town Clerk of Bilbury, was born in 1850 and, having survived the intervening years, now demands the production of the prisoner from below. Looking at this dignitary one gets the poetic impression of a mass of white hair, white moustache, white whiskers, white beard and white wig, with little bits of bright red face appearing in between. From a crevice in one of these patches come the ominous words, of which we catch but a sample or two: ". . . Prisoner at the bar . . . for that you did . . . steal, take and carry away . . . pairs of boots . . . of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

At this moment there arrives in court

THE LETTERS I NEVER POST.

I MET a philosopher the other day—he is not a philosopher by profession, but an architect—who told me that, when annoyed by the anomalies and petty red-tape restrictions of life or irritated by incompetence and incivility, or even when he feels that he can amend somebody else's error or propose an improvement, it is his habit to write a letter expressing his indignation or embodying his suggestions.

After remarking that he must be kept very busy I asked him what kind of replies he got.

"Oh, I don't get any replies," he said, "because, you see, I don't send the letters; I only write them and then I tear them up."

This is how I knew that he was a philosopher.

I propose to take to philosophy myself.

TO A TAXI-DRIVER.

DEAR SIR,—(You must understand, as must all the people that I address in these epistles, that by "dear" I do not necessarily imply any affection. I employ the word because I am too old to care about breaking down harmless conventions; but I might claim in the present connection that it has more than one meaning. That indeed you will see, if you read on, is the main point of this letter.)—Dear Sir, then, you may remember me. I am the fare who hailed you on your rank at the corner of Fulham Road and Drayton Gardens last Tuesday evening at a quarter to six, and told you to drive to the Marble Arch. You put down the flag and then jumped off the box to wind up the starter. It failed, and after several attempts you had to examine the machinery. I suppose that six minutes were occupied in this way, whether because you are a bad mechanic or a careless fellow or because the engine is defective, I cannot say; all I know is that I was in a hurry and that the flag was down, but we were not moving. If you had not put the flag down I should have got out and taken another cab; but I felt that that would be unfair to you. When, however, at the end of the journey I paid you without adding any tip, and you received the money with an offensive grunt, I wished that I had been less considerate.

It is because nothing that I could have said then, in your horrid hostile mood, would have convinced you that there is any injustice to a fare at all in putting down your flag before you are properly started, that I am writing this letter. My hope is that quiet perusal may demonstrate that the fare has, at

any rate, a grain of logic on his side if he looks upon himself as defrauded. We don't, you know, take your cabs for the joy of sitting in them, or for the pleasure of watching you struggling with a crank, but to be conveyed quickly from place to place. It is wrong to ask us to pay for the time spent by you in persuading your engine to behave, and it is indecent to become abusive when we act on that assumption. If I had not been so busy I should have refused to pay at all and forced you to summon me; but who has time for such costly formalities? And I might have had to lose my temper, which I have not done (much) since I read an article by a doctor saying that every such loss means an abbreviation of life. Life in a world made fit for heroes may not be any great catch, but it is better, at any rate, than passing to a region where one is apparently liable to be in constant communication with mediums.

One other thing. I have just returned from Paris, where, amid much that is unsatisfactory and besmirched by Peace, taxis remain trustworthy and plentiful. The price marked on the meter is that which the fare pays, and any number of persons may ride in the cab without extra charge. Nothing exceeds my scorn for the English taxi-driver who demands another ninepence for an additional passenger, even though only a child—nothing except my scorn for the cowardly official who conceded this monstrous imposition.

TO AN ADMINISTRATOR.

DEAR SIR,—May I implore you to authorise the instant removal of the buildings in the St. James's Park lake? During the War we who find on the suspension bridge, looking West, the most beautiful late afternoon view in London, were content to endure the invasion. But we have passed the second Armistice Day, and still the huts remain, and still there is no water, and still the enchanted prospect is denied us. After all, this lake is part of London, and London ratepayers should be entitled to their city's beauties as well as its necessities.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

MY DEAR,—I want you to be a little more merciful. The other day, when your father, over the eggs and bacon, was reading out the news from Greece, with the defeat of VENIZELOS, you said lightly that exile didn't matter very much because VENIZELOS was a very old man. You then returned to the absorbing occupation of identifying Society people, reading from left to right. Now VENIZELOS is fifty-five years of age, and I cannot allow the

term "very old" to be applied to him without protest; I am too nearly his contemporary. "Getting on," if you like, "mature," "ripe," but not "very old." You must keep that phrase for the people who—well, who are very old.

TO A HAIBERDASHER.

DEAR SIR,—When I came to put on the collar that I bought from you yesterday (I am the tallish customer who takes sixteen and a half by two and was in a hurry to get home to dress) I found that your young man's finger-marks were on it. Why don't you make your assistants wear gloves when they handle collars?

TO A MINISTER OF RELIGION.

YOUR FAR-FROM-SERENE GLOOMINESS,—Won't you one day be a little cheerful, and wrong? Won't you send out a lifeboat to the wreck instead of watching her through your smoked field-glasses as she sinks? What you seem to forget is that most people at times are their own Gloomy Deans: some of us too often; and there can be too much of a good thing. Hopelessness butters no parsnips and it is a mood not to be encouraged or the world would be as bad as we then think it. Gloomy-deaniness, though salutary for brief intervals, should be sparingly indulged in; but you are at it all the time. There is a Chinese proverb which says, "If you can't smile don't open a shop;" and, after all, St. Paul's Cathedral is in a manner of speaking a kind of shop, isn't it?—the goods, at any rate, should be obtainable there. The phrase "there is no health in us" does not constitute the whole liturgy. Down with facile optimists by all means, but, my dear Sir—

E. V. L.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE ERMINE.

THE ermine is not quite as grand as he sounds;
As a rule he is shot if he comes in the grounds;
You have seen him about by the mulberry-tree,
Though I very much doubt if you knew it was he.
He is shot with a gun and hung up by the throat,
For the ermine, my son, is the same as the stoat;
So when Auntie has got just a little more ermine
You can tell her (or not) she is covered with vermin.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Col. — was unable to be present, and altogether the event was highly successful."
Local Paper.



First Pugilist. "YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FOOT."

Second Pugilist. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?"

First Pugilist. "I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'LL DO ABOUT IT—FOR A PURSE OF TEN THOUSAND POUNDS AND THE CINEMA RIGHTS."

MORE NOTES FROM A SYNTHETIC COUNTRY DIARY.

November 20th.—I have been much struck this morning by a remarkable instance of protective mimicry on the part of a grey squirrel, which assumes attitudes and adopts gestures which at a little distance render him almost indistinguishable from a small monkey. WHITE'S *Selborne* throws no light on this strange phenomenon, which I can only explain as a result on the animal world of the now fashionable *Tarzan* cult, which so happily reconciles the old hostility between apes and angels.

Of the habits and customs of the hedgehog mention has already been made in these notes. It may be added that the whistle which these interesting creatures emit from time to time resembles the *timbre* of a muted piccolo, and their employment in a mixed orchestra is well worth the consideration of our younger and more enterprising composers. Another animal which shares with the hedgehog the defensive faculty of rolling itself up in a ball is the "pill millipede," a myriopod with seventeen pairs of legs, but fortunately exempt from the necessity of wearing trousers, which at present prices would impose an exorbitant demand on its resources.

As winter draws on the evolutions of birds great and small are a never-ending source of surprise and delight. Many hooded crows are now to be seen consorting with the rooks in the field and swelling the sable multitude that flies at evensong towards the park trees. And great congregations of plovers, curiously self-sufficing in their ability to dispense with the services of any feathered parson, lend colour and subconscious uplift to marshland scenes, which would otherwise look extremely *triste*.

Small indigenous birds, such as titmice, chipmunks, pipits and squinches, are constantly seen in coveys or even bevvies just now. A party of pipwinks visited my copse yesterday afternoon, and indulged in delicious *morceaux* of melody before the red sun sank starkly below the horizon. . . .

As long as the weather remains open I find it a good plan to plant flowers and shrubs which bloom in the spring. Proticipation is a cardinal asset in the outfit of the judicious gardener, and no time should be lost in completing the spring heds, as the cost of hair-mattresses is going up by leaps and bounds.

The Plague of Dots.

THERE are decimal dots which we can't do without in spite of Lord RANDOLPH's historical flout; There are dots too, with dashes combined, in the mode Familiar in Morse's beneficent code; While some British parents good reasons advance In favour of "dots" as they're innagied in France. But as for the writers disdainful of plots Who pepper their pages with plentiful dots, They must not complain if the critics of prose Disapprove of a practice which savours of pose, And, searching around for an adequate *éri*, Proclaim it a sign of a brain that is dotty.

From an article on "Back to Germany":—

"The quiet, old-fashioned restaurants, where in the old days I have seen field-marshal's batons hanging up in the cloak-room, know them no more."—*Daily Paper*.

Nowadays the German Field-Marshal takes his baton into the dining-room to stir his soup.

AT THE PLAY.

"WILL YOU KISS ME?"

EVEN before the era of Prohibition (there were cocktails in this play) strange things must have happened in "God's own country" under the banner of the Bird of Freedom. But never so strange as the effects you get on the stage when very English people play at being Americans. You have to be rather young and unsophisticated if such phrases as "He's putting it over on us," or "I'm not going to stand for that," generously peppered about the dialogue and recited in the purest of English accents, can persuade you to believe that you are getting the real local stuff. At the same time you accept cheerfully the most farcical conditions on the vague assumption that all things may be possible over there.

So, when *John W. Brook*, of Fifth Avenue, millionaire, engaged the services of *Alexander Y. Hedge*, plenipotentiary representative of an Efficiency Company, to introduce economic reforms into his motherless household during his temporary absence, we regarded it as a most reasonable experiment. And for a time it made excellent fun. But after a while it began to wear thin for lack of fresh stimulus, and by the end of the Second Act there was a general feeling in the audience that something would have to be done about it.

The same thought seems to have occurred to Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT, the author, and he started, a little late in the day, to introduce an element of sex-romance into what so far had been an absolutely bloodless proposition. But at first it was with sinister intent that

Brook's elder daughter made advances to *Alexander Y. Hedge*. As soon as she could induce this monster of inhumanity to become a prey to her charm she would repulse him with scorn, and then he would have to go.

The children's allowances having been cut off on the ground that they did nothing to earn them, she offered her services as his paid secretary. "Proximity" did its work and she was soon in a position to offer him the privilege of an experimental kiss, thus incidentally justifying the dreadful title of the play.

The first, delivered on the cheek, was a wash-out; but the second, pressed home on the lips, had the desired effect. Then she turned and rent him, telling him exactly what she thought of his treatment of the family. He replied with an eloquent philippic directed at

the vices of a bloated aristocracy (this was the ante-bellum age, before things had been made so much safer for democracy). Almost before the applause of the gallery had died down, the father burst upon the scene, furious at the report that this hired commercial had been making love to his daughter.

Explanations follow which appease his wrath, and he is further mollified by the statement that the Master of Efficiency had cut down the expenses of his *ménage* by some nineteen thousand dollars. But why, when his feats of economy had all the time been the matter of his offence in the children's eyes, the announcement of the total

two excesses—an excess of idle luxury or an excess of efficiency—the former is the one to choose.

Mr. DONALD CALTHROP as *Hedge* bore the burden of the play with a high hand that had a very sure touch. It was extraordinary with what alertness and confidence he commanded every situation—except, of course, the absurd climax which nobody could hope to handle. Mr. C. V. FRANCE, as the English butler (ex-clergyman) who had taken a long time to learn how to disfigure his aspirates (out of deference to the American legend), gave a very fresh and attractive performance. Some of the best things in the dialogue—

not always very humorous—were given to little *Alice Brook* (aged 14), one of those precocities for which America has always held the world's record. I don't know, and should not think of asking, Miss ANN TREVOR's age, but she looked to me a little old for the part of this child, however precocious. Miss MARJORIE GORDON played with intelligence as the elder sister, but never for a moment suggested a New York atmosphere. Indeed she adopted just the mincing kind of speech which out there is held to bowray the "Britisher." The only performance that made any real pretence of being American was that of Mr. TURNBULL as the manager of the Efficiency Company.

Still, after all, local colour is no great matter so long as you get some recognisable aspect, though farcically presented, of human nature; but the trouble with this play is that while our sense of the probabilities is never too much outraged so long as the chief character is just a piece of inhuman machinery, the author lapses into

the incredible the moment he tries to introduce a little humanity into his scheme. However, I have perhaps taken things too seriously, instead of being properly grateful for some very good entertainment. O. S.

Fashions for Men.

"Miss — takes Orders for Knitted Skirts, Jerseys, and Hats to match. Also, Gent.'s Cardigan Coats and Hand-Painted Blouses." *Scots Paper.*

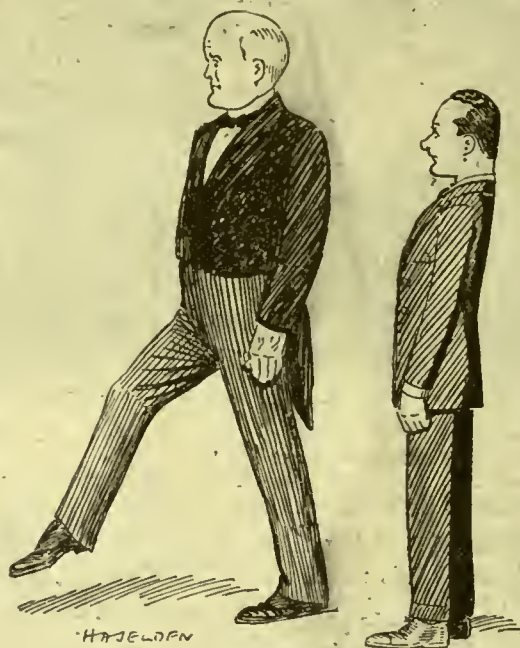
"The Rev. W. E. — based the subject of his discourse on 'The Foolish Virgins.' A large number were present."

South African Paper.

We trust they were edified.

"The discovery of Saturn's rings was made by Galileo in 1610 through his little refractory telescope."—*Welsh Paper.*

The difficulty with this kind of instrument is to make it shut up.



STEPS TOWARD EFFICIENCY.

Horace, the Butler (Mr. C. V. FRANCE) lengthens his stride in obedience to

Alexander Y. Hedge (Mr. DONALD CALTHROP).

should have favourably affected the girl's heart I cannot say, and I don't think anybody else can. Yet the fact remains that the next moment she undertakes to marry the object of her previous loathing.

To have arrived naturally at such an end would have meant a couple more Acts, in which the man *Hedge* might have had time to live down the evil effects of his efficiency. But with so much economy in the air the author appears to have caught the infection of it and economised in his processes to save our time. That is the kindest excuse I can find for him.

As for the moral, it would seem to be that, if (as is more than probable) you have no copy of the works of ARISTOTLE in your Fifth Avenue library, and imagine, never having heard of the happy mean, that virtue lies in one of



EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A NEW M.F.H. WHO HAS BEEN ADVISED BY A FRIEND THAT HE SHOULD ALWAYS, WHEN GOING INTO KENNELS, FILL HIS POCKETS WITH BISCUITS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

INEVITABLY one's first thought on sighting *A Naval History of the War* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that he must be a brave skipper indeed who would take out a lone ship, however excellently found, to cruise such controversial waters. But Sir HENRY NEWBOLT is an experienced hand, and, though (so to speak) one finds him at times conscious of Sir JULIAN CORBETT on the sky-line, he brings off his self-appointed task triumphantly. To drop metaphor, here is a temperate and clearly-written history, midway between the technical and the popular, of a kind precisely suited to the plain man who wishes a comprehensive *résumé* of the course of the War at sea. For this purpose its arrangement is admirable, the story being presented first in a general survey under dates, then in special chapters devoted to episodes or aspects, *e.g.*, *Coronel* and the Falklands (that unmatchable drama of disaster and revenge), the submarines and their countering, and finally Jutland. Throughout, as I have said, Sir HENRY, having one of the best stories in the world to tell, is at pains to avoid anything that even remotely approaches fine writing. Only once have I even detected the literary man, when, in describing the strange finish of the *Königsberg*, he permits himself the pleasure of calling it "the sea fight in the forest." For the rest, the "strength and splendour" of England's greatest naval war are left to make their own impression. I shall be astonished if such a book, having figured brilliantly as a present this Christmas, is not treasured for generations as a work of family reference in hundreds of British homes.

The name of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES on the outside would alone have made me open *From the Vasty Deep* (HUTCHINSON) with a pleasant anticipation of creepiness, even without the generous measure of bogies depicted on the coloured wrapper. Having now read the story, I am bound to add (and I can only hope that Mrs. LOWNDES will take my admission for the compliment that it really is) that the net result has been one of slight disappointment. Briefly, I continue to prefer the writer as a criminal, rather than a psychic, "Fat Boy." After all, once grant your ghost and anyone can conjure it, with appropriate circumstance, at the proper moments. Wyndfell Hall was full enough of ghosts, all ready to appear at the voluntary or involuntary instance of a young lady named *Bubbles*, who was one of the Christmas house-party and the owner of a rather uncomfortable gift of spook-raising. But beyond making themselves an occasional nuisance to the guests I couldn't find that the phantoms did anything practical to help along such plot as there was. Even the quite palpable fact that the host was at least a double murderer came to proof by the ordinary process of law rather than by any supernatural revelation. Before this I have gratefully owed to Mrs. LOWNDES the raising of my remaining hairs like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but the ca'-canny bogies of her present story are too perfunctory to excite even a shiver in any but the most unsophisticated reader.

It may, I suppose, be accounted for righteousness to Major-General Sir ARCHIBALD ANSON that in *About Others and Myself* (MURRAY) he is so little of an egotist as to convey scarcely any impression of what manner of man he

is or what he thinks of this or that. Much more clear from her quoted letters is the character of his grandmother, who vainly tried to keep the over-gallant First Gentleman of Europe out of mischief. Our autobiographer gives us a plain, blunt, not to say bald record of what must have been an interesting life. He was at Eton under KEATE; a cadet at Woolwich, where he saw a gunner receive two hundred lashes; a gunnery subaltern in the Crimea, where he saw many queer and unedifying things: a successful administrator in Madagascar, Mauritius and Penang, and finally Governor of the Straits Settlements, with a K.C.M.G. and honourable retirement to follow. But he is a man of action rather than words, and his faculty of observation is but too often exercised upon such slender matters as that "Poor Captain Powlett met with a misfortune on the way to Kedah. His servant laid the dinner things on the deck of the gunboat, then went below for something and, coming up again, accidentally walked into the middle of the crockery and glass, causing considerable destruction." Also, I think he quotes his testimonials—these never very candid and always very dull documents—much too freely. The best of the book is concerned with his administration work in Penang and district, where on the evidence he seems to have kept his end up with skill and no small zeal for good government.

The title of Lady (LAURA) TROUBRIDGE's new novel, *O Perfect Love* (METHUEN), applies to her V.C. hero only; with his wife it is a case of *O Very Imperfect Love*. *Jean Chartres* is a common product of the age, the sort of girl that insists on "having a good time" and "living her life" and "being herself" (how well one knows the jargon!). Less common, let us hope, is the woman who would desert her husband, as *Jean* did, because the injuries he had received in the War prevented him from giving her the kind of life for which she craved. Foolish rather than vicious, she drifts into a relationship which could have had only one conclusion, if her lover, tiring of platonic, had not prematurely pressed his demands. Thoroughly scared by his violence she runs away and finds sanctuary with the "perfect love" of the title. In this happy solution she had better fortune than she deserved. It is not every woman who has the good luck, when rushing blindly out of the House of Peril into the wintry night (in a ball-dress), to find—what had apparently escaped *Jean's* memory for the moment—that her faithful husband's estate is in the immediate neighbourhood. Though Lady TROUBRIDGE's sense of style is not impeccable she can tell a good tale; her dialogue rings true and her characters are well observed. The trouble with most authors of Society novels is that either they know their subject but can't write, or that they can write but know nothing of their subject. Lady TROUBRIDGE is one of the very few writers in this kind who both know their world and how to portray it.

Mr. B. BENNION follows the vogue for confidentially descriptive covers in announcing, as a title to his volume of angling reminiscences, that *The Trout are Rising in England and South Africa* (LANE) and suggesting that here is "a book for slippers ease." One is certainly warned not to expect anything very strenuous in its course, and indeed so placidly flow its waters that few, perhaps, but devotees of the craft will follow it to the end. Not but what there are metaphorical trout in it, too—enticing descriptions of bits of rivers, for instance—but on the whole they are easy-going fish that come to bank without showing very much sporting spirit. Here is no manual of precise information, though even old fishermen may gather a hint or two; nor yet a guide-book to the trout-streams of two continents; not even a collection of good stories, though anyone may

come across some old friends in it. The author's yarns indeed are numerous and, on the whole, as an angler's yarns should be, picturesque. If he does seem to enjoy the rather feeble joke or incident as much as the other sort, that may be natural in a book of ease, whether slippers or not. Indeed one half suspects it is as a book for his own ease that the writer is mainly considering it, yet, taken in the right spirit and especially if you are an enticer of trout, it may be for your ease too. Of course, if you are not an angler and if your spirit is not right, the slipper may not fit.



"I 'EAR SHE'S 'AD A LEGACY O' TWENTY POUNDS LEFT 'ER."
"YES, SHE 'AS. BUT ONE GOOD THING ABOUT 'ER IS, 'ER WEALTH AIN'T SPOILT 'ER."

Bun factory, and, on returning late at night to his apartment-house, was stabbed to death. Fortunately Miss CAROLYN WELLS seems to have grown as tired of them as I did, and they give way to one *Pennington Wise* (whose name did not prepossess me in his favour) and his assistant, *Zizi*. This couple have the authentic sleuth-touch, and their detection of those implicated in the murder is a very ingenious piece of work. There is so much padding in this book that if *Sir Herbert* had worn a tithe of it no stabber could even have scratched him; but with judicious skipping it will wile away two or three idle hours. And, as I said, the solution is a really skilful piece of work.

Extract from an account of the unveiling of the portrait of Mr. —, M.P. :—

"It was a happy idea to unveil the portrait in a darkened room."
Local Paper.

But after the LEVERHULME-JOHN episode we ought to have been told whose was the happy idea, the artist's or the sitter's?

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Evening News*, lambs have already put in an appearance in Dorset. People who expect the POET LAUREATE to rush to the spot will be bitterly disappointed.

"What was a golden eagle doing in Lincolnshire?" asks "L. G. M." in *The Daily Mail*. We never answer these personal questions.

The Public Libraries Committee of West Ham has declined to purchase *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith*. It would just serve them right if the publisher sent them a copy.

Sir R. BADEN-POWELL recently declared that men contemplating matrimony would do well to notice whether their prospective brides gave an inside or an outside tread. We still maintain that the safest course is to remain single and not be trodden on either way.

The report that a British soldier has recently discovered a genuine specimen of a small war, in which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL had no hand whatever, is now regarded as untrustworthy.

A Scotsman knocked down by a car in New York was given a glass of water and quickly regained consciousness. He is now making inquiries concerning the number of times one has to be knocked down in order to get a drop of spirit.

Sea-gulls have been observed near the Willesden public parks. It is assumed that they didn't know it was Willesden.

A clothing firm advertises suits to fit any figure. It is not known what eventually happened to the man who asked them to supply him with a suit for a figure round about thirty shillings.

An express train recently crashed through the closed gates of a level-crossing in Yorkshire. As the driver did not pull up in order to see what damage he had done, it is supposed that he was originally a motorist.

Another walk from London to Brighton

is being organised. It is hoped that this habit will ultimately bring down the high cost of travelling.

The Hammersmith Council, says a news item, has placed an order for tiles in Belgium. Another shrewd stroke at the Sandringham hat.

"Trade combinations," declares Sir ROBERT HORNE, "are not responsible for the increased cost of living." We agree. The struggle for our last shilling between the dogged-as-does-it butcher and the grocer who never knows when he is beaten is *à outrance*.

Next year is Census year, and people are kindly requested to be born early

"My lodger," said a complainant at Clerkenwell Police Court, "threatens to tear me up into pieces." It was pointed out to him that this would be a breach of the law.

During a duel on the cliffs near Boulogne one of the combatants deliberately fired his revolver into the sea, whereupon the other immediately fired into the air. There seems to be no end to the dangers which beset submarine-sailors and airmen.

A few days ago an angler at Southend-on-Sea fished up a silver chain purse containing four one-pound notes. His claim that a large leather wallet containing several fivers and a diamond ring broke the line and got away after a terrific struggle is being received with the usual caution.

The many critics of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should remember that telephones are all right if people would only let them alone.

Our heart goes out to the veteran philosopher who, when caught climbing apple-trees in a farmer's orchard, pleaded that he had been tampering with a thyroid gland.

Five million typhoid germs, the property of Mr. JOHN GIBSON, are said to be at large in Philadelphia, according

to *The Daily Express*. One of them is said to have got away disguised as a measles.

According to *The Daily Mail* a panic was recently caused in a Manchester tea-room by a rat which took refuge in the leg of a gentleman's trousers. This may not mean that the need of a new style of rat-proof trouser has attracted the interest of Carmelite House publicists, but we have our apprehensions.

"Hard work will kill no one," declares a literary editor. Most people, of course, prefer an occupation with a spice of danger about it.

"Madame —, Dressmaker, Milliner, and Ladies' making paths, tree lifting; planting; would suit nursery."—*Provincial Paper*. But would she do plain sowing?



Son. "MUTTER, TELL ME 'OW FARVER GOT TER KNOW YER."
Mother. "ONE DYE I FELL INTO THE WATER AN' 'E JUMPED IN AN' FISHED ME AHT."
Son (thoughtfully). "H'M, THET'S FUNNY; 'E WON'T LET ME LEARN TER SWIM."

in order to avoid the rush at the last moment.

A new bathing-suit invented by an official of the Royal Army Clothing Department is claimed to make drowning impossible. It is said to fill a long-felt want among young kittens.

Should this bathing-suit fail to save any person from drowning he can call at the office and have his money back.

We are asked to deny the rumour said to be current in Manchester to the effect that the PRIME MINISTER was contemplating publishing a Northern edition of his *Now World*.

"To be happy, marry a brown-eyed girl," says *The Daily Graphic*. A correspondent writes to say that he invariably does.

THE STANDARD GOLF-BALL.

I do not want a standard ball,
So many to the pound;
Whether its girth is trim and svelte
Or huilt to take an out-size belt,
I hardly seem to care at all
So long as it is round.

But it appears to my poor wit
That we might well contrive
A means by which the merest babe
Would hold his own with MITCHELL (ABE),
If we could have a standard *hit*
(Especially the drive).

I want a limit made to bar
The unrestricted whack
(A hundred yards I think should be
The length on which we might agree),
And if you pushed the ball too far
You'd have to bring it back.

And I should love a standard *lie*.
A ball inside a cup
Or latent under sand or whin
Hampers my progress toward the pin;
It would improve my game if I
Could lift and tee it up.

But most, when tongues of golfers wag,
Talking their dreadful shop
Of rotten luck and stymies laid
And chip-approaches, TAYLOR-made—
Oh, then I want a standard *gag*
To make the blighters stop.

O. S.

THE LANGUAGE FOR LOGIC.

"Very well," I said, "if Jones is laid up I'll go round myself."

Our French visitor chuckled quietly and then shrugged his shoulders by way of apology.

"Pardon," he murmured with the most disarming politeness, "but your English language it is so veray funny, and I've not yet become quite used to it. Is it not that it lack the accuracy, what you call the logic, of the French?"

"Indeed," I said, without the least interest.

But my wife was all enthusiasm. She clapped her hands in delighted agreement. "M. du Val is quite right, Dickie," she said. "We are a frightfully illogical lot, aren't we? I mean, the French are able to say just exactly what they mean."

"Your reinforcement, Madame, it completes my victory," replied the Frenchman with a graceful gesture. "*Voyez, M'sieu*," he added, turning to me, "you've just said zat your friend is laid up, when the unfortunate truth is zat he is laid down, and because of zat you will encircle, surround, make a tour of your person."

"There, you see," said my wife flatly, "it's all utterly illogical. Think how logical the French are."

"Well, let us work it out," I said in hearty agreement. "As a start I solemnly declare that the French are not so logical as they don't think."

"As they *don't* think?" repeated my wife in surprise.

"Ah!" I retorted, "you are not so observant as you might not be. I was merely giving you a little French idiom, 'logically' and 'accurately done into English.'"

"Mister," I next asked our ally, "your visit to England, will she be prolonged?"

"Who's the lady?" interrupted my wife.

"M. du Val's visit, of course, dear," I informed her. "You forget that the French are particularly logical with their genders."

"M'sieu!" murmured the guest, rather puzzled.

"I asked," I went on for M. du Val's edification, "because if you stay long enough you may have the pleasure of meeting the parents of Mistress my wife. They are coming to the house of us next month. His father is extremely anxious to see her daughter, whom he has not seen since his wedding—"

"Whom in the world are you talking about?" muttered my wife.

"Monsieur will readily understand," I said wickedly, "that I allude to my wife and their parents. I hope they will bring his brother with them."

"Her, you should say," my wife put in with the suspicion of a snap. "There's only Johnny and me."

"It was of Johnny I spoke," I assured her. "And, by the way, if you haven't heard the latest gossip it may interest you to hear that the young rascal has formed an attachment, and is very proud of her *fiancée*. She is an awfully pretty girl and quite athletic as well—in fact, his arm is not nearly so small as Johnny's isn't, and his carriage is perfect. Their eyes are lovely, while a poet would rave about his sweet nose, her rosebud mouth and their long blacks hairs. Their shoes—"

"Oh, stop!" cried my wife. "You're muddling me all up. Are you talking about Johnny or—"

"Name of a pipe, my cabbage," I said, determined to give her logic with swear-words and endearments as well, "where has your reasoning gone to? Any logical Frenchman would tell you at once that I wasn't talking about Johnny, but about her girl. As I was saying, their shoes have each a dinky Gibson bow on her."

"M'sieu," reflected M. du Val in his polite way, "I begin to think zat you are getting ze advantage over me."

"Don't take any notice of him, Mosseer," pleaded my wife indignantly; "he's only pulling your leg."

"Pulling my—?" The Frenchman cogitated for a minute; then he understood and smiled in a superior way again. "All the same," he murmured quietly, "we French 'ave not *all* ze illogicalness, *n'est ce pas*?"

"Not quite all," I cheerfully agreed. "By the way, would you like to come with us this afternoon to the great Review in Hyde Park? Her Majesty the KING will be there, also the QUEEN and very likely His Royal Highness Princess MARY—"

"I come wiz muchness of pleasure," assented our guest very hurriedly. Then, being a thorough little sportsman, he added with a bow:—

"If M'sieu could persuade 'er wife to wear 'is new 'at, so veray charming?"

Another Apology Wanted.

"AN ATTRACTIVE EVENT AT — CHAPEL.

LADY ABSENT FOR FIRST TIME FOR FIFTY YEARS."

Provincial Paper.

"Dogs frequently go straight to destruction in this way, but an official of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Animals told an *Evening News* representative he did not think they had suicidal intentions."—*Evening News.*

If they had there would be less need for the Society.

"Persian Rugs for Sale by gentleman recently returned from Persia; various designs, old and modern; no dealers; preferably after six evenings."—*Daily Paper.*

This gentleman seems to have brought back with him the methods of the Oriental bazaar. Six evenings is about the average time for adjusting a bargain.



BALM FOR THE SICK MAN.

THE TURK (after reading report from Greece). "WELL DID THE INFIDEL SAY, 'WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT HONEST MEN COME BY THEIR OWN'!"



Parent (after tour of inspection of Art school). "YES, I THINK THIS WILL DO. I'LL SEND MY DAUGHTER HERE. YOUR VENTILATION SEEMS GOOD."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

IV.—DR. ADDISON.

THE ridiculous tradition of government by K.C.'s has for some time past been broken down, and quite a number of our present Ministers have never taken silk in their lives, except from cocoons in a match-box. There is at least one business man in the Cabinet, and even the LORD CHANCELLOR, great lawyer though he is, is almost equally renowned as a horseman. "He sits the Woolsack," a hard-riding Peer has said of him, "almost as though he were part of it."

Of this tendency to break away from the Bar DR. ADDISON is one of the pleasantest examples. We Englishmen surely owe as much to our great physicians as to our great lawyers, and in some cases indeed the fees are even higher. After the Demosthenic periods and Ciceronian verbosity of some of our previous rulers DR. ADDISON'S bright bedside manner with an ailing or moribund Bill is a refreshing spectacle. The shrewd face under the shock of white hair is too well known to need descrip-

tion. The small black bag and the slight bulge in the top-hat, caused by the stethoscope, are equally familiar. Nor is there wanting in DR. ADDISON that touch of firmness which is so necessary to a good practitioner and in his case comes partly, no doubt, from his Lincolnshire origin, for he was born in the county which has already produced such men as SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the late LORD TENNYSON, M. WORTH of Paris, the present Governor of South Australia and HERWARD THE WAKE.

None but the robustest of officials is allowed to direct the affairs of the new Ministry of Health. The patron saint of its Chief is St. Pancreas and his euphoria is reflected in his subordinates. His junior clerks whistle continuously, his liftmen yodel, his typists sing. Of his own official methods I have been privileged to obtain the report of an eye-witness. Let us suppose that, as frequently happens, a deputation of disappointed house-hunters has arrived to see him.

Leader of Deputation. We want houses and we won't wait.

Dr. Addison (tapping his forehead and glancing significantly at his Private Sec-

retary). Tek, tek! That's very serious. Shall we feel the pulse?

[Leader of Deputation puts his hand out. Private Secretary takes out his watch. Sixty seconds elapse.]

Dr. Addison. Do you take much walking exercise?

Leader of Deputation. No.

Dr. Addison. Ah, I thought as much.

"After breakfast walk a mile,
After dinner rest awhile."

What you need is a good sound constitutional every morning. If you see any houses, of course there is no objection to your looking at them. But keep on walking, mind; don't loiter. And come back to me in a month's time and we'll see how you are then.

[Exit Deputation, looking slightly dazed.]

Almost equally successful is DR. ADDISON'S professional method in dealing with representatives of the Building Trades Unions. A bricklayers' leader, let us say, has expounded at great length the technical difficulties which prevent rapidity of construction.

Dr. Addison (softly and suddenly). Take a deep breath. *(Bricklayer takes*

it.) Say ninety-nine! (*Bricklayer tries hard.*) Where do you feel the pain?

Bricklayer. In the shoulders and arms.

Dr. Addison. Tek, tek, we must go easy. Don't take it too quickly, and we'll have you right again before the year's out. Try three bricks a day and come and see me in a month's time.

These, however, are not the only methods by which Dr. ADDISON has attempted to remedy the crisis. At his suggestion a permanent sub-committee of the Cabinet, called "The Happy Homes for Heroes' Panel," was appointed, and it was during one of its sessions that the bright idea of Housing Bonds was originated, I believe by Sir ALFRED MOND. If the campaign has not met with the success which it deserves, the cause is probably to be found in the slightly unfortunate title whose assonance suggests to the public mind the "House of Bondage" in the Psalms. It would have been better, I think, to adopt Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's suggestion, which was "The Cosy Cot Combine."

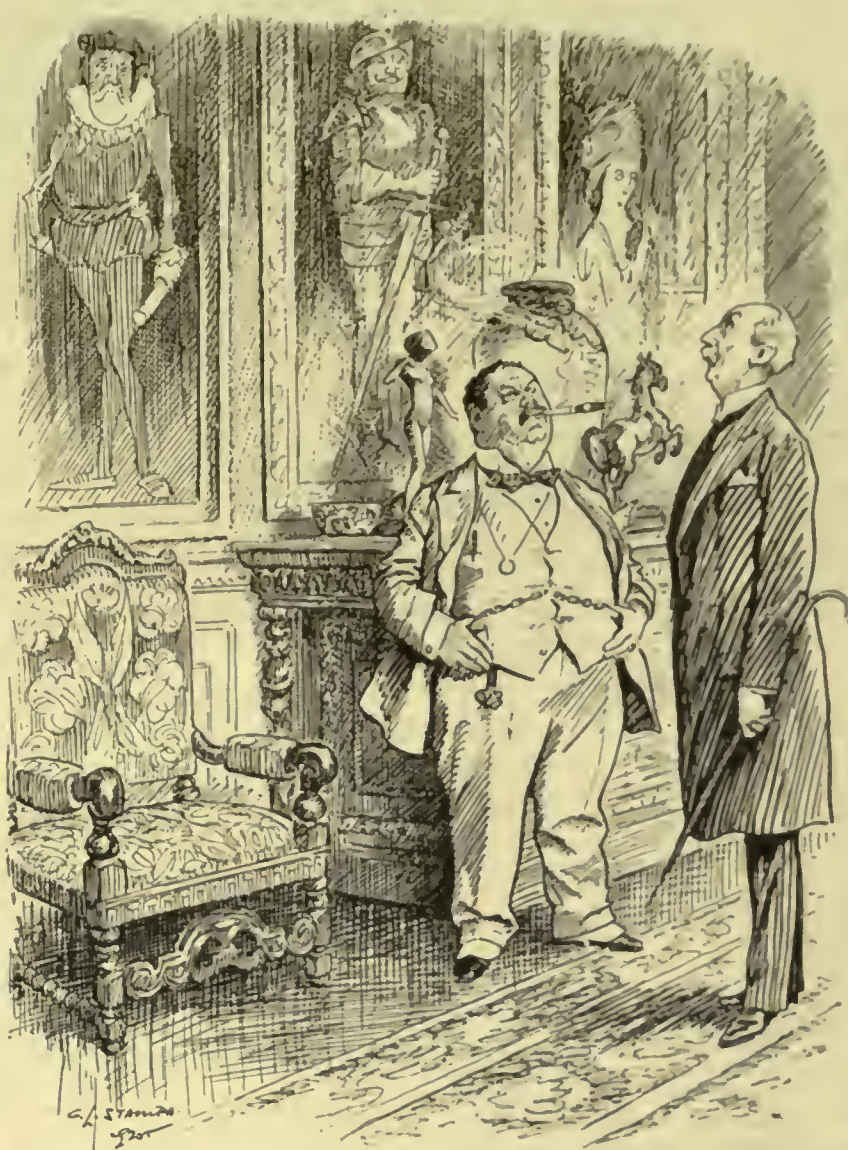
However, things are not as bad as they might seem, and outside one large suburb the other day I observed a gang of bricklayers actually in operation, anxiously hovered over by a clerk from the Ministry, thermometer in hand.

I think I have forgotten to mention in this brief sketch that Dr. ADDISON has a frame of iron. Since I have said it of all the other Cabinet Ministers of whom I have spoken, I ought certainly to say it of Dr. ADDISON too. Like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, like Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, like Sir ERIC GEDDES, the MINISTER OF HEALTH AND HOUSING has a frame of iron. All that he really needs is the concrete. K.

ELEGIA MACCHERONICA.

[We print as it reaches us this strange incoherent ejaculatory effusion, signed "A Lover of the Old Italian Opera." With the general spirit of this valediction it is possible to feel a certain amount of sympathy, but the author is clearly inaccurate in including amongst the bygone glories of the institution which he deplures places, persons, musical and even culinary features which are by no means obsolete. We confess also to grave misgiving as to the purity of the writer's style, which in some lines seems to smack more of the debased Anglo-Italian of Soho than the crystal-clarity of the Tuscan of Carducci.]

O TEMPI passati!—
PAGANI, FRASCATI,
MASCAGNI, SGAMBATI—
O Asti spumante!
O scena cantante!
Polenta, risotto,
O contra-fagotto!
Sordini, spaghetti,
BELLINI, confetti.
O cioppo dal grillo!



Wealthy Parvenu (showing acquaintance his house, "ancestors," etc.). "Ah! AN' THEY'RE ALL TIP-TOP AN' PRE-WAR, MIND YER."

TANTINI del "trillo,"
Barbiere, "Di tanti,"
O fiaschi di Chianti!
O dolce solfeggio!
O caro arpeggio!
Salsiccia con veggio!
O lingua Toscana!
O bocca Romana!
O voce di petto!
Rigoletto, Masetto,
Stringendo o stretto,
O notte di festa!
E poi mal di testa.
O Caffè di GATTI!
O PASTA! O PATTI!
O PATTI! O PASTA!
O Brava! O Basta!
O danza San Vito!
Clemenza di Tito,

CAMILLO BOITO,
Sarastro, "Qui sdegno,"
Da capo, dal segno,
ALFANI, ALBONI!
TREBELL, GARDONI!
O coloratura!
O bella bravura!
O "Salve dimora!"
O Norma, Dinorah!
O lunga cadenza
Senza desinenza,
O tempo rubato!
Strumenti a fiato!
O pingue contralto!
O ponto di Rialto!
O basso profondo!
O fine del mondo!
O "voi che sapete!"—
PER SEMPRE VALETE!

RACING AS A BUSINESS.

[The kind of article which one may confidently look for in the sporting columns of a penny newspaper at this time of the year.]

From the very beginning of the season I have insisted that our objective should be "the winter's keep." Those who have stuck to me all along and played my system are on velvet.

During the flat-racing year I have given a hundred-and-fourteen selections. Let me just tabulate the results; I like tabulating, for it fills my column in no time.

Selections. Won. Second. Third. Unplaced.
114 5 8 1 100

N.B.—Non-starters neglected.

The above is a statement of which I may well be proud. I assert with confidence that few sporting journalists can show anything like this record.

Certain captious correspondents like "O. T." and "Disgusted" have pointed out that my selections during this period show a loss of £104 9s. 11½d. on a flat stake of £1. All I can say is that people who bet increasing stakes are increasing, while people who bet flat stakes are— Well, that disposes of "Disgusted" and "O. T." My readers know that my system is to have the minimum stake on the losers and the maximum stake on the winners. We shall never attain that abstract perfection, but we should keep this ideal before us. I believe in idealism; it pays.

Take yesterday's selections, for instance. Here they are, with results tabulated:—

1.00	Breathing Time .	Unplaced.
1.30	Taddenham . .	Unplaced.
2.00	Aminta I. . . .	Unplaced.
2.30	Giddy Gertie . .	Non-starter.
3.00	Transformation .	Unplaced.
3.30	Likely Case . . .	Won—20 to 1 on.

That I consider a highly successful day's racing, provided your stakes were proportionally placed; and here again I must insist on my principle of maximum and minimum stakes.

Let us suppose, as naturally most of my readers did, that a backer went to the course with a bookmaker's credit of twenty thousand pounds and a thousand or so spare cash in his pocket. Being a shrewd man he would place £1 on Breathing Time to win. (I daresay even "O. T." and "Disgusted" did me the honour of following me so far.) On Taddenham, true to my principles, our backer would raise his stake to £1 10s. Aminta I. would carry £2, or £2 10s. if he were punting. But I cannot too strongly discourage this habit of making violent increases in stake; it is almost gambling. Much better put on only £2 with a safe bookmaker, such as Mr. Bob Mowbray, of Conduit Street, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our columns.

To proceed, our backer finds to his relief that Giddy Gertie is a non-starter and retires to the refreshment bar for a bracer. The 2.30 race being run off he returns to the Ring for the serious business of the day. After examining Transformation in the paddock and listening to the comments of the knowing ones—"Too thick in the barrel," "Too long in the pastern," "Too moth-eaten in the coat"—he will exercise caution and, instead of "putting his shirt" on Transformation and plunging to the extent of, say, £5, will put up not more than £3 10s. and await the result with calmness. When Transformation is returned unplaced (or, as "O. T." and "Disgusted" would say, "also ran") our backer is not abashed. Taking full advantage of his credit he places his twenty thousand on Likely Case, together perhaps with the odd thousand or so in his pocket, being careful, however, to ascertain that his return ticket is still safely in his possession.

Our backer is shrewd enough to understand that this is a case for the maximum stake. Strong in his faith in my principle he sees Likely Case win with little surprise.

Returning to Town that evening he records his day's dealings in this manner:

	Lost.			Won.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Breathing Time .	1	0	0	—	—	—
Taddenham . . .	1	10	0	—	—	—
Aminta I.	2	0	0	—	—	—
Giddy Gertie . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Transformation .	3	10	0	—	—	—
Likely Case . . .	—	—	—	1,000	0	0
Expenses: Return ticket, entrances, three double b. & s., etc. . .	2	0	4	—	—	—
	10	0	4	1,000	0	0
				10	0	4
Balance	£989	19	8			

I may mention that the official s.p. of 20 to 1 on Likely Case is distinctly cramped. On the course it was possible to obtain more generous terms and lay only 19 to 1 on.

Thus one sportsman by careful observance of my principle has stacked up a goodly array of chips towards his winter's-keep. All this goes to show that if a man will bet sanely and avoid "going for the gloves" he can make a modest competence on the Turf.

This afternoon the Vale Selling Plate of 300 sovs. is down for decision. To fill my space I cannot do better than give a list of

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.

	st.	lb.	
MAYANA	9	7	Digby.
AVIGNON	9	8	Harris.
WISE UNCLE . . .	8	7	Holmes (O.)
PERIWIG	7	7	Benny.
BEATUS	7	0	Peters.

In Nurseries, Weight-for-age races

and so on I make it a rule to give only one selection, but in a struggle of this importance I expect to receive a little more latitude. Of these, then, I take Mayana and Periwig to beat the field. At the same time I feel strongly that Wise Uncle's form at Kempton was not correct, and that he will nearly win, if he can beat Beatus, who seems to be let in nicely at 7 st. All the above will be triers, but it is doubtful whether any amount of trying will enable them to beat Avignon, whose chances I am content to support. I conclude by wishing my readers a good time over this race.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE WORM.

THE worms, the worms, the wriggly worms,

They keep on eating earth,
And always in the grossest terms
Complain about their birth;
They have no eyes, they have no eyes,
They cannot read a book;
I wonder if they realise
What dreadful things they look.

The trowel cuts them quite in half,
It is a bitter cup;
They give a sour sardonic laugh
And sew the pieces up;
They sew them up and wind away
With seeming unconcern,
But oh, be careful! one fine day
I hear the worm will turn.

And though I don't know what it means,
I know what reptiles are;
They love to make unpleasant scenes
When people go too far;
However calm he seems to be
When only cut in two,
If you go cutting him in three
I don't know what he'd do!

A. P. H.

Effect of the Greek Imbroglia.

"Asked why *The Daily Mail* had been asked to send a representative, Mr. MacSweeney stated that Mr. MacCormack had cancelled an agreement with his agent, which meant the cancellation of a number of provincial engagements."—*Daily Paper*.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF } POLY. PRICE 25/-
MARGOT ASQUITH.

With 43 Illustrations.

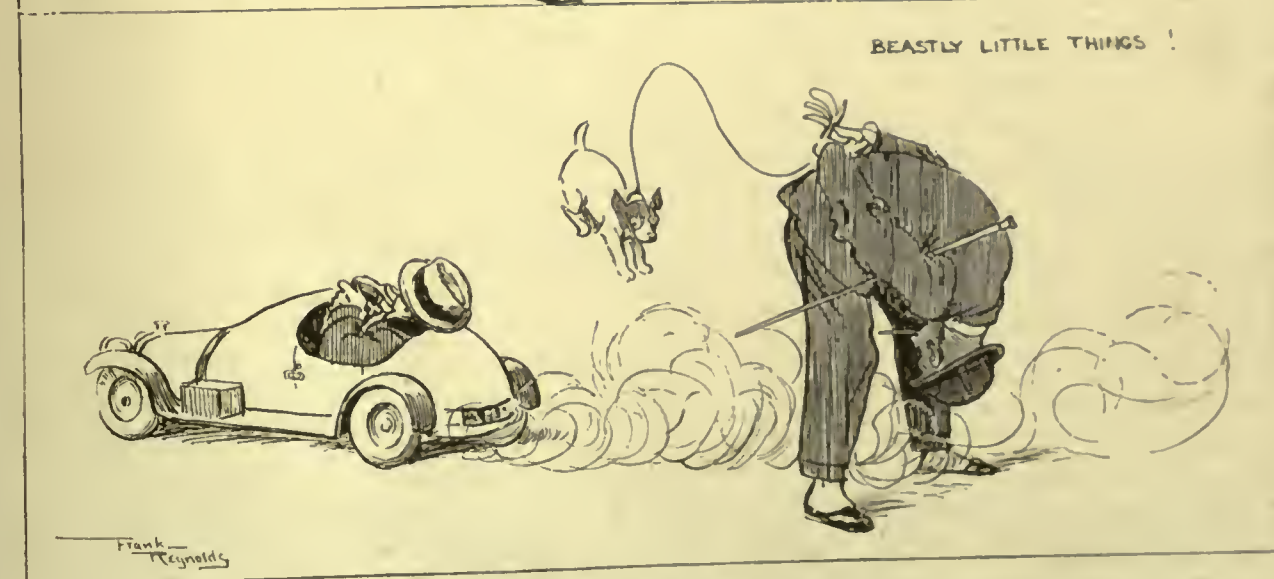
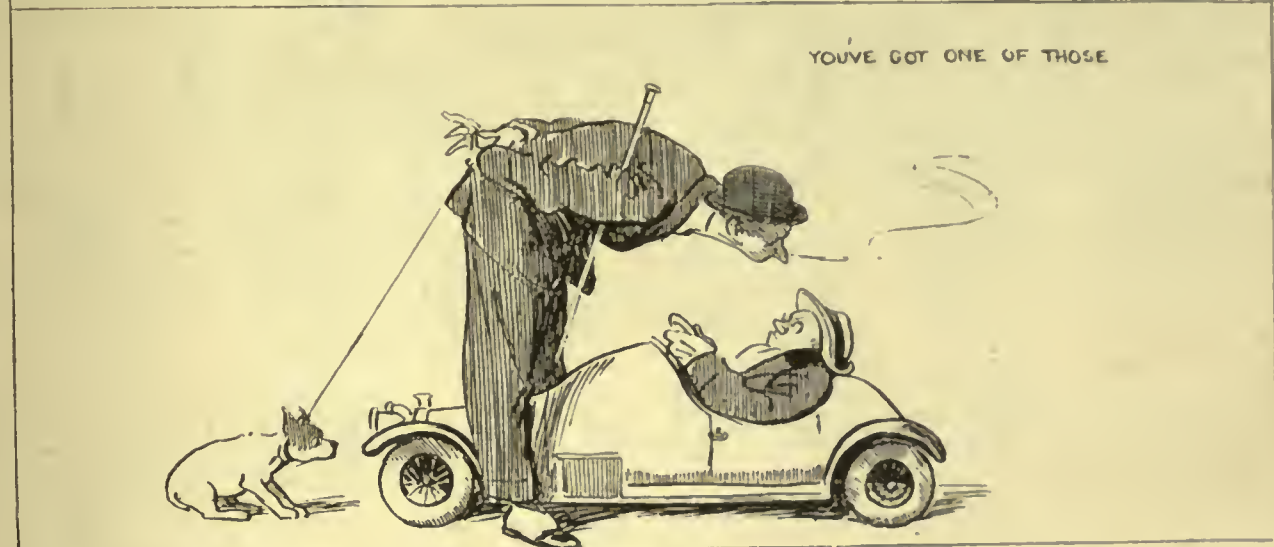
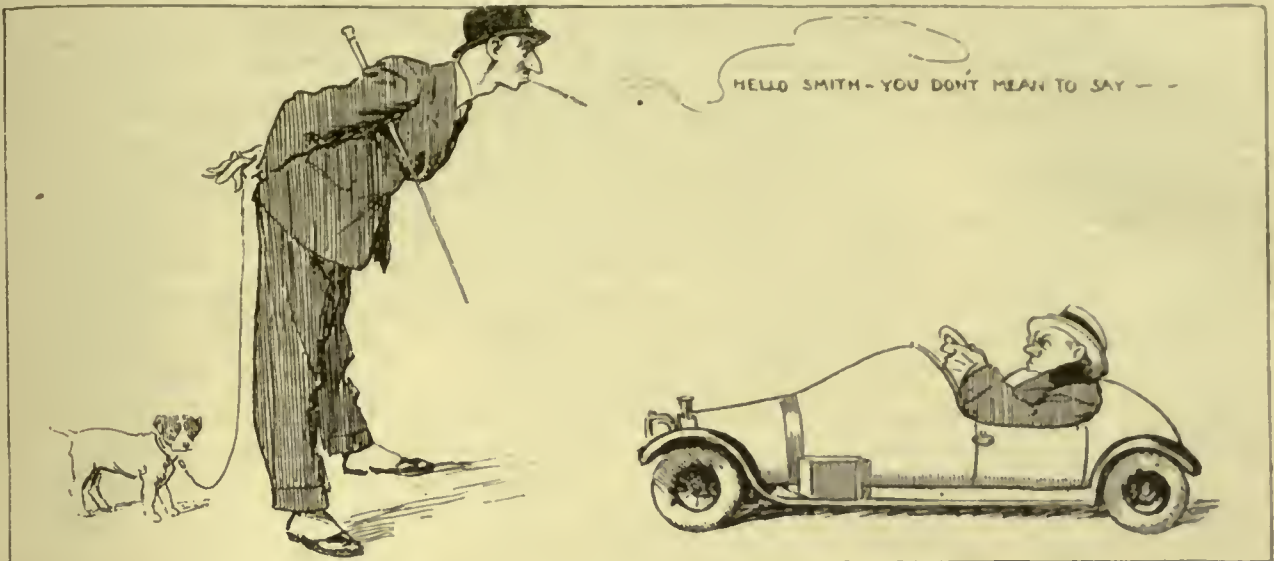
A NOAH'S ARK

With a real educational interest. Education without effort. Containing 25 animals, all perfectly drawn."—*Advt. in Glasgow Paper*.

Not at all a bad description.

"The Oxford University forwards created a very favourable impression against Major Stanley's XV. at Oxford yesterday, and were not to blame for the defeat of the University by 2 placed girls . . ."—*Daily Paper*.

Here's to the maidens of STANLEY'S XV.!



Frank Reynolds

THE HANDY LITTLE CAR.

THE PLACE OF THE TROMBONE IN THE BAND.

WHEN I speak of the place of the trombone in the band I am not referring to his site or locality. That is for the conductor to settle. My purpose is to give an intelligent reply to the oft-quoted query, "Why the trombone?"

Everybody knows that it is not in the band for musical purposes. It is not a musical instrument. The man who could extract music from a trombone could get grapes out of a coal-mine.

No, its *raison d'être* is mostly critical and punitive. It is there to see that the orchestra does its job and to put the fear of a hectic hereafter into the man who is out of step with his fellow-conspirators.

The uninformed have a vague idea that the conductor should do that with his little stick. But I put it to you, what use would a little stick be against a man like the big drum? A meat-axe would have some point, but the difficulties of conducting with a meat-axe will be obvious to even the least musical.

When the French horn, in the throes of a liver attack, sees supplementary spots on the score and plays them with abandon, or when the clarinet (or clarinet), having inadvertently sucked down a fly which in an adventurous mood

has strolled into one of those little holes in the instrument, coughs himself half out of his evening clothes, does the conductor forsake his air of austerity and use language unbecoming a solemn occasion? Does he pick up his music-stand and hurl it at the offender? He does not. It would be a breach of etiquette.

He simply signals to the trombone, who promptly turns the exit part of his instrument on the culprit and gives a bray that makes the unfortunate man's shirt-front crumple up like a concertina. That is discipline.

Then again the trombone is employed as a sort of brake when in a moment of excitement the rest of the orchestra has a tendency to overdo things.

For example, all will remember the throbbing moment at the end of the drama, where the hero and heroine, murmuring "At last!" fall into each other's arms and move slowly off the stage whilst the band starts up MEN-

DELSSOIN'S or GLÜCKSTEIN'S "Wedding March." The effect on an orchestra is immediate and immense. Somewhere behind each of these stiff shirt-fronts beats a heart that thrills at every suggestion of romance. It is well known that, when at intervals during a performance they retire through the man-hole under the stage, it is to imbibe another chapter of ETHEL M. DELL or of "Harried Hannah, the Bloomsbury Bride." And so the lingering embrace of the lovers sets them tingling and they tackle the "Wedding March" at the double. The clarinet (or clarinet) wipes the tears from his eyes and puts a sob in his rendering; the cornet unswallows his mouthpiece and, getting his under-jaw well jugged out, decides

perform the marriage ceremony there and then.

But the trombone introduces the hard practical note, the necessary corrective. His monotonous grunt is used to remind the audience of marriage as it is lived in real life, of the girl at breakfast in unmarcelled hair, of the man dropping cigarette-ash on the best carpet, of double income-tax, of her family, of his, of her bills for frocks, of his wandering off to golf or the club, and a host of other incidentals.

A reaction takes place among the audience. Men who had been a moment before estimating the price of a diamond-rimmed turn their thoughts to two-stroke motor-bicycles, and girls decide that love in a cottage is an over-rated pas-

time—especially when you can't get the cottage—and decide to wait a few years till a house or two has been built.

That is the chief function of the trombone—to pursue those who are wandering in the clouds and bring them to earth with a crash.

The Triumphs of Art.

"WOMAN SCULPTOR IN THE KREMLIN."

BOLSHEVIST BUSTS."

"Times" headlines.

"Rhodes bowled Ryder for a duck, and off his very next ball he got Moyes smartly stumped by Dolphin at point."

Irish Paper.

DOLPHIN must have acquired "the long arm of coincidence."

"LET'S CLASH WITH POLES."

Japan Gazette.

No, don't let's.

"Autumn made a lightning spring into winter yesterday."—Daily Paper.

England's seasons seem to be getting hopelessly intermingled.

"—Htl.—S. asp. Magnificently equipped."—Daily Paper.

Patronized by the late QUEEN CLEOPATRA.

"To LET, Furnished Bedroom, beard optional, terms moderate."—Local Paper.

Would suit almost any young shaver.

"A telephone call office has been opened at Mumps Post Office."—Official notice.

SUBSCRIBER.—Can you give me Mumps?

OPERATOR.—No, but I have got a bad cold if that is any use to you.

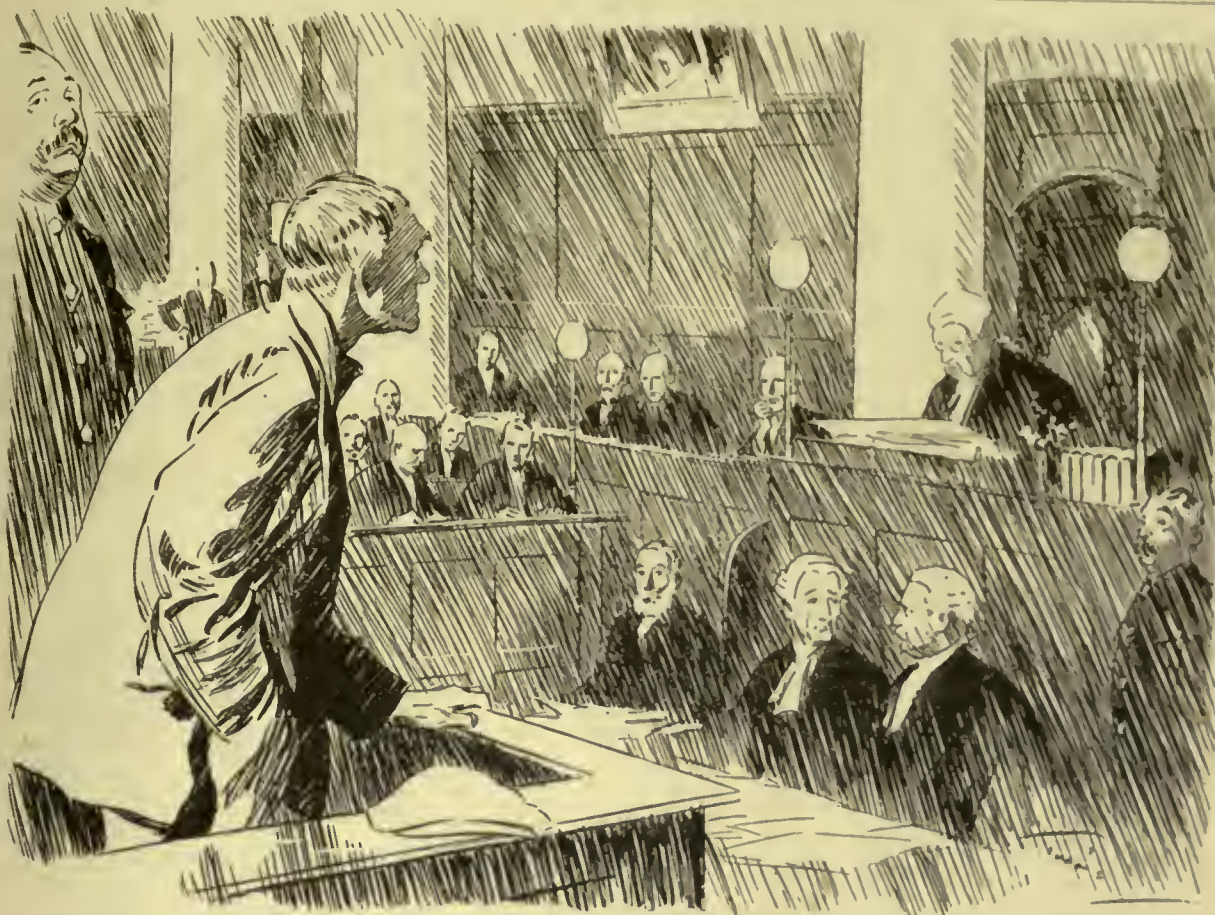


Press Photographer (to perfect stranger while arranging group on departure of popular personage). "HOLD YOUR HAT UP AND CHEER."

to put a jerk in it; the piccolo pickles with furious enthusiasm; the 'cello puts his instrument in top-gear with his left hand and saws away violently with the other; the triangle, who has fallen perhaps into a Euclidian dream, sits up and gets a move on; the stevedore—no, no, that is the next chapter—the oboe, the French horn, the kettledrum, the euphonium, the prosenium, the tinbrel, the hautboy, the sackbut-and-ashes—all get a grip of the ground with both feet and let her go.

They try to depict golden lands of radiant sunshine, where beautiful couples stroll hand-in-hand for ever and the voice of the turtle replaces that of the raucous vendor of the racing edition.

If they were allowed to have their way the effect on the unmarried portion of the audience would be to send them rushing out of the theatres and dragging registrars out of a sick-bed in order to



"WELL, AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AGAIN?"

"FORCE OF 'ABIT."

MY WEATHER-GUIDE.

I was admiring Cripstock's barometer.

"Take it," he said.

"My dear Cripstock!" I exclaimed, as I pulled it from the wall.

"My dear fellow!" he replied, in tones more of gratitude than of generosity.

I have fastened it in my hall at the regulation distance from the hat-rack and between the assegais. It will be nice company for the dinner-gong, which it faces. I purposely did not place them side by side, for fear of any error in tapping.

These delicate contrivances do not readily settle down in a new home, and for a week I ignored the barometer. This may have seemed unfriendly to a newcomer, yet surely it was kind not to observe any faults it might display during its novitiate. When on the Saturday morning I scrutinised it for the first time I saw it pointed to "Stormy." I hastened over breakfast in order to get into the garden in time to fix up the starboard fence. After working feverishly for three hours, glancing at the sky at frequent intervals, I heard the

"All clear" signalled from a back window, the needle having swung round to "Set Fair."

There it remained for several days, a marvel of accuracy. My poor umbrella began to wear a look of neglect, but my walking-stick was jubilant. "Set Fair" it was again on the Friday, and again I set out with my happy malacca.

On my return wet through I had another proof of the excellence of my faithful aneroid. Its needle pointed imperatively to "Change." This, in fact, I had already decided to do, but to a less careful man the instruction must have been of inestimable advantage.

OUR "PROMISED" LAND.

(An "explanation" of another of the PREMIER's election "promises.")

My emotion I well can remember
O'er a "promise" that somewhere
I'd seen

One night, away back in December
Anno Domini 1918.

Happy tears in my orbs began wellin'
As I read how the England-to-be
Would become a fit messuago to dwell in
For heroes like me.

Refreshed by an access of ardour

I returned to my business in town;
But, as life seemed each day to grow
harder,

I despaired of its joy and its crown;
Till, fed up with a "tale" for poor
Tommies,

My temper I finally lost,
And pronounced that oracular "pro-
mise"

A palpable frost.

But I've tumbled at last to my error;

For, although I am far from content,

I know that this era of terror

Is just what the Government meant;

When through England so bell-like and
clear rose

That eager, that passionate vow;

Since none but a race of real heroes

Can live in it now.

Commercial Candour.

"SITUATIONS WANTED.

Housemaid, unscrupulously clean."

Melbourne Argus.

"Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., has added
2½ stones to his stature since he left the
nursing home in Leeds."—Daily Mail.

And three cubits to his weight.



MORE HINTS TO SOCIAL CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

THE BROWN LADY.

We were talking of the sex, the dark and the fair, and "Give me," he said, "a brunette every time. But how seldom one meets them now!"

I expressed surprise at this.

"Yes," he said, "it is so. Plenty of women with dark hair, but not dark skins. The true brunette is very rare."

"I know one," I said; "probably the most perfect brunette in London."

"Young?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Could I—would you take me to see her?" he asked.

"Certainly," I said.

"When?" he asked.

"Now," I said; "this afternoon. But we must hurry. Her servants have orders not to let anyone in after four."

"You're sure she won't mind?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I said. "My friends are hers. I've introduced lots of people to her and she's delighted."

He smiled blissfully.

Having obtained a taxi I gave an address in Regent's Park, but told the

driver to stop at a shop on the way.

"She loves sweets," I explained.

"They all do," he replied, with the sententiousness of gallantry, as though speaking from abysmal depths of knowledge.

"Yes, but she has a more catholic taste than most," I said. "She's the only brunette—or, if it comes to that, the only blonde—I ever knew with a weakness for—well, I'll make you guess."

"Preserved ginger?" he suggested.

"No," I said.

"American pop-corn?"

"Not that I know," I said.

"Tell me," he replied.

"Condensed milk," I said.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Condensed milk? That's the oddest thing I've ever heard."

"That's what I'm getting," I said; "and it won't injure your chances with her if you take her a pot of honey."

"But I don't know her," he submitted.

"It doesn't matter," I said; "she's the most unconventional creature in the world—just a child of nature."

"Delicious!" he murmured.

"She's a Canadian, you see," I added.

"Oh, a Canadian," he replied, as though that explained everything. "And, by the way, what's her name?"

"She lets me call her Winnie," I said.

"And what do I call her?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "if I were you I'd call her Winnie too. She'd love it."

"This is extraordinarily interesting," he replied. "But you know I'm far too shy to do a thing like that."

When, however, the time came and we were shown into Winnie's drawing-room in Mappin Terrace and the most adorable brown bear in captivity came lumbering towards us, he called her Winnie as naturally as her keeper does or any of the Canadian soldiers whose mascot she was, and he held the honey-pot for her until her tongue had extracted every drop. She then clawed at his pocket for more.

"I told you she'd like you," I said. "Isn't she a pet? And a brunette all right? I didn't deceive you."

"She's perfect," he said. "Absolutely the Queen of She-Bears."

And so say all good Zoologists.

E. V. L.



A GERMAN INVASION.

HERR NOAH (to Frau Noah). "HERE WE ARE AGAIN—JUST AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 22nd.—Fortunately or unfortunately, according to one's point of view, this deponent was not a spectator of the fight in the House of Commons this afternoon, having been himself previously knocked out by a catarrhal microbe possessing, as the sporting journals say, "a remark-



A LECTURE TO THE UPPER SCHOOL.
LORD BIRKENHEAD.

able punch." He therefore gives the fracas an honourable miss.

The Tariff Reformers were horrified to hear from Sir ROBERT HORNE that nearly four hundred thousand pounds' worth of clocks had been imported from Germany this year. They were quite under the impression that when we wound up the Watch on the Rhine clocks were included.

They were still more surprised to learn that without further legislation it is impossible for British parents, when purchasing toys for their children, to be sure that they are not the productions of our late enemies. It would appear that the famous label, "Made in Germany," which did so much to advertise the products of the Fatherland before the War, has now outlived its usefulness; but the goods are coming along just the same.

Tuesday, November 23rd.—Lord BIRKENHEAD's complete recovery from his recent ear-trouble was attested by the ease and mastery of his speech in moving the Second Reading of the Government of Ireland Bill. Some men in this situation might have been a little embarrassed by their past. But Sir EDWARD CARSON's erstwhile "galloper" neither forgot nor apologised for his daring feats of horsemanship, and triumph-

antly produced a letter from his former chief assuring "my dear Lord Chancellor" that "Ulster" had come round to the view that "the best and only solution of the question is to accept the present Bill and to endeavour to work it loyally."

For the rest he minimised the temporary partition of Ireland and laid stress on the ultimate union to be effected by the Council of Ireland; magnified the financial advantages—seven millions is the sum he reckons Southern Ireland will ultimately have to play with—and hinted that they might be further stretched "if peace were offered to us by any body which was qualified to speak for Irish opinion."

For a time little encouragement came from the Irish Peers. Lord DUNRAVEN moved the rejection of the Bill, on the ground that there could never be permanent peace in Ireland until moderate opinion was behind the law, and that moderate opinion would not be satisfied without full financial control. Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE spoke as an unrepentant Unionist, and Lord CLAWILLIAM bluntly declared that the Irish were one of those peoples who were unfit to govern themselves and who had got to be governed.

The Duke of ANERCON, as an Ulsterman, supported the Bill, and Lord HALDANE gave an elegant exhibition of the military exercise known as "the balance step without advancing." It was not the Bill he would have drafted, and the Government must pass it on their own responsibility. Still he thought it should be given a chance.

In the Commons Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON gave an account of the remarkable transigrations of the Egyptian G.H.Q., which within a few weeks was located at the Savoy Hotel, the Abbassiah Barracks and the Eden Hotel. "Each move was made from motives of economy." Sir ALFRED MOND is understood to be most anxious to know how this game is played. He can manage the first moves all right, but never achieves a winning position.

Wednesday, November 24th.—Those who were fortunate enough to hear Viscount GREY's speech on the Government of Ireland Bill speak of it as on a par with that which he delivered as the spokesman of the nation on August 3rd, 1914. To me it did not appear quite so plain and coherent; but who can be plain and coherent about the Irish Question? Lord GREY thinks, for example, that if the Government made a more liberal offer to Nationalist Ireland the pressure of moderate opinion would put an end to murders and outrages. But how would that moderate opinion be able to overcome the ter-

rorism of the secret societies, which, as Lord BAYCE told the Peers, have dogged every Irish patriotic movement since the eighteenth century and which will admit no compromise with the hated invader?

The debate was neatly summarised by Lord RIMMESDALE, who said, "We are all Home Rulers, but each of us thinks the other fellow's brand is wrong."

The state of Ireland was at that moment being debated in the Commons, when Mr. ASQUITH found himself saddled with the introduction of a motion which, while nominally blaming the Irish Executive, really accused the soldiers and police of attacking the lives and property of innocent people. The awkwardness of the situation was reflected in the terms of his indictment. At one moment the charge was that houses and creameries were destroyed "without discrimination" between innocent and guilty; at the next the House was asked to note "overwhelming evidence of organisation." His only suggestion for a remedy was that we should get into touch with "the real opinion of the great bulk of the Irish people," but he did not indicate how it was to be done or what the opinion would be when you got to it.

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD is quite clear that you won't get to it until you have crushed the murder-gang which is terrorising the great mass of the Southern Irish people, not excluding "the intellectual leaders of Sinn Féin."



"The balance step without advancing."

LORD HALDANE.

Colonel JOHN WARD cleverly remodelled the resolution into a vote of thanks to the servants of the Crown in Ireland for their courage and devotion, and this was eventually adopted by 303 votes to 83.

Thursday, November 25th.—For the

first time in its history the House of Lords gave a Second Reading to a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Up to the very last the issue was in doubt, for Lord MIDLETON's motion that the debate should be adjourned for a fortnight, in order that a more generous financial scheme might be produced, attracted two classes of Peers—those who are resigned to Home Rule, but want a better brand, and those who won't have it at any price or in any shape.

On the steps of the Throne sat the PRIME MINISTER, whose humility in going no higher will doubtless receive favourable comment in Welsh pulpits. He was accompanied—I will not say shepherded—by Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD and Sir EDWARD CARSON. What signals, if any, passed between this triumvirate and the Woolsack I cannot say, but the fact remains that, after a brief chat with the LORD CHANCELLOR, Lord CURZON came down heavily against the motion. An adjournment would be useless unless it produced peace. But could Lord MIDLETON guarantee that even the most complete fiscal autonomy would satisfy Sinn Féin? If later on, when the Irish Parliaments were in operation, a demand came from a united Ireland, the Government would give it friendly consideration. Lord MIDLETON's motion having been rejected by eighty-six votes, and Lord DUNRAVEN's by ninety, the Second Reading was agreed to without a division.

In the Commons a final attempt to defeat the Agricultural Bill was made by the Farmers' Party. Mr. COURT-HORNE declared that the Bill would produce only doubt and uncertainty, whereas the farmer needed confidence, a plant of slow growth (as we know on the authority of another statesman), which would not flourish under bureaucratic supervision. Sir F. BANBURY said the measure must end in nationalisation, and he would prefer nationalisation—*cum* proper compensation, of course—straight away. The surprising statement by a Labour Member, that the farmers had subsidised the nation to the extent of forty millions a year by selling at less than world-prices, may have helped to placate their champions, who had not quite realised what generous fellows they were, for only a dozen stalwarts carried their protest into the Division Lobby.

"Learn to be independent of domestics. In four months I undertake to train any young girl of good family, and willing to learn, as a thoroughly competent and economical Plain Cook. Live in as one of family. Three maids kept. Mrs. —."—*Church Times*.
The advertiser seems to fight shy of her own medicine.

IMPROVING "HANSARD."

IF *Hansard* would only introduce a little brightness into its bald and unconvincing narrative of Parliamentary procedure it would provide reading-matter which would grip the heart and stir the emotions, winning many new readers from the students of fiction and other light literature. *Hansard* will otherwise never find it worth while to organise sand-castle competitions for the little ones about its certified net sales.

It suffers under the disadvantage of having no sporting expert, no front-rank descriptive writer and no specialist in the humanities (sometimes known as a sob-artist) on its staff. That is why



Lord CURZON, "Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE still remained a magnificent relic of the Old Guard."

it reports a soul-stirring incident in the following terms?—

"Mr. X. struck out, and unintentionally hit an hon. member (Mr. Y.), who was sitting in close proximity. Grave disorder having thus arisen, Mr. Speaker rose and ordered the suspension of the sitting under Standing Order No. 21."

How differently the thing might have been done if put into competent hands. Would not something like the following (though far short of perfection, we admit) have been more acceptable to the general reader?—

Mr. X's erstwhile florid face paled. An ugly look invaded his features of normally classic beauty. Flinging off his braided morning-coat he flew at his opponent. Parrying with his right he brought his left well home

with a middle-and-off jab, tapping the claret—a pretty blow, whose only defect was that it struck the wrong face.

Other honourable Members hastened to join the *mêlée*. Pince-nez flew in every direction, toupées were disarranged, dental plates shook to their very foundations. The opposition pack worked well, displaying brilliant footwork, tackling low and dodging neatly the dangerous cross-kicks of their opponents. The heel-work, while above the average, was too often below the belt.

Meanwhile the only lady Member present sat pale and bright-eyed, a silent spectator. Her mind, working rapidly, sensed an impending catastrophe. What could she do to emphasise the woman's point of view? At the sight of blood she nerved herself with a supreme effort to remain in her place. Then, springing to action, she tore her dainty handkerchief into strips with which to provide the bandages which it seemed would inevitably be needed.

At last silence reigned. The collar-studs were collected from the floor of the House and the few remaining Members breathlessly awaited the resumption of the sitting.

As the hon. Member apologised every throat was dry, but most of the eyes were moist. The gracious acceptance of the apology moved strong men to weep aloud until called to order. And there, in the background, sat she whose woman's wit had shown the better way.

Commercial Menace.

"Taxis for Hire. Boats and Trains met. Picnic and Wedding Parties promptly attended to and executed with reliability."

"There were only 67 persons enjoying annual incomes of £200,000 or over in 1918, upon whom a tax of about £28,000,000 was levied."—*Daily Paper*.

What are we coming to!

"THE GARDEN.

VIOLINS.—For sale, several second-hand Violins."—*Local Paper*.

They should harmonize well with the violas in the next bed.

"Mr. — (the bride's brother) was at the organ, and played the 'Bridle March' (Lohengrin)."—*Local Paper*.

While the happy pair were on their way to the halter.

"An advertisement in a morning paper for 20 laborers to do store work resulted in 400 applicants assembling in front of the Peter-sham P.O., where the advertiser had promised to meet them. To their intense disgust he failed to materialise. The general opinion is that the advertisement was a hoax."

Australian Paper.

A frost anyway.



A SIXPENNY-BIT—PLAIN.



W.B.I.R.

THE USES OF GESTURE.

ONE PENNY—WITH APLOMB.

"G.B.R.L."

G.B.R.L.'s are an old-established convention in my family. Joan and Pauline ("Porgie" *libentius audit*) are exceptional authorities on the animal world in general; exceptional, at any rate, for their years, which respectively total four-spot-six and two-spot-five. They confound their parents daily with questions relating to the habits of marmots or the language of kiwis. But they never talk about "lions," *tout court*. A lion is, *ex-officio* and *ipso facto*, a Great-Big-Roarin'-Lion—always has been: in short, a G.B.R.L.

It reminds me of a man I know who was made a G.B.E.; but that's another story, and Joan wouldn't see the joke of it anyhow, though I know she would smile politely.

But in this matter of lions, from which I am tending to digress, the old G.B.R. convention has just been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It came about in this wise. Joan's and Porgie's Uncle Barney (his nose is *rétroussé*, if anything, only he had the misfortune to be born on St. Barnabas' Day) departed the other day for Afric's sunny shores—for Algiers, in fact—to nurse a tedious trench legacy. This, of course, was a matter of great concern to his nieces, in whose eyes he is distinctly *persona grata*, owing to his command of persiflage and taste in confectionery.

I went into the nursery on the fateful morning to break the sad news. My

daughters were at breakfast and I was just in time to hear Joan's grace, "Thank God for our b'ekfas"—and *do* make us good." The extremely sanctimonious tone in which this was delivered, combined with the melodramatic scowl which marred the usual serenity of Porgie's countenance, convinced me that the morning had commenced inauspiciously and that it would be well to gild the pill which I had to administer.

"Hallo, stout women," I said cheerfully. Joan looked politely bored but made no reply.

"Not 'tout wimmin," said Porgie heavily and uncompromisingly. Obviously it was too early in the day for any of that sparkling back-chat for which my daughters are so justly famed. So I got down to hard tacks at once.

"Your Uncle Barney," I said, "is going to Algiers to-day."

I explained that Algiers was in Africa, where the black men come from. Joan was mildly intrigued. She opined that her Uncle Barney would follow the local customs (as she understood them) and wear no clothes. I said I doubted if his medical adviser would approve of his carrying international courtesy to such an extreme. Joan was frankly disappointed. So I tried again.

"I expect he'll see some lions in Africa," I suggested.

Joan's interest revived. "Great-big-roarin'-lions," she corrected me. Porgie

expressed herself, as usual, in precisely similar terms.

"Yes," I said feelingly, "great big roarers. I expect they'll eat him up quite soon."

Joan looked deeply concerned at this callous prediction, and the corners of Porgie's mouth drooped ominously.

"I don't like roarin' lions," said Joan.

"Don't nike roarin' nions," said Porgie.

"Are they in cages?" suggested Joan hopefully. This was an excellent idea.

"Of course they are," I said with great heartiness.

Joan was not satisfied. "Will they roar when they see Uncle Barney?" she inquired.

This gave me my chance most unexpectedly. "I should just think they will," I said. "If they see him dressed like your black men, they'll roar till the tears pour down their cheeks."

"I 'spect they'd be laughing at him," said Joan, gracefully helping me out.

"I 'spect so," I replied.

"I see," said Joan comfortably.

"I see," said Porgie.

So G.B.R.L. has come to have a new and a more genial significance, thanks to Uncle Barney.

"Vacant Possession, through sickness.—Capital Chop, with good living accommodation, in best business position."—*Daily Paper*. Purchaser will acquire a steak in the country.



ANOTHER CHILD ACTRESS.

Mrs. Bluff (a popular pauper). "NOW, FANNY, WHAT'LL YER SAY WHEN I TAKES YER INTO THE KIND LADY'S DROBIN'-ROOM?"

Fanny (thoroughly proficient). "OH, THAT'S AN EASY ONE. I'LL PUT ON A BEWTFUL LORST LOOK AN' SAY, 'MUVVER, THIS IS 'EAVEN!'"

Mr. Punch's Misquotations.

Of a prima donna who sang in a private drawing-room: "At a party she gave what was meant for mankind." (GOLDSMITH).

"FAR-FETCHED HERRING.

"The steam drifter *Bruces* landed at Buckie to-day the furthest-fetched catch of herrings on record. The herrings were caught on the Yarmouth grounds, over 4000 miles distant." *Scotch Paper.*

The last detail seems as far-fetched as the fish.

"Lost, in Paragon Street or Station, Black Dog with purse, money, eyeglass and papers; name and address inside.—Reward returning same."—*Daily Paper.*

But suppose the finder is an anti-vivisectionist?

There was a young lady named Janet,
Who committed high treason in Thanet;

She dressed up her cat

In a *Daily Mail* hat,

And was promptly fired out of this planet.

ONE TOUCH OF DICKENS.

KNOWING that there was everything in my appearance to command respect, I went into the manager's room with confidence. Lean and brown and middle-aged, in a tweed coat and grey flannel trousers, which, though not new, were well cut, I felt that I looked like one accustomed to put in and take out sums from banks. There was no trying for effect, no effort, no tie-pin. The stick I carried was a plain ash. The pipe, which I removed from my mouth, had no silver mounting. Ah, but it showed the tiny mother-of-pearl star which stamped it as a Bungknoll. There was going to be no difficulty here.

"Good morning," I said. "I regret to trouble a busy man over a small matter, but I wish to cash a cheque for ten pounds."

He was a quiet, capable-looking man with a rather tired expression.

"The cashing of cheques," he said, laying down his pipe, "is one item of our duties."

"Unfortunately," I continued, "I have run short of money. I bought a rather good print in a shop down the road and it has left me without any. I can give a cheque on Bilson's, but the banks in town close to-morrow and it would mean waiting three days, so I hope that you will be able to—"

"You can bring someone to identify you, of course?" he said, reaching for a bell.

"I am sorry to say that I am unknown here. I am all right at the hotel, but I don't like to ask the people for money. I have brought only a small bag, and what with the races and so forth I might expose myself to a disagreeable refusal."

"Yes," he said, "you might. But I'm afraid I can't cash a cheque for you without an identification. I'll send it for collection if you like."

"But that means waiting for days, and I haven't a shilling left. I came here for a week to look at the country about your town—a beautiful little town." I added this diplomatically.

"Do you think so? I consider it a hole. But I don't know much about it as I'm only here for a week. However, I'm sorry I can't help you except in the way I mentioned."

"But look here—do I look like the kind of man who plays tricks? Here is my card and my club address. And letters"—I tore one out of an envelope, but it was the one from Mosbyson's reminding me that they had already applied twice for payment—"but letters are of little use to identify one."

"They are," he agreed.

"The fact is, among other things I



Lady (to applicant for situation as cook). "HAVE YOU BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID UNDER YOU?"
Cook. "IN THESE DAYS WE NEVER SPEAK OF HAVING PEOPLE 'UNDER US.' BUT I HAVE HAD COLLEAGUES."

want to buy another print which I have just caught sight of. It may be snapped up at any moment, like the one I snapped up yesterday."

"Let it go. It's probably a fake."

"Which one?" I said hotly. "The one I bought yesterday or the one I'm going to buy?"

"Both. But I can't cash your cheque."

"But look at the mess I'll be in. Would you have me pawn my watch?"

"I would not; neither would I have you not do so, if you take my meaning."

"I see," I said bitterly. "In plain words you are indifferent to my fate."

He smiled slightly and reached for a match to re-light his pipe.

My blood was up. I would not be defied by this man; at least, not completely. "Very well," I said coldly, "I will leave my cheque for ten pounds with you and take only a couple on account."

"I couldn't do that either."

"Well, a pound will have to do then."

"No."

"Then," I said in despair, "we come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteenpence. Ha, ha!"

"And that," he answered, "would be equally objectionable."

I started. "Come," I said, "you are human after all. You can quote at random from DICKENS. You read him?"

"I do. When not engaged in business pursuits." He looked anxiously at the clock.

"Who was *Mrs. Chickenstalker*?" I asked sternly.

"She kept a shop. In *The Haunted Man*."

"Whom did *Mr. Wopsle* marry?"

"Nobody. But hadn't you better see about your watch?"

"Not yet. How many glasses of punch did *Mr. Pickwick* drink on One Tree Hill?"

"Depends on how you count them. I make it eight."

"Correct. Look here—have you thought about the bagman's story—the first one? He says it is eighty years since the events he relates took place, and that would carry it back to 1747. And yet the traveller damns his straps and whiskers. Why, if he'd worn strapped trousers and whiskers in those days he'd have had a mob after him."

"Yes, and he wouldn't have been driving a gig on Marlborough downs. He'd have been riding with pistols in his holsters, wrapped in a horseman's cloak and wearing a plain bobwig. I've thought of that too."

"I see you have. But there's another—"

"Let me. Can you account for this? *Martin Chuzzlewit* left *Mr. Pecksniff's*

house in the late autumn—say the last of November to be on the safe side. He stays five weeks in London and then goes to America—say another five weeks. Then, after a week in *Major Pawkins'* boarding-house, he goes to a place which is identified as the original site of Cairo, Illinois—say another week. This would land him there at the end of February, when everything is frozen stiff. But they travelled down the river in a heat that blistered everything it touched."

"No," I said jealously, "I have not thought of that. Wonderful, isn't it, how one likes to catch Dickens in a mistake? Like having a joke on a good old friend."

"Exactly," he said ardently, "I wish I had more time—"

"If you're free this evening come and dine with me at the 'Bull.' At about eight, if you can."

"I'd like to very much. Thanks. I'll come."

"I've thought of two more," I said; "but I'll go now, as you must be busy, so good-bye for the present. A hit before eight."

"I'll be there. I am rather busy just now. Good morning." He rang the bell. "Oh, Mr. Jounce," he said to the underling who appeared, "will you please cash this gentleman's cheque?"

AN UNLIKELY STORY.

I AM hoping very much that this story will, as Agony Column advertisements put it, meet the eye of a certain Professor at a certain Academy of Music. Of course I might tell it to him myself, as he happens to be my Professor, at least from 7 to 7.45 on Friday evenings; but it is a story which involves a great deal of explanation and, well—things on the whole get believed better in print.

To be quite frank I did begin telling him at the time, but I saw that the first two words had destroyed his faith in the rest of it. I don't really blame him, for it began with "my cleaner," and I don't suppose that he has the ghost of an idea that, if you teach cooking, as I do, under the London County Council, they kindly keep a charlady to wash up for you and so on, and they call her a "cleaner."

The Professor is a very bad listener. I might have managed to explain to him what a cleaner is, but I never could have made him see why she was having tea with me, so I gave it up.

Really it is so simple. She lives at Cambridge Heath; I live at Croydon, which doesn't sound as countrified but is really so much nicer that no Croydon people who knew Cambridge Heathers could help asking them to tea at least once a year, when the garden was at its best. My cleaner's visit is always very delightful, because she makes the garden seem at least four times its usual size by sheer admiration; but this year, just as she was getting into her stride, it began to rain, and we had to seek refuge by the piano.

We sang "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Annie Laurie" very successfully, and she at last unthawed to the extent of remarking that she would give us a "chune," though she "hadn't stood up" to sing by herself "for denkey's ears." Stipulating that someone should help her out if the need arose, she investigated the inside of the piano-stool where the music lives, looking for a suitable song, and made, to her horror, the discovery that among all the odd pages it contained there was not one that had ever adhered to a piece called "The Maxeema," nor yet to a song which asks how someone is "Goin' to keep 'em down on the farm now they've seen gay Paree?"

The painful incident was passed over at the time, "The Long Trail" being discovered at the bottom of the pile and satisfactorily negotiated, and I forgot all about it until the next Friday evening, when, just as I was about to shake the dust of Cambridge Heath off

my shoes, my cleaner, rising from her scrubbing, wiped her hands on her apron, produced two large limp sheets of white paper which resolved themselves into the music I ought to have had and hadn't, and pressed them upon me with all the eagerness of a more than cheerful giver.

A kind of panic seized me, for on Friday evenings I make the Academy of Music as it were a half-way house on my way home. Under the cleaner's kind and beaming glance there was nothing to do but put them into the attaché case in which I carry my music and try to believe that, wonderful man as he is, even my Professor wouldn't be able to see inside it when it was shut, in fact that it only rested with me to be quite sure that in his presence I only took out Chopin and not the gentleman who was interested in farming.

And I managed nicely. I took out the "Nocturnes" and shut the case up again before the cleverest (and nicest) of Professors could have guessed the company they were keeping, and he was graciously pleased to nod, instead of shaking his head, for most of the three-quarters of an hour. He really must have been pleased with me, for at 7.45 he told me that I showed marked improvement, and then kept me till 7.49 while he explained that a *flair* for the best of music such as I exhibited was both uncommon and, from a Professor's point of view, exceedingly enjoyable. At 7.50—he, benign, I blushful—we approached the attaché-case.

"Allow me," said my Professor, reaching for it to replace Chopin; but I snatched it up before he could get it. Like most truly great men he is a little absent-minded, and he didn't seem to notice anything, but just held out his hand in farewell. But when my Professor shakes hands it means more than that; it means benediction, recognition, salutation—lots of things; for it is rumoured at the Academy that he never bestows that honour on any save those whom he regards as kindred spirits, acolytes at the altar of Music, personalities, not pupils.

And then my attaché-case opened itself quietly, after the manner of attaché-cases, and laid "Ow're you goin' to keep 'em?" and "The Maxeema" right side up, and their names in such large print too, like an offering at his wonderful feet. Trembling at the knees I said:—

"My cleaner gave them to me."

But he looked at me and went on looking, and that is why I hope so very much that he will read this very unlikely story.

MORE PAY FOR M.P.'S.

(A perfectly horrible prospect.)

IF I were a Member of Parliament*
On a most inadequate stipend,
Up in an attic and worn and spent
And wondering how to pay my rent,
And sucking an old clay pipe end,

I'd write to BONAR and Mr. GEORGE,
Or the party Whips that ran 'em,
"Unless you want me to steal or forge
You must make those Treasury blokes
disgorge
A thousand at least per annum.

"Put it at that and make it free
From AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's taxes,
For the glory withers that used to be
The sole reward of a stout M.P.
As the cost of everything waxes.

"What-not and Coalitionist
Equally crave the shilling
For a pot of beer or an ounce of twist
As they trudge to their homes through
the mire and mist
From the long day's lobby-filling.

"Radical joins Conservative
In a concord wholly hearty,
Wanting to know if the State will give
An adequate wage upon which to live,
And so does the National Party.

"And the boots of the Labour Members
creak
And a terrible ghastly pallor is
On the Wee Free face as it tries to
speak;
But ah! what a change to each sunken
cheek
If you put a bit more on our salaries!

"Shibboleths old to the wind we'd fling
And turn to the task that presses;
Sound reforms would go with a swing
And we might have a chance of length-
ening
Those fearfully short recesses.

"There'd be the chance to show your
tact
In welding the hostile sections;
Sworn and sealed in a mighty pact
We'd put on the books the world's best
Act
Abolishing all elections." EVER.

* This beautiful opening line is not original. It is borrowed, with due acknowledgments, from a once famous music-hall song.

From an article on "History without Tears":—

"There is no book that gives one a more comprehensive idea of the character of the Byzantine Empire, of the reasons for its decline and its disappearance, than Scott's 'Count Robert of Sicily.'"
Except perhaps Wrongfellow's "King Robert of Paris."



Sportsman (who has mounted boy for his first hunt in Ireland). "WELL, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"

Boy. "FIRST-RATE, THANK YOU. I'LL GO IN A HARD HAT NEXT TIME, THOUGH. A FELLOW CAME UP TO ME AT THE MEET AND SAID, 'CAP, HALF-A-CROWN, PLEASE.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A NEW novel by ANTHONY HOPE certainly deserves in these days to be considered a literary event of some importance. His *Lucinda* (HUTCHINSON) seems to me both in plot and treatment equal to the best of his work; as dignified and yet as lightly handled as anything he has given us in the past. The plot (which I must not betray) is excellent. From the moment when *Julius*, the narrator, making his leisurely way to the wedding of *Lucinda*, is passed by her alone in a taxicab going in an opposite direction, the interest of the intrigue never slackens. Into an epoch of rather "over-ripe" and messy fiction this essentially clean and well-ordered tale comes with an effect very refreshing and tonic. ANTHONY HOPE's characters as ever are vigorously alive; in *Lucinda* herself he has drawn a heroine as charming as any in that long gallery that now stretches between her and the immortal *Dolly*. In short, those novel-readers who are (shall I say?) beginning to demand the respect due to middle age will enjoy in these pages the threefold reward of present interest, retrospection and a comforting sense that the literary judgment of their generation is here triumphantly vindicated in the eyes of unbelieving youth. What could be more pleasant?

It is a delight to welcome the *Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), not only for the exceptional attraction of the environment in which she lived for many years, but because under any circumstances she would have been a remarkable woman. Once, when asked

to write her own life, she refused because it seemed to her like "a dazed rush on a railroad express;" she despaired of recovering "the incidental memories." So it fell to her sister, Mrs. VAN DE GRIFT SANCHEZ, to undertake the task. A difficult one, for there was always the fear that the personality of Mrs. STEVENSON might seem to be overshadowed by that of her husband. But the author, in giving us many interesting details about ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, has been careful to select for the most part only those in which his wife was closely concerned. "In my sister's character," she writes, "there were many strange contradictions, and I think sometimes this was a part of her attraction, for even after knowing her for years one could always count on some surprise, some unexpected contrast which went far in making up her fascinating personality." Contradictions undoubtedly were to be found in her; thus during her later years Mrs. STEVENSON intensely desired quietness and peace, and yet her love for change of scene never seemed to abate; but she was constant in her devotion as a wife and in her staunchness as a friend. Some excellent illustrations are included in this volume, and the only fault I have to find with it is that it lacks an index.

In selecting his hero for *No Defence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) from the mutineers at the Nore, it may be admitted that Sir GILBERT PARKER displayed a certain originality. With regard to the *clou* of his plot, however, I can hardly say so much. Melodramatic young lovers have (in fiction) gone to prison and worse rather than employ a defence involving distress to the ladies of their choice, from ages untold. *Dyck Calhoon* did it when he was

wrongly indicted for the killing of *Erris Boyne*, who was a traitor in the pay of France and incidentally the father of the heroine *Sheila*; though she knew nothing of this and would have been badly worried if the hazards of a defended murder case had brought it to light. Do you call the motive sufficient? No more do I. However, *Dyck* goes to prison, emerging just in time to join the fleet and became a successful rebel under the Naval Soviets established by *RICHARD PARKER*. Subsequently he takes his ship into action on the legitimate side, earns the quasi-pardon of exile on parole in Jamaica, finds a fortune of Spanish treasure, quells a black rising, is cleared of the murder charge (by the wholly preposterous arrival in the island of the now aged lady who had really done the deed—exactly like the *finale* of a *GILBERT and SULLIVAN* opera) and marries the heroine. A breathless plot, by which, however, my own pulse remained unquickenened. To be brutally frank, indeed, the telling seemed to me wholly lacking in precisely the qualities of dash and crescendo required to carry off such a tale. Costume romance that halts and looks backward soon loses my following.

Airedales and collies, according to Lieut.-Colonel E. H. *RICHARDSON*, are notable for a truly remarkable and admirable characteristic. They would honestly rather be at work than just playing round. All the same, no one guessed before the War what they, and many other kinds of dogs, were able and willing to do for their country in emergency on guard and sentry duty, and, most of all, as battle-field messengers. Moreover it took the genius of the man who of all the world knows most of their mind to discover it. His book, *British War Dogs*

(*SKEFFINGTON*), is neither very brilliantly written nor particularly well arranged (it contains quite a lot of repetitions and a system of punctuation all its own), but it is of more than average interest. The author details the training of war-dogs—literally “all done by kindness”—and records many thrilling exploits and heroisms of his friends. Further, he states at some length some rather attractive views on dog metaphysics, of which one need say no more than that, if you wish to believe that your four-footed pal has a soul to be saved as well as a body to be patted, here is high authority to support you. I think what one misses all through these pages is the dog's own story. Without it one never seems to get quite to grips with the subject. What were *Major's* thoughts and feelings, for instance, when carrying a message twelve miles in an hour over all obstacles, dodging the shells as he ran? Not even Colonel *RICHARDSON* can find a way to get a personal interview out of him.

All the Scandinavian countries have in the last twenty-five years produced novel-writers of power and distinction, but with the single exception of the Swedish authoress,

SELMA LAGERLÖF, whose great novel, *Gosta Berling*, was awarded the Nobel Prize, and the Norwegian, *KNUT HAMSUN*, whose extremely unpleasant book, *Hunger*, was published in this country a score of years ago, few if any of them have been made accessible to the average English reader. Now the Gyldendal Publishing Company of Copenhagen has undertaken the neglected task of producing English translations of the best Scandinavian fiction, the latest of which is *Guest the One-Eyed*, by the Icelandic novelist, *GUNNAR GUNNARSSON*. It is not a particularly powerful narrative, and is marked by the characteristic inconsequence that tends to convert the Scandinavian novel into a *mélange* of family biographies; yet the author has been successful in weaving into his chapters some of the beauty and magic of his native land, lovely and forbidding by turns, and the charm and simplicity of its people. So

when he makes *Ormarr Orlygsson* fling away the strenuous work of ten years and a promising career as a great violinist to return to a pastoral life on his father's Iceland estates, the step seems neither strange nor unnatural. So with the perfectly villainous *Sera Ketill*, who at the culmination of unparalleled infamies suddenly repents and becomes the far-wandering and well-beloved *Guest*, we do not feel anything strained in the author's assumption that in Iceland, at any rate, such things easily happen. *Guest the One-Eyed* is not a noteworthy novel in the sense that *Gosta Berling* was. Yet one would not have missed reading it.

It is interesting to watch heredity at play. Given the inclination to write, what kind of a first book should we get from the son of one of the most cultured and sensitive classical scholars and translators of this or any day and from the grandson of the painter of the Legend of the Briar Rose? The question is answered by Mr. *DENIS MACKAIL's* *What Next?* (*JOHN MURRAY*), which on examination turns out to be a farcical novel. The story has certain technical weaknesses, but these are forgotten in the excitements of the chase, for the main theme is the tracking down of a coarse capitalist who defrauded the hero of his fortune and did something very low against England. With the assistance of a new character in fiction, a super-valet, justice is done and we are all (except the coarse capitalist and his son) extremely happy. Mr. *MACKAIL* has invented some excellent scenes and he carries them off with gaiety and spirit. In his second book (and for the answer to *What Next?* we shall not, I imagine, have long to wait) he will amend certain little faults, not the least of which is a tendency to give us the most significant events in the form of retrospective narrative instead of letting us see them as they occur.

“Bedroom Suite and a reasonable Piano Wanted.”—*Provincial Paper*. It mustn't be “overstrung.”



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD RIDDELL, in giving his impression of President Wilson, says that his trousers and boots were not in keeping with the smartness of his appearance above the table. This is where the trained habits of journalistic observation come in. * *

In answer to many inquiries we are unable to obtain confirmation of a rumour that Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN's contemplated retirement is connected with an invitation from Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY to enter the arena of British politics.

According to an evening paper the lady who has just become Duchess of Westminster has "one son, a boy." On the other hand the DUKE himself has two daughters, both girls.

Over two million Chinese pigtails have been imported into the United States, where they will be used for straining soup, declares a Washington correspondent. The wartime curtailment of the moustache, it appears, has done away with the old custom of straining the soup after it comes to table.

A police magistrate of Louisville, Kentucky, has been called upon to decide whether a man may marry his divorced wife's mother. In our view the real question is whether, with a view to securing the sanctity of the marriage tie, it should not be made compulsory.

"This morning," says a recent issue of a Dublin paper, "police visited *Young Ireland* office and placed arrestssshrrr rr rr r h bfad mb shs under arrest." Suspicion was apparently aroused by his giving his name in the Erse tongue. * *

Enormous damage, says a cable, has been done by a water-spout which struck Tangier, Morocco, on Saturday. We note with satisfaction, on the other hand, that the water-spout which recently struck Scotland had no ill effects.

Every hotel in London taken over by the Government has now been given up. The idea of keeping one as a memento was suggested, but Sir ALFRED MOND decided to throw in his hand.

Asked his profession last week a man is reported to have answered, "Daily Mail Reader."

While a fire was being extinguished at Boston, Mass., recently the hose burst into flames. A country where that sort of thing occurs can afford to take Prohibition lying down.

A Constantinople message states that a Turk named ZORN MEHMED is one hundred' and forty-six years of age. This is said to be due to the fact that for the last century or so he has kept a pet thyroid which he takes about on a chain.

We have no wish to cast any reflection on the courage of the Prohibition-

Diary has been shelved for the present, owing to the difficulty of procuring actors for the more dangerously acrobatic incidents.

An old lady writes to us with reference to wild-cat taxation that she has always advocated it, but that she has understood that the difficulty was to determine the ownership of these unfortunate vagrants. * *

The new houses when ready, says a North of England Town Clerk, will only be let to those people who are married. We have felt all along that there was some catch about Dr. Addison's housing scheme.

To a discreditable alien source has

been traced the scandalous rumour that the disappearance of the summit of Mont Blanc is due to certain admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who wished to present their hero with something in the nature of a permanent peroration.

As a partial remedy for the overcrowding at Oxford, it is suggested that the University should come into line with Battersea by making a rule that lost causes will not be kept longer than three days before being destroyed.

"I was the anonymous person who walked down Harley Street and counted the number of open windows," confesses Sir St.

CLAIR THOMSON, M.D. So now we can concentrate on JUNIUS and the Man in the Iron Mask. * *

Motorists are becoming much more polite, we read. They now catch pedestrians sideways, instead of full on.

According to an official of the R.S.P.C.A., as *Punch* informed us last week, dogs do not possess suicidal tendencies. Yet the other day we saw an over-fed poodle deliberately loitering outside a sausage factory.

"The number of curates who seem to be able to find plenty of time for golf is most surprising," writes a correspondent. We suppose the majority of them employ vicars.

Spanish toreadors are on strike for a higher wage. There is talk, we understand, of a six bull week.



"WHAT IS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER CRYING ABOUT?"
"OH, 'IM—'E'S A REG'LAB PESSIMIST, 'E IS."

ists, but we can draw our own conclusions from the fact that we haven't noticed them rushing to Ireland.

A Denver newspaper points out that the "Wild West bandit" has died out. Our own impression was that he had got a job as a waiter in London.

Things are settling down in America. A news report states that WILLARD MACK, the actor, has only been divorced three times. * *

"We have an innate modesty about advertising ourselves," said Sir ROBERT HORNE at the International Advertising Exhibition. A certain colleague of his in the Ministry is reported to have said that Sir ROBERT can speak for himself in future.

We understand that the idea of producing a filmed version of Mrs. Asquith's

THE DARK AGES.

(Being reflections on the pre-press period.)

[In *The Times* of December 2nd Lord NORTHCLIFFE traces the history of the English Press from the appearance of the first newspaper uttered in English—"A Corrant out of Germany," imprinted at Amsterdam, December 2nd, 1620—and finds some difficulty in understanding how civilisation got on as well as it did through all those preceding centuries.]

To-DAY (December 2) we keep, with cheers,
The Tercentenary of the Press!

Probing the darkness of the previous years
I try, but try in vain, to guess
How anybody lived before the birth
Of this the Very Greatest Thing on Earth.

You'd say it must have been a savage life.

Men were content to eat and drink
And spend the intervals in carnal strife
With none to teach them how to think;
They had no Vision and their minds were dense,
Largely for lack of True "Intelligence."

When a volcano burst or floods occurred
No correspondent flashed the news;
It came by rumour or a little bird,
Devoid of editorial views;
No leader let them know to what extent
The blame should lie upon the Government.

And yet, when no one knew in those dumb days
Exactly what was going on,
Without reporters they contrived to raise
The Pyramids and Parthenon;
CONFUCIUS preached the Truth, and so did PAUL,
Though neither of them got in print at all.

It sounds incredible that, when in Greece
The poets sang to lyre or pipe,
When HOMER (say) threw off his little piece,
Nobody put the thing in type;
Even in days less barbarously rude
VIRGIL, it seems, was never interviewed.

And how did DANTE manage to indite
His admirable tale of Hell,
Or BUONARROTI sculp his sombre "Night"
Without the kodak's magic spell—
No Press-photographer, a dream of tact,
To snap the artist in the very act?

Poor primitives, who groped amid the gloom
And perished ere the dawn of day,
Ere yet Publicity, with piercing boom,
Had shown the world a better way;
Before the age—so good for him that climbs—
Now culminating in the NORTHCLIFFE times.

O. S.

How to Brighten the Weather Forecasts.

"Mild and hazy conditions with increasing haze and cloudiness for an unfavourable change in the weather of heliotrope georgette over pale blue."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We commend this to our own Meteorological Office.

Of the Bishop-designate of Manchester:—

"Head master of an important public school while yet in his teens . . . a permanent figure in social and religious movements . . . the author of 'Men's Creatrix.'"—*Provincial Paper*.

We knew Canon TEMPLE had had a remarkable career, but confess that these details had hitherto escaped us.

OUR LUCKY DIPPERS.

FURTHER and final particulars of the drawings from the Lucky Bag at the Purple City are replete with illustrations of the extraordinary congruity between the prizes and the age, sex and station of the recipients.

Mrs. Sarah Boakes, who received the colossal equestrian bronze statue of Lord THANET, weighing three hundred tons and valued at five thousand guineas, told our representative that the idea of getting one of the big prizes never entered into her head, and added, "I did not sleep a wink last night; the statue was in my mind the whole time." Mrs. Boakes, an attractive elderly lady of some seventy-five summers, is engaged at a laundry at East Putney. The haulage of the statue to her home at 129, Arabella Road, S.W. 15, is likely to be a costly affair; but Mrs. Boakes has made an application for a grant-in-aid to the Ministry of Health and has received a sympathetic reply from Dr. ADDISON. The cost of reconstructing her house to enable the statue to be set up in her parlour is estimated at about £4,500.

Mr. Jolyon Forsyth, who won the African elephant, is a stoker on the South Western Railway and lives at Worplesdon. He applied to the Company for a day's leave in order to ride his prize home; but his request was most unwarrantably refused, and the matter is receiving the earnest attention of the N.U.R. Mr. Forsyth informed our representative that his wife keeps a small poultry run, and hopes that she will be able to make room for the new visitor without seriously incommoding her fowls. Failing that, he thinks that employment may be found for the elephant on the Worplesdon Links, either in rolling the greens or irrigating them with its trunk. The claims of the animal to an unemployment allowance are being considered by Dr. MACNAMARA.

Gladys Gilkes, a bright-eyed child of six, living with her parents at 345, Beaverbrook Avenue, Harringay, who received a Sandringham opera-hat, is enduring her felicity with fortitude. "I have never been to the opera yet," she naively remarked to our representative, "but my brother Bert plays beautifully on the concertina."

Great interest has been excited in the neighbourhood of Tulse Hill by the success of Mr. Enoch Pegler, the winner of the three-manual electric cathedral organ with sixty-four stops, the most sonorous instrument of its type yet constructed by Messrs. Waghorn and Fogg, the famous organ-builders of Penge. A special piquancy is lent to the episode by the fact that Mr. Pegler, who is seventy-nine years of age and has long been a martyr to rheumatoid arthritis in both hands, belongs to the sect of the Silentiary Tolstoyans, who discountenance all music, whether sacred or profane. Mr. Pegler, it should be explained, authorised his grandniece, Miss Hester Wigglesworth, to put in for the Lucky Bag in his name, but, on the advice of the family physician, Dr. Parry Gorwick, the result has not yet been broken to him. Meanwhile, thanks to the tactful intervention of Sir ERIC GEDDES, the instrument has been temporarily housed in the Zoological Gardens, where daily recitals are given at meal-times by Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL and other powerful ex-cutants. Unfortunately the organ was not yet installed at the time of the recent encounter between a lion and a tigress, otherwise the fatality would, in the opinion of Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, have almost certainly been avoided.

When that my Judith sticks her slender nose
In things whereon a lass doth ill to trench,
An ever-widening breach my fancy shows,
For this is but the thin end of the wench.



LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

"TURN HIM TO ANY CAUSE OF POLICY,
THE GORDIAN KNOT OF IT HE WILL UNLOOSE,
FAMILIAR AS HIS GARTER."

HENRY V., I. i. 46.



The Girl. "I DON'T THINK YOUR FRIEND CAN BE MUCH CLASS."

The Boy. "WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"

The Girl. "WELL, WHEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO MY FRIEND, SHE, OF COURSE, SAID, 'PLEASED TO MEET YOU,' AND HE SAID, 'GRANTED.'"

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

V.—THE SIZZLES.

I CANNOT help it, but this article has got to begin with a short historical disquisition. Many people are puzzled to know why Lord HUGH CECIL wears that worried look, and why Lord ROBERT also looks so sad. Yet the explanation is simple enough. It is because nobody can pronounce their surname. "Cessil," says the man in the street (and being in a street is a thing that may happen to anybody) as he sees the gaunt eare-worn figures going by. And when they hear it the sensitive ear of the CECILS is wrung with torture at the sound. They wince. They would like to button-hole the man in the street and explain to him, like the *Ancient Mariner*, all about David Cysell, the founder of their line. David Cysell, it seems, though he didn't quite catch the Norman Conquest and missed the Crusades, and was a little bit late for the Wars of the Roses, was nicely in time to get a place in the train of HENRY VIII., which was quite early enough for a

young man who firmly intended to be an ancestor. When he died his last words were, "Rule England, my boys, but never never, never let the people call you 'Cessil,'" and his sons obeyed him dutifully by becoming Earls and Marquises and all that kind of thing, so that the trouble did not arise.

But, of course, if you don't happen to be the eldest son, the danger is still there. And it is this danger which has led Lord HUGH CECIL to withdraw himself more and more into the company of ecclesiastical dignitaries, who are accustomed to pronounce quite hard words, like *chrysoprasus* and *Abednego* without turning a hair, if they have one, and Lord ROBERT CECIL to confine his attention to the League of Nations, where all the people are foreigners and much too ignorant to pronounce any English name at all.

Personally I hold that, if it were not for this trouble about hearing their name said all wrong by people on omnibuses and even shouted all wrong by newspaper sellers, one of the CECILS might become Prime Minister some day. As

it is they wear a look of sorrowful martyrdom, as if they were perfectly ready for the nearest stake; and this look, combined with their peculiar surname, has caused them to be not inaptly known as *The Sizzles*. How very much better would it have been, my dear reader, if their great ancestor had been simply called "David," so that they could have had a sunny smile and not so many convictions.

It is customary in speaking of the Sizzles to include some mention of their more famous relative, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. Very well, then.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Born in 1873 the future Vice-President of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, Master Cutler and Chairman of the High-Speed Alloys Company, Limited, Widnes—

[*Editor.* What the deuce are you talking about?

Author. I like that. It comes straight out of *What's Which?*

Editor. Well, you must have got the wrong page.

Author. Why, you don't mean to say there are two ARTHUR BALFOURS, do you?

Editor. I do.

Author. Aren't you thinking of the two WINSTON CHURCHILLS?

Editor. No, I'm not.

Author. Well, perhaps I'd better begin again.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Born, as one might say, with a silver niblick in his mouth and possessed of phenomenal intellectual attainments, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR (the one on the other page) was not long in settling down to his main life-work, which has been the laying out of University golf curricula.

[Is that better?—*Editor.* Much.]

In spite of this preoccupation he has found time for a remarkable number of hobbies, such as politics, music and the study of refrigerating machines, though the effect of all these various activities is sometimes a little confusing for those with whom he works. When consulted on a burning topic of the hour he may, for instance, be on the point of inventing a new type of ice-bucket, so that the interviewer is forced to go out quickly and fetch his fur overcoat before he can talk in comfort. Or he may be playing, like *Sherlock Holmes*, on his violin, and say, "Just wait till I've finished this sonata." And by the time it's finished the bother about Persia or Free Trade is quite forgotten. Or, again, Mr. BALFOUR may be closeted with Professor VARDON, Doctor RAY or Vice-Chancellor MITCHELL at the very moment when the Nicaraguan envoy is clamouring at the door.

It is for this reason that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has sometimes been called Mr. Arthur Baffler. Puzzling, however, though he may be in many of his political manifestations, his writings are like a beacon in the gloom, and some day these simple chatty little booklets will surely gain the wide public which they deserve. "The Foundation of Bunkers," "A Defence of Philosophic Divots" and "Wood-wind and Brassies" should be read by all who are interested in *belles lettres*. And his latest volume of essays deals, I believe, with subjects so widely diverse and yet so enthralling as "Booty and the Criticism of Booty," "Trotsky's View of Russian World Policy," "Quizzical Research" and "The Freedom of the Tees."

The real pity is that with all his many and wonderful gifts Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has never felt the fiery enthusiasm of his Hatfield cousins. He remains, in fact, a salamander among the Sizzles. K.



Retired Dealer in Pork. "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"

Artist. "FIFTY POUNDS."

Retired Dealer. "RIGHT-O. NOW COULD YOU DO ONE OF ME IN A RECLINING POSITION, TO MATCH?"

TRIUMPHANT VULGARITY.

[A writer in *The Athenæum*, discussing modern songs, observes that in the happy days of the eighteenth century "even the vulgar could not achieve vulgarity; to-day vulgarity is in the air, and only the strongest and most fastidious escape its taint." The accompanying lines are submitted as a modest protest against this sadly undemocratic and obscurantist doctrine.]

Is days of old, when writers bold
Betrayed the least disparity
Between their genius and an age
When frankness was a rarity,
An odious word was often heard
From critics void of charity,
Simplicity or clarity,
Or vision or hilarity,
Who used to slate or deprecate
The vices of vulgarity.

But now disdain is wholly slain
By wide familiarity
Which links the unit with his age
In massive solidarity;
No more the word is used or heard,
No, no, we call it charity,
Simplicity or clarity,
Or vision or hilarity,
But never slate or deprecate
The virtues of vulgarity.

An Object Lesson.

"Nothing is so suggestive of a faulty education than a lack of grammar."—*Fiji Paper.*

"The Vicar was born in Ireland, and lived there many years, and the problems of the Irish are no difficulty to him."

New Zealand Paper.

That's the man we want over here.

PRISCILLA PLAYS FAIRIES.

UNREHEARSED dramatic dialogue comes quite easily to some people, and so does a knowledge of the ways of the fairy world, but I am not one of those people. Also I was supposed to have a headache that afternoon and to be recovering from a severe cold. Also I was reading a very exciting book. I cannot help thinking therefore that the fairy Bluebell was taking a mean advantage of my numerous disabilities in appearing at all. She rattled the handle of the door a long time, and when I had opened it came in by a series of little skips on her toes, accompanied by waggings of the arms rather in the fashion of a penguin. Every now and then she gave a slightly higher jump and descended flatly and rather noisily on her feet. She wore a new frock, with frills.

I. What are you doing, Priscilla?

She. I'm the Fairy Bluebell dancing. Don't you like my dancing?

I. It's beautiful.

She (rapidly). And you were a very poor old man who had a lot of nasty work to do and you were asleep.

I (feeling it might have been much worse and composing myself to slumber in my chair). Honk!

She (pinching my ear and pulling it very hard). And you woke up and said, "I do believe there's a dear little fairy dancing."

I (emerging from repose). Why, I do believe I heard a fairy dancing, or (vindicatively) can it have been another ton of coal coming in?

She (disregarding my malice). And you said, "Alack, alack! I do want something to eat."

I. Alack, alack! I am so hungry.

She (fetching a large cushion from the sofa and putting it on the top of me). Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. What's that, Priscilla?

She. Bitatoes pouring out of a sack. (Fetches another cushion and puts it on the top of the first.) Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. And this?

She (opening her eyes very wide). Red plums. (Fetches another cushion.) Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. What's that?

She. Lovely honey.

I (affecting to simulate the natural gratification of a poor old man suddenly smothered in vegetables, fruit and liquid preserve). How perfectly delicious!

She. And you want to go to sleep again.

She (pulling my ear again). And you sawed a dragon coming up the drive, and the sofa was the dragon.

I. Alack, alack! I see a dragon coming up the drive. What shall I do? I must telephone to the police.

She (quickly). Did the police have a tunccheon?

I. Yes, he did.

She. Shall I be the police?

I (cautiously, because a "tunccheon" necessitates making a long paper roll out of "The Times"). I am afraid the tele-

She. Down its neck.

I (feeling that the immediate peril from the dragon's assault is now practically over and wishing to return the fairy's kindness). Shall we pretend that the sofa is where the Fairy Bluebell lived, and I built her a little home with flowers, and these cushions were the flowers, and (rather basely) she went to sleep in it?

She (with sparkling eyes). Yes, yes.

[I remove the potatoes, the plums, the honey and the head of the dragon and manufacture a grotto in which the Fairy Bluebell reclines with closed eyes. It appears to be a suitable moment for returning to my book.]

She. And suddenly the Fairy Bluebell woke up, and what do you think she wanted?

I (disillusioned). I can't think.

She. She wanted to be readen to.

I (resignedly). And what did I do?

She. You said, "I'll read about Pqm and the otter."

I (hopefully). I don't know where it is.

She. I think it's in the dining-room, and the Fairy Bluebell couldn't get it herself because she was only a little girl really.

As I say, there are a lot of people, and many of them, doubtless, readers of this paper, who understand all about fairies. I want to ask them, as one poor old

hard-worked man to another, whether this is the proper way for a fairy to behave. There seems to be a lack of delicacy—and shall I say shyness?—about it. EVOE.

Our Tactful Orators.

"At the close they asked President —, who was in the chair, to present a very handsome umbrella to Mr. —."

In a few well-chosen words the Chairman said he trusted that Mr. —, while journeying through life, would be successful in warding off many a shower with his umbrella, but they all hoped they would be showers of goodwill."—Trade Paper.

"This is great fun and mystifies your friends. Buy a few and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district."

Our leaders are 'Stink Bomb' (make bad smell when broken). Re. 1 a box.

'Sneeze Powder' (makes everybody sneeze when blown in the air) Re. 1 a bottle."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

Who says the East has no sense of humour?



Mrs. McNicol. "FOUND A POUN' NOTE IN THE STREET, DONAL? THAT'S OUID!"

Her Husband (sadly). "AY, BUT MCTAVISH SAW ME PICK IT UP, AN' I OWE HIM TWENTY-TWO AN' SAPPENCE."

phone had broken down, so the police didn't hear. How I wish the Fairy Bluebell was about!

She. And so the Fairy Bluebell came and cut off the dragon's head and gave it to you.

[Fetches a fourth large cushion and adds it to the pile.]

I. But why should I have the dragon's head?

She (enigmatically). You had to have it.

[The poor old man resigns himself to his increasingly glutinous fate.]

She (fetching a waste-paper basket and returning to the sofa). Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I (faint but inquisitive). Whatever are you doing now, Priscilla?

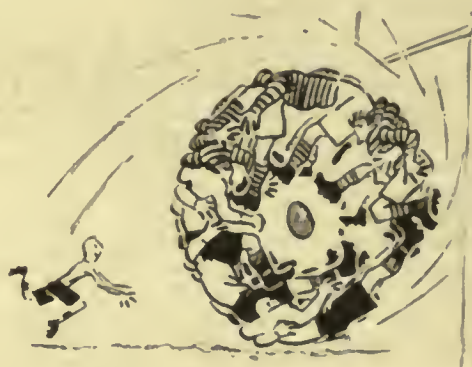
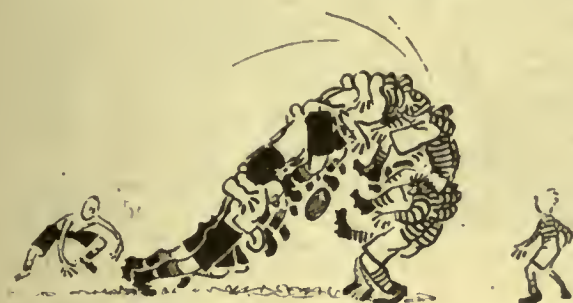
She. Poisoning the dragon's body.

I. Poisoning it?

She. Yes, wiv a can.

I. How?

Jungasse



THROUGH THE GOAL-POSTS; OR, THE END OF A PERFECT SCRUM.

THE WHITE SPAT.

WHEN it is remembered how large a part has been played in history by revolutionary and political songs it is both lamentable and strange that at the present time only one of the numerous political faiths has a hymn of its own—"The Red Flag." The author of the words owes a good deal, I should say, to the author of "Rule Britannia," though I am inclined to think he has gone one better. The tune is that gentle old tune which we used to know as "Maryland," and by itself it rather suggests a number of tired sheep waiting to go through a gate than a lot of people thinking very redly. I fancy the author realised this, and he has got over it by putting in some good powerful words like "scarlet," "traitors," "flinch" and "dungeon," whenever the tune is particularly sheepish. The effect is effective. Just imagine if the Middle Classes Union could march down the middle of the Strand singing that fine chorus:—

"Then raise the scarlet standard high,
Beneath its shade we'll live and die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

Well, I have set myself to supply some of the other parties with songs, and I have begun with "The White Spat," which is to be the party-hymn of the High Tories (if any). I have written it to the same tune as "The Red Flag," because, when the lion finally does lie down with the lamb, it will be much more convenient if they can bleat and roar in the same metre, and I shall hope to hear Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS and Lord ROBERT CECIL singing these two songs at once one day. I am not wholly satisfied with "The White Spat," but I think I have caught the true spirit, or, at any rate, the proper inconsequence of these things:—

THE WHITE SPAT.

Air—*Maryland*.

The spats we wear are pure as snow—
We are so careful where we go;
We don't go near the vulgar bus
Because it always splashes us.

Chorus. We take the road with trustful hearts,
Avoiding all the messy parts;
However dirty you may get
We'll keep the White Spat spotless yet.

At night there shines a special star
To show us where the puddles are;
The crossing-sweeper sweeps the floor—
That's what the crossing-sweeper's for.

Chorus. Then take the road, etc., etc.

I know it doesn't look much, just written down on paper; but you try singing it and you'll find you're carried away.

Of course there ought to be an inter-

national verse, but I'm afraid I can't compete with the one in my model:—

"Look round: the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng."

This is the best I can do:—

From Russia's snows to Afrie's sun
The race of patriots is one;
One faith unites their alien blood—
"There's nothing to be said for mud."

Now we have the song of the Wee Frees. I wanted this to be rather pathetic, but I'm not sure that I haven't overdone it. The symbolism, though, is well-nigh perfect, and, after all, the symbolism is the chief thing. This goes to the tune of "Annie Laurie":—

THE OLD BLACK BROLLY.

Air—*Annie Laurie*.

Under the Old Umbrella,
Beneath the leaking gamp,
Wrapped up in woolly phrases
We battle with the damp.
Come, gather round the gamp!
Observe, it is pre-war;
And beneath the old Black Brolly
There's room for several more.

Shameless calumniators
Calumniate like mad;
Detractors keep detracting;
It really is too bad;
It really is too bad.

To show we're not quite dead,
We wave the old Black Brolly
And hit them on the head.

Then we have the National Party. I am rather vague about the National Party, but I know they are frightfully military, and they keep on having Mass Rallies in Kensington—complete with drums, I expect. Where all the masses come from I don't quite know, as a prolonged search has failed to reveal anyone who knows anyone who is actually a member of the party. Everybody tells me, though, that there is at least one Brigadier-General (Tempy.) mixed up with it, if not two, and at least one Lord, though possibly one of the Brigadiers is the same as the Lord; but after all they represent the Nation, so they ought to have a song. They have nothing but "Rule Britannia" now, I suppose.

Their song goes to the tune of "The British Grenadiers." I have written it as a duet, but no doubt other parts could be added if the occasion should ever arise.

THE NATIONAL.

Air—*The British Grenadiers*.

Some talk of Coalitions,
Of Tories and all that;
They are but cheap editions
Of the one and only Nat.;
Our Party has no equals,
Though of course it has its peers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Brigadiers.

You have no idea how difficult it

is to write down the right number of rows first time; however I daresay the General wouldn't mind a few extra ones.

We represent the Nation
As no one else can do;
Without exaggeration
Our membership is two.
We rally in our masses
And give three hearty cheers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row
For the National Brigadiers.

There could be a great deal more of that, but perhaps you have had enough.

Of course, if you don't think the poetry of my songs is good enough, I shall just have to quote some of "The International" words to show you that it's the tune that matters.

Here you are:—

"Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers,
Arise! ye criminals of want,
For reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant."

If people can get excited singing that, my songs would send them crazy.

Then there is the Coalition. I have had a good deal of difficulty about this, but I think that at last I have hit the right note; all my first efforts were too dignified. This goes to a darkie tune:—

THE PIEBALD MARE.

Air—*Camptown Ladies*.

Down-town darkies all declare,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
There never was a hoss like the piebald mare,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
One half dark and the other half pale,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Two fat heads and a great big tail,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day!
I put my money on the piebald mare
Because she run both way.

Little old DAVE he ride dat hoss,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Where'll she be if he takes a toss?
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
De people try to push him off,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
De more dey push de more he scoff,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run, &c.

Over the largest fence they bound,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Things exploding all around,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
One fine day dat hoss will burst,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
But little old DAVE he'll walk in first,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run, &c.

Once again, merely written down, the words do not thrill, but I hope none of the parties will definitely reject these hymns till they have heard them actually sung; if necessary I will give a trial rendering myself.

The other day, when we were playing charades and had to act L, we



Profiteer Host. "WOT D'YER THINK OF MY OAKS?"

Profiteer Guest. "BIT OF ALL RIGHT. WHERE D'YER GET 'EM?"

did *Lloyd George and the Coalition*; and the people who were acting the Coalition sang the above song with really wonderful effect. It is true that the other side thought we were acting *Legion and the Gadarene Swine*, but that must have been because of something faulty in our make-up. The sound of this great anthem was sufficiently impressive to make one long to hear the real Coalition shouting it all along Downing Street. It is a solo with chorus, you understand, and the Coalition come in with a great roar of excitement and fervour on *Doo-dah! Doo-dah!* Yes, I like that. A. P. H.

"MORE THAN MILLION SALE.

Waste! Waste! Waste!

Newspaper Poster.

In mercy we suppress the title of our contemporary.

"The man in custody has been identified as the result of the efforts of the Birkenhead detective stag."—*Liverpool Paper.*

A variation on the old-fashioned sleuth-bound.

From the report of a speech by Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT:—

"He might say that when the Germans were demoralised at the Battle of Jutland..." *Scottish Paper.*

This confirms our impression that, whatever happened at Jutland, we certainly drew the German Navy's teeth.

QUESTIONS.

How did mankind get to all corners of the earth? and what is the cause of exploding suns? These are among the questions put by Professor A. W. BICKERTON, of the London Astronomical Society, and they would be solved, it seems, if our learned men would only band themselves together. I have no wish to hamper the good work, but a moment's reflection suggests a number of other questions simply asking to be answered.

For instance, what happens when an irresistible force meets Sir ERIC GEDDES?

And why is it that while we hear of thousands of people losing their umbrellas we have never yet heard of a single case where a man openly admitted that he had found one?

And is there any reason why the modern novel should not end happily, instead of the hero and heroine always marrying at the last moment.

And how does it happen that Thanet is the best holiday-place in this country and enjoys more sunshine than any other resort?

And could not *The Daily Mail* extend the same sunshine privilege to other parts?

And what makes a music-hall audience laugh when a comedian changes his hat and mutters the mystic word, "Winston"?

And who is the gentleman referred to?

And why is it that nine-tenths of the coon-singers on the halls are always wanting to get back to their dear old homes? And who is stopping them in their noble desire? And is there any explanation why all these singers seem to have their homes in distant Alabama, where the roses keep on climbing round the door, just close to where the cotton and the corn are growing all the year round, only later in life to leave the dear old place to take up music-hall work here, and then spend the remainder of their lives telling us of their passionate determination to get away back to the old folks?

And would I be right in my surmise that very few homes in Wigan have roses round the door or stand in fields of growing cotton and corn or reek of new-mown hay?

And why is it that, when you tell a man there are so many million stars in the skies, he will believe you, but the moment he sees a notice on a gate bearing the words "Wet Paint" he puts his finger upon it just to find out for himself?

And why did Mrs. ASQUITH— But perhaps that will be enough for the Professor to be going on with.

Commercial Candour.

"My Studio is the most up-to-date and my methods of photography just a little bit different."—*Canadian Paper.*



Hostess. "WHAT—GOING ALREADY? WHY, IT'S ONLY THREE O'CLOCK."

Guest. "I KNOW. BUT I'M DEAD TIRED, AND I'VE GOT TO BE UP EARLY FOR A 'DÉJEUNER DANSANT.'"

A NOTE ON THE DRAMA.

["*Hamlet* was not a business man."—Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.]

HAD he but learned the useful knowledge
And that essential grasp of things
Which training at a business college
(If diligently followed) brings,
We should have had, no doubt,
A *Hamlet* with the "moody" Dane left out.
He'd not have stalked in gloomy fashion,
Nor wanted to soliloquise,
But rather, undisturbed by passion,
He would have sat Napoleon-wise,
Chewing an unlit weed
And talking down the telephone (full speed).
Planning a "book" to suit his players,
He would have sought a theme less grim,
For tragedies are doubtful payers;
Revue would be the stuff for him,
Scanty in dress and plot,
With dancers featuring the Hammy Trot.
He missed one glorious proposition—
The money would have come in stacks
If he had shown the Apparition
For half-a-crown (including tax),
And, though 'twas after eight,
Added a side-line trade in chocolate.
At other stunts we find him lacking;
Thus, when he met *Laertes*, he

Did not secure a proper backing
Nor nominate the referee;
And, what was even worse,
Did no finessing for a bigger purse.
Had *Hamlet* made it his endeavour
To seize each chance of lawful gain,
Certain it is that there would never
Have been a doubt that he was sane;
And then perhaps Act Five
Had left some people—one or two—alive.

Christmas and the Children.

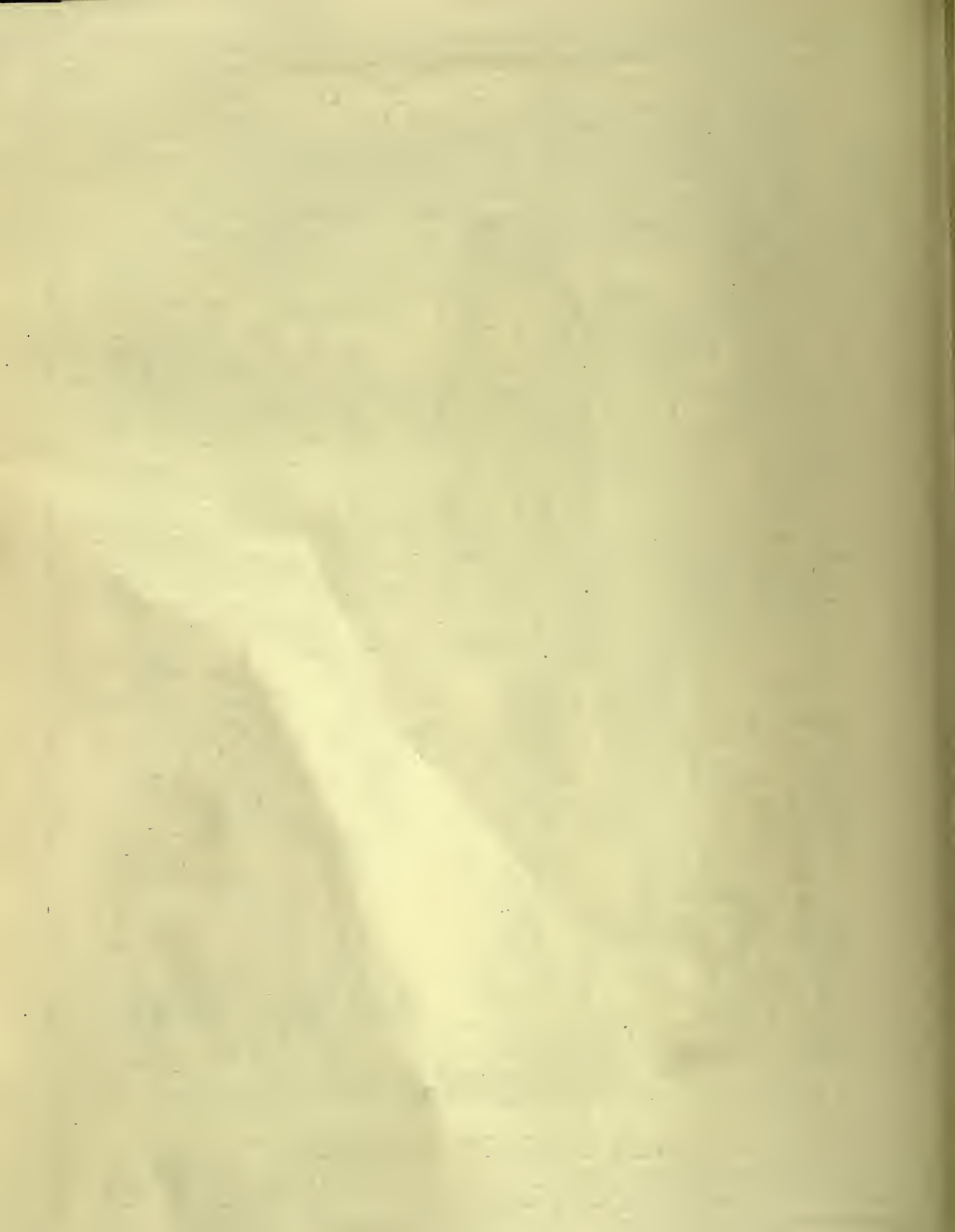
With the approach of a Festival that is dedicated to the joy of children, Mr. Punch makes bold to plead the cause of the less fortunate among them. The Queen's Hospital for Children, once known as the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, is the only one of its kind in this part of London and serves a poor district with a population of half-a-million. Its claim upon the generosity of more favoured Londoners is as strong as its lack of funds at the present moment is serious. It has one hundred-and-seventy beds, and during the last year has cared for eighteen hundred in-patients and sixty thousand out-patients. Mr. Punch is certain that, if the children of the West-end understood the suffering and needs of these other children of Bethnal Green, they would want to help them by forgoing some of their Christmas toys. Gifts should be addressed to the Secretary, T. GLENTON-KERR, Esq., Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.2.



THE ROAD TO ECONOMY.

THE SHEPHERD. "I WONDER IF ANY OF YOU SHEEP COULD SHOW ME THE WAY."

("Let the Nation set the example [in economy] to the Government."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 29th.—Some time ago Lord NEWTON was appointed Chairman of a Committee on Smoke Abatement. It took enough evidence to fill a Blue-book a couple of inches thick, and, at the request of the Government, furnished an interim report. Supposing, not unnaturally, that its valuable recommendations would be adopted in the Government's housing schemes the Committee was disgusted to find that, save for an emasculated summary in "a dismal journal called *Housing*," no notice was taken of its report. Lord NEWTON is not a man who can safely be invited to consume his own smoke, and he made indignant protest this afternoon. A soft answer from Lord SANDHURST, who assured him that the Government, far from being unmindful of the Committee's labours, had already equipped some thousands of houses with central heating, temporarily diverted his wrath.

Thanks to the Sinn Feiners, the Public Galleries of the House of Commons were closed. Thus deprived of all audience save themselves and the reporters the most loquacious Members were depressed. *Bombinantes in gurgite vasto*, their arguments sounded hollow even to themselves. With an obvious effort they tried to carry on what the SPEAKER described—and deprecated—as "the usual Monday fiscal debate." This time it turned upon the

was confident that Russia had nothing to export save propaganda. The controversy was beginning to pall when by a happy inspiration Mr. RONALD McNEILL, with mock solemnity, in-



THE DEFENDER OF KUT—WITH ESCORT.

SIR CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

quired if the last egg in Russia had not been eaten by a relation of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

A long-standing Parliamentary tradition enjoins that the reply to any Question addressed to the CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE should be greeted with laughter. By virtue of his office he holds, as it were, the "pass-the-mustard" prerogative. Members laughed accordingly when he replied to a question relating to the number of ex-Service men employed by his Committee; but they laughed much more loudly when the hon. Member who put the original Question proceeded to inquire "if his conscience is now quite clear," and Sir J. T. AGG-GARDNER, looking as respectable as if he were *Mrs. Grundy's* second husband, declared, hand on heart, that it was.

The House gave a rather less stentorian welcome than might have been expected to Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, who was escorted up to the Table by Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Colonel CROFT. Perhaps it was afraid that cheers intended for the defender of Kut might be appropriated by the Editor of *John Bull*.

Encouraged, I suppose, by the emptiness of the Ladies' Gallery, it then proceeded with great freedom to discuss a proposal for the employment of women and young persons "in shifts."

Tuesday, November 30th.—The EX-CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA will be tremendously bucked when he reads the report of to-day's proceedings, and discovers that there is one person in the world who takes him seriously. Sir FREDERICK HALL has been much disturbed by the reports of Hohenzollern intrigues for a restoration, and begged the Government to send a protest to the Dutch Government. But the Fat Boy of Dulwich quite failed to make Mr. BONAR LAW's flesh creep.

Mr. BALDWIN is the least perturbed of Ministers. Even when Major EDWARDS invited him to elucidate the phrase "a working knowledge of the Welsh language"—"Does it mean having an intimate acquaintance with the literary works of DAFYDD AP GWILYM or the forgeries of 'Iolo Morganwg'?"—he never turned a hair.

Modesty not having hitherto been regarded as one of Mr. CHURCHILL'S most salient characteristics I feel it my duty to record that, on being asked when he would introduce the Supplementary Army Estimates, he replied, "I am entirely in the hands of my superiors."

Wednesday, December 1st.—That Hebrew should be one of the official languages of Palestine seems, on the face of it, not unreasonable. But, according to Lord TREOWEN, to compel the average Palestinian Jew, who speaks either Spanish or Yiddish, to use classical Hebrew, will be like obliging a



"His conscience now quite clear."

SIR J. T. AGG-GARDNER.

large imports from Russia in 1913. One side seemed to think that similar imports would be forthcoming to-day but for the obstructiveness of the British Government, while the other



THE FAT BOY OF DULWICH.

SIR FREDERICK HALL.

user of pidgin-English to adopt the language of ADDISON. He failed, however, to make any impression upon Lord CRAWFORD, who expressed the hope that the Government's action



Golfer. "HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WORSE PLAYER?" [No answer.] "I SAID, 'HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WORSE PLAYER?'"

Aged Caddie. "I HEERD YE VERRA WEEEL THE FURRST TIME. I WAS JEST THENKIN' ABOUT IT."

would help to purify the language. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL is determined, I gather, to make Palestine a country fit for rabbis to live in.

The Government of Ireland Bill had a very rough time in Committee. The LORD CHANCELLOR managed to ward off Lord MIDDLETON's proposal to have one Parliament instead of two—"a blow at the heart of the Bill"—but was less successful when Lord ORANMORE AND BROWNE moved that the Southern Parliament should be furnished with a Senate. The Peers' natural sentiment in favour of Second Chambers triumphed, and the Government were defeated by a big majority.

The Office of Works has been lending a hand to local authorities in difficulties with their housing schemes. But when Sir ALFRED MOND brought up a Supplementary Estimate in respect of these transactions he met with a storm of indignation that surprised him. "The road to bankruptcy," "Nationalisation in the building trade," "Socialistic proposals"—these were some of the phrases that assailed his ears. Fortified, however, by the support of the Labour Party—Mr. MYERS declared that his action

had been "the one bright spot in the whole of the housing policy"—Sir ALFRED challenged his critics to go and tell their constituents that they had voted to prevent houses being built, and got his Estimate through by 190 to 64.

Thursday, December 2nd.—Thanks to the free-and-easy procedure of the House of Lords the Government began the day with a victory. Lord SHANDON had moved an amendment, to which the LORD CHANCELLOR objected. But he did not challenge a division when the question was put. Lord DONOUGHMORE, most expeditious of Chairmen, announced "the Contents have it," and the matter seemed over. But then the LORD CHANCELLOR woke up, and said he had meant to ask for a division. "All right," said the CHAIRMAN; "clear the Bar," and when the white-wanded tellers had counted their flocks it appeared that the Government had a majority of three.

I do not suppose anyone will say of Lord BIRKENHEAD, as a celebrated judge is reported to have said of one of his predecessors, "'Ere comes that 'oly 'umhug 'umming 'is 'orrid 'ymns;" but

he is evidently a student of hymnology, for he referred to the Government victory as this "scanty triumph" and for a long time did not challenge any more divisions.

In the House of Commons an attack upon the new liquor regulations—"pieces of gross impertinence" according to Mr. MACQUISTEN—found no favour with the PRIME MINISTER. Mr. MCCURDY announced that he had reduced the price of wheat to the millers and hoped that "in a few weeks" the consumer might begin to receive the benefit. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER excused the delay in publishing the Economy Committee's reports on the ground that the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS was "at sea," and elicited the inevitable gibe that he was not the only one. Sir ERIC GEDDES, with a judicious compliment to the motorists for setting "an extraordinary example of voluntary taxation," got a Second Reading for his Roads Bill; and Sir GORDON HEWART with some difficulty induced the House to accept his assurance that the Official Secrets Bill was meant for the discomfiture of spies and not the harassing of honest journalists.



Margaret (not satisfied with the parental explanation of the recent disappearance of a pet rabbit). "MUMMY, IS—IS THIS GLADYS?"

TO A CLERICAL GOLFING FRIEND.

FINE is your temper as your hand-forged iron!

Even should you hack the ball from out the spherical,
Or find it near the pin with lumps of mire on,

Your language is not otherwise than clerical.

Once only, when your toe received the niblick,

The word I saw your lips frame was not biblic.

Upon the links as perfect in address

As in the pulpit, just as you are seen
In life to play according to the Book,

So too, mid all the hazards of the green,
You teach us by example not to press
And how to shun the faults of slice and hook.

Treating the ball as if it had a soul,
Imparting safe direction, you determine
How best it may keep up its given rôle;
Indeed your daily round's a model sermon.

So, till life's course is traversed, I'll await

Your well-timed counsel. If I have you by me

I'll laugh at all the baffling strokes of Fate

And lay the bogie of Despair a stymie.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGONE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are fond, in "Charivaria," of poking some of your gentle fun at the leisurely bricklayer, and indeed at all the "ca-canny" brigade; but the bricklayer has come in for the thickest of your fire. I hope, however, that you don't think you have discovered his and his fellow-workers' deliberate processes yourself. If so, permit me to draw your attention to NED WARD'S *London Spy*, which was published as long ago as 1699. In that work is the description of a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral when it was building. A passage in this description runs thus:

"We went a little further, where we observed ten men in a corner very busie about two men's work, taking so much care that everyone should have his due proportion of the labours as so many thieves in making an exact division of their booty. The wonderful piece of difficulty the whole number had to perform was to drag along a stone of about three hundredweight in a carriage, in order to be hoisted upon the moldings of the cupola, but they were so fearful of despatching this facile undertaking with too much expedition that they were longer in hauling about half the length of the church than a couple of

lusty porters, I am certain, would have been carrying it to Paddington without resting of their burthen."

Shall I refrain from remarking that there is nothing new under the sun? I will.

Yours, etc., L. V. E.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE BARNACLE.

(A Sort of Sea Shanty.)

OLD Bill Barnacle sticks to his ship,
He never is ill on the stormiest trip;
Upside down he crosses the ocean—
If you do that you *enjoy* the motion.

Barnacle's family grows and grows;

Little relations arrive in rows;

And the quicker the barnacles grow,
you know,

The slower the ship doth go—yo ho!

Thousands of barnacles, small and great,

Stick to the jolly old ship of State;

So we mustn't be cross if she seems to crawl—

It's rather a marvel she goes at all.

A. P. H.

"Priests preach the want of brotherhood in the Anglican Church, but many, I am sorry to say, do not practise what they preach."

Letter to Daily Paper.

Is not this carrying the reactionary spirit a little too far?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DRAGON."

SOME day, no doubt, plays like Mr. Wu and *The Dragon* (by R. E. JEFFREY) will be forbidden by the League of Nations. Meanwhile let us allow ourselves to be diverted by the motiveless villainies of crooked cruel "Chinks" like *Wang Fu Chang*, who sold opium at a terrific profit in Mayfair, hung his servants up by their thumbs and belonged to a Society of Elder Brethren, as to whose activities we were given no clue, unless indeed their job was the kidnapping of Younger Sisters for Wicked Mandarins.

For *Jack Stacey*, who opened the Prologue in Loolong with head in hands and moaned invocations of the Deity (a version doubtless of the well-known gambit, "'Hell!' said the Duchess"), had his little daughter kidnapped at birth or thereabouts (by *Wang Fu*, as it happened), and never saw her again till, after eighteen years of opium-doping—between the Prologue and the First Act—he called upon the same *Wang Fu* (just before dinner) with a peremptory message from a very bad and powerful mandarin that if little Miss *Che Fu* were not packed off to China by eleven that same evening the Elder Brethren would be one short by midnight. *Che Fu*, I ought to say, passed as *Wang's* daughter, but was so English, you know, to look at that nobody could really believe it.

Of course *Jack* didn't recognise her as his own daughter, but equally of course we did, and knew that she would be rescued by her impetuous boy-lover and restored to her real father; but not before great business with opium pipes, pivoting statues of goddesses, inoperative revolvers, gongs, strangulations (with gurgles), detectives, rows of Chinese servants each more rascally (and less Chinese, if possible) than the last, and over all the polished villainy of the inscrutable *Wang Fu Chang*.

Mr. JEFFREY's technique was quite adequate for this ingenuous kind of thing. He achieved what I take to be the supreme compliment of noisy hushings sibilated from the pit and gallery when the later curtains rose. Perhaps action halted a little to allow of rather too much display of pidgin-English and (I suppose) authentic elementary Chinese and comic reliefs which filled the spaces between the salient episodes of the slender and naïve plot. I couldn't help wondering how *Jack Stacey*, whom we left at 10.45 in a horrible stupor, shut away in a gilded alcove of *Wang Fu's* opium den, could appear at 11.30 at *Lady Handley's* in immaculate evening dress and with entirely unruffled hair,

having in the meantime cut down and restored to consciousness two tortured Chinese and heard the true story of his daughter's adventures. This seems to be overdoing the unities. And I wondered whether the puzzled look on young *Handley's* face was due to this same wonder or to the reflection that if he had shed one undesirable father-in-law he had let himself in for another. For, needless to say, they had all met in the famous opium scene when *Stacey* was naturally not at his best.

Mr. D. LEWIN MANNERING was suitably sinister as *Wang Fu*; Mr. TARVER PENNA's *Ah Fong*, the heroine's champion, made some very pleasant faces and gestures and was less incurably Western than some of his colleagues; Mr. CRONIN WILSON's *Jack Stacey* seemed a meri-



THE MODEL FLAPPER (CHINESE STYLE).

Wang Fu Chang . Mr. D. L. MANNERING.
Che Fu Miss CHRISTINE SILVER.

torious performance. The part of *Che Fu* made no particular demand on Miss CHRISTINE SILVER's talent, and Miss EVADNE PRICE faithfully earned the laughter she was expected to make as *Sua Se*, the opium-den attendant. Leave your critical faculty at home and you will be able to derive considerable entertainment from this unambitious show.

Fashions in Hand-wear.

"Amusing contrast is seen in the Riviera and winter sports outfits now on view, with filmy lace, shimmering silks, and glowing velvets on the one hand and thick wool and the stoutest of boots on the other."

Weekly Paper.

From a *feuilleton*:—

" . . . She was startled by a low sibilant whisper, 'I've caught you, my girl!'"

Daily Paper.

Try and hiss this for yourself.

THE BARREL OF BEEF.

WE were dawdling home from the westward on the flood. Astern of us, knee-deep in foam, stood the slim column of the Bishop lighthouse, a dark pencil mark on the cloudless sky. To the south the full Atlantic piled the black reefs with hills of snow. Ahead the main islands humped out of the blue sea like a school of basking whales. I had the tiller and Uncle Billy John Polsue was forward picking up the marks and carrying on a running commentary, punctuated by expectorations of dark fluid. Suddenly something away on the port bow attracted his attention. He rolled to his feet, stared for some seconds and shouted, "Hold 'er on the corner o' Great Minalte!" a tremor of excitement in his voice.

I did as I was bid and sheeted home.

Billy John fished the conger gaff from under the blue and silver heap of mackerel in the well and climbed laboriously on to the little half-deck. So we were after some sort of flotsam, I could not see what, because Billy John's expansive back-view obscured the prospect ahead, but from his tense attitude I judged that it appeared interesting. He signed to me to come up another couple of points, took a firm grasp of the gaff and leaned over the bows. Then with a creak of straining tackle and a hiss of riven water a gig was on us. She swooped out of the blue, swept by not two fathoms to windward and with a boat-hook snapped up the treasure trove (it looked suspiciously like a small keg) right under our very noses as adroitly as a lurcher snaps a hare. She ran on a cable's length, spun on her heel and slipped away down the sound, a long lean craft, leaping like a live thing under her press of canvas. She seemed full of red-headed men of all ages and was steered by a brindled patriarch who wagged his vermilion beard at us and cackled loudly. I roared with laughter; I had seldom seen anything so consummately slick in my life.

Billy John roared too, but from other influences. He bellowed, he spat, he danced with rage. He cursed the gig's company collectively and singly, said they were nothing better than common pirates and that they lured ships to destruction and devoured the crews—raw.

The gig's company were delighted; they jeered and waved their caps. Billy John trembled with passion.

"Who stole the bar'l o' beef?" he trumpeted through his palms. "Who—stole—the—bar'l—o'—beef? Hoo hoo!"

This last sally had a subduing effect on the gig's company; they turned



CHILDREN'S PRESENTS. CHRISTMAS, 1920.

Mother. "ISN'T IT A PERFECT GEM, DARLING?"

Son. "WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD WITH IT. I ASK YOU, WHERE'S THE H.P. CYLINDER THAT DRIVES THE CRANK-PINS ON THE TRAILING WHEELS?"

their faces away and became absorbed in the view ahead.

Billy John sat down with a grunt of satisfaction. "That settled 'em," he grinned. "They dunno who did steal the bar'l to this day, and each wan do suspect t'other."

"St. Martin's islanders?" I queried.

Billy John shook his head. "Naw, from St. Helen's, o' course; deddn' you see their red 'eads? They're all red-'eaded over on Helen's—take after their great-grandfather the Devil."

"They're pretty smart, anyhow," said I.

Billy John threw up both hands. "Smart! By dang you've said it! Anythin' in the way o' honest work they do leave to us poor mainland grabbers; they don't unnerstand it; but come a bit o' easy money in the way of wreckage and we might as well stop bed as try to compete with them; we eddn but children to 'em."

"What about this barrel of beef?" I asked.

Billy John ehuekled. "Comed to pass years ago, Sir. There was a party of us over 'ere crabbin'. My brother

Zackariah 'ad married a Helen's wumman, and a brear great piece she were too. They was livin' on Helen's upon Lower Town beach, and we lodged with 'em.

"Wan mornin' before dawn along comes great Susan in her stockined feet. 'Whist!' says she, 'rouse thee out an' don't make no noise; I think I heerd a guu from Carnebiggal Ledges.'

"We sneaked out like shadows, got the boat afloat and pulled away, mufflein' the oars with our caps. We got a fair start; nobody heerd us go. It weren't yet light and the fog were like a bag, but we got there somehow, and sure enough there were a big steamer fast on the rocks. Great Susan were right. Oh, I tell you t'eddn guesswork with they St. Helen's folk; male or female they got a nose for a wreck, same as cats for mice. There was a couple o' ship's boats standing by on her port side full o' men.

"Where in 'ell are we?' shouts 'er skipper as we comed nosing through the fog. 'I ain't seen the sun for two days.'

"We told en and lay by chattin' and

wonderin' 'ow we was to plunder she, with them in the road. Time went by and there we was still chattin' about the weather an' suchlike damfoolery. Every minute I was expectin' to see the Helen's gigs swarmin' out, and then it wouldn't be pickin's we'd get but leavin's.

"'Ere,' whispers I to Zakky, 'seare 'im off for God's sake.'

"'I'll 'ave a try,' says 'e. 'Say, Mr. Captain, the tide's makin'. She do come through 'ere like a river and you'll be swamped for certain. Pull for the shore, sailor.'

"'Will you pilot me in?' says the captain.

"'Naw,' says Zakky. 'I got to be after my crab-pots; but I'll send my nephew wid 'e.'

"'Keep 'em lost out in the Sound for a couple of hours, son,' he whispers to the boy, and the lad takes 'em off into the fog. 'Now for the plunder, my dears,' says Zakky; and we makes for the ship.

"But Lor' bless you, Sir, she were already plundered. While we 'was chattin' away on her port side four

Helen's gigs' crews had boarded her quietly from starboard and was eatin' through her like a pest o' ants. They'd come staggering on deck—fathers, sons and grandfathers—with bundles twice as big nor themselves, toss 'em into the gigs and go back for more. As for us, we stood like men mazed. I tell you, Sir, a God-fearing man can't make a livin' 'mong that lot; they'll turn a vessel inside out while he's thinkin' how to begin.

"By-'m-by they comed on the prize o' the lot—a bar'l o' beef. My word, what an outcry! 'I seed 'en first!' 'Naw, you deddn'; hands off!' 'Leggo; 's mine!' Quarrellin' 'mong themselves now, mark you, beef bein' as scarce as diamonds in them hard times. Old Hosea—the old toad that you seed steerin' that gig just now—he puts a stop to et.

"'Avast ragin', thou fools,' says 'e; 'coastguards will be along in a minute and then there'll be nothin' for nobody. Set en in my boat an' I'll divide it up equal on the beach."

"They done as they were told, and away goes old Hosea for the shore, followed by the other gigs loaded that deep they could hardly swim. Seein' they hadn't left us nothin' but the bare bones we pulled in ourselves shortly after, and, my dear life what a sight we did behold! Fellows runnin' about in the fog on the beach, for all the world like shadows on a blind, cursin', shoutin', fightin', tumblin' over each other, huntin' high and low, and in the middle of 'em all old Hosea crying out for his bar'l o' beef like a wumman after her first-born. Somebody'd stole it! Mercy me! we mainlanders lay on our oars and laughed till the tears rolled out of us in streams."

"Who did steal it? Do you know?" I asked.

Billy John nodded. "I do, Sir. Why, great Susan, o' course. They'd forgotten she, livin' right upon the beach—wan o' their own breed. Susan stalked en through the fog an' had en locked in her own house before they could turn round. And many a full meal we poor honest mainlanders had off it, Sir, take it from me."

PATLANDER.

Our Cynical Municipalities.

"Schemes for the relief of the unemployed at — include the extension of the cemetery." *Daily Paper.*

"The constable went to the warehouse doorway and found two men, who, when asked to account for their movements, suddenly bolted in different directions, pursued by the constable."—*Welsh Paper.*

A worthy colleague of the Irish policeman who in a somewhat similar dilemma "surrounded the crowd."

VIGNETTES OF SCOTTISH SPORT.

(By a Peckham Highlander.)

O BRAWLY sklent the break o' day
On far Lochaber's bank and brae,
And briskly bra's the Hielan' burn
Where day by day the Southron kern
Comes busking through the bonnie
brae

Wi' rod and creel o' finest make,
And gars the artfu' trouties rise
Wi' a' the newest kinds o' flies,
Nor doots that ere the sun's at rest
He'll catch a basket o' the best.

For what's so sweet to nose o' man
As trouties skirrlin' in the pan
Wi' whiles a nip o' mountain dew
Tae warm the chilly Saxon through,
And hold the balance fair and right
Twixt intellect and appetite?

But a' in vain the Southron throws
Abune each trout's suspectfu' nose
His gnats and coachmen, greys and
brouns,

And siclike gear that's sold in touns,
And a' in vain the burn he whups
Frae earliest sunrise till the tups
Wi' mony a wean-compelling "meech!"

Announce the punctual close of day.
Then hameward by the well-worn
track

Gangs the disgruntled Sassenach,
And, having dined off mountain sheep,
Betakes him moodily to sleep.
And "Ah!" he cries, "would I might be
A' clansman kilted to the knee,
Wi' sporan, plaid and buckled shoe,
And Caledonian whiskers too!
Would I could wake the pibroch's
throes

And live on parritch and peas brose
And spurn the ling wi' knotty knees,
The dourest Scot frae Esk tae Tees!

For only such, I'll answer for 't,
Are rightly built for Hielan' sport,
Can stalk Ben Ledi's antlered stag
Frae scaur to scaur and crag tae crag.

Cra'ing like serpents through the grass
On waumies bound wi' triple brass;
Can find themselves at set o' sun,
Wi' sandwiches and whusky gone,

And twenty miles o' scaur and fell
Frae Miss McOstrich's hotel,
Yet utter no revilin' word
Against the undiminished herd

Of antlered monarchs of the glen
That never crossed their eagle ken:
But a' unfrettit turn and say,
'Hoots, but the sport's been grand the
day!'

For none but Scotsmen born and bred,
When ither folk lie snug in bed,
Would face yon cauld and watery pass,
The eerie peat-hag's dark morass,
Where wails the whaup wi' mournful
screams,

Tae wade a' day in icy streams
An' flog the burn wi' feckless flies
Though ilka trout declines tae rise,

Then hameward crunch wi' empty creel
Tae sit and hark wi' unquenched zeal
Tae dafties' tales o' lonesome tarns
Cramfu' o' trout as big as barns."

E'en thus the envious Southron girds
Complainin' fate wi' bitter words
For a' the virtues she allots
Unto the hardy race o' Scots.
And when the sun the brae's abune
He taks the train to London toun,
Vowing he ne'er again will turn
Tae Scottish crag or Hielan' burn,
But hire a punt and fish for dace
At Goring or some ither place.

ALGOL.

EFFECT AND CAUSE.

THE bell was knelling: dong, dong,
dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

Inside tho Hall there was nothing
but gloom.

Suddenly the echoes were startled by
a loud knocking on the door: rat, tat,
tat, tat, tat, tat, ratta, tatta, tatta,
tatta, tat, tat.

Who could it be?

The old servitor shambled to undo
the bolts. As he opened the door the
wind rushed in, carrying great flakes of
snow with it and an icy blast pene-
trated to every corner of the house.

There followed a man muffled up to
the eyes in a vast red scarf—or not so
much red as pink, salmon colour—which
he proceeded gradually to unwind, re-
vealing at length the features of Mr.
James Tod Brown, the senior partner
of the firm of Brown, Brown & Brown,
of Little Britain. Save for a curious
nervousness of speech which caused
him to repeat every remark several
times, Mr. James Tod Brown was a
typical lawyer, in the matter of ability
far in advance of either of his partners,
Brown or Brown.

"Dear me," he said, "dear me, dear
me! This is very sad, very sad—very
sudden too, very sudden. And what—
tut, tut, dear, dear, let me see—what
was the cause of—ah! What was the
cause—what was it that occasioned the
—how did your master come to die?
Yes, how did your master come to die?"

* * * * *

"What is it all about?" asks the reader.

Well, it is not quite so meaningless
as it may appear; there is method in
the madness; for this is a passage from
a story by one of the most popular
English authors in America, to whom
an American editor has offered twenty
cents a word. At the present rate of
exchange such commissions are not to
be trifled with.

"Wanted, experienced Parlourmaid for a
good home, where the household does not
change."—*Local Paper.*

Apparently "no washing."



Cheerful Sportsman. "HILLO, PADRE! I SEE YOUR LATE COLLEAGUE HAS GONE ON AHEAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, for whose work as a novelist I have more than once expressed high admiration, has now brought together seven long-short stories under the collective title of *The Happy End* (HEINEMANN). Lest however this name and the little preface, in which the writer asserts that his wares "have but one purpose—to give pleasure," should lead you to expect that species of happy ending in which Jack shall have Jill and naught shall go ill, I think a word of warning may not be wasted. In only three of the tales is the finish a matter of conventional happiness. Elsewhere you have a deserted husband, who has tracked his betrayer to a nigger saloon in Atlantic City, wrested from his purpose of murder by a revivalist hymn; a young lad, having avenged the destruction of his home, returning to his widowed mother to await, one supposes, the process of the law; or an over-fed war profiteer stricken with apoplexy at sight of a boat full of the starved victims of a submarine outrage. You observe perhaps that the epithet "happy" is one to which the artist and the casual reader may attach a different significance. But let not anything I have said be considered as reflecting upon the tales themselves, which indeed seem to me to be masterpieces of their kind. Personally my choice would rest on the last, "The Thrush in the Hedge," a simple history of how the voice of a young tramp was revealed by his chance meeting with a blind and drug-sodden fiddler who had once played in opera—a thing of such unforced art that its con-

cluding pages, when the discovery is put to a final test, shake the mind with apprehension and hope. A writer who can make a short story do that comes near to genius.

If you wish to play the now fashionable game of newspaper-proprietor-baiting you can, with Miss ROSE MACAULAY, create a possible but not actual figure like *Potter* and, using it for stalking-horse, duly point your moral; or, with Mr. W. L. GEORGE in *Caliban* (METHUEN), you can begin by mentioning all the well-known figures in the journalistic world by way of easy camouflage, so as to evade the law of libel, call your hero-villain *Bulmer*, attach to him all the legends about actual newspaper kings, add some malicious distortion to make them more exciting and impossible, and thoroughly let yourself go. Good taste alone will decide which is the cleaner sport, and good taste does not happen to be the fashion in certain literary circles at the moment. Of course Mr. GEORGE, being a novelist of some skill, has provided a background out of his imagination. The most interesting episode, excellently conceived and worked out, is the only unsuccessful passage in *Lord Bulmer's* life, the wooing of *Janet Willoughby*. The awkward thing for Mr. GEORGE is that he has so splashed the yellow over *Bulmer* in the office that there is no use in his pretending that the *Bulmer* in *Mrs. Willoughby's* drawing-room is the same man in another mood. He just isn't. Incidentally the author gives us the best defence of the saffron school of journalism I've read—a defence that's a little too good to believe; and some shrewd blows above (and, as I have hinted, occasionally below) the belt.

I want to give the epithet "lush" to *The Breathless Moment* (LANE), and, although the dictionary asks me as far as in me lies to reserve that adjective for grass, I really don't see why, just for once, I shouldn't do what I like with it. Lush grass is generally long and brightly coloured—"luxuriant and succulent," the dictionary says—and that is exactly what Miss MURIEL HINE's book is. She tells the story of *Sabine Fane*, who, loving *Mark Vallance*, persuaded him to pass a honeymoon month with her before he went to the Front, though his undesirable wife was still alive. In allowing her heroine to suffer the penalty of this action Miss HINE would appear, as far as plot is concerned, to discourage such adventures. But *Sabine* is so charming, her troubles end so happily and the setting of West Country scenery is so beautiful that, taken as a whole, I should expect the book to have the opposite effect. The

picture of a tall green wave propelling a very solid rainbow, which adorns the paper wrapper and as an advertisement has cheered travellers on the Tube for some weeks past, has no real connection with the story, but perhaps is meant to be symbolical of the book, which, clever and well written as it is, is almost as little like what happens in real life.

The Uses of Diversity (METHUEN) is the title of a little volume in which Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has reprinted a selection of his shorter essays, fugitive pieces of journalism, over which indeed the casual reader may experience some natural bewilderment at finding, what is inevitable in such work, the trivialities of the day before yesterday treated with the respect of contemporary regard. Many of the papers are inspired by the appearance of a particular book or play. I can best illustrate what I have said above by a quotation from one of them, in which the author wrote (*à propos* of the silver goblets in *Henry VIII.* at His Majesty's) that he supposed such realism might be extended to include "a real Jew to act *Shylock*." For those who recall a recent triumph, this flight of imagination will now have an oddly archaic effect. It is by no means the only passage to remind us sharply that much canvas has gone over the stage rollers since these appreciations were written. Unquestionably Mr. CHESTERTON, with the unstated entertainment of his verbal acrobatics, stands the ordeal of such revival better than most. Even when he is upon a theme so outworn as the "Pageants that have adorned England of late," he can always astonish with some grave paradox. But for all that I still doubt whether journalism so much of the moment as this had not more fitly been left for the pleasure of casual rediscovery in its original home than served up with the slightly overweighting dignity of even so small a volume.

In *A Tale That Is Told* (COLLINS), MR. FREDERICK NIVEN throws himself into the personality of *Harold Grey*, who is the youngest son of an "eminent Scottish divine," and

constitutes himself the annalist of the family, its private affairs and its professional business in the commerce of literature and art. The right of the family to its annals, notwithstanding that its members are little involved in furious adventures or thrilling romance, is established at once by the very remarkable character of the *Reverend Thomas Grey*. The duty upon you to read them depends, as the prologue hints, upon whether you are greatly interested in life and not exclusively intent on fiction. When I realised that I must expect no more than an account, without climax, of years spent as a tale that is told, I accepted the conditions subject to certain terms of my own. The family must be an interesting one and not too ordinary; the sons, *Thomas* (whose creed was "Give yourself," and whose application of it was such that it usually wrecked the person to whom the gift was made),

Dick the artist, and *John* the novelist, must be very much alive; if the big adventures were missing the little problems must be faced; the question of sex must not be overlooked; and of humour none of the characters must be devoid, and the historian himself must be full. Mr. NIVEN failed me in no particular.



MORE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Goat. "Who are you?"

The Man (greatly disturbed). "Who? Me? I—I'M THE NEW GAMEKEEPER."

The Goat. "WELL, I'M THE LATE GAMEKEEPER. YOU SEE, OLD BILKS THE SORCERER TOOK TO POACHING LATELY, AND I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM AT IT."

and also the *Morgans* were of "influential commercial stock," and both families were so essentially Victorian in their outlook and manner of living that I was surprised when 1914 was announced. The trouble with this story is that too many of the characters are drawn from the stock-pot. But I admit that, before we have done with them, they acquire a certain distinction from the adroitness with which the author extricates them from apparently hopeless situations.

Praise from "The Times."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with that absence of commercial training which is essential to one occupying such a position . . ."

Another Sex-Problem.

"WANTED.—Six White Leghorn Cockerels; 6 Black Minorca Cockerels. Must lay eggs."—*Times of Ceylon*.

"A dreamy professor in a dim romantic laboratory may light upon a placid formula and, like Aladdin, roll back the portals of the enchanted fastness with a tranquil open sesame."—*Magazine*.

But why should his laboratory be dim when he has *Ali Baba's* wonderful lamp to light it?

CHARIVARIA.

APPARENTLY the official decision not to issue Christmas excursion tickets for journeys of less than one hundred miles will inflict some inconvenience on the public. Several correspondents point out that they will be obliged to travel further than they had intended.

A newspaper correspondent describes CHARLIE CHAPLIN as being an amusing companion in private life. We always suspect a popular comedian of having his lighter moments.

"For twenty years," says a contemporary, "Superintendent Spencer of Scotland Yard has been watching the King." We hasten to add that during all that time HIS MAJESTY has never done anything to excite suspicion.

This year's Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match is said to have been the most exciting in the memory of the oldest undergraduate.

According to *The Daily Express* twenty-five thousand Government officials are on strike in Austria. People are asking why we can't have this sort of thing in England.

Official kissing at Presidential functions is now discontinued in France and visitors must shake hands in future. These curtailed amenities are still an improvement on the Mexican custom of exchanging revolver shots.

"Hats," says *The Times'* fashion correspondent, "are worn well on the head." We have always regarded this as the best place to wear a hat on.

White spats are to be fashionable this winter, we read. In muddy weather, however, the colour-scheme may be varied. Only the other day we saw one gentleman wearing a beautiful pair of Dalmatians.

So many singers want to run before they can walk, says Mr. BEN DAVIES. With some singers whom we have heard, the ability to dodge as well as run would be an advantage.

Loud cheers were given, says a

Bolshevist wireless message, when LENIN left Petrograd for Moscow. We can well believe it.

The Bolsheviks now forbid men to walk through the streets with their hands in their pockets. Hands in other peoples' pockets every time is their motto.

A palpitating writer in a Sunday paper asks if the summit of English life is being made a true Olympus or a rooting-ground for the swine of Ercunus. Judging by the present exorbitant price of a nice tender loin of pork, with crisp crackling, we should say the former.

A West Norwood man who de-

assigned is the depressing effect of the DEAN.

Of several hats caught up in a recent whirlwind it was observed that the one with the largest circulation was a "Sandringham."

A judge has decided that it is *ultra vires* for a municipal body to run a public laundry. Apparently this is to remain a monopoly of the Royal Courts of Justice.

"The telephone," we are told, "was cradled in a dead man's ear." As far as we can ascertain the other end of ours is still there.

Seventy is suggested by the London

County Council as the age limit at which coroners should retire. Complete justice cannot be done as long as there is anything in the shape of identity of interest between the coroner and the corpse.

"The natural position of the eyeballs in sleep," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "is turned upwards." The practice of leaving them standing in a tumbler of water all night should be particularly avoided by light sleepers.

We are asked to deny the rumour that

the POET LAUREATE is entitled to draw the unemployment donation.

Theatre-Fashions in Malta.

"The House was full to its utmost capacity, the elegant night dresses and toilettes of the ladies presenting a fine aspect."—*Malta Paper*.

"Ye Olde — Hotel. Hot and Cold Sheets." *Daily Paper*.

Produced, we assume, by a water-bottle (b. and c.).

"THE DRY CHAMPAIGN IN SCOTLAND. POLLING IN EDINBURGH."

Provincial Paper.

Judging by the results, the Scots seem still to prefer the local vintage.

There was a young high-brow of Sutton
Who lived on hot air and cold mutton;
He knew not of Grock,
But he idolized Brock
(I don't mean the sculptor, but CLUTTON).



THE POKER-PLAYER'S SECRET MAKE-UP OUTFIT.

Disguises your elation when you hold a fat hand.

Only five-and-sixpence post free in plain wrapper.

Will pay for itself many times over.

scribed himself as a poet told the magistrate that he had twice been knocked down by a motor-cyclist. Our opinion is that he should have given up poetry when he was knocked down the first time.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL cannot be in two places at once, says *The Bristol Evening News*. All the same it is a dangerous thing to put him on his mettle like that.

Many people remain oblivious of the approach of Christmas until the appearance of mistletoe at Covent Garden. We don't wait for that; we go by the appearance in *The Daily Mail* of a letter announcing the discovery of primroses in Thanet.

Measures to arrest the subsidence of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral have again become imperative. The cause

TO THE LION OF LUCERNE.

TINO, before you went away
 To crouch behind a sheltering Alp,
 How strong the limelight used to play
 About your bald, but kingly, scalp!
 And now, emerging from the shelf
 (A site where Kings are seldom happy),
 You must be pleased to find yourself
 Once more resilient on the tapis.

Over your past (Out, damnéd spots!)
 With lavish bucketfuls you paint
 The whitewash on to clean its blots
 And camouflage the Teuton taint;
 From WILLIAM and the family tie
 Protesting your unbridled freedom,
 "I know you not, old man," you cry,
 "Fall to your prayers—you badly need 'em!"

For Athens, to your great content,
 Calls you to be her guiding star
 (Only a paltry one per cent
 Wanted to leave you where you are);
 And you've agreed to take it on,
 Jumped at the prospect Fate discloses,
 And thought, "With VENEZELOS gone,
 Life will be one long bed of roses."

But mark the oversight you made,
 Forgetting, while you waxed so fat,
 That England, whom you once betrayed,
 Might have a word to say to that;
 Might, if for love of your fair eyes
 Greece should decide again to wobble,
 Conceivably withdraw supplies
 And cut her off with half an obol.

Roar loud, O Lion of Lucerne!
 But lo, upon Britannia's shore
 Another Lion takes his turn
 And gives a rather louder roar;
 Meaning, "It doesn't suit my views
 To subsidise two sorts of beano,
 And Greece will therefore have to choose
 Between her tummy and her TINO." O. S.

ABOUT GOLF.

GOLF is obviously the worst game in the world. I doubt indeed whether it is a game at all.

It is played with a ball, about which, though I could say much, I will say little. I will not decide whether it should have a heart of oak or a heart of gold, whether it should go through a 1-6-inch ring or a plate-glass window, whether it should sink like the German Navy or float like the British. Enough, if not too much, has been said about the standard ball.

Golf is also played with a number of striking implements more intricate in shape than those used in any other form of recreation except dentistry. Let so much be agreed.

Now, quite plainly, the essential idea underlying all games played with a ball, whether a club, stick, mallet, bat or cue be added or no, is that some interference should take place with the enemy's action, some thwarting of his purpose or intent. In Rugby football, to take a case, where no mallet is used, it is permissible to seize an opponent by the whiskers and sling him over your right shoulder, afterwards stamping a few times on his head or his stomach. This thwarts him badly. The same principle applies, though in a milder form, to the game of cricket, where you attempt to beat the

adversary's bat with your ball, or, if you have the bat, to steer the ball between your adversaries, or at least to make them jolly well wish that you would.

Even with the baser and less heroic ball games, like croquet and billiards, where more than one ball is used at a time, action inimical to the interests of the opponent's ball is permitted and encouraged. Indeed in the good old days of yore, when croquet was not so strictly scientific, a shrewd sudden stroke—the ankle shot, we called it, for, after all, the fellow was probably not wearing boots—well, I daresay you remember it; and I have once succeeded in paralysing the enemy's cue arm with the red; but this needs a lot of luck as well as strength, and is not a stroke to be practised by the beginner, especially on public tables.

We come then again to golf, and see at once that, with the miserable and cowardly exception of laying the stymie, there is no stroke in this game that fulfils the proper conditions which should govern athletic contests involving the use of spherical objects with or without instruments of percussion.

And yet we read column after column about fierce encounters and desperate struggles between old antagonists, when as a matter of fact there is no struggle, no encounter at all. Against no other ball game but golf, unless perhaps it be roulette, can this accusation be laid. Ask a man what happened last Saturday. "I went out," he says, rather as if he was the British Expeditionary Force, "in 41; but I came home"—he smiles triumphantly; you see the hospital ship, the cheering crowds—"in 39." Whether he beat the other fellow or not he hardly remembers, because there was in fact no particular reason why the other fellow should have been there.

Golf matches ought to be arranged, and for my part I shall arrange them in future, as follows:—

He. Can you play on Saturday at Crump?

I. No, I'm not playing this week.

He. Next week then?

I. Yes, at Blimp.

He. I can't come to Blimp.

I. Well, let's play all the same. Your score this week at Crump against mine next week at Blimp, and we'll have five bob on it.

I'm not quite sure what his retort is, but you take my point. It is manifestly absurd to drag the psychological element into this cold-blooded mathematical pursuit. After all that England has done and come through in the last few years, is a man in baggy knickerbockers, with tufts on the ends of his garters, going to be daunted and foiled just because a man in slightly baggier knickerbockers and with slightly larger tufts on his garters has hit a small white pellet a little further than he has? Hardly, I think.

That is why, when I read long letters in the principal daily papers about the expense of this so-called game, and calculations as to whether it can be played for less than twenty-five shillings a time, I am merely amused. In my opinion, if the relatives of members of golf-clubs cannot afford to support them, these institutions should either be closed or the initiates should be provided with some better game, like basketball. That is what I feel about golf.

All the same, if Enderby really thinks and believes that, because in a nasty cross-wind I happened to be slicing badly and didn't know the course and lost a ball at the twelfth, and he holed twice out of bunkers and certainly baulked me by sniffing on the fifteenth tee, and laid a stymie, mark you, of all places at the seventeenth, that I can't beat him three times out of five in normal conditions and not with that appalling caddy—well, I suppose one must do one's best to relieve a fellow-creature of his hallucinations, mustn't one?

EVOR.



THE BOBLET.

BRITANNIA (*counting her change*). "WHAT'S THIS?"

OUR MR. CHAMBERLAIN. "THAT, MADAM, IS THE NEW SHILLING. IT HAS MORE ALLOY THAN THE OLD, BUT THE SAME PURCHASING POWER."

BRITANNIA. "PURCHASING WEAKNESS, YOU MEAN."



Host (by way of keeping his guest's mind off the state of the course). "ASTONISHING HOW QUICKLY PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WAR."
Guest. "WHAT—WITH THIS MUD, AND YOU AT THE SLOPE?"

OUR HEAVY-WAITS.

Our Boxing Correspondent sends us the following gloomy forecast. We have pointed out to him that Mr. COCHRAN has recently made a definite contract for a meeting between DEMPSEY and CARPENTIER. Our Correspondent replies that this does not affect his attitude, and urges us to publish his predictions of further delay. We do so under protest.

Paris, December 22nd, 1920.—M. DESCHAMPS (CARPENTIER'S Manager) denies all knowledge of any agreement with Mr. COCHRAN.

New York, December 24th, 1920.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN says that DESCHAMPS must be dotty. He (C. B.) is returning by the *Mauretania* to-morrow.

London, April 17th, 1923.—As Mr. COCHRAN and M. DESCHAMPS have not yet come to an agreement the fight for the World's Heavy-Weight Championship is indefinitely postponed. JOE BECKETT meets Bombardier WELLS to-night at the Circle.

London, April 18th, 1923.—Since the

days of JIM CORBETT no more polished exponent of the fistic art has graced the ring than our Bombardier Billy. Thunders of applause greeted his appearance in the "mystic square" last night. He flashed round his ponderous opponent, mesmerising him with the purity of his style, the accuracy of his hitting, the brilliance of his foot-work. He held the vast audience spell-bound. BECKETT won on a knock-out in the second round.

London, August 11th, 1924.—Mr. LOVAT FRASER in a powerful article (written *entirely* in italics) in *The Daily Mail* points out the fearful tension the peace of Europe is undergoing through the continued differences between Messrs. COCHRAN and DESCHAMPS, and demands to know what the PREMIER is doing about it.

London, August 24th, 1924.—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, acting under Mr. LOVAT FRASER'S orders, has gone to Lympne (kindly lent by Sir PHILIP FASSOON), where he will be joined by Mr. COCHRAN, M. DESCHAMPS and M. MILLERAND.

London, September 30th, 1924.—The

whole civilised world will rejoice to hear that the differences between Mr. C. B. COCHRAN and M. DESCHAMPS have at last been amicably settled. The great fight for the world's heavy-weight championship is fixed to take place at Olympia on November 17th. DEMPSEY is to receive £100,000, CARPENTIER £75,000.

London, October 4th, 1924.—It appears that Olympia was already booked for November for *The Daily Mail's* Ideal Pyjama Exhibition, and Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has to-day issued a *communiqué* to the Press Association to the effect that the contest will be held definitely in Sark (Channel Islands) on December 23rd. He has hired the entire Cunard and White Star Fleets for the day, and those who cannot find standing room on the island will be provided with seats and telescopes in the ships' riggings. All will be welcome at fifty guineas a head.

New York, October 6th, 1924.—DEMPSEY denies that he is meeting CARPENTIER on December 23rd. He laughs at the idea of fighting for £100,000.

"Heaven knows I am not mercenary,"

he says, "but there's such a thing as a living wage."

London, October 7th, 1924.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, in an interview granted to our reporter yesterday, says that he has done with fight-promoting for ever and will in future concentrate on performing seals.

London, October 10th, 1924.—A sensation was caused at the Circle last night when an old man jumped unannounced into the ring and offered to fight anyone living to a finish for five pounds and a pint of beer for the sheer fun of the thing. The disturber, who was obviously out of his senses, was quickly removed. His identity has not so far been established, but he is thought to be a fighter of the old school escaped from confinement.

No authoritative announcement has been made as to who will assume Mr. COCHRAN's extensive boxing engagements, but rumour is busy with the name of Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.

New York, January 31st, 1925.—Mr. W. BRADY, the veteran fight-promotor, has signed up J. DEMPSEY and GEORGES CARPENTIER to meet at Havana, Cuba, on Easter Monday, 1925. DEMPSEY will draw £200,000, CARPENTIER £150,000.

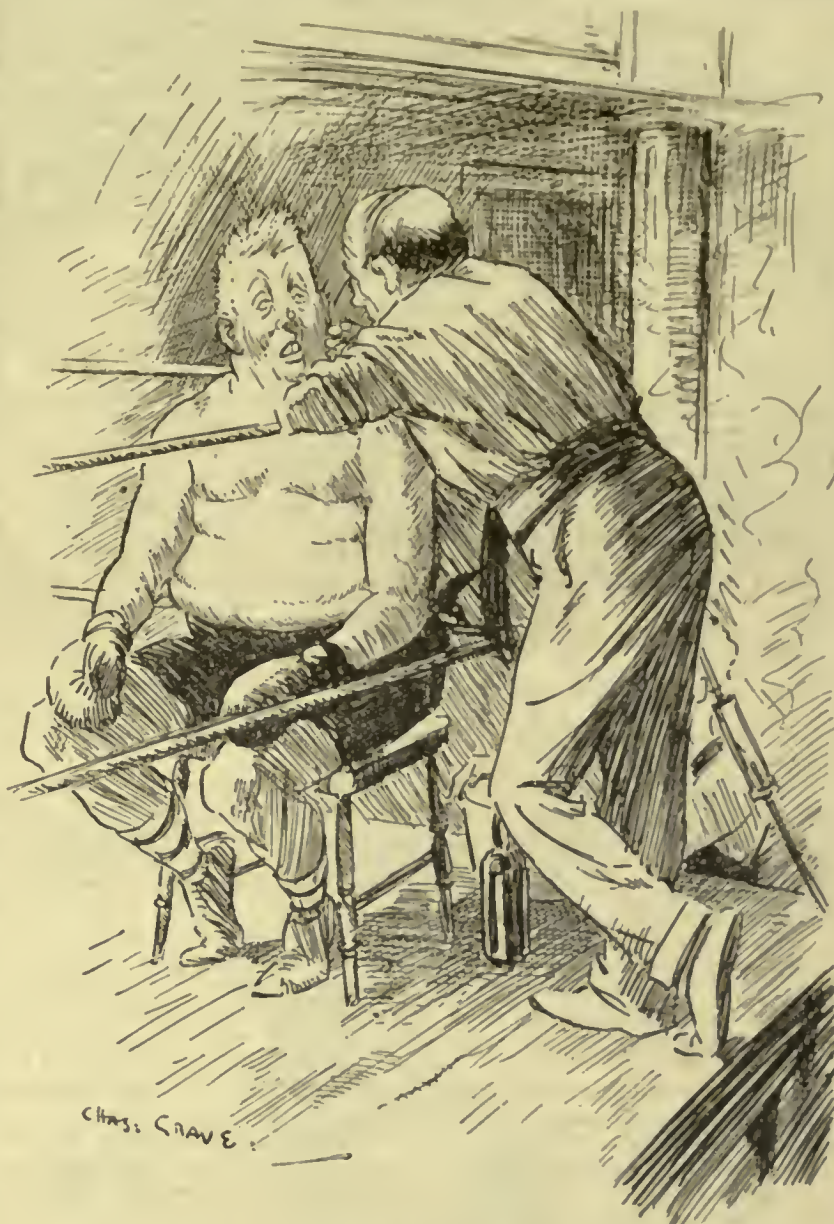
New York, February 8th, 1925.—Following Mr. W. BRADY's announcement, Mr. TEX RICKARDS (promoter of the JEFFRIES-JOHNSON contest) has now come forward, stating that DEMPSEY and CARPENTIER have signed a contract with him to fight at Nome, Alaska, on Shrove Tuesday, for a quarter-of-a-million each.

New York, February 19th, 1925.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, who arrived on the *Aquitania* this morning, says that the two champions have contracted to meet under his management at Tristan d'Acunha on Good Friday for half-a-million each and a percentage on the popcorn and peanut sales.

New York, March 3rd, 1925.—With the view of lifting the national depression consequent on the hitch in the world's championship arrangements, Mr. HENRY FORD, whose successes as a mediator are celebrated, is labouring to bring about a conciliatory meeting between the rival promoters.

New York, July 12th, 1925.—Mr. HENRY FORD's efforts, fortified by the prayers of the Rev. WILLIAM SUNDAY, have at length borne fruit. Messrs. BRADY, COCHRAN and RICKARDS have consented to talk matters over. The White House has been placed entirely at the disposal of the promoters, their families, secretaries, legal advisers, etc.

Washington, D.C., July 20th, 1925.—Mr. HENRY FORD's "Peace Party" has not proved an unqualified success. Battle royal broke out among the delo-



Second (to stout entrant in a Notice Competition). "NOW, DON'T FORGET—AS SOON AS THE BELL GOES RUSH AT 'IM AN' KEEP FLITTIN' IN AN' OUT LIKE BITS O' FORKED LIGHTNIN'."

gates at noon yesterday. Messrs. BRADY, COCHRAN and RICKARDS have been taken to hospital, but are not expected to recover. The White House is in ruins.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

Geneva, July 4th, 1960.—The fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, held under the auspices of the League of Nations, took place yesterday before a gigantic crowd. DEMPSEY, who now wears a flowing white beard, was wheeled into the ring in a bath-chair. CARPENTIER, now wholly bald, appeared on crutches and was seconded by two trained nurses and his youngest grand-

son. Both champions were assisted to their feet by their supporters, shook hands and immediately clinched. In this clinch they remained throughout the entire round, fast asleep. At the opening of the second round they attempted to clinch again, but missed each other, overbalanced and went to the mat. Neither could be persuaded to get up, and consequently both were counted out.

It is therefore impossible to say who won or who lost, and the Heavyweight Championship of the World remains as open a question as ever.

PATLANDER.

EVE VICTORIOUS.

"AREN'T girls funny, Uncle Alan?" said Christopher.

"Christopher," I answered, "girls are the very dickens. You can't trust 'em. Never have anything to do with girls, my boy."

"I'm not going to," said Christopher.

This is what we said to each other afterwards. If either of us had thought of it before—— But that's the usual way, of course.

* * * * *

Christopher and I were sitting by the fire. We were very peaceful and happy together, pretending to look at a book but really doing nothing at all.

Then Dorothy came into the room. Dorothy is Christopher's cousin and six years old. Not that her age matters—six, sixteen or sixty, they are all the same.

"What are you doing?" inquired Dorothy.

"Nothing," murmured Christopher contentedly.

"I wanted you to come and play with me."

Christopher shuffled uneasily and I came to the rescue.

"Not now, Dorothy," I said; "we are too comfortable. Come and have a look at this book with us."

Dorothy looked at me as though she had just realised my presence.

"I want Christopher to come and play with me," she repeated.

Christopher has a fine old-fashioned idea of a host's duty to his guests. He stifled a yawn and slid from my knee.

"All right, Dorothy," he said. "What shall we play?"

Dorothy skipped like a young lamb. "Hide and Seek," she sang. "I'll go and hide. Don't look till I call."

She danced gaily and triumphantly out of the room.

Now I don't mind being snubbed and I certainly shouldn't trouble about a spot of a child who ought to have been kept in the nursery. Of course it's ridiculous even to begin explaining, isn't it? The thing's obvious. No, I felt that Dorothy should be taught a lesson; that is all. I thought it would be good for her.

"That settles Dorothy," I said deliberately. "Now we can go on reading."

"But she wants me to go and look for her," explained Christopher.

"Then let her want," I said shortly. "We can't always be—— Christopher, we'll have a game with Dorothy. We'll stop where we are and let her look for herself."

Christopher chuckled. "She'll be awfully angry," he said uncertainly.

"Good!" said I.

"Cooee!" came a voice from the far-away. We laughed guiltily to ourselves and settled down in the chair. The scheme proceeded according to plan.

After sundry shrieks and screeches and whistles Dorothy grew impatient and adopted bolder tactics.

"You can't find me," she called hope-fully.

I felt that it was time for a little encouragement.

"I wonder where she can be?" I said loudly.

There was a long silence. At last Dorothy grew desperate. "Look under the armchair in the hall," she called.

Christopher and I smiled to ourselves. Then suddenly we heard her creeping towards the door. I blame Christopher for what followed.

"She's coming," he whispered excitedly. "Let's hide."

There was no time to think. We slipped rapidly under the table. A ridiculous thing to do, of course; so undignified. I kick myself when I think of it, but at the time—— Well, it was Christopher's fault for getting excited. So there we were squashed under the table when the door opened and Dorothy appeared.

"I don't believe——" she began, and then stopped. "Why, they're not here," she gasped. And then Christopher spoilt everything by spluttering. I strangled him at once and we hoped that Dorothy hadn't heard. We saw her legs standing very still by the door. Then they moved quickly round the table to the fireplace. Christopher and I held our breaths and waited. We saw that Dorothy was pulling our chair round to face the fire. Then she sat herself in it and all we could see was the back of the chair.

There was a great silence. Christopher and I looked at each other and decided that something must be done.

I cleared my throat quietly. "Cooee!" I fluted.

Dorothy began to sing a hymn in a loud voice.

And then Cecilia came into the room.

Now Cecilia is Christopher's mother and my sister. You will understand that neither Christopher nor I would care to appear ridiculous in front of her. So we kept quiet.

"Hallo, Dorothy," said Cecilia; "all by yourself? Where's Christopher?"

"I'm reading Christopher's book," said Dorothy, ignoring the question. "May I?"

"Of course, dear," said Cecilia, sitting down. There was a lot more silence. It grew very hot and uncomfortable under the table.

"What shall we do, Uncle?" whispered Christopher.

"Come on," I said desperately. We crawled out and stood up.

"What on earth——" began Cecilia. I managed a watery smile. "Here we are," I said to Dorothy.

Dorothy looked at us in surprise.

"You are untidy," she said. "What-ever have you been doing?"

Christopher swallowed indignantly. "We were playing 'Hide and Seek' with you," he said.

"Oh, I stopped playing a long time ago," said Dorothy. "I'm reading now." She turned to our book again. Cecilia began to laugh.

"Come and have a wash, Christopher," I said in a strangled voice, and we moved off sheepishly.

* * * * *

"Aren't girls funny, Uncle Alan?" said Christopher.

"Christopher," I answered, "girls are the very——" Well, I told you at the beginning what we said to each other.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE ART.

[*The Morning Post* has been conducting a vigorous campaign against singers who dispense with careful and prolonged training, and by their spasmodic and declamatory style suggest the title of "gaspsers."]

OH, all young folk of tuneful aims
And fancy names like Joan and Jasper,
I hope you'll read (and duly heed)
The Morning Post upon the "gasper."

'Tis not the "fag" that is turned down,
Though that often proves a rasper
Upon the larynx; here the noun
Denotes the human, singing gasper.

Rome was not builded in a day,
Nor even row-boats (*teste CLASPER*);
No more are voices which will stay,
Unlike the organ of the gasper.

Attorneys need, before they start,
Five years of training, but the gasper
Who grudges one to vocal art
Will end, as he began, a gasper.

Wherefore, ye men and maids who chant,
Refrain at all costs from exasperating

The Morning Post, which can't
Abide the methods of the gasper.

Another Impending Apology.

"St. — Hall was filled last night with people, with Scottish song—and with fog. Perhaps nothing but the —— Orpheus Choir could have done that."—*Scottish Paper*.

"THE JAPANESE BUDGET.

Tokio, Tuesday.
The Cabinet has approved of the Budget, which totals 1,562 million yen (about 2s.)."
Jersey Paper.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, please copy.



G. L. Standa.
920

THE POWER OF SENTIMENT.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

BOND STREET.

I find it very difficult to walk slowly down Bond Street as one ought to do; I always feel so guilty. Most of the people there look scornfully at me as if I belonged to Whitechapel, and the rest look suspiciously at me as if I belonged to Bond Street. My clothes are neither good enough nor bad enough. So I hurry through with the tense expression of a man who is merely using Bond Street as a thoroughfare, because it is the way to his dentist—as indeed in my case it is. But recently I *did* saunter in the proper way, and I took a most thrilling inventory of the principal classes of shops, the results of which have now been tabulated by my statistical department.

For instance, do you know how many shops in the street sell things for ladies to wear (not including boots, jewellery or shoes)? No? Well, there are thirty-three. Not many, is it? But then there are twenty-one jewellers (including pearl shops) and eight boot and/or shoe shops; so that, with two sort of linen places, which may fairly be reckoned as female, the ladies' total is sixty-four. I only counted a hundred-and-fifty shops altogether. Of that total, nine are places where men can buy things to wear, and ten are places where they can buy things to smoke; I have charitably debited all the cigarette-shops to the men, even the ones where the cigarettes are tipped with rose-leaves and violet-petals. But even if I do that and give the men the two places where you can buy guns and throw in the one garden-seat shop, we are left with the following result:—

FEMININE SHOPS.	MASCULINE SHOPS.
Dress 33	Dress 9
Jewellers 21	Tobacco 10
Boots and Shoes . . . 8	Motors 9
Sort of Linen Places . 2	Guns 2
Dog Bureau 1	Garden Seats . . . 1
65	31

From these figures a firm of Manchester actuaries has drawn the startling conclusion that Bond Street is more used by women than by men. It may be so. But a more interesting question is, how do all these duplicates manage to carry on, considering the very reasonable prices they charge? At one point there are three jewellers in a row, with another one opposite. Not far off there are three cigarette-shops together, madly defying each

other with gold-tips and silver-tips, cork-tips and velvet-tips, rose-tips and lily-tips. There is only one book-shop, of course, but there are about nine picture-places. How do they all exist? It is mysterious.

Especially when you consider how much trouble they take to avoid attracting attention. There are still one or two window-dressers who lower the whole tone of the street by adhering to the gaudy-overcrowded style; but the majority, in a violent reaction from that, seem to have rushed to the wildest extremes of the simple-unobtrusive. They are delightful, I think, those reverent little windows with the chaste curtains and floors of polished walnut, in the middle of which reposes delicately a single toque, a single choco-

grocers and a poulterer. There is even a fish-shop—you didn't know that, did you? I am bound to say it seemed to have only the very largest fish, but they were obviously fish.

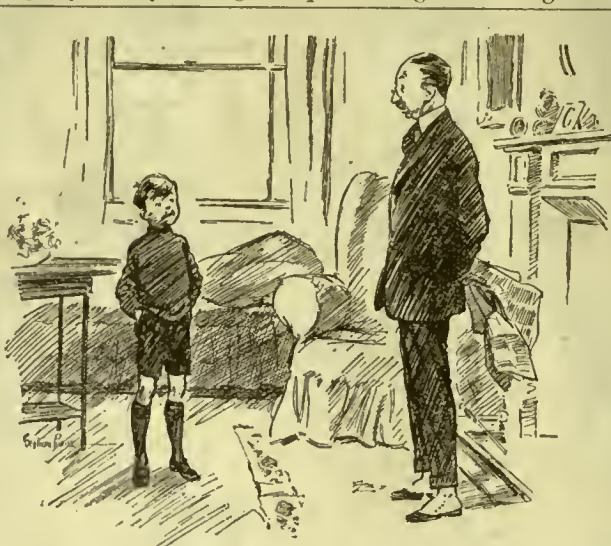
Anyone can go shopping in Bond Street. I knew a clergyman once who went in and asked for a back-stud. He was afterwards unfrocked for riotous living, but the stud was produced. You can buy a cauliflower in Bond Street—if you know the ropes. There is a shop which merely looks like a very beautiful florist's. There are potatoes in the window, it is true, but they are "hot-house" ones; inside there is no trace of a common vegetable. But if you ask facetiously for a cauliflower (as I did) the young lady will disappear below ground and actually return with a real cauliflower (*de luxe*, of course). I remember few more embarrassing episodes.

And if you like to inquire at the magnificent provision-merchant's he too will conjure up from the magic cellars boot-cream and metal-polish and all those vulgar groceries which make life possible. That is the secret of Bond Street. Beneath that glittering display of luxurious trivialities there are vast reserves of solid prosaic necessities, only waiting to be asked for. A man could live exclusively on Bond Street. I don't know where you would buy your butchers' meat, but I have a proud fancy that, if you went in and said something to one of those sleek and sorrowful jewellers, he too would vanish underground and blandly return to you with a jewelled steak or a plush chop.

Many years ago, they tell me, there was a butcher in Bond Street. Perhaps you dealt there. For my part I was not eating much meat in those days. But I can imagine his window—a perfect little grotto of jasper and onyx, with stalactites of pure gold, and in the middle, resting on a genuine block of Arctic ice, an exquisite beef-sausage. I wish he would come back.

It is difficult to realise that there is anything but shop-windows in Bond Street, but I like to think that, up there in those upper storeys which one never sees, there does dwell a self-contained little community to whom Bond Street is merely the village street, down which the housewives pass gossiping each morning to the greengrocer's or the fishmonger's and never purchase any pearls at all.

When the butcher comes back I think I shall join them. A. P. H.



Father. "LOOK HERE, BILLY, MR. SMITH CALLED AT THE OFFICE THIS MORNING ABOUT YOUR FIGHT WITH HIS BOY YESTERDAY."

Son. "DID HE? I HOPE YOU OOT ON AS WELL AS I DID."

lato or a single pearl. Some of the picture-places are among the most modest. There is one window which suggests nothing but the obscure branch of a highly-decayed bank in the dimmest cathedral town. On the dingy screen which entirely fills the window is written simply in letters which time has almost erased, "—— PICTURES." Nothing could be less enticing. Yet inside, I daresay, fortunes are made daily. I noticed no trace of this method at the Advertisers' Exhibition; they might give it a trial.

Now no doubt you fondly think that Bond Street is wholly devoted to luxuries; perhaps you have abandoned your dream of actually buying something in Bond Street? You are wrong. To begin with, there are about ten places where you can buy food, and, though there is no pub. now, there is a café (with a licence). There are two



Joan (whose mother has just bought her a pair of woollen gloves). "Oh, MUMMY, I WISH YOU HAD GOT KID. I HATE THIS KIND; THEY MAKE MY SWEETS SO HAIRY."

THE SAD CASE OF EL GRECO.

It was at the National Gallery, situated on the north side of Trafalgar Square, that I first made the acquaintance of one DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI, a native of Crete, who—probably because his own people wanted him to be a stockbroker or something—set up as a painter in Spain, and was dubbed by the Dons "El Greco," as you might say "Scottie."

For years I have been rather tickled by his manner of depicting Popes and Saints as if they were reflected in elongating mirrors labelled, "Before Dining at the Toreador Restaurant." But until quite lately I hardly ever met anyone who had even noticed him, so I felt quite bucked on the old chap's account when I heard that he was considered one of the most distinguished of the Spanish painters, past and present, who are on view just now at Burlington House.

And what surprises me is not that old THEOTOCOPULI should attract so

much attention in Piccadilly, but that such lots of people seem never to have known that he has been exhibiting himself all this time in Trafalgar Square.

I'm sure Mrs. Bletherwood didn't, for one, when she tackled me at the Chattertons' the other afternoon.

"Of course you've been to Burlington House?" she began, and she was in such a hurry to get first innings that she didn't give me time to say that I hadn't yet, but that I meant to go on my first free day that wasn't foggy.

"Don't you love those quaint 'El Grecos'?" she went on. "He's quite a discovery, don't you think? My daughter Muriel, who hopes to get into the Slade School soon now, says she doesn't see how anybody can see people differently from the way 'El Greco' saw people. And yet I don't know that I quite like the idea of Muriel seeing me like that, although she's so clever. . . ."

I could not help thinking that in Mrs. Bletherwood's case the "El Greco" treatment would be an admirable corrective to a certain lateral expansion.

"Besides," she continued in a confidential tone, "I've heard or read somewhere that there's just a doubt whether he distorted people on purpose or because there was something wrong with his eyes. If I thought it was astigmatism I would insist on taking Muriel to an oculist. I wonder what you think."

I raised my teacup suggestively.

Mrs. Bletherwood gasped. "You don't mean that he—"

"Like a fish," I said.

"Oh, how too disgraceful!" she exclaimed. "Fancy their having his pictures there at all. Such religious subjects too. I shall warn Muriel at once. I'm so thankful you told me. . . ."

Have I done a wrong to Señor DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI ("El Greco")? Perhaps; but I hope it has prevented Miss Muriel Bletherwood from doing him a greater.

"Sun Sets This Morning 8.8
Sun Sets To-night 3.56"
Liverpool Paper.

Just as in London last Wednesday.



Vicar's Wife. "THE VICAR WAS ASKING ONLY THIS MORNING WHY YOU WEREN'T IN THE HABIT OF ATTENDING CHURCH."
 Latest Inhabitant. "WELL, YOU SEE, IT DOES SO CUT INTO ONE'S SUNDAYS."

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

THE following correspondence, clearly intended for the Editor of *The Daily Ailment*, has found its way into our letter-box. Another example of post-office inefficiency.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your valuable journal I am always deeply interested in the views of your readers as expressed in its columns. The recent letters on the cure of insomnia have interested me particularly. Although I have read your paper for many years, always eaten standard bread, study most diligently each morning my lesson on Government wobble and waste, grow sweet peas, keep fowls, take my holidays early (in Thanet) and read the feuilleton, in short perform all the duties of an enthusiastic loyal Englishman, I cannot sleep. Yesterday I decided to try the remedies suggested by your readers.

After inviting sleep with "a dish of boiled onions" I found that I must go to bed "without having eaten anything for five hours or so." This meant sitting up very late, but I found the time useful for taking "deep long breaths."

Meanwhile I ran through the names of my friends alphabetically and emptied the feathers from my pillow, replacing them with hops. Sometimes a hop got mixed up in a "deep long breath," which was rather pleasant.

Every few minutes I left my friends' names to say to myself, "I am terribly sleepy," or "I am falling asleep;" this was wrong, as the boiled onions had not had nearly five hours. "Relaxing all my muscles" was rather awkward, as one hand was filling the pillow with hops and the other was "holding a wet sponge," which would drip water on the sheets. Another difficulty was "wafting myself in an imaginary aeroplane" to bring about "a state of oblivion and coma," which I might perhaps have done more easily by putting the hops to another use.

I had to cut out the "recital of the Litany," partly because my friends' names had only got as far as George (Lloyd), and also because, being a Non-conformist, I don't know it. (I must learn it now the feuilleton is finishing.)

But the most annoying part of the business was to find that, after all this elaborate preparation for sleep, I was

to "take a brisk walk for half-an-hour" (whatever the weather conditions). Even this did not work, for by that time the milkmen and newsboys were heralding the dawn and kept my brain too alert.

As a final effort, do you think you could produce a nightcap model of the Sandringham, or is it quite impossible for one who reads your paper to be anything but wideawake?

THE PERFECT PARTNER.

THERE are, my Mabel, men who vow
 The perfect wife is theirs
 Because she smoothes the ruffled brow
 And drives away their cares;
 While there are others hold the view
 That she is best who'll pay
 Some trivial attention to
 Her promise to obey.

Well, let each babble in his turn
 About that spouse of his;
 Not knowing you, how could they learn
 What true perfection is?
 Of all your sex you stand most high
 By far and very far
 Who mid your Christmas gifts can buy
 A smokeable cigar.



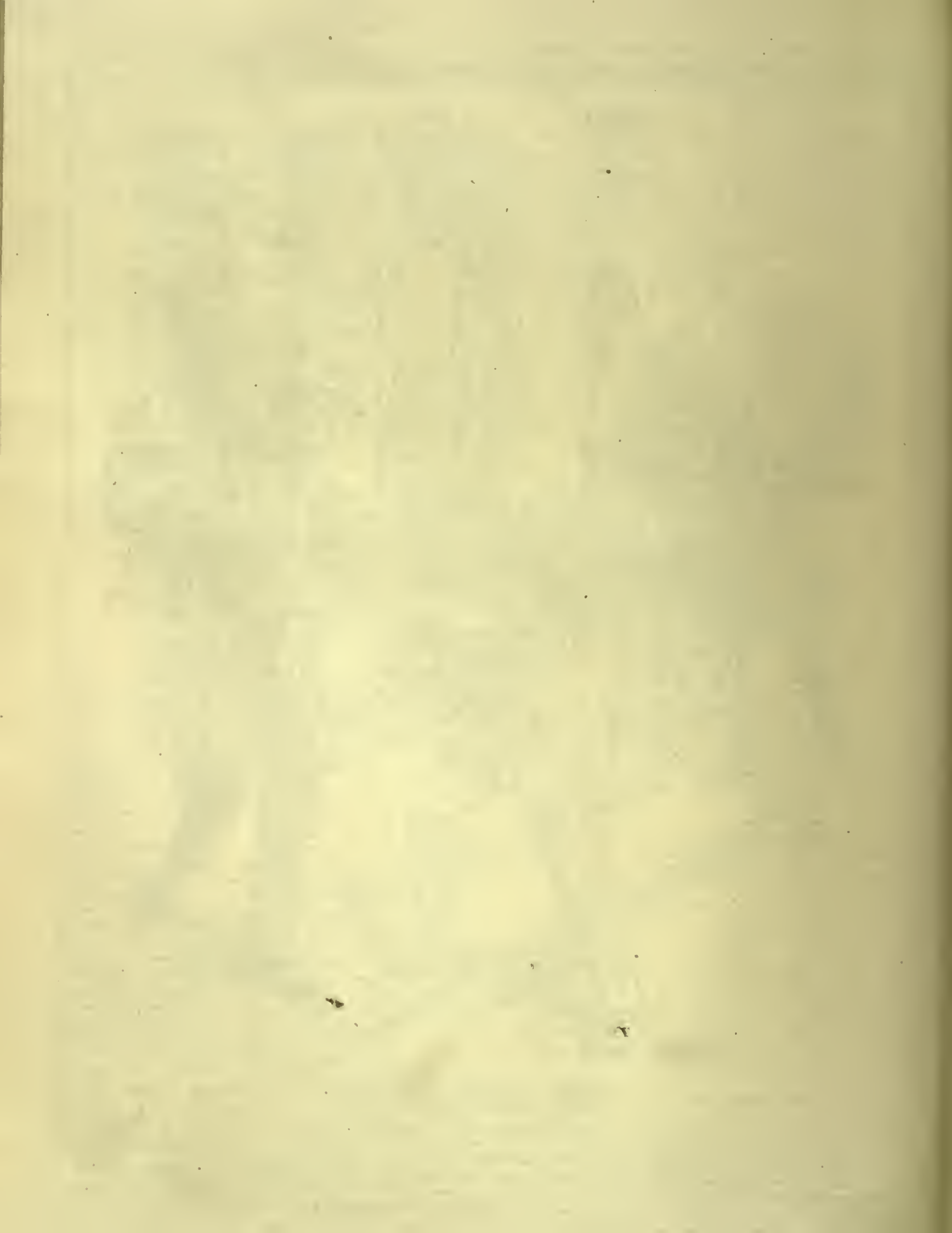
THE ECONOMISTS.

SCENE.—*The Coalition Golf Club de luxe.*

MR. BONAR LAW. "DARE WE HAVE CADDIES?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NO, NO. WE ARE OBSERVED. THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH ELECTORS."

[*"Watch your M.P.!"—Poster of Anti-Waste Press.*]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY.

[After the Painting by W. DENDY SADLER.]

SIR D. MACLEAN, MR. HOGGE, MR. G. LAMBERT, MR. G. R. THORNE, MR. ASQUITH, MR. ACLAND, GENERAL SRELY.

Monday, December 6th.—"Logic has never governed Ireland and never will," said Lord MIDLETON to-day. It was certainly conspicuous by its absence from a good many of the speeches made in Committee on the Government of Ireland Bill. Representatives of Southern Ireland have been clamouring for greater financial control, but they quite changed their tone when Clause 24, enabling the Irish Parliaments to impose a surtax upon residents in Ireland, came up for discussion. While professing the greatest confidence in the desire of their fellow-countrymen to treat them fairly, Lords DROGHEDA, SLIGO and WICKLOW agreed in thinking that this was too dangerous a power to entrust to them; it would breed absenteeism and drive capital out of the country.

Lord FINLAY, to whom as a Scotsman logic still makes appeal, was for the deletion of the whole clause. But the Irish Peers again objected; for they desired to preserve for the Irish Parliaments power to remit Imperial taxes, on the off-chance that some day it might be exercised. And they carried their point.

According to Lieut.-Colonel CROFT the pencils used by the British Post-Office are procured from the United States. As one who has suffered I can only hope that Anglo-American friendship, already somewhat strained by the bacon episode, will survive this revelation.

On the strength of a rumour that the seed of Irish peace had been planted in Downing Street, Mr. HOGGE promptly essayed to root it up in order to observe its progress towards fruition. The PRIME MINISTER, however, gave no encouragement to his well-intentioned efforts. Nor did he satisfy Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's curiosity as to whether Father O'FLANAGAN was "a Sinn Feiner on the bridge," beyond saying "that is what we want to find out."

Tuesday, December 7th.—After a week's interval for reflection and study Lord LINCOLNSHIRE moved the rejection of the Agriculture Bill. Adapting an old joke of Lord SPENCER's, made in "another place" a generation ago, he observed that this was no more an agricultural Bill than he himself was an agricultural labourer. He knows

however how to call a spade a spade, if not something more picturesque, and he treated the measure and its authors to all the resources of a varied vocabulary. Possibly his brother peers, while enjoying his invective, thought that it had been a little bit overdone, for of the subsequent speakers only Lord HINDLIFF announced his intention of voting against the Bill, the others being of opinion that parts of it were, not excellent perhaps, but at least tolerable.

In the Commons Viscount CURZON pressed upon the Government the desirability of licensing side-car combinations as taxi-cabs. The idea might, one feels, appeal to a Coalition Government; but Sir JOHN BAIRD for the Home Office hinted at the existence of "serious objections."

Collectively the House has an infantile mind. It went into kinks of laughter over a question put by Dr. MURRAY regarding the "daily mail service" between one of his beloved islands and the Scottish mainland. The author of the joke—and small blame to him—quite failed to appreciate how funny he had been until his neighbours muttered

in stage-whispers, "Daily Mail!" "Daily Mail!" Then a wan smile broke over his own features.

It has been stated in certain newspapers that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has refused the Viceroyalty of India in consequence of the weak state of his health, and that for the same cause he is likely to vacate shortly the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. All I can say is that on the Treasury Bench he betrays no outward sign of this regrettable debility when dealing with critics of the Treasury. It is not easy to puncture the *œs triplex* of Mr. BOTTOMLEY, but two words from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did it this afternoon.

Sir ROBERT HORNE got a second reading for the Dyes Bill, a measure which he commended as being necessary to protect what is a key-industry both in peace and war. Dye-stuffs and poison-gas are, it seems, inextricably intermingled, and unless the Bill is passed we shall be able neither to dye ourselves nor to poison our enemies.

Wednesday, December 8th.—The Agriculture Bill found one thorough-going supporter in the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, an "owner-occupier" so enamoured of Government control that he desires to see the whole of the ditches and hedges of England administered out of public funds; and a host of critics, friendly and otherwise. Lord CHAPLIN, though he thought

the Bill one of the worst ever introduced, declined to vote against the Second Reading; Lord HARRIS believed that it would make very little difference one way or the other; Lord RIBBLESDALE, as an old-fashioned Free Trader, would have nothing to do with it; Lord LOVAT was of opinion that as an insurance for our food supply it would not compare with a Channel Tunnel; and Lord BUCKMASTER feared that it would rather strengthen than allay the demand for land nationalisation. The Government approached the division in some trepidation and were the more rejoiced when, in an unusually big House, the Second Reading was carried by 123 votes to 85.

But for the self-sacrifice of Mr. SPEAKER the Commons would have made themselves ridiculous this evening. Major ARCHER-SHEE wanted to

have up a certain newspaper for breach of privilege in endeavouring to dictate to Members how they should vote. He obtained leave to move the adjournment and would doubtless have provided the peccant journal with a valuable free advertisement had not Mr. LOWTHER, reckless of his reputation for infallibility, suddenly remembered that motions for the adjournment were intended for criticising the Government and not for rebuking irresponsible outsiders. At his request the gallant Major withdrew his motion, and *The Daily* — lost its advertisement.

Invigorated by this episode the House—or what was left of it—resumed the Report stage of the Ministry of Health

little Bills." Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING had another solution for the difficulty and asked, "Why not pass them all *ad hoc*?" meaning, it is supposed, "*en bloc*."

Well might the PRIME MINISTER remark at Question-time that he welcomed the attacks of a certain section of the Press on the "Wastrels" because then he knew the Government was all right. Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT made a lively speech in support of his proposal to "ration" the Government to a sum of £808,000,000—the amount Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had said would suffice for a normal year. But his criticisms were too discursive to be really dangerous, and his condemnation of "sloppy Socialism" put up the backs of the Labour Party.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the House that when he talked of a "normal Budget" he had been careful to add, "but not this year, next year or the year after," which sounds suspiciously like the nursery formula, "This year, next year, sometime, NEVER."

Still the great majority of the Members were only too anxious to be convinced, and passed by a huge majority the "blanketing" amendment of Sir GODFREY COLLINS in favour of economy in the abstract. I don't know how this is to be squared with the PRIME MINISTER's theory that it is the business of the Government

"to see that the population is contented." That sounds a little like *panem et circenses*—a policy which did not work out cheaply.

Friday, December 10th.—With the air of one who has something fresh and strange to impart the PRIME MINISTER informed the House of Commons to-day that in regard to Ireland "the Government are determined on a double policy." The novelty presumably consists in putting those old stagers, conciliation and coercion, hitherto only tried tandem-fashion, into double harness. Martial law is to be introduced in certain of the most disturbed districts, and at the same time such Sinn Féin M.P.'s as are not "on the run" are to be called into conference. On the face of it the prospect looks unpromising, but happily Ireland is essentially the place where nothing happens save the unexpected.



Actor-Manager of Touring Company. "CONFOUND OUR LUCK! THE LEADING LADY HAS DESERTED US IN OUR HOUR OF NEED—ELOPED WITH THE OSTLER FROM YONDER PUBLIC-HOUSE—ON THIS OF ALL EVENINGS, WHEN THE AUDIENCE THREATENS TO OUTNUMBER THE CAST."

Bill. The debate was remarkable for the brevity of some of the speeches. Sir ROWLAND BLADES set a good example to new Members by making a "maiden" effort in a minute and a half. But his record was easily beaten by Mr. SEXTON, who found ten seconds sufficient for expressing his opinion that the fact that the House was trying to legislate in the small hours was sufficient proof of the necessity of extending the laws of lunacy. "*Si argumentum requiris circumspice*," he might have said as he gazed upon the recumbent and yawning figures around him.

Thursday, December 9th.—Mr. BONAR LAW enumerated a portentous list of measures which the House of Commons must pass if it wants to enjoy its Christmas holidays in peace. Lord HUGH CECIL wanted to know what was the use of passing "all these foolish



Macdonald. "MAN SANDY, ARE YE BOGGIT?"

Sandy. "AY, MACDONALD, I'M BOGGIT."

Macdonald. "YE CANNA GET OOT?"

Sandy. "I'M NO BIDDING HERE FOR THE PLEASURE O'T!"

Macdonald. "I DOOT YE'D LIKE FINE TO COME OOT?"

Sandy. "AY, I WOULD THAT."

Macdonald. "WEEL, 'TWAD BE A CHRISTIAN ACT TO PULL YE OOT, BUT FERRA DEEPPICULT—UNLESS YE'VE NO FAIRTHER USE FOR YOUR RED COO."

MAKING THE LAW POPULAR.

A WRITER in an evening contemporary complains that one has some difficulty in finding the notices to jurors in the newspapers.

We have often thought that more prominence might be given to the Law Notices generally. Printed in the smallest type and abbreviated almost beyond understanding, they are by no means the brightest item of news.

Would it not be an advantage to hand the department over to a smart paragraphist? Readers might then be entertained by something like the following:—

Visitors to the Law Courts to-day should on no account fail to look in at King's Bench XIII., which is one of the cosiest of our beautiful Courts of Justice. Here will be continued the scintillating contest between Sir Anthony Prius, K.C., and that rising young barrister, Mr. Terry Blee-Smart, K.C. It is more than probable that the cross-examination of the humorous butcher will continue through most of the day.

The first case on the list in the Lord Chief's Court to-day is no other than *The King v. The Dean and Chapter*

of *Mumborough Cathedral*. While it is not expected that his Majesty's engagements will permit him to be present, an action of this character is fraught with more than common interest, since it must be seldom that the Royal House finds itself in such conflict with the Church as to resort to the arbitrament of the law.

We see no reason why some legal engagements should not be boldly displayed, the more readily to catch the reader's eye. Why not the following:—

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS!

Chancery Court No. 29,

Before

Mr. JUSTICE HOWLING,

Binks v. Arcana Cinema Company, Ltd.

As one of the leading comedians of the day Mr. TIM BINKS never fails to create roars of laughter, and with Mr. JUSTICE HOWLING may be relied upon to put up a show provocative of never-failing mirth.

CHEER YOURSELF UP! ADMISSION FREE!

Whether it's wet or whether it's fine,
Visit Chancery Twenty-nine.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE LOBSTER.

The lobster is an oblong crab
With one or two antennæ;
I fancy life would be less drab
If people had as many.

I think he uses them to smell,
But what he most enjoys
Is rubbing them against his shell;
It makes a funny noise.

He rubs away like anything,
And you should see his face!
Alas, he thinks that he can sing;
But that is not the case.

He's very sensitive and shy;
At last when he is dead
He knows the truth—and that is why
He goes so very red. A. P. H.

"Your System appealed to me as a rational means of exercise without undue fatigue, and I started on the 10th of March, 1920. I was then in my 75th year, and now within only two months of completing the 85th."

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

If he keeps it up he should be a centenarian by about the end of next year. One seems to age rather rapidly under this system.

THE OTHER HALF.

I WAS sitting by Anderson's fire the other day when his telephone bell rang. He made the usual insincere exclamation of disgust—as insincere as the horror we simulate when a bundle of letters is brought into the room, to have letters and to be called up on the telephone being really adventures and therefore welcome; and he then crossed the room to answer the call.

"Shall I go?" I asked, thinking that he might prefer to be alone.

"Oh, no," he said, and I remained. I was not trying to overhear, but it couldn't be helped.

This is the conversation (his half) that I heard:—

"Yes."

"Speaking. Who is it?"

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was getting horribly nervous. How is he?"

"Good Heavens! I was afraid he might be. What do you think?"

"Of course I must trust you. But we must never let my wife know."

"I'll think about it and let you know."

"Quite likely. I'll go into that and let you know. She can't be absolutely alone anyway. There must be another some time."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"You're sure it will be painless?"

"I wouldn't have him suffer for anything."

"Thank you very much. I shall tell my wife he died in his sleep. Good-bye."

What, I wonder, would you have made of that? Some telephone conversations are easy to construct, but this to me was a puzzle. What had Anderson been up to? It must be an awful moment, I have often thought as I read divorce and other cases, when a friend is suddenly turned into a witness; and I had the feeling that that might be my lot now. Those clever cross-examining devils, they can get anything out of you. If Anderson had known who was ringing him up he would probably (so I reasoned) have got me out of the room; but, having once started, he decided to brazen it out as the less suspicious way.

As so often happens, however, I was wrong. This is the whole innocent conversation:—

"Is that 1260?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Anderson there?"

"Speaking. Who is it?"

"Harding, the veterinary surgeon."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was getting horribly nervous. How is he?"

"He's worse."

"Good Heavens! I was afraid he might be. What do you think?"

"I think we had better put an end to him."

"Of course I must trust you. But we must never let my wife know."

"Shall I be looking about for another?"

"I'll think about it and let you know."

"Perhaps a totally different breed would be better; not another Peke. There'd be fewer unhappy associations then, don't you see?"

"Quite likely. I'll go into that and let you know. She can't be absolutely alone, anyway. There must be another some time."

"Yes."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Oh, I'll give him poison."

"You're sure it will be painless?"

"Quite."

"I wouldn't have him suffer for anything."

"That will be all right."

"Thank you very much. I shall tell my wife he died in his sleep. Good-bye."

E. V. L.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PROPHETS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—At Geneva there is, and was long before the arrival of the League of Nations, a mountain. There are many mountains in Switzerland, but Geneva's private mountain happens to be in France. It is called "The Salève," a nasty name, but not of my choosing. If, being in Geneva, you want to go up The Salève (as I personally do not) you have first to get your passport off the police. The police are always a little difficult about passports, but, if you mention the name of The Salève, you will find them easier. You have next to obtain the French *visa* in order to get out of Geneva; then the Swiss *visa* in order to get back again. Thus provided you have to compete with a complicated and long-drawn process of trans and frontier controls; even so you find yourself at the bottom and not at the top of The Salève.

Being a busy (or shall we say idle?) man yourself, you will thus understand the reasons of my policy; if the mountain will not come to MAHOMED then MAHOMED and the mountain are best kept apart.

The inhabitants of Geneva have long been contriving, intriguing, I will even say plotting, to get me up The Salève. My doctor, having made me thoroughly interested in myself, got on to the subject of exercise; when my banker passed from the subject of interest on overdrafts to the advisability of my seeing the great Geneva view, it was un-

doubtedly blackmail; and as for my dentist—well, you know what dentists are and what mean advantages they take. But this one, I think, overstepped the limit when he allowed the crown of my tooth to remind him of the crown of Mont Blanc; paused in fixing the former to descant on the beauties of the latter; told me that from The Salève I should get a better view of the latter than he, where he was, was getting of the former; asked me almost simultaneously if he was hurting me and if I had been up The Salève, and told me that I must go up it and (which I took to mean "or") that he might have to hurt me.

That was the most critical moment in the whole Battle of The Salève; the military critics are unanimous that I should have then said, "I will go up," had I been in a position to say anything at all. Saved by the gag, I have won the war against the Genevois.

I have taken the standpoint of the prophet, who, as you know, is not without honour abroad—a prophet with the policy outlined above. When a prophet of my sort decides on a policy, and that policy consists of doing nothing, he takes a lot of shifting, even on the flat. And there the matter and I remained, when there arrived from England, on or about November 15th, a positive cloud of prophets, intent on the League of Nations. The busiest figure among them is the secretary of one of the delegates. Pretending to be my best friend he sought the occasion of a heart-to-heart with me. I took it he wanted to discuss Nations; it appeared he wanted to discuss mountains. I hoped he was considering them generally in mass, possibly with the view of making a League of them. He was thinking in the particular, and you can guess what particular. He was beginning to think of wanting to go up it.

In an effective speech, which brought tears to my eyes but merely gave him an opportunity to fill and light his pipe, I put all the "cons" before him, particularly the passport part. As a man speaking with the authority behind him of a world leagued together, he detailed all the "pros." We must act together, he and I; he would assemble the prophets, I the passports.

I refused to be bullied by him: He named some major prophets, whom I should find it more difficult to withstand. His propaganda amongst them apparently began at once. Mark the sequence of events:—

On Tuesday, November 16th, His Majesty's Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary in Switzerland assembled the British element to dinner. I have reason to know that he had al-

ready been approached by the secretary. The Crown of Mont Blanc was freely discussed and curiosity was aroused as to the identity, the desirability, even the approachability of the nearer mountain.

On Wednesday, November 17th, I ran into Lieut.-Col. His Highness the JAM SAHIB OF NAWANAGAR—"RANJI," in brief. He was standing at the entrance of his hotel in significant meditation. The entrance of his hotel looks upon The Salève and past it to the Crown of Mont Blanc. And that was where he looked.

On Friday, November 19th, I found the Right Hon. G. N. BARNES walking along the Quai de Mont Blanc in the fatal direction. His eyebrows pointed relentlessly upward.

On Saturday, November 20th, Mr. BALFOUR arrived. The secretary began to talk about a date for our excursion.

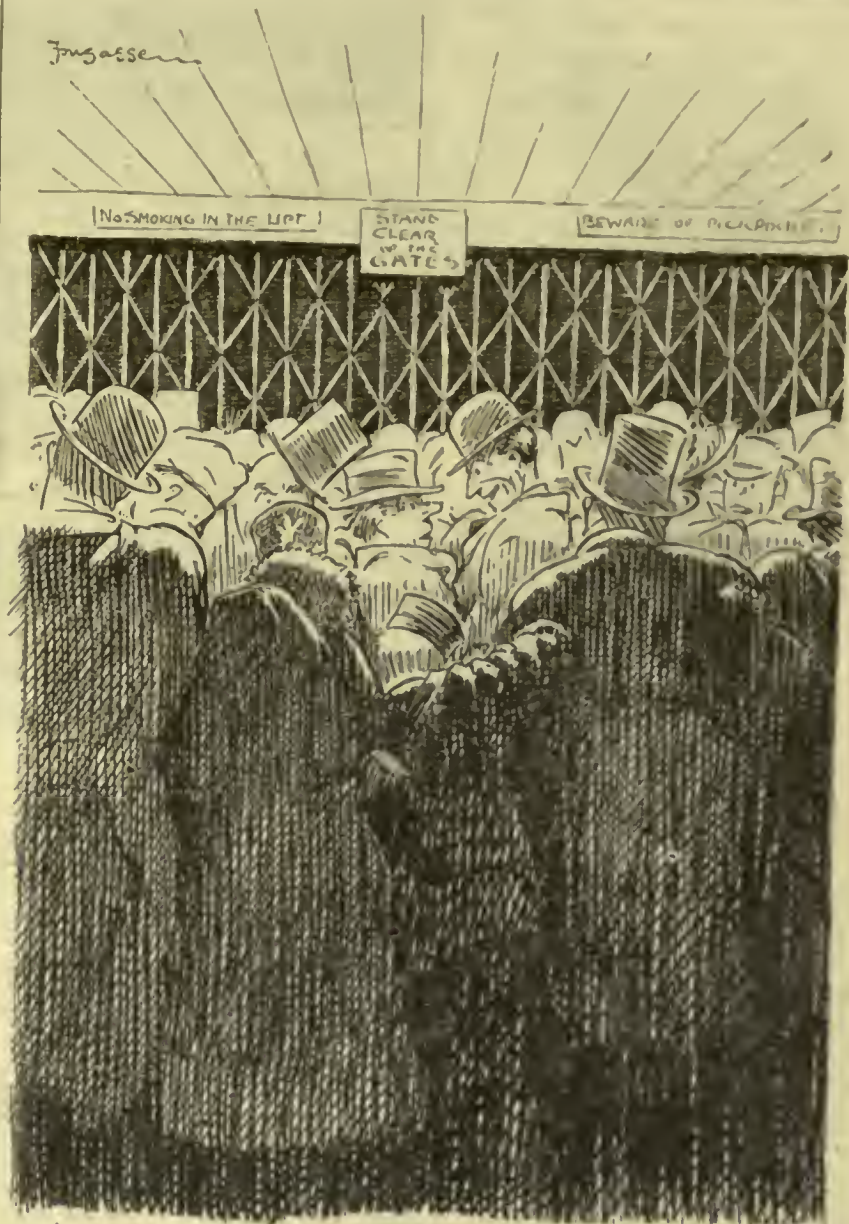
On Sunday, November 21st, I became involved in conversation with Lord ROBERT CECIL in his room in his hotel. He moved towards the window, and as he did so Armonia, Vilna and all the Powers that want to come into the League and all the Powers that want to stay out of the League faded from his mind, and he called attention to the Crown of Mont Blanc and fixed his eagle eye upon the mole-hill in between.

On Monday, November 22nd, the secretary came to me and ordered me to provide passports, duly *visaed*, for The Salève party—seven in all, myself included. I told him that I would appeal direct to the delegates themselves, with whom I had already done some defensive propaganda on my own. He told me it was nothing to do with the delegates; it was the delegates' ladies. Fool that I was, I had never thought of them!

That night I wrote in my diary: "At Geneva there is a mountain. It is called The Salève—a nasty name for a nasty mountain. On Saturday I shall be on the top of it. I always knew that the League of Nations would make trouble."

On Tuesday, November 23rd, I sent an emissary among the ladies to persuade them that the summit of The Salève was loathsome. The emissary succeeded in establishing this point by contrasting it unfavourably with the Crown of Mont Blanc. The ladies thanked the emissary cordially for her most interesting information and said they would take steps to see the Crown of Mont Blanc more nearly, even if those steps had to be up The Salève.

That night I wrote in my diary: "For a year I have fought and won, but on Saturday the Crown of Mont



"HELLO, BROWN! FANCY RUNNING UP AGAINST YOU. HOW SMALL THE WORLD IS, TO BE SURE!"

"Y-YES. TERRIBLY SMALL, ISN'T IT?"

Blanc will witness my defeat, and the whole range of the Alps will look on in silent contempt."

On Wednesday morning, November 24th, I met Mr. BALFOUR crossing the Pont du Mont Blanc. He was looking at it with that dreamy smile of his, which seems to laugh at the littleness of man and the futility of his policies. That finished me.

On Wednesday night, November 24th-25th (read your paper to witness if I lie), the Crown of Mont Blanc fell off . . . I have left The Salève where it is. What does it matter now?

Yours ever, HENRY.

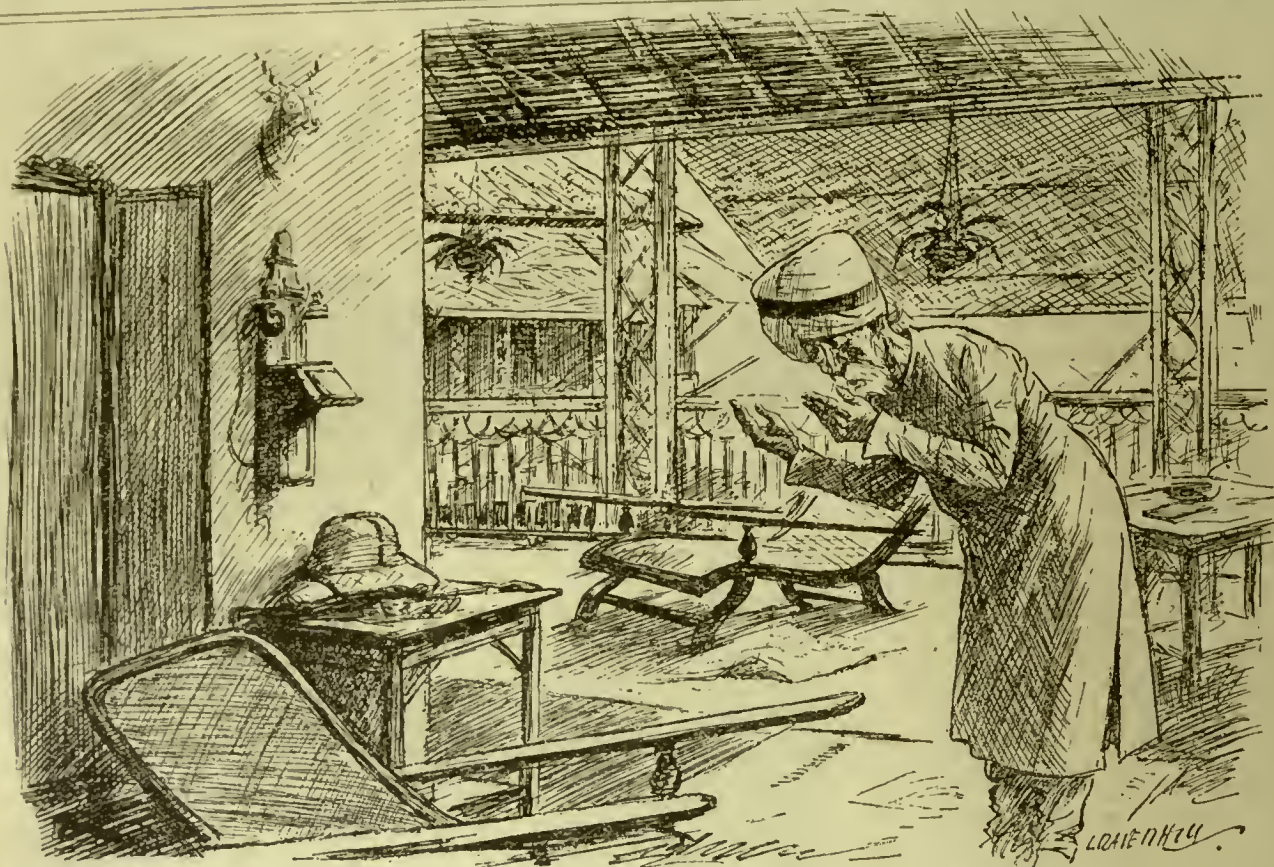
Enough Said.

"Sir Henry apologised at the close for having made the lecture somewhat shorter than usual. Sir Donald — said that theirs was an unspoken gratitude to Sir Henry for having done what he had been able to do."—*Scots Paper*.

"MADRID, Dec. 8.

The Ministry of Public Works has announced that on January 15 next an opportunity will be offered to foreign firms to secure orders for 119 railway engines and tenders needed by the Spanish railway companies. Tenders must be handed personally by a duly accredited representative of the firm making the offer."—*Times*.

The engines may, however, be done up in a parcel and sent by post in the usual manner.



Indian Servant (as telephone continues ringing). "OH, SAR, DO NOT BE SO ANGRY. THE SAHIB IS COMING VERY QUICKLY, I TELL YOU."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MANX BALLET.

THE first visit of the Manx Ballet to London is undoubtedly the most outstanding feature in the annals of choregraphic and corybantic realism since the historic *première* of the Botocudo Troupe on September 31st, 1919. And it is all the more welcome as an indication of the emergence of a native school, fully equipped in technique and scenic resource and, above all, imbued from start to finish with a high sense of the paramount importance of psycho-analysis in eliminating all supra-liminal elements from the orchestronimetic drama.

The most ambitious as well as the most successful item in the programme presented on Saturday night at the Colossodrome was *The Cat of Ballasalla*, that wonderful old Manx legend of the Princess who was turned into a cat by the enchantments of the Wizard of Dhoon and subsequently sentenced to decaudation by the cruel Scandinavian invader, MAGNUS BARFOD. The scene of the trial in the great synclinatorium of Greeba Castle—exhibiting contemporaneous carboniferous tuffs, soft argillaceous rocks with choriambic fossils as well as later dolerite dykes, amid which the feline

amenities of the Princess were illustrated with miraculous agility by Miss Agneesh Crannoge—compares favourably with the most ambitious enormities ever perpetrated by the genius of BAKST, DIAGHILEV, or even COCODRILLO, the Sardinian neo-Gongorist.

The music, which is chiefly founded on Manx folk-songs, developed and adapted by Mr. Orry Poolvash, is richly suggestive of the psycho-analytic basic aroma which pervades the entire scenario. The absence of a Coda in the Funeral March which concludes the ballet is an exquisitely pathetic touch which could only have occurred to a composer of genius. The orchestration is sumptuous and sonorous, the usual instruments being supplemented by two Glory Quayle-horns, a quartet of Laxey-phones with rotating C and C sharp crooks, a Manx harp with three strings, and a Miaowola, which gives out the Death Motive of the Princess at the various crises of the drama in tones of sublimated anguish and intensity.

We have only space in this brief preliminary notice to remark that the programme includes a humorous extravaganza entitled *The Quirks of Quilliam*, in which a grotesque *pas de quatre* for the *Deemster*, the *Doomster*, the *Boomster* and the *Scrabster*, forms the central

episode; and ends with a satiric sketch, *The Golden Calf of Man*, apparently aimed at the extravagance of Lancashire trippers, who are pursued by demons into Sulby Glen, and released, to the sound of sea-trumpets, by the beneficent intervention of Lord Greeba on their promising to evacuate the island.

GOLFING "IFS."

If you bring your own lunch
And frugally munch
Your sandwich and cake
For economy's sake;
If you strictly abstain
From sloe-gin and champagne,
Never touching a drop
Save perhaps ginger-pop;
If you're clever enough
To keep out of the rough,
If you don't slice or hook
Into pond, dyke or brook
Your new three-shilling ball,
And, best saving of all,
If you carry your clubs,
You can pay heavy "subs.,"
Fees for entrance and greens,
Without straining your means,
And, though you're a middle-
Class man, not a peer,
Agree with Lord RIDDELL
That golf isn't dear.



Cheery Sportsman. "HAD SIX FALLS IN TWO DAYS, HAVE YOU? WELL, CHEER UP. YOUR LUCK'S BOUND TO CHANGE SOON. THESE THINGS ALWAYS COME IN CYCLES."

Rough Rider. "MINE SEEM TO COME IN MOTOR LORRIES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE news that Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK has published a fresh series of burlesques will, I do not doubt, add to the Christmas jollity of a vast crowd of laughter-lovers. The name of it is *Winsome Winnie, and other New Nonsense Novels* (LANE), and I can only describe it in that pet phrase of the house-agents as "examined and strongly recommended" for the merriest five-shillings' worth that I have enjoyed this long time. If ever a volume demanded to be read aloud over the Yule log here it is. Which of the eight novels is the most irresistible must remain, I suppose, a matter of individual taste; for myself I found the opening chapter in the title-tale the funniest thing in the collection, and that not forgetting the billiard match in the detective story, a contest that I defy anyone to follow without tears. To attempt analysis of such happily unforced humour would be a dark and dreadful task; but I incline to think that, more than most, the fun of Mr. LEACOCK (to be accurate one should, I suppose, say Dr. LEACOCK) depends upon the sudden tripping-up of the reader in his moment of fancied security. The *cliché*, with its deceptive appearance of solid and familiar ground, conceals an unexpected trap. Thus *Winnie*, the thrown-upon-the-world heroine, asked by the family lawyer how she proposes to gain a livelihood, replies in consecrated phrase, "I have my needle." "Let me see it," says the lawyer. But I grow pedantic; far more important than the method of this little book is its gift of seasonable entertainment, for which we need only wipe our eyes and be grateful.

In *The Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book* Messrs. G. BELL AND SONS have produced a noble volume worthy of the great record of the Royal Regiment. To the energy and enthusiasm of Mrs. AMBROSE DUDLEY is largely due the collection of the fine material which Major-General Sir HERBERT UNIACKE has here set out in fair order and proportion. Personal diaries dealing with various phases of the War on all fronts or with the daily routine of batteries are here interspersed with articles and poems of a more purely literary quality and with original illustrations, largely the work of Gunner-officers and extremely well reproduced. Among the most notable contributors are Brigadier-General J. H. MORGAN, Major V. R. BURKHARDT, D.S.O., Major The Master of BELHAVEN, Captain VICTOR WALROND (the last two killed in action), Captain GILBERT HOLIDAY, Captain H. ASQUITH, Lieut. ROBERT NICHOLS, Lieut. GILBERT FRANKAU, Gunner MEARS, the Hon. NEVILLE LYTTON, Mr. SEPTIMUS POWER, Mr. W. ROTHENSTEIN, Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH and Mr. C. CLARK. *Punch* is represented by several artists, including Captain E. H. SHEPARD, M.C., and Lieut. WALLIS MILLS (both of the Regiment), who have contributed some delightful colour-sketches, very faithfully observed. Many of the poems, too, that appear in the volume have been reprinted from the pages of *Punch*. There are brief records of those members of the Regiment who won the V.C., many portraits of "Representative Artillerymen," and a Roll of Honour of fallen officers, numbering 3,507. Lack of space alone prevented the inclusion of the names of the 45,442 Other Ranks who gave their lives for their country. Every Gunner who does not possess this splendid memorial work should have it given

to him this Christmas by some proud relative or friend. Like the Regiment, it should go *Ubique*.

When Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS decides to give his neurotic New York society women a miss, and exploit his more imaginative and adventurous vein, I always know that I am in for a late night and an extra large gas bill. Like the British soldier Mr. CHAMBERS does not carry the word "impossible" in his vocabulary. Why should he, since he can give the semblance of reality to the utterly unbelievable? Then one mutters, "What utter rubbish!" and sends round to the bookseller to enquire if by any chance there is a sequel coming out. In *The Slayer of Souls* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. CHAMBERS is at his best and most impossible. A race of dreadful magicians, the descendants of the Old Man of the Mountain, who have been multiplying and acquiring extraordinary psychic powers in the interior of China for centuries, come forth to do battle with the United Secret Service for the souls of men. They have inspired the Hun, and the Bolshevik has been their tool. Fortunately a beautiful young American girl, who was brought up in their midst and has learned all their grizzly powers and (as it seems) a bit more, is on the side of the "forces of law and order." The struggle is titanic, for these magicians can slay and be slain corporeally and incorporeally with equal ease. I do not need to tell you who wins out, but neither will I intimate how it is done. I can only say that I envy anybody who is fortunate enough to have a long evening before him and *The Slayer of Souls* at his elbow, still unread.

In *Uncle Pierce's Legacy* (METHUEN) Mrs. DORO-

THEA CONYERS gives us once more all that we have learned to expect of her novels: the friendly, witty, blundering servants; the hunting society in which wealth and poverty, breeding and vulgarity, cheerfully rub shoulders; the descriptions of the wistful beautiful West of Ireland in autumn and winter; and above all the horses. Added to all this there are Sinn Féin raids, real and imaginary, to bring things up to date. A rather unconvincing plot, with a dash of *Great Expectations* in it, yet offers a situation which has plenty of amusing possibilities. *Honor and Evie Nutting*, two middle-aged spinsters, find themselves the possessors of eight thousand a year, on condition that they spend it all. That sounds, of course, a very pleasant arrangement; but they have been struggling for years to make ends meet and economy has become a habit. The end of the first quarter finds them sending *Harris*, the English manservant, in haste to buy a frying-pan with the last unspent three shillings and sixpence. That the *Uncle Pierce* of the title should be really a brother, that characters should change their names without rhyme or reason from paragraph to paragraph, and that inverted commas should make their appearance just anywhere—all this, I think, is the author's clever way of suggesting an atmosphere of Irish irresponsibility, and it is quite successful. *Uncle*

Pierce's Legacy is a pleasant tale most pleasantly told, and it is not Mrs. CONYERS' fault, but her misfortune (and ours), that novels which describe the lighter side of Irish life, even with the tenderest humour, are more likely just now to make one sigh than smile.

I do not know whether *The Scar* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) first saw publication in any of our popular dailies, but from internal evidence I should be strongly inclined to suspect it. At least Miss RUBY M. AYRES has written an admirable example of the class of tale, beloved of our serial public, in which new every morning are the tribulations of the elect, only to vanish with startling suddenness in the last days of June or December. For example, *Mark*, the hero, begins as the misunderstood son of one of those widower-fathers who in such stories dwell for ever behind the locked doors of studies, leaving in this instance *Mark* to be the victim of an aunt whose lack of sympathy approaches the pantomimic. All the usual results follow, even to the

acquisition by *Mark* of a faithful hound, which the least experience of sentimental fiction would have caused any insurance company to refuse on sight. When therefore *Aunt Midian*, following her appointed course, effaced this friend-of-man, I confess that my grief was to some extent tempered by a recognition of the inevitable. Of course, however, *Mark* does not remain for long in what I might call these dog-days of his young affection; love, strong, passionate and not too slavishly restricted to a single object, soon has his world going round as fast as the most exacting reader could desire. For the decorous details of this delirium I



Christmas Card Artist (of the Old School). "GOOD HEAVENS! CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT SUCH THINGS ARE?"

need only add that, if you want them, you know where to go to find them.

Had I been asked to godfather *Smith and the Pharaohs* (ARROWSMITH) I should have refused to stand, unless its name was changed to "Barbara who Came Back," for the tale of *Barbara* is by far the best in this book of short stories. It would be boastful—as well as untrue—to say that I have read all of Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD's many books, but as far as my experience of them goes I find a delightfully fresh quality in this tale. It may be old-fashioned and over-sentimental, but in spite of these defects it has a very definite charm, and its conclusion makes a curious and legitimate appeal to the emotions. All the other stories are well up to standard, and it is amazing that an author who has written so much still shows no symptoms either of weariness or vain repetition.

Those who appreciate Miss C. FOX SMITH's familiarity with the ways and moods of sailormen and her flair for the true sea-tang will welcome the new collection of poems which she has brought out under the title, *Ships and Folks* (ELKIN MATHEWS). Most of these verses have appeared in *Punch*, and no further commendation is here needed.

CHARIVARIA.

It is pointed out that the display of December meteors is more than usually lavish. Send a postcard to your M.P. about it.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently stated that the first prize he ever won was for singing. It is only fair to say that this happened in the pre-NORTHCLIFFE era.

An elderly Londoner recalls a Christmas when the cold was so intense that in a Soho restaurant the ices froze.

There has arrived at the Zoo a bird akin to the partridge and excellent for the table, but unable to fly. The very thing for the estate of a sporting profiteer.

"What is the best fire preventative?" asks a weekly journal. The answer is, the present price of coal.

The National Rat Campaign this year, we are told, was a great success. On the other hand we gather that several rats have threatened to issue a minority report.

"There is nothing so enjoyable," says a newspaper correspondent, "as a trip across the water to Ireland." Except, of course, a trip back again.

A number of Huns are receiving Iron Crosses through the post inscribed "Your Fatherland does not forget you." How like Germany! She won't even allow by-gones to be by-gones.

"Let Christmas come," says a contemporary headline. We have arranged to do so.

A Minneapolis judge rules that a man has the right to declare himself head of the household. Opinion in this country agrees that he has the right but rarely the pluck.

"My faith in the League of Nations is not shaken," says Lord ROBERT CECIL. This is the dogged spirit which is going to make this country what it used to be.

"It may yet be possible," according to the Water Power Resources Committee, "to harness the moon." This of course would depend upon whether Sir ERIC GEDDES would let them have it or not.

Cinema stunt actors, says *The Man-*

chester Guardian, expect to be paid fifty pounds for a motor smash. It seems an injustice that ordinary pedestrians should have to take part in this sort of thing for nothing.

The continued disappearance of newspaper from a well-known club has now been traced to a large female cat, and most of the paper has been recovered from her sleeping-basket. It is thought that she was probably preparing to write her memoirs.

A burglar who broke into a private house near Hitchin helped himself to a good supper before leaving. It is pleasing to learn, however, that, judging

It is with the deepest sorrow that we record the death of F. H. Townsend, which occurred, without any warning, on December 11th. Their personal loss is keenly felt by his colleagues of the *Punch* Table, to whom the fresh candour of his nature and his brave gaiety of spirit, not less than his technical skill and resourcefulness, were a constant delight and will remain an inspiration. As Art Editor he will be greatly missed by the many contributors who have been helped by his kindly counsel and encouragement. Of the gap that he leaves in the world of Art they are sadly conscious who followed and appreciated his fine work not only in the pages of *Punch* but in his book-illustrations and in those appeals for charity to which he always gave freely of his best.

To his nearest and dearest among the wide circle that loved him we ask leave to offer the sympathy of friends who truly share their grief. With them we mourn a life untimely closed, and great gifts lost to us while still in their fulness; but we take comfort in the thought that death touched him with swift and gentle hand, and that he died with hardness on, as a man would choose to die.

by the disordered state in which the pantry was left, the Stilton cheese must have put up a splendid fight.

It was most unfortunate that Mr. "FATTY" ARBUCKLE's visit to London should have clashed with the Cattle Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall.

During a recent revue performance in London the conductor accidentally turned over two pages of music at once and the orchestra suddenly ceased playing. Several words of the chorus were actually heard by those sitting in front before the mistake could be rectified.

Green peas in excellent condition, says a contemporary, have been picked at Pentlow, Sussex. It serves them right.

"Although Labour extremists are now much quieter it would take very

little to set the ball of discontent into motion once again," states a writer in the *Sunday Press*. This being so, is it not rather unwise to let Christmas Day fall this year on the workmen's half holiday?

We question the wisdom of drawing the attention of Parliament to the silence of the PORT LAUREATE. If he is goaded into breaking it we shall know whom to blame.

"If people at home only know how grateful we are for *anything* that is sent us," writes a lady from the island of Tristan d'Acunha. If they are as easily pleased as that, the idea of sending them Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY should not be lost sight of.

"The Hexathlon," we read, "is a form of contest new to this country." Mind you get one for the children at Christmas.

A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years.

Large numbers of Filipinos are resisting an edict requiring them to wear trousers. Unfortunately it is impossible to offer to accommodate them all in the ranks of the Chicago Scottish.

Riverside residents remarked that just before the cold set in large flocks of seagulls passed up the Thames. Well, what did they expect? Flamingoes?

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY has remarked that a prejudice against actors is as old as the stage. It is satisfactory to think that it is no older and that in many cases it may be removed by a change of profession.

"I never dreamed of anything like this when I invented the telephone," said Dr. BELL after a demonstration. Neither as a matter of fact did we when we hired ours.

Owing to the fact that Dr. BELL has experienced no unpleasantness during his stay over here, it is thought that the American genius who invented revues may now risk a visit to our shores.

"THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT."

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF F. H. TOWNSEND.

ONLY a few days before the sudden tragedy which took from us our colleague of the *Punch* Staff, he made me a small request, very characteristic of his kindly heart. It was that I should put in these pages a notice of *The Christmas Spirit*, the illustrated annual published in aid of the work of Talbot House ("Toc. H."), in which he had taken a practical interest. In carrying out his wish I want not only to plead in behalf of a good cause, but also to associate this appeal with the memory of one with whom for over fourteen years I have worked in close and happy comradeship.

In case any reader of *Punch* has yet to be introduced to the idea of Talbot House, let me explain that its purpose is to carry on in peace-time the work that was done by the original "Toc. H.," which from 1915 to 1918, under the management of the Rev. P. R. CLAYTON, M.C., Garrison Chaplain, provided the comforts of a club and rest-house at Poperinghe for soldiers passing to and fro in the deadly Salient of Ypres. Its objects—I quote from *The Christmas Spirit*—are:

"(1) To preserve among ex-Service men and to transmit to the younger generation the traditions of Christian Fellowship and Service manifested on Active Service.

(2) To offer opportunities for recreation and the making of friendships to thousands of men who find life a difficult salient to hold.

(3) To provide opportunities for men of all kinds to come together in the Spirit of Service, to study, to discuss and, if possible, to solve the problems of their time.

(4) To offer the help and happiness of club life at a low rate by establishing clubs in many centres throughout the country as the focus of the brotherhood."

The noble work done by Talbot House in Poperinghe and Ypres was gratefully recognised by the scores of thousands of our troops whose needs it served in those hard days, but it was only when the War was over that its story was made known to the public at home in *Tales of Talbot House* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), which received a warm welcome in the review columns of *Punch*. This was followed recently by *The Pilgrim's Guide to the Ypres Salient* (REIACH), a little book compiled and written, as a labour of love, entirely by ex-Service men. Besides being actually a present-day guide to the Salient, it contains special articles illustrating the life that was there lived during the War by various branches of the service. And now we have the annual of "Toc. H."—*The Christmas Spirit*—to which the PRINCE OF WALES has given a foreword and a host of brilliant authors and artists have freely contributed. Here are RUDYARD KIPLING, STEPHEN GRAHAM, G. K. CHESTERTON, E. F. BENSON, IAN HAY, GILBERT FRANKAU, W. ROTHENSTEIN, "SPY," DERWENT WOOD, HEATH ROBINSON and, of *Punch* artists, F. H. TOWNSEND, LEWIS BAUMER, G. L. STAMPA, GEORGE MORROW, G. D. ARMOUR, E. H. SHEPARD, "FOUGASSE," WALLIS MILLS and H. M. BATEMAN.

The four contributions of F. H. TOWNSEND include a "first study" for a drawing that appeared recently in *Punch* and a delightful sketch of "The Christmas Spirit," as typified by a St. Bernard dog from whose little keg of brandy a traveller, up to the neck in snow, is reviving himself.

Out of the great scheme in whose aid this remarkable annual has been published have already sprung two Talbot Houses, one in Queen's Gate Gardens, and one in St. George's Square. There is still need of a main headquarters in London and hostels for its branches, more than sixty of them, spread all over the country. "Toc. H.," says its Padre, "is not

a charity. Once opened our Hostel Clubs are self-supporting, as our experience already proves. In Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, two thousand pounds will open a house for which our branches in each of these places are crying out. It is only the original outlay, the furniture and the first quarter's rent, which stands between us and a whole series of such houses in the great provincial centres. Fifty pounds will endow a bedroom, where a lad can live cheaper than in the dingiest lodgings, and know something better of a great city than that it is a place where all evil is open to him and all good is behind closed doors. . . . 'Toc. H.,' we repeat, is *not* another recurrent charity. It is a wise way of helping to meet our debt of honour; it is a living and growing memorial, charged with the task of making reincarnate in the younger world the qualities which saved us."

Punch ventures to add his voice to this claim upon our honour and gratitude; and, if I may, I would like to make appeal to all who loved the work of our friend who is dead, that they should send some offering to this good cause as a personal tribute to the memory of a man who, in his own form of service, did so much to cheer the hearts of our fighting men in the dark hours that are over.

Contributions should be addressed to the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C., Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C. 2. O. S.

THE FAIRY TAILOR.

SITTING on the flower-bed beneath the hollyhocks
I spied the tiny tailor who makes the fairies' frocks;
There he sat a-stitching all the afternoon
And sang a little ditty to a quaint wee tune:

"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance upon the green,
But where shall I find me a robe for the Queen?"

All about the garden his little men he sent,
Up and down and in and out unceasingly they went;
Here they stole a blossom, there they pulled a leaf,
And bound them up with gossamer into a glowing sheaf.
Petals of the pansy for little velvet shoon,
Silk of the poppy for a dance beneath the moon,
Lawn of the jessamine, damask of the rose,
To make their pretty kirtles and airy furbelows.

Never roving pirates back from Southern seas
Brought a store of treasures home beautiful as these;
They heaped them all about him in a sweet gay pile,
But still he kept a-stitching and a-singing all the while:
"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance on the green,
But who shall make a royal gown to deck the Fairy Queen?" R. F.

"Unless he wishes to raise a hornet's nest about his ears we would advise him to let sleeping dogs lie."—*Local Paper*.

Personally we never keep a dog that harbours hornets.

From a concert-programme:—

"Fantastie Symphony...Berlioz in a Vodka Shop.....Bax."
Birmingham Paper.

This should help to combat the current opinion that BERLIOZ is dry.

"Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson said there were, in certain places, some forms of light entertainments which, to say the least, wanted carefully watching."—*Daily Paper*.

At present, we gather, the wrong people do the watching.



SING A SONG OF DRACHMAS.

(TINO AT ATHENS.)

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE
LOOKING FOR HIS MONEY.



Man of Wealth (to his son just home for the holidays). "AND WHY DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR FUR COAT? I'LL BET NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS 'AVE GOT ONE."

Son. "YES, BUT NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS HAVE TO BE CALLED 'SKUNKY.'"

THOUGHTS IN A COLD SNAP.

It is going to be very cold when I get up, which will be almost immediately—very cold indeed. It was zero yesterday; it may be below the line to-day, twenty or thirty below the line—even more. A little slam, perhaps, in spades. There are icicles hanging from the window-frame; and it is a curious thing, when one comes to think of it, what a lot of things there are that rhyme with icicle: tricycle, bicycle, phthisical, psychical—no, I am wrong, not psychical . . .

Anyhow, it is going to be very cold. Some people do not mind the cold. There are people bathing in the Serpentine at this moment, I suppose, and apparently nothing can be done about it. They ju-just break the ice and ju-jump in. And yet it is not their ice; it is the KING'S. It seems to me that it ought to be made illegal, this breaking of the KING'S ice, like the breaking of windows in Whitehall. These ice-breakers seem to me as bad as the people who say, "It's going to be a

nice old-fashioned Christmas, with Yule-logs and things." Not that I object to Yule-logs. I have some in my own Yule-shed, hand-sawn by myself, though I am not a good hand-sawyer. When I get about halfway through, the saw begins to gnash its teeth and groan at me. It seems to me that what is wanted is a machine for turning the logs round and round while one holds the saw steady. But there is something beautiful in burning the Yule-logs of one's own fashioning that makes one feel like the sculptor when at last the living beauty has burst forth under his chisel from the shapeless stone. Besides, they are cheaper than coal.

As I say, when people talk of "Yule-logs and things," it is not the Yule-logs that I object to. It is the things. Nasty cold things like clean shirts and collars and bedroom door-handles—there ought to be hot water in bedroom door-handles—nasty cold things that make one say "Ugh." I have a theory that the word "Ugh" was invented on some such morning as this. Previously people had been contented with noises like

"Ouch" and "Ouf" and "Ur-r," though they realised how inadequate they were. And then one day, one very cold day, inspiration came to the frenzied brain of a genius, and he wrote down that single exquisite heart-cry and hurried it off to the printer. People knew then that the supreme mating of sound and sense, which we have agreed to call poetry, had once more been achieved.

But I have wandered a little from the Serpentine. Has it ever struck you what people who bathe in the Serpentine on days like this are like during the rest of the year?

Suppose it is a balmy spring morning, a mild temperate afternoon in early summer, a soft autumn twilight when everyone else is happy and content, what are they doing then? Positively bathed in perspiration, groaning under the burden of the sun, mopping their shining foreheads and putting cabbage-leaves under their hats. And then at last comes the day they have longed for and looked forward to all through the twelve-months' heat-wave, a beautiful

day forty degrees below the belt. They spring out of bed and fling wide the easement. That is what they intend to do, at least. As a matter of fact, of course, it is stuck, and they have to bash it out with a bolster, sending the icicles clinking into the basement. "Delicious!" they say, leaning out and breathing deep. Then they chip a piece of ice out of the water-jug with a hammer, rub it on their faces and begin to shave.

They shave in their cotton pyjamas, with bare feet, humming a song. Then they put on old flannels and a blazer, wrap a towel round their neck, light a cigarette, pick up a mattock and stroll to Hyde Park. When they get there they feloniously break the KING's ice. Then they "ugh." The mere thought of these people ughing with a great splash into the Serpentine makes me feel ill. When I think of them afterwards sitting lazily on the bank and letting the blizzard dry their hair, basking in the snow for an hour or two and reading their morning paper, and every now and then throwing a snow-ball or a piece of "ugh" into the water, I hate them. Nobody ought to be allowed to bathe in the Serpentine on days like this except the swans, who paddle all night to hold the ice at bay. I wonder if I could get a swan and keep it in the water-jug.

Half-past eight? Yes, I did hear, thank you. I am really going to get up very soon now.

What I am going to do is to make one tiger-like leap—tiger-like leap, I say—for the bathroom door and turn the hot-water tap full on until the whole of the upper part of the house is filled with steam.

I am going to do it this very moment. I—yes—ugh.

Now I come to think of it a tiger-like leap would be quite the wrong idea. I am glad I did not do it. Tigers are not cold when they leap. "Tiger, tiger, burning bright." Tiger, tiger—

What did you say? A quarter to nine? What? And the water-pipes frozen? Are they?

Thankugh.

K.

"WIDOW KISSED BY BURGLAR.
ADVENTURE WITH A SOFT-VOICED GIANT.
The gurglar took nothing away with him."

Scots Paper.

"Gurglar" seems the *mot juste*.

"— CLUB.

Monthly medal competition. Returns:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Nett.
F. Slicer . . .	92	8	84
W. H. Putter . .	103	16	87

Provincial Paper.

If only the Judicious HOOKER had been playing he might have downed them both.



AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Mother (trying to calm her lachrymose offspring). "ERE, ALBERT—LOOK AT THE PRETTY FISHES."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE PIG.

THE way in which he eats and drinks
Is so extremely crude
That nearly everybody thinks
The pig enjoys his food.

But when I see how very fast,
Without one single chew,
He gobbles up his huge repast,
I'm sure it isn't true.

Far nobler than your Uncle Joo,
Who simply sits and sits,
Revolving, gluttonous and slow,
The more attractive bits;

Far nobler than your Uncle Dick,
Who likes the choicest food,
And, if he doesn't have the pick,
Is very, very rude;

The pig has not a word to say
To subtleties of taste;
He eats whatever comes his way
With admirable haste.

In fact, the pig may well resent
The insult to his line
When certain of the affluent
Are said to eat like swine. A. P. H.

"None are much better than others, and some are much worse."—*New Zealand Paper.*
We fear the writer is a pessimist.

TAFFY THE FOX.

[MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has complained of the war-time efforts of the POET LAUREATE, and desires the appointment of a national bard whose mind is more attuned to the soul of the British nation. Recent political events are not of course a very inspiring subject for serious verse, but we have tried to do our feeble best here in faint imitation of one of the manners of Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.]

SAFE and snug from the wind and rain
In a thick of gorse with a tranquil brain
The fox had slept, and his dreams were all
Of the wild Welsh hills and the country's call;
He slept all night in the Wan Tun Waste,
He woke at dawn and about he faced,
He flexed his ears and he flaired the breeze
And scratched with his foot some poor wee fleas;
He sat on his haunches, doubted, stood;
To his left were the lairs of his native wood,
The deep yew darkness of Cowall Itchen;
He flaired, I say, with his nostrils twitching
Till he smelt the sound of the Fleet Street stunt
And over the hillside came the Hunt.

Over the hillside, clop, clip, clap,
And the dappled beauties, Ginger and Pep,
Live Wire, Thruster, Fetch Him and Snatch Him,
They were coming to bite him and pinch him and
scratch him,
Whimpering, nosing, scenting his crimes,
The Evening News and The Morning Times.
"Yooi! On to him! Yooi there!" Hounds were in;
He slunk like a ghost to the edge of the whin;
"Hark! Holloa! Hoick!" They were on his trail.

The huntsman, Alfred, rode The Mail,
A bright bay mount, his best of prancers,
Out of Forget-me-not by Answers.
A thick-set man was Alf, and hard,
He chewed a straw from the stable-yard;
He owned a chestnut, The Dispatch,
With one white sock and one white patch;
And had bred a mare called Comic Cuts;
He was a man with fearful guts.
So too was Rother, the first whip,
Nothing could give this man the pip;
He rode The Mirror, a raking horse,
A piebald full of points and force.
All that was best in English life,
All that appealed to man or wife,
Sweet peas or standard bread or sales
These two men loved. They hated Wales.

The fox burst out with a flair of cunning,
He ran like mad and he went on running;
He made his point for the Heroes' Pleasance,
By Hang Bill Copse, where he roused the pheasants.
They rose with a whirr and kuk, kuk, kukkered;
The fox ran on with a mask unpuckered
By Boshale Stump and Uttermost Penny,
Where the grass was short and the tracks were many.
He tried the clay and he tried the marl,
A workman's whippet began to snarl;
Into the Dodder a splash he went,
All that he cared was to change the scent,
And half of the pack from the line he shook
By paddling about in the Beaver Brook.

He swerved to the left at Maynard Keynes,
With an eye to sheep and an eye to drains;

By Old Cole Smiley and Clere St. Thomas,
Without any stops and without any commas;
At Addison's Cots he went so quick,
He startled a bricklayer laying a brick;
He ran over oats and he ran over barleys,
By Moss Cow Puddle and Rushen Parleys;
By Lympne Sassoon and Limpet Farm
He scattered the geese in wild alarm;
He ran with a pain growing under his pinny
Till he heard the sound of a war-horse whinny,
And tried for an earth in the Tory Holts.

The earth was stopped. It was barred with bolts.

He turned again and he passed Spen Valley,
By Paisley Shawls and Leamington Raleigh;
His flanks were wet, he was mire-beslobbered
By Hatfield Yew and by Hatfield Robert;
He tried a hen-coop, he tried a tub,
He tried the National Liberal Club—
A terrier barked and turned him out.

He tried the end of an old drain-spout.

It was much too small. With a bursting heart
He thought of the home where he made his start;
His flanks were heaving, his soul despairing,
He flaired again—he was always flairing
To find the best way of escape and nab it,
He couldn't get out of this flairing habit;
He felt at his back the fiery breath
Of the Kill Gorge pack that had vowed his death;
He turned once more for the shelter good
Of the Wan Tun Waste and the dark yew wood,
The deep yew fastness of Cowall Itchen
And the scents and heads of hens in his kitchen.
The hounds grew weak and The Mail was blowing;
Rother said, "Alf, this is bad going!"
Past Pemberton Billing, past Kenworthy,
He shook them off, he was damp and earthy;
By Molton Lambert and Platting Clynes—
But I can't go on with these difficult lines.

The night closed down and the hunt was dead,
Alfred and Rother were tucked in bed;
The cold moon rose on a fox's snore
And everything much as it was before.

EVOE.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat like little miee peep in and out."
Yes, but when Bobbie Burns wrote that the lassies of Scotland
didn't wear Louis heels and extremely short skirts."—*Ladies' Paper*.
Any more than they did when Sir JOHN SUCKLING apostrophised the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie."

Our Sleuths.

"A Sheffield firm of solicitors have, this week, had stolen from one of the pegs in the hall an overcoat belonging to one of the principals. The solicitor concerned is of the opinion that someone removed it between his arrival at the office the other morning and going to find it in the evening, when it was missing."—*Provincial Paper*.

The Sandringham Hat.

"Many women are making surprise presents of hats to their husbands, and will take great pleasure in seeing them worn for the first time on Christmas Day."—*Daily Mail*.

We understand that it will be the quietest Christmas on record, many family men having decided to spend the day in the seclusion of their own homes.

Youngs



—WHAT I LIKE—



—ABOUT SWITZERLAND IS—



—THE COMPLETE CHANGE—



—FROM LONDON LIFE—



—AND ALL THAT—



—NEEDLESS DRESSING-UP."

THE HUMOURIST.

"HERE'S Alan," said Cecilia; "good."
"Really," I said, stopping and bowing slightly in several directions, "I am touched. Such a reception. . . I find no words—"

"Don't be funny," said Margery cuttingly, "we shan't laugh. What we want to know is what are you going to do?"

"Well," I said, "I did think of sitting by the fire and—er—just watching it burn."

"Oh, dear," said Margery, "please don't be dense. I mean, what are you going to do at the show?"

I passed my hand over my eyes.

"I'm sorry," I said; "I'm afraid I don't . . . Have I been to sleep for ten years or anything?"

"Tell him," said Margery impatiently. "You'll have to start right at the beginning."

I sat down expectantly.

"Well," began Cecilia, "Christmas is coming and we shall be full up."

"Of course, of course," I murmured deprecatingly. "You want me to get some medicine ready for you?"

"I mean the house will be full up," explained Cecilia coldly. "The point is we must arrange something beforehand—some sort of entertainment."

"Good heavens," I said, "you're not going to hire the Sisters Sprightly or anything, are you?"

"No, we are not," said Cecilia; "not the Sisters Sprightly nor the Brothers Bung. We are going to do it ourselves."

"What—a Sisters Sprightly Act? Have a little shame, Cecilia. What will Christopher think when he sees his mother in a ballet skirt, kicking about all over the drawing-room?"

"He'd think I looked very nice," said Cecilia hotly, "if I was going to wear one; but I'm not."

"Not going to wear a ballet skirt?" I said. "You surely don't mean to appear in—"

"We're not going to do a Sisters Sprightly turn at all," shouted Margery; "nobody ever thought of them but you."

"Then I give it up," I said helplessly; "I quite understood you to

say— Then what are you going to do, anyway?"

"Well, we thought at first we'd do a play, but there were difficulties in the way."

"Too true," I said; "none of us can act to begin with."

"Speak for yourself," said Margery.

"Pardon, Miss Thorndike," I apologised.

"No, the difficulty is that we haven't really room for theatricals. We should have to use the drawing-room, and by the time you've got a stage and scenery

"Nothing. I never heard of such a horrible idea."

"Don't be a pig, Alan," said Margery.

"Really, Cecilia," I said, "let me plead with you. Not a costume concert party, please. A simple glee perhaps—just four of us—in evening dress; or even a conjurer. I'll agree to anything. But not, *not* Pierrots, Cecilia."

"Pierrots it is," said Cecilia defiantly.

"Then I wash my hands of it. To think that our family—"

"You can wash your hands if you like," said Cecilia; "we should prefer

it, in fact; but you are certainly going to take part."

I know the futility of arguing with Cecilia.

"Then tell me the worst," I begged; "what am I to be? Can I show people to their seats, or am I the good-looking tenor with gentlemanly features and long hair?"

"We thought of making you the funny man," said Cecilia.

I buried my head in my hands and shuddered.

At this moment John came into the room. "Talking about the 'Merry Maggots'?" he said. "Splendid idea of Cecilia's, isn't it? I've just been thinking it over, and what we must decide on first of all is who is to be the—the humourist. He's the really important man; must be someone really first-class."

"We've also been discussing it," I said quickly, "and we came to the conclusion that there's only one man for the job—yourself."

John nodded complacently.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, because I was going to suggest it myself. It's my belief that I should be a devilish funny fellow if I had a chance. I've just tried a few jokes on myself upstairs, and I've been simply roaring with laughter. Haven't enjoyed myself so much for years."

"Splendid fellow!" I said heartily; "you shall tell them to me later on and I'll roar with laughter too. Cecilia, put your husband down for the funny man."

"H'm—humourist," corrected John with a slight cough.

"Humourist," I agreed; "and thank goodness that's settled."

"But," said Cecilia, "you said you were going to do a dramatic recitation."



Doris. "BUT, JIMMY, I THOUGHT YOU CAME TO BUY A PRESENT FOR DADDY?"

Jimmy. "YES, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIS, I AM DOING. HE M'NOPOLISED MY ENGINE LAST CHRISTMAS; I THOUGHT HE'D LIKE ONE FOR HIMSELF THIS YEAR."

and rooms for changing, well, there's simply no space left for the audience," explained Cecilia.

"That's no objection at all," I said; "rather an advantage, in fact."

"And anyhow," continued Margery, "we haven't got a play to do."

"And so," said Cecilia, "we've decided to have a concert party."

I gasped.

"Not a concert party," I implored.

"Yes," said Cecilia, "a costume concert party. It isn't any use groaning like that. It's all arranged. Sheila and Arthur Davies, Margery, John, you and I are in it. The question is what are you going to do?"



"SO LONG, OLD CHAP! I'M OFF TO CHANCING CROSS."

"HOSPITAL, I PRESUME."

"So I am, so I am," said John; "I'm going to do that as well. Contrast, my dear Cecilia. Laughter and tears. Double them up with sly wit one moment and have them sobbing into their handkerchiefs the next. I'm going to do it all, Cecilia."

"So it appears," said Cecilia; "it hardly seems worth while to have anybody else in the show."

"Now, now," said John, wagging his forefinger at her, "no jealousy. You ought to be glad to have someone really good in the party. Good funny men aren't to be found just anywhere."

"But we don't know that you are a good funny man," said Margery.

"Of course you don't," said John; "I've never had a chance to prove it. For years I have been kept in the background by your family. I'm never allowed to make a joke, and if I do nobody laughs. This is my chance. I'm going to be in the limelight now. I shall be the life of the party, and it's no good trying to stop me. In fact," he finished confidentially, "I shan't be surprised if I take it up professionally. You should have heard me laughing upstairs."

"But, John," began Margery.

"Sh—!" said Cecilia; "it's no use arguing with him while he's in this mood. That's all right, John. You shall be everything you like. But as you've selected such a lot of parts for yourself perhaps you'll suggest what we can do with Alan."

"Ah," said John; "Alan! Yes, he's a problem, certainly. If he had any voice, now. I'm not sure that we want him at all. Could he do a clog-dance, do you think?"

"Don't worry," I interrupted; "I've thought of a fine part for me. All the best concert parties have a chap who sits in the corner and does nothing but look miserable. I could do that splendidly."

"That's quite true," said John approvingly; "it tickles the audience, you know, to see a fellow looking glum while everyone else is having hysterics at the funny—at the humourist. It isn't as easy as it looks, though, Alan. I shall keep saying things to make you laugh, you know. You'll find it jolly difficult to keep looking miserable once I get going."

"Not at all," I said. "That is, I

shall do my best to keep serious. I shall try not to listen to you being funny."

John looked at me and considered whether it was worth following up. He decided it was not.

"I daresay he'll do," he said loftily to Cecilia; "the fellow has no sense of humour anyway."

Commercial Modesty.

"This system develops such valuable qualities as:—

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| —Forgetfulness | —Timidity |
| —Mind Wandering | —Weakness of Will |
| —Brain Fog | —Lack of System |
| —Indecision | —Lack of Initiative |
| —Dullness | —Indefiniteness |
| —Shyness | —Mental Flurry." |

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

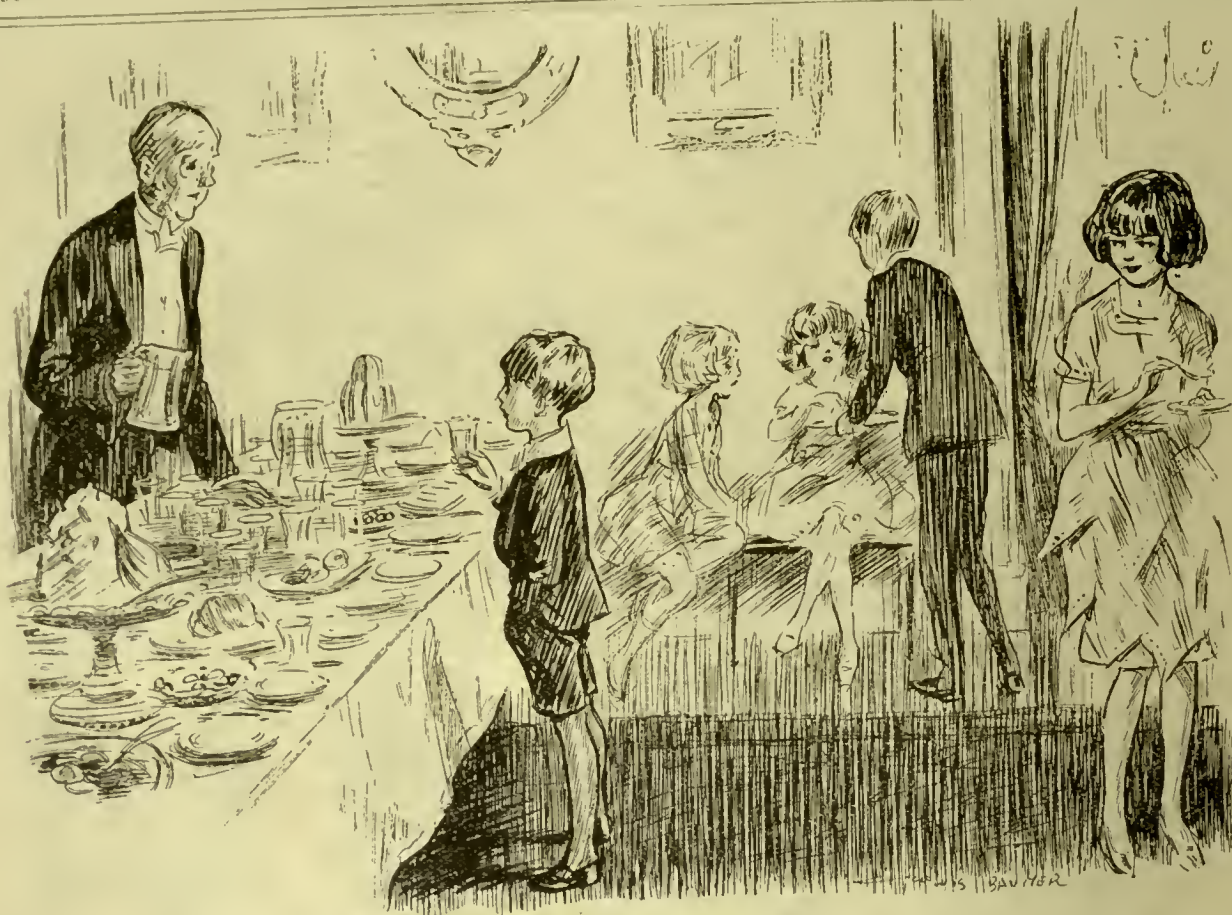
"It is announced that, starting with next week, 'Ways and means' and 'Common Sense' will be amalgamated."

Evening Paper.

Will the Government please note?

"Army biscuits, suitable for bed-chair cushions. 3s. reserve. —'s Auction Sale." *Provincial Paper.*

They seem to have lost something of their war-time hardihood.



Small Boy. "I SAY, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WITH A BIT MORE BUCK IN IT THAN THIS LEMONADE?"

PUSS AT THE PALACE.

[*The Daily Telegraph*, in a report of the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, remarks that "the cat has 'come back' as a hobby."]

O ALL ye devoted cat-lovers,
Ere spending the cheques you have
cashed,
Leave a trifle for tickets to enter the
wickets
That ope on the Temple of Pasht.

For to-day in the Palace of PAXTON
Cats gathered from every zone—
Manx, Persian, Sardinian, Chinese,
Abyssinian—
Are now being splendidly shown.

The names of the winners and owners
Inspire me with joy and delight;
E.g., Blue-eyed Molly, John Bull
(Madame Dolli)

And Snowflake, the champion white.

And then the adorable kittens!
Too high-bred to gambol or skip,
With names that are mighty, like Ingle-
wood Clytie,
Or comie, like Holme Ruddy Pip.

It is pleasant to learn Mr. SHAKESPEARE'S
Success with his Siamese strain,

For his namesake the poet, so far as
we know it,
Held "poor, harmless" puss in
disdain.

Yes, the cat has "come back" as a
hobby,
Oh, let us be thankful for that,
For it might be the coon or the blue-
nosed baboon,
Or the deadly Norwegian rat.

THE FINE OLD FRUITY.

WINE merchants must be kind men.
So many of those who have sent me
their circulars this Christmas-time have
announced that they are "giving their
clients the benefit of some exceptionally
advantageous purchases which they
have made."

But it is not the humanity of wine
merchants of which I wish to speak.
It is the intriguing epithets which they
apply to their wines. And I have enter-
tained myself by applying these to
my relatives, an exercise which I find
attended by the happiest results.

"Fine old style, rich," is, of course,
obvious. It applies to more than one
of my Victorian uncles. "Medium rich"
to a cousin or so. More subtle is

"medium body." This must be Uncle
Hilary; he takes little exercise now-
adays and his figure is suffering. Soon
he will be "full-bodied" or "full and
round." "Elegant, high class" is my
Cousin Isabel. "Pretty flavour" also
is hers. "Fresh and brisk" is Aunt
Hannah. And could anything be more
descriptive of Aunt Geraldine than
"delicate and generous"?

For "great breed and style" (used, I
see, of a claret) I should, I fear, be obliged
to go outside the family; and "recom-
mended for present consumption and
for laying down" I only mention be-
cause it leaves me wondering to what
other uses a fine fruity Burgundy could
be put. But here is a noble one: "Of
very high class, stylish, good body and
fine character." I have tried this on
several relations without being entirely
satisfied about it, and I have finally
decided that I shall keep it for myself.

"Only a few visitors braved the first fall of
the snow yesterday and ventured as far as
the Zoological Gardens. They found there a
depressed-looking collection of animals in the
open-air cages, but a perfect holocaust of
sparrows."—*Sunday Paper*.

The sparrows must have been warm
enough, anyway.



VERDUN.

LONDON (*to her adopted daughter*). "YOU WILL LET ME PASS—TO YOUR HEART?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 13th.—Since the House of Lords took the bit in its teeth and bolted with the Government of Ireland Bill the LORD CHANCELLOR has practically thrown the reins on the creature's neck and confined himself to occasional mild remonstrance when it kicked over the Government traces. The most he could do when rival amendments were put forward was to secure the passage of the less objectionable. Thus when Lord SHANDON, for purely sentimental reasons—Ireland knew him as "a most susceptible Chancellor—desired that the unifying body should be called a Senate Lord BIRKENHEAD laughed the proposal out of court with the remark that "a man might as well purchase a mule with the object of founding a stud," and persuaded the Peers to accept the word "Council." He was at first inclined to oppose Lord WICKLOW's amendment providing that neither Irish Parliament should take private property without compensation; but when he found that an old Home Ruler, Lord BRYCE, was in favour of imposing this curb on Irish exuberance he, as "a very young Home Ruler," gracefully withdrew his objection.

Sir JOHN BAIRD revealed the names of the members of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic). The muffled groans that followed the announcement of the first of them, Mr. WATERS-BUTLER, were quite uncalled for, as I understand that the gentleman in question preserves a strict impartiality between the two branches of his patronymic.

Sir ERIC GEDDES was not too sympathetic to the complaints of overcrowding on the suburban railways; but I cannot think that Mr. MARTIN had fully thought out the consequences of his suggestion that the right hon. gentleman should take a trip one night from Aldgate to Barking and see for himself. Imagine the feelings of the strap-hangers when Sir ERIC

essayed "little by little" to wedge himself into their midst.

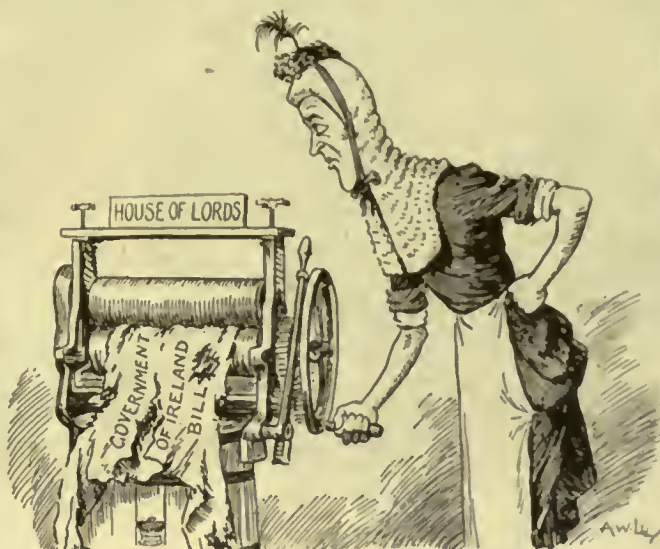
If the Opposition desired a really satisfactory discussion on the origin of the fires in Cork it should have chosen some other spokesman than Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. The hon.

it was left by these "Burnt Cork Comedians."

Tuesday, December 14th.—Despite the protests of Lord BRAYE, who demanded full self-determination for Ireland, the Peers gave a Third Reading to the Government of Ireland Bill. Lord CREWE so far modified his previous attitude as to congratulate the Government on having held on their course in the face of the discouraging events in Ireland, and to express the hope that the measure would be worked for all it was worth, though, in his lordship's estimation, it was not worth much.

The Ministry of Health Bill found the Peers in a much less accommodating mood. Lord STRACHE moved its rejection, chiefly on the ground of the financial strain it would impose upon local authorities, and was supported by Lord GALWAY, who thought it an insult to Parliament to bring forward so ambitious a measure at the fag-end of the Session. Lord CURZON vainly endeavoured to avert the coming storm by accepting a suggestion that the Bill should be carried over till next Session. The majority of the Peers were out for blood, and they defeated the Second Reading by 57 to 41. Dr. ADDISON, from the steps of the Throne, gloomily watched the overturn of his omnibus. It is understood that, following the example of his distinguished namesake, he is going to write to *The Spectator* about Lord STRACHE.

So many of the Commons appeared to have anticipated the Christmas holidays that Questions were run through at a great pace. Mr. HOOGE, however, was in his place all right to know how it was, after all the protestations of the Government, that an official motor-car containing an officer and a lady had been seen outside a toy-shop in Regent Street. "Mark how a plain tale shall set you down," said Mr. CHURCHILL in effect. The officer was on his way from an outlying branch of the War Office to an important confer-



THE LORD CHANCELLOR. "AND TO THINK IT WAS THE BEST IRISH LINEN!"

and gallant gentleman was less aggressive in manner than usual, but even so he encountered a good many interruptions. He was answered in a characteristic speech by Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER; and the debate as a whole never rose much above the level where



THE END OF THE OMNIBUS.

Conductor ADDISON. "A NICE OLD MESS YOU'VE BEEN AND GONE AND MADE!"

Driver CURZON. "ME? IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO LATE IN TURNING OUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO CUT THINGS SO FINE."



Dealer. "WELL, THERE SHE IS, GUV'NOR, AN' YOURS AT A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE."

Farmër. NOA, THANKEE. I ONLY GOT POUND NOTES ON ME, YE SEE, AN' I DOAN'T WANT TO BREAK INTO ANOTHER."

ence in Whitehall; the lady was his private secretary; the natural route of the car was *via* Regent Street, and the officer had merely seized the opportunity to pick up a parcel.

A Supplementary Estimate of six and a-half millions for the Navy gave the economists their chance. Mr. G. LAMBERT could not understand why we were employing more men at the dockyards than before the War, and suggested that three or four of the yards might be sold. This proposal was received with singularly little enthusiasm by most of the Members for dockyard constituencies; but Sir B. FALLE (Portsmouth) handsomely remarked that Chatham might well be leased for private enterprise. The Member for Chatham was not present, or he would, no doubt, have returned the compliment.

Wednesday, December 15th.—A less adventurous Minister than Mr. CHURCHILL might have funk'd the task of justifying to a House of Economists a Supplementary Army Estimate of forty millions. But he boldly tackled the job, and proved to his own satisfaction that half the liability was a mere book-entry, and the other half inevi-

table, in view of the Empire's commitments. Sir CHARLES TOWNSEND, in a maiden speech which in the more flamboyant passages suggested the collaboration of the EDITOR of *John Bull*, announced his intention of supporting the Government "for all I am worth," and proceeded to demonstrate that their policy in Mesopotamia had been wrong from start to finish.

Thursday, December 16th.—I don't know whether the current rumours of the PRIME MINISTER's delicacy are put about by malignant enemies who hope that Nature will accomplish what they have failed to achieve, or by well-meaning friends who desire to convince the Aberystwith Sabbatarians that Sunday golf is essential to his well-being. In his answers to Questions this afternoon he showed no signs of failing powers. When Mr. BILLING accused him of breaking his pledge that there should be no more secret diplomacy he modestly replied that that was not his but President WILSON's phrase; and a little later he informed the same cocksure questioner that a certain problem was "not so simple as my hon. friend imagines most problems are."

An inquiry about the Franco-British boundaries in the Holy Land led the PRIME MINISTER to observe that the territory delimited was "the old historic Palestine—Dan to Beersheba." It was, of course, a mere coincidence that the next Question on the Paper related to the destruction of calves, though not the golden kind.

The quarter-deck voice in which Rear-Admiral ADAIR thundered for information regarding the Jutland Papers so startled Sir JAMES CRAIG that, fearing another salvo if he temporised with the question, he promptly promised immediate publication.

Despite a characteristic protest from Mr. DEVLIN, who, as Mr. BONAR LAW observed, treats his opponents as if they were "not only morally bad but intellectually contemptible," the House proceeded to consider the Lords' Amendments to the Home Rule Bill, and dealt with them by the time-honoured device of "splitting the difference."

"MALESWOMAN WANTED.—Competent to take charge of Millinery establishment."
Trade Paper.

A sort of Mannequin, we presume.



The Viking's Wife (to husband, who is setting off to raid the coast of Britain). "GOOD-BYE, SIGURD DARLING. DON'T FORGET WHAT I SAID ABOUT GETTING YOUR FEET WET. AND, BY THE WAY, I'M GREATLY IN NEED OF A COOK-GENERAL, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE ONE. BUT REMEMBER SHE MUST BE CAPABLE AND PLAIN—NOT LIKE THE HUSSIES YOU USUALLY FETCH."

A FOUL GAME.

It is Christmas, and here is a nice little cricket story for the hearth. The funny thing about it is that it is true. And the other funny thing about it is that it was told to me by a huge Rugger Blue called Eric. (I understand people can change their names at Confirmation. Why don't they?)

It was in a College match—not, I gather, a particularly serious one. Eric and his friend Charles were playing for Balbus College against Caramel College. Caramel had an "A" team out, and Balbus, I should think, must have had about a "K" team . . . anyhow, Eric and Charles were both playing. Eric, as he modestly said, doesn't bat much, and Charles doesn't bowl much. Eric said to Charles, "I bet you a fiver you won't get six wickets." Charles said to Eric, "All right; and I bet you a fiver you won't get a hundred runs."

Then began a hideous series of intrigues. Caramel were to bat first, and Eric went to the Balbus captain and said, "There's a sovereign* for you if Charles doesn't go on to bowl at all."

"Very well," said the captain, with a glance of sinister understanding. "Wouldn't have anyhow," he added as he pocketed the stake.

Then Charles arrived.

"Two pounds," said the captain.

"What for?" said Charles.

"For ten overs—four bob an over."

"It's too much," said Charles; "but there's a sovereign for you if Eric goes in ninth wicket down."

"Very well," said the captain, with a glance of devilish cunning. "It's only one lower than usual. Thank you."

Acting on intuition and their knowledge of the captain, Eric and Charles then hotly accused each other of bribery. Both confessed, and it was agreed to start fair. Charles was to bowl first change and Eric was to bat first wicket. The captain said he would want a lot of bribing to go back on the original arrangement, especially if it meant Charles bowling, but he would do it for the original price; and, as he already held the money, Eric and Charles had to concede the point.

By the way, I am afraid the captain doesn't come very well out of this, and I'm afraid it is rather an immoral story; but my object is to show up the evils of commercialism, so it is all right.

Pallas Athene came down and stood by the bowler's umpire while Charles was bowling, and he got five wickets quite easily. It was incredible. The Caramel batsmen seemed to be paralysed. Then the last man came in, and the first thing he did was to send up a nice little dolly catch to Eric at cover-

point. Eric missed it. When I say he missed it I mean he practically flung it on the ground. Indeed he rather overdid it, and the batsman, who was a sportsman and knew Charles, appealed to the umpire to say he was really out. Pallas Athene grabbed the umpire by the throat, and he said firmly that no catch had been made.

Then the batsmen made a muddle about a run and found themselves in the common but embarrassing position of being both at the wicket-keeper's end. The ball had gone to Eric and he had only to throw it in to Charles, who was bowling, for Charles to put the wicket down. But in one of those flashes of inspiration which betray true genius he realised that in the circumstances that was just what Charles would *not* do. Direct action was the only thing. So, ball in hand, he started at high velocity towards the wicket himself.

He was a Rugger Blue (I told you) and a three-quarter at that, so he went fairly fast. However, the batsman saw that he had a faint hope after all, and he ran too. It was an heroic race, but the batsman had less distance to go. Eric saw that he was losing, and from a few yards' range he madly flung the ball at the wicket. He missed the wicket, but he hit Charles very hard on the shin, which was something. I fancy he must have hit Pallas Athene as

* This is a pre-war story.

well, for with the very next ball she gave Charles his sixth wicket.

By this time the game had resolved itself into an Homeric combat between the two protagonists, of which the main bodies of the Balbus and Caramel armies were merely neutral spectators—neutral, that is, so far as they had not been hired out for some dastard service by one or other of the duellists.

When Eric went in it was clear that Juno had come down to help him, for he made three runs in eight balls without being howled once. Then Charles came in. His first ball he hit slowly between mid-off and cover, and he called for a run. All unsuspecting, Eric cantered down the pitch. When he was half-way Charles seemed to be seized with the sort of panic which sometimes possesses a batsman. "No, no!" he cried. "Go back! go back!" And he scuttled back himself. Juno fortunately intervened and Eric just got home in time. But he realised now what he was up against. His next ball he hit towards mid-wicket, and shouting "Come on!" he galloped up the pitch. Charles came on gingerly, expecting to be sent back, but Eric duly passed him; he then turned round and just raced Charles back to the wicket-keeper's end. Charles was only a Soccer Blue (and a goal-keeper at that), and Eric won.

"After that," said Eric with his usual modesty, "it was easy." Eyewitnesses, however, have told me more. Juno dealt with the Caramel bowlers, but Eric had to compete with Charles. And Charles resorted to every kind of devilish expedient. Nearly all the Balbus batsmen were bribed to run Eric out, and whenever he hit a boundary Eric had to stop and reason with them in the middle of the pitch. Sometimes he tried to outbid Charles, but he usually found that he couldn't afford it. So he colared the bowling as much as possible and tried not to hit anything but boundaries. Juno helped him a good bit in that way.

When he had made seventy he got a ball on the knee. Charles ran out and offered to run for him, but Eric said he could manage, thank you. Then Charles went and walked rapidly up and down in front of the screen; but Eric wasn't the sort of batsman who minded that.

At about ninety, Eric's knee was pretty bad, so he called out for somebody to run for him—not Charles. Five of Charles's hirelings rushed out of the pavilion, but the captain said he would go himself, as that wasn't fair. Besides, he had money on Eric himself.

At this point I gather that Pallas Athene must have deserted Charles al-

together, for he seems to have entertained for a moment or two the ignoble notion of tampering with the scorer. I am glad to be able to say that even the members of the Balbus College "K." Team, eaten up as they were by this time with commercialism, declined to be parties to that particular wickedness. With every circumstance of popular excitement Eric's hundredth run—a mis-cue through the slips—was finally made, scored and added up. In fact, he carried his bat.

"So you were all square," I said, not without admiration.

"By no means," said Eric. "It cost me forty shillings."

"And Charles?"

"It cost him seven pounds." A. P. H.

"SUGGESTIONS."

A WARNING.

ENTERING as we are upon the season of games, it might be well to utter an urgent appeal to hostesses not to play "Suggestions." For "Suggestions," though it may begin as a game, is really a wrangle. Under the guise of a light-hearted pastime it offers little but opportunities for misunderstanding, general conversation, allegations of unfairness, and disappointment.

"Suggestions" ought to be played like this: You sit in a semicircle and the first player says something—anything—a single word. Let us suppose it is (as it probably will be in thousands of cases) "MARGOT." The next player has to say what "MARGOT" suggests—"reticence," for example—and the next player, shutting his mind completely to the word "MARGOT," has to say what "reticence" suggests—perhaps *Grimaud*, in *The Three Musketeers*—and the fourth player has to disregard "reticence" and announce whatever mental reaction the name of *Grimaud* produces. It may be that he has never heard of *Grimaud* and the similarity of sound suggests only GRIMALDI the clown. Then he ought to say, "GRIMALDI the clown," which might in its turn suggest "melancholy" or "the circus." All the time no one should speak but the players in their turn, and they should speak instantly and should say nothing but the thing that is honestly suggested by the previous word. At the end of, say, a dozen rounds the process of unwinding the coil begins, each player in rotation taking part in the backward process until "MARGOT" is again reached.

That is how the game should be played.

This is how it is played:—

First Player. Let me see; what shall I say?

Various other Players (together). Surely there's no difficulty in beginning? Say anything," etc., etc.

A Player (looking round). Say—say "fireplace."

First Player. But that's so silly.

Master of Ceremonies (who wishes he had never proposed the game). It doesn't matter. All that is needed is a start.

Another player. Say "MARGOT."

(Roars of laughter.)

All. Oh, yes, say "MARGOT."

First Player. Very well, then—"MARGOT."

(More laughter.)

Second Player (trying to be clever). "Reticence."

(Shouts of laughter.)

Other Players. How could "MARGOT" suggest "reticence"?

M. C. Never mind; the point is that it did. Now then—and please everyone be silent—now, then, Third Player?

Third Player. "Audacity."

M. C. I'm afraid you're not playing quite fairly. You see "reticence" cannot suggest "audacity." The First Player's word not impossibly might. Could it be that you were still thinking of that?

Third Player. I'm sorry. But "reticence" doesn't suggest anything.

Other Players (together). Oh, yes, it does—"silence," "grumpiness," "oysters," "Trappists."

M. C. If a word suggests nothing whatever to you, you should say, "Blank mind."

Third Player. Ah, but I've thought of something now—"reticule."

(Roars of laughter.)

M. C. It's all right. That's how the mind does work. Now, next player.

Fourth Player. Have I got to say something that "reticule" suggests?

M. C. That's the idea—yes.

A Player. Say "vanity-bag."

Another Player. Say "powder-puff."

(Roars of laughter.)

M. C. Please, please—either the game is worth playing or it isn't. If it is worth playing it is worth playing seriously, and then you can get some very funny effects—it's a psychological exhibition; but if other players talk at the same time and try to help it's useless. Now, next player, please. The word is "reticule."

Fourth Player (after a long silence). "Bond Street."

Fifth Player. Ah, "Bond Street"! That's better. That suggests heaps of things. Which shall I choose? "Chocolates"? No. "Furs"? No. "Diamonds"? No. Oh, yes—"Old Masters."

M. C. (with resignation). But you know you mustn't select. The whole point of the game is that you must say



Fruiterer. "ROYALTY 'ISSELF, MADAM, COULDN'T WISH FOR A BETTER PINEAPPLE THAN T-HAT."
Newly-rich Matron. "WELL, IF ROYALTY CAN BITE 'EM I S'POSE I CAN. I'LL 'AVE IT."

what comes automatically into your mind as you hear the word.

Fifth Player. I'm sorry. Shall I go back to "diamonds"?

M. C. No, you had better stick to "Old Masters."

Fifth Player. "Old Masters."

Sixth Player (deaf). What did you say—"mustard-plasters"?

Fifth Player. No; "Old Masters."

Sixth Player. I've heard of new inen and old aeres, but I've never heard of Old Pastures. What are they?

Fifth Player (shouting). No, no; "Old Masters." Pictures of the Old Masters—RAPHAEL, TITIAN.

Sixth Player. Ah, yes! "Old Masters." Well, that suggests to me—Yes (triumphantly), "the National Gallery."

Seventh Player (who has been waiting sternly). "Trafalgar Square."

Eighth Player (instantly). "NELSON."

Ninth Player (even more quickly). "NELSON KEYS."

M. C. (beaming). That's better. It's going well now.

Tenth Player. "England expects——"

Ninth Player. No, you can't say that. I could have said that, but you can't.

Tenth Player. Why not?

Ninth Player. Because "NELSON" is

all over and done with. The new name is "NELSON KEYS." You ought to have thought of something connected with him.

Tenth Player. If you'd said "KEYS" I might have done. But you said "NELSON KEYS," and the "NELSON" touched a spot. Isn't that right?

M. C. Quite right. It's the only way to play. But may I once more ask that there should be no talking? We shall never be able to unwind if there is. Now, please—"England expects——"

Eleventh Player. "Duty."

Twelfth Player. "Bore."

Thirteenth Player. "The Marne."

(Cries of astonishment.)

Various Players. How can "bore" suggest "the Marne"?

M. C. But it did. You mustn't mind. *Twelfth Player.* How did it? Just for fun I'd like to know.

Thirteenth Player. Well, when I was on the Marne I used to see the marks on the ground made by them.

Twelfth Player. By who?

Thirteenth Player. The wild boars.

(Roars of laughter.)

Twelfth Player. But I meant that duty is a bore—b-o-r-e.

M. C. (frantic). It doesn't matter.

It's what you think—not what is—in this game. But really we're in such a muddle, wouldn't it be better to begin again? You all know the rules now.

Hostess. Perhaps "Clumps" might be better, don't you think?

M. C. Just as you like. "Clumps," then.

The Deaf Player. What is the word now?

A Player. We're going to play "Clumps" instead.

The Deaf Player. Mumps in bed? I'm sure I don't know what that suggests. That's very difficult. But I like this game. It ought to be great fun when we unwind.

(They separate for "Clumps.")

E. V. L.

Headline to an article on ladies' fashions:—

"STOCKINGS COMING DOWN."

This should make the hosiers pull up their socks.

"Several reasons, besides the claims of humanity, made the Eugenist favour schemes for abolishing the eugenist."—*Daily Paper.*

We are inclined to agree with the Eugenist.



AT A FAT STOCK SHOW.

"THEY'RE TWO SMART 'OGS, I ADMIT. BUT LOOK AT THE PRICE O' FOOD-STUFFS. YOU KNOW YERSELF IT DON'T PAY ANYONE TO FEED THESE DAYS."

MISPLACED BENEVOLENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—From your earliest years you have preached sound and wholesome doctrine on the duty of man to birds and beasts. Indeed, I remember your pushing it to extreme lengths in a poem entreating people not to mention mint-sauce when conversing with a lamb. Still, I wonder whether even you would approve of the title of an article in *Nature* on "The Behaviour of Beetles." Of course I know that "behaviour" is a colourless word, still I am rather inclined to doubt whether beetles know how to behave at all. I may be prejudiced by my own experiences, but they certainly have been unfortunate. They began early—at my private school, to be precise. I shall

never forget the conversation I had, when a new boy, with a sardonic senior who, after putting me through the usual catechism, asked me what I was going to be. I replied that I had not yet decided, whereupon my tormentor, after looking at my feet, which I have never succeeded in growing up to, observed, "Well, if I were you, I think I should emigrate to Colorado and help to crush the beetle." Later on in life I was the victim of a cruel hoax, carried out with triumphant ingenuity by a confirmed practical joker, who with the aid of a thread caused what appeared to be a gigantic blackbeetle to perform strange and unholy evolutions in my sitting-room. Worst of all, I was victimised by the presence of a blackbeetle in a plate of clear soup served me at my

club. I backed my bill, but it was too late, for I am very shortsighted.

No, Mr. Punch, I am prepared to discuss the Ethics of Eels, the Altruism of Adders, the Piety of Pintails, or even the Benevolence of Bluebottles, but (to deviate into doggerel)—

"LET LANKESTERS, LUBBOCKS and
CHEATLES

Dilate with a rapturous bliss
On the noble behaviour of beetles—
I give them a miss."

I am, Mr. Punch, with much respect,
Yours faithfully,
PHILANDER BLAMPHIN.

THREE TRAGEDIES AND A MORAL.

THERE was an imperious old Sage
Who upheld the dominion of Age,
But his son, a grim youth,
Red in claw and in tooth,
Shut him up in a chloroformed cage.

There was also a Child full of beans
Who bombarded nine great magazines,
But not one of the nine
Ever published a line,
For the Child was not yet in its teens.

There was thirdly, to round off these
rhymes,

A Matron who railed at the crimes
Of designers of frocks
Who in smart fashion "blocks"
Left middle-age out of *The Times*.

The moral—if morals one seeks
In an age of sensation and shrieks—
Is this: Even still
Things are apt to go ill
With old, young and middle-aged freaks.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Grecian women were forbidden entrance to the stadium where the [Olympic] games were being held, and any woman found therein was thrown from the Tarpeian rock."
Canadian Paper.

"The French are thinking of building straw houses to remedy the present housing crisis." The first straw house has already been built at Montargis.—*Evening Paper.*

Where, presumably, they are trying it on the well-known local Dog.

"Negotiating the intricate traffic of the City was quite easy, the engine being responsive to the slightest touch of the steering wheel. It is just the car for the owner-driver."
Financial Paper.

Our chauffeur agrees. He says he wouldn't undertake to drive it down the village street, let alone the City.

"IS SINGING ON THE DECLINE?
A GREAT TENOR'S ADVICE.

'NEVER FIGHT AGAINST THE BRASS.'
Morning Paper.

It is, we believe, the experience of most impresarios that great tenors almost invariably fight for the brass.



"QUICK, MUMMIE! COME AND HELP BOBBIE—HE'S FALLEN INTO THE LUCKY DIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So charged is it with liable-to-go-off controversy that I should hardly have been astonished to see Mr. H. G. WELLS's latest volume, *Russia in the Shadows* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), embellished with the red label of "Explosives." Probably everyone knows by now the circumstances of its origin, and how Mr. WELLS and his son are (for the moment) the rearguard in that long procession of unprejudiced and undeceivable observers who have essayed to pluck the truth about Russia from the bottom of the Bolshevik pit. What Mr. WELLS found is much what was to be expected: red ruin, want and misery unspeakable. The difference between his report and those of most of his forerunners is that, being (as one is apt to forget) a highly-trained writer, he is able to present it with a technical skill that enormously helps the effect. Our author having been unable to deny the shadow, like everyone else save perhaps the preposterous Mr. LANSBURY, the only outstanding question is who casts it. The ordinary man would probably have little hesitation about his answer to that. Mr. WELLS has even less. He unhesitatingly names you and me and the French investors and several editors. Well, I have no space for more than an indication of what you will find in this undeniably vigorous and vehement little volume. But I must not forget the photographs. Some of these, of devastated streets and the like, have rather lost their novelty. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. WELLS as propagandist he has also included a number of the most revealing portraits yet available of the men who are hag-riding a once great nation to the abyss. I can only say that for me those portraits put the finishing touch to Mr. WELLS's argument. They extinguish it.

The pictorial wrapper of *A Man of the Islands* (HUTCHIN-

SON) is embellished with a drawing of a coffee-coloured lady in a costume that it would be an under-statement to call curtailed, also (inset, as the picture-papers say) the portrait of a respectable-looking gentleman in a beard. In the printed synopsis that occupies the little tuck-in part of the same wrapper you are promised "an entrancing picture of breaking seas on lonely islands and tropical nights beneath the palms." In other words Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE as before. Lest however you should suppose the insularity of this attractive pen-artist to be in danger of becoming overdone, I will say at once that the six tales from which the book takes its name occupy not much more than a third of it, the rest being filled with stories of varied setting bearing such titles as "The Queen's Necklace," "The Box of Bonbons," and the like—all frankly to be grouped under the head of "Financial Measures." This said, it is only fair to add that the half-dozen *Sigurdson* adventures—he was the Man of the Islands, a bearded trader, murderer, pearl thief and what not—seem to me a group of as rattling good yarns as of their kind one need wish to meet, every one with some original and thrilling situation that lifts it far above pot-boiling status. I could wish (despite anything above having a contrary sound) that Mr. STACPOOLE had given us a whole volume with that South Sea setting that so happily stimulates his fancy.

Mr. S. P. B. MAIS has not yet extricated himself from the groove into which he has fallen. It is not a wholesome groove, and even if it were I should not wish an author of his capacity to remain a perpetual tenant of it. In *Colour Blind* (GRANT RICHARDS) we are given the promiscuous amours of a schoolmaster, a subject which has apparently a peculiar attraction for Mr. MAIS. *Jimmy Penruddocke*, who tells the story, left the Army and could not find a job until he was offered a mastership at a public school. The school rather than Jimmy has my sympathies. There was

nothing peculiarly alluring about this philanderer to account for the devastating magnetism which he exerted upon the female heart. To describe all this orgy of caresses could hardly have been worth anyone's time and trouble; certainly it was not worth Mr. Mais's. I say this with all the more assurance because, greatly as I dislike the main theme of this novel, there are many good things in it. There is, for example, *Mark Champernowne* (*Jimmy's* friend), a finely and consistently drawn character, and there are descriptive passages which are vividly beautiful and also some delightful gleams of humour. I think that when Mr. Mais's sense of humour has developed further he will agree with me that a man who loved as promiscuously as *Jimmy* and then wrote over three hundred pages about it could, without much straining of the truth, be called a cad.

For many reasons I could wish that England were China. It would be nice, for instance, to address the HOME SECRETARY as "Redoubtable Hunter of Criminals" and to call the Board of Exterior Affairs (if we had one) "Wai - wo - poo." I should like my house also to be named "The Palace of the Hundred Flowers." I think there are about a hundred, though I have not counted them. But in China it is above all things necessary to be an ancestor, and this may lead to complications if Mr. G. S. DE MORANT, who appears to be much more at home with the French and the Oriental idiom than the English, is to be trusted. In the *Claws of the Dragon* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) describes the experiences of a young lady named *Monique*, who married the Secretary to the Chinese Embassy in Paris and was obliged, after visiting her relations-in-law, to reconcile herself to the introduction of a second wife into the family, in order that their notions of propriety might be respected and an heir born to the line. When she had consented she returned to Paris and wrote the following cablegram from her own mother's house: "You have acted as a good son and a faithful husband. Bring back with you the mother of our (*sic*) child." And so, the author evidently feels, it all ended happily. His book is an interesting and amusing presentment of an older civilisation, but if it won't strain the *Entente* I am bound to say that I disagree with his conclusions.

I fear it may sound an unkindly criticism, but my abiding trouble with *Broken Colour* (LANE) was an inability to get any of the characters, with perhaps one exception, to come alive or behave otherwise than as parts of a thoroughly nice-mannered and unsensational story. Perhaps it was my own fault. Mr. HAROLD OHLSON (whose previous book I liked) has obviously, perhaps a little too obviously, done his best for these people. It is a tale of two rivalries: that for the heroine, between the penniless artist-hero and a pound-full other; and that in the breast of the p.a.h., between the flesh-pots of commerce and the world-well-lost-

for-Chelsea. It is typical of Mr. OHLSON's care that, though one would in such a situation nine times out of ten be safe in backing Art for the double event, he makes so even a match of it between *Hubert* and *Ralph* that he leaves the heroine ringing the door-bell of the one immediately after kissing the other. You observe that I was perhaps really more interested in the contest than my opening words would suggest, but it was always in a detached story-book way; except in the case of a mildly unsympathetic secretary, represented as having spent too much time in the contemplation of other persons' affluence, also as owning an expensive-looking stick that made him long to be as rich as it caused him to appear. I hate to think that there can have been anything here to touch a chord in the reviewing breast, but the fact remains that Mr. Burnham stands out for me as the only genuinely human figure in the book.

Blessed, no doubt, is the nation or the man without a history, but blessed too is the biographer who has something definite to write about.



Artist (condescendingly). "I DID THIS LAST SUMMER. IT REALLY ISN'T MUCH GOOD."

Candid Friend. "NO, IT CERTAINLY ISN'T. BUT WHO TOLD YOU?"

though the writer draws an attractive picture of his home and religious life, he was only a kindly Christian gentleman who lectured to a few naval students. This is not the stuff to turn into a thrilling life-story, yet his studies on *Sea-Power* in relation to national greatness must certainly be reckoned among the prime causes of world-war. They set the Germans trying to outbuild the British fleet; more fortunately they were an inspiration to naval enthusiasts in this country also. Mr. TAYLOR has a pleasant chapter describing the immediate recognition and welcome his hero received in England, while it has taken quite a number of chapters to do justice to all the written tributes to his genius that the energetic author has collected. Personally, if ever I had been in doubt about it, I should have been quite willing to take that genius for granted some time before the end, and could indeed recommend the volume much more happily if it were reduced by about half. It will be valuable mainly as a necessary work of reference.

Our Well-Informed Press.

"At Kensington Palace the ground frost registered 9 deg. Fahr., which represents 23 degrees below zero."—*Evening Paper*.

"WELLS HITS BACK AT CHURCHILL."—*Sunday Paper*.
Not the Bombardier, as you might think, but BERT WELLS.

CHARIVARIA.

No newspapers were published on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. We did not begrudge them their holiday, but we do think *The Daily Mail* might have issued occasional bulletins respecting the weather at Thanet, as we consider three days is too long to keep their readers in suspense.

The most popular indoor game this winter seems to be Battledore-and-Juttlecock.

A woman informed a London magistrate last Tuesday that her husband thrashed her at Easter, Whitsuntide and on August Bank Holiday. Our thoughts were constantly with her during the recent Yuletide festivities.

Readers should not be alarmed if a curious rustling noise is heard next Saturday morning. It will be simply the sound of new leaves being turned over.

In view of the possible increase of their salaries it is not the intention of Members of Parliament to solicit Christmas-boxes. Householders, therefore, should be on their guard against men passing themselves off as M.P.s.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that the latest photograph of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE shows him to be smoking a cigar with the band on. We can only say that CROMWELL wouldn't have done it.

Our magistrates appear to be made of poor stuff these days. A man named SNAIL was last week summoned before the Feltham magistrates for exceeding the speed limit, yet no official joke was made. Incidentally, why is it that Mr. Justice DARLING never gets a real chance like this?

A New York policeman has been arrested in the act of removing a safe from a large drapery store. It is said that upon being seen by another policeman he offered to run and fetch a burglar.

Mme. DELYSIA has been bitten by a dog in New York. The owner's defence, that the animal had never tasted

famous dancer before, is not likely to be accepted.

Like a soothing balm just before the old year dies comes the intimation from Mr. LOVAT FRASEN that there is a bright side to things.

With reference to the opening of the pantomime season it is reported that a couple of new jokes have been found nesting in a Glasgow theatre.

Psychologists are inclined to attribute the recent night stampede of sheep in the Midlands, when thousands of them jumped their hurdles, to the influence of a large number of people concentrat-

persuade Sir ERIC GEDDES to disguise himself as an Eton boy during the holidays to see how it feels.

It is now admitted that the plum-pudding which was badly mauled by a small boy in the Hoxton district on Christmas Day began it by inviting his assailant to "come on."

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to be coming to a more reasonable frame of mind. Apparently he is disposed to allow Italy a certain measure of independence.

People step out into the road and never look to right or left, says a London coroner. This makes things far too easy for motorists.

Dr. A. GRAHAM BELL recently told a Derby audience how he invented the telephone. We note that he still refuses to say why.

We are informed that, on and after the 1st of January, Mr. CHURCHILL cannot undertake to refute the opinions of any writer who has not been officially recognised as a best-seller.

A scientist has succeeded in putting a pea to sleep with electro-magnetism. The clumsy old method of drowning it in a plate of soup should now be a thing of the past.

General TOWNSHEND says that with seventy thousand men he could have conquered half Asia. But then he might have lost Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

What we want now is something to make the world safe for those who made the world safe for democracy.

There is now on the market a new patent contrivance which gives warning when the contents of an oven are on the point of burning. We have secured a sample, but unfortunately our cook still relies on her sense of smell.

"Leather is now much cheaper," we read. Yet we have noticed no drop in the price of restaurant steak.

On January 1st the Ministry of Munitions will enter upon its second year of winding up.



OUR GOGGLERS.

First Girl in grandmotherly spectacles (to second ditto). "How FRIGHTFULLY OUT OF DATE THAT WOMAN IS. FANCY—LORNETTES!"

ing on a well-known remedy for sleeplessness.

It is stated that rabies does not exist in Ireland. Our opinion is that it wouldn't be noticed if it did.

Very few English Christmas customs, we hear, are prevalent out in Russia. We have always felt that the custom of clients giving Christmas-boxes to their executioners will never become very popular.

It is rumoured that the repeated assassinations of General VILLA have made it necessary for him to resign his position as Permanent Chief Insurgent to the State of Mexico.

The Morning Post has remarked that nowadays the Eton boy is often reduced to travelling third-class. It is hoped to

THE HAPPY HOOTS.

YES, it is nearly twelve now. In ten minutes we shall hear the bells—I mean the hooters. I wonder if there were hooters when TENNYSON wrote those popular lines about ringing in the New Year. Very likely he didn't hear them if there were, as there's nothing to show that he ever really stayed up late enough to see the New Year in. It's a pity, because the hooters would have fitted in to that poem most beautifully. The hooting idea is just what is wanted to give a dramatic contrast to the sugary ringing business.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true"

doesn't convince somehow; it's too impartial. One doesn't say to the footman, "Show the Rector up, please, and show this blackmailer out," even at the Lyceum. One says, "Kick this black-hearted hound out," and the footman realises then that you have something against the fellow. Just so one doesn't gather from the above line that the poet has any strong preference as between the false and the true, except that there is no good rhyme to "the false," unless you can count "waltz"; but what about—

Hoot out the old, ring in the new;

Hoot out the false, ring in the true?

Magnificent! There's some sting in that; it "gets over," and it brings the whole poem into harmony with modern practice.

Come on, we'd better have another dance before the great moment. I wonder if TENNYSON ever saw the New Year in at two guineas a head. I don't expect so. For that matter it's the first time we've done it at an expensive public "Revel" ourselves; but then this is the first year we've been absolutely bankrupt. Up till now we've been rather well off, and have celebrated cheaply at home. Do you realise that this is our wedding-day? I believe you'd forgotten; women never remember these things. Yes, it's six years . . . Six years. And this is the first year we've been bankrupt. All the same, as I say, it's the first year we've come out and had a jolly good supper. Reckless? Yes, I'm afraid we are. But we've caught it from the Government . . . However, to-morrow we'll start a new cheque-book.

Have you made your resolutions yet? I have. Do you remember this time last year? You said you'd keep accounts, and I said I wouldn't smoke so much. And all the year through our resolution has never wavered. I've got evidence of that. Look at my diary. Here we are:—

January 1st.—G. started keeping accounts. Gave up smoking.

And here we are again:—

March 20th.—G. started accounts.

March 29th.—Knocked off smoking.

That shows it was no mere flash-in-the-pan, doesn't it?

And we went on like that. Look at this:—

June 6th.—Gave up smoking.

June 7th.—Only one pipe since yesterday.

June 30th.—Cut myself down to four pipes a day.

July 1st–9th.—G. keeping accounts; knocked off smoking.

But I wonder why I kept writing it down. Even in September, you see, I wasn't taking it for granted:—

September 29th.—Quarter-Day. Not smoking this quarter. G. began new system of accounts.

It looks like bragging, doesn't it? But I don't think I can have meant it that way. Still, it is rather marvellous, when you come to think of it—here we are, after all these months, twelve of them, and we still stick doggedly to the same unswerving resolution. Nothing can alter it. That's what I call tenacity of purpose.

You don't think I'm serious? But I am. I'm just as serious as I was last year. This year I shall give up smoking. Only I think you ought to give up your hot-water bottle in sympathy. You won't? No, I know you won't. You're a slave of the bottle, you see. It doesn't do you any harm? Oh, yes it does. It makes your backbone flabby, and it makes you susceptible to colds, and it gives you chilblains, and, anyhow, it's morally pernicious, because it's an *indulgence* . . . If I'd known you were a hot-water-bottle woman before we were married . . . However, we needn't go into that. But if you won't give up your bottle I shan't give up smoking after all.

Look, they're opening the windows. We shall all catch cold. Can you hear anything? I can hear those people eating. What a draught! Can you hear anything? I can hear the eaters quite plainly now. Here comes Father Christmas. I believe he is going to give us all gifts.

Can you hear anything yet? I have been given a diary. What have you got? Another diary? Is yours for 1921? So is mine. How dull! Christmas will be on a Sunday next year, I see. So will our wedding-day. I hope you'll remember it this time. And they have arranged for the Spring to begin on March 21st. Think of it! Spring—in less than three months!

There they go.

Hoot out, wild hooters, to the wild sky!

What a jolly noise! Much better than bells, really much more accurate as an expression of one's feelings. There's a sort of "faint but pursuing" note about it. And that's how I feel, rather. It was a dreadful year, really, wasn't it?—that last one, I mean. No money, no clothes—nothing but rates and dentists and small accounts respectfully submitted for our esteemed favour. One long crisis. . . . But we kept the flag flying. This year—

Hallo! somebody's going to recite. What do you think it will be? You'll never guess. Yes, you're quite right.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause—
And ancient forms of party strife.

That sounds like a bit of Government propaganda. Disgraceful, I call it. If I was a Wee Free—

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners—

That's a hit at somebody, too, I shouldn't wonder. Somebody must have written a topical verse for the occasion. Those people are still eating. I expect they are doing Hog-money, or whatever it is. . . .

Are you still as obstinate as ever about that hot-water bottle? Very well, then, I shall now have the first smoke of the New Year. Oh, no; we've got to do *Auld Lang Syne* first. I never can smoke while I'm singing.

"Should auld acquaintance . . ."
Do you know any of the people here? No? Do you ever want to see any of them again? No? Never mind, they've all paid a lot of money to hold our hands; let them have their money's worth . . . "A right gude willie-waucht . . ." Waiter! One large willie-waucht, please, and a small pint stoup . . . Do you realise that this is the only night in the year when you can get a willie-waucht at this hour? What a world!

Six years. Do you see that nice couple over there? I bet they haven't been married as long as we have. And I bet they're not so bankrupt. This is going to be a dreadful year. I can see that at once. But we'll keep the flag flying.

Ah, here come the willie-waughts. Thank you, waiter.

Well, my dear—a cup of kindness with you. Here's luck! A. P. H.

Natural History on the Football Field.

"St. Columb's Court and North-End met at The Farm, when St. Columb's Court were the victors by three goats to one."—*Irish Paper*.

"Harry — (19), described as a comedian, was bound over in £5 for six months under the rug, the property of Hilda —."

Provincial Paper.

It seems that HARRY was not the only comedian in court.



A BOXING NIGHTMARE.

THE GOOD FAIRY GEORGINA. "I WAVE MY WAND—UTOPIA DOTH APPEAR . . .

(extemporising) SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG. O DEAR! O DEAR! O DEAR!"



Post-War Sportsman. "THE HOUNDS MEET ON THE LAWN TO-MORROW, MY DEAR. WE MUST GIVE THEM A STIRRUP-CUP."
Wife. "I HOPE THE CHEF KNOWS HOW TO MAKE IT. IF NOT I SUPPOSE CLARET-CUP WOULD DO?"

ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS.

"I've always thort 'ow I'd love to 'ave a reel nice Christmas," remarked Elizabeth—"a jolly proper kind o' one, you know, 'm."

"Don't you find Christmas a pleasant time, then?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, 'm, I bin in service ever since I was turned fifteen, an' you know wot Christmas in service is. An extry tip, I will say, but a lot of extry work to go along with it—and wot washin' up! Some'ow it orl seems so different in hooks an' on the pictures."

She sighed as she spoke and a look that was almost human crept into the arid region of her countenance. A feeling of compunction swept over me. Was it possible that this poor simple girl concealed depths of conviviality in her nature and a genial disposition which I, in common with all her former employers, had carelessly overlooked? I will admit that this unexpected phase in Elizabeth's character touched and interested me.

"Elizabeth," I cried in a sudden glow of enthusiasm, "you shall have your jolly Christmas—I will provide it. You shall have your turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies, crackers, mistletoe and all

the rest of it." *Cheeryble* in his most beneficent mood could not have felt more expansive than I did just then. "You can invite your friends; we shall not be at home, so you will have the place to yourself."

"Lor!" she ejaculated. "D'ye reerly mean it, 'm?"

"I do, Elizabeth. Let me know the sort of Christmas you've always longed for and I'll see that you get it."

She drew up her lank form and her face shone. "Well, 'm, I don't know where you get 'em, but for one thing I've often thort as 'ow I'd like to 'ave a festlebord."

"What's that?" I asked, puzzled. "Is it in the Stores' list?"

"I don't know, 'm, but there's always a lot about it in the books. When the Squire's son comes 'ome repentant at Christmas-tide they always gathers round a festlebord and rejoices."

I began to see light. "You mean a 'festal board'?"

"That's wot I sed, 'm."

"Well, you shall have one, Elizabeth, I'll see to that. I'd let you have a Squire's son as well, but unfortunately the only ones I know are not repentant—as yet. And now tell me which of your friends you would like to invite."

"There's my sister-in-lor 'ud like to come—er that I 'aven't been on speak-in' terms with for five years—but she shan't. An' my friend isn't comin'; I'll see to that arter the things she sed about me to my young man's cousin—sorey baggage! As for my two aunts they don't set foot under the same roof as me arter the way——"

"Never mind about the people you're not inviting," I broke in; "we don't need a list of them. Who do you want to come?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Spurge, the char—a real nice lady, as you know, 'm. Then I'd like to arsk Polly, the sister of the cook wot lives in the 'ouse at the corner with red 'air; an' there's Mary Baxter. An' isn't it lucky my sailor-brother will be 'ome for the first time in ten years? Can 'e come too, 'm? 'E's been round the world twice."

"In that case, Elizabeth, he certainly ought to be invited. He may even have returned home repentant, so you will be able to rejoice at the festal board in proper style."

"Oh, 'm, isn't it luvly? I won't 'arf have a beano this Christmas. Wot a time we'll 'ave, wot a time!"

* * * * *

For my part I did not pass a very

blithesome Christmas. Henry's aunt, who invited us, is rich, but she is also dull, and several times I found myself rather envying Elizabeth. While Aunt Jane nodded in her chair, Henry and I pictured those boisterous revels of Elizabeth and her friends, their boundless mirth, their unrestrained gaiety. We imagined them too gathered round the sailor-brother, listening with rapt delight as he told them stories of the far-off wonder-lands he had known. Henry sighed then and said there were times when he envied the so-called lower classes their capacity for enjoyment.

When we returned home Elizabeth greeted us with beaming countenance. "I 'ope you 'ad a good time," she said; "I know I 'ad."

"Then it really was as nice as you thought it would be, Elizabeth?"

"It was first-rate, 'm. Leastways orl went well until arter dinner, when we begins chippin' each other and ends in 'avin' a few words. My sailor-brother started it by chaffin' Polly about 'er red 'air an' arskin' why she didn't cut it orf, an' she told 'im then that if 'o'd such an objection to red she wondered 'e didn't cut 'is own nose orf. Arter that one thing led to another; we took sides an'—"

"Oh, Elizabeth, you don't mean to say you quarrelled?" I interrupted sorrowfully.

"Oh, no, it wasn't quarrellin', 'm—just bargin', you know. Any'ow it ended in Polly an' Mary an' my brother goin' off early. I was chilly to Mrs. Spurge owin' to 'er 'avin' said that she didn't believe my sailor-brother'd ever been further than Wapping in a coal-barge. I shouldn't 'ave spoke to 'er again that ovenin' if the book 'adn't brought us together again friendly, like."

"What book?" I asked, bewildered.

"One of yours that I got out of the study, 'm. Oh, wot a book! Sorter ghost story in a manner o' speakin'. I laughed an' I cried over it, turn about. So did Mrs. Spurge. You see we read bits out to each other—kep it up till threo o'clock in the mornin', we did. It was luvly!"

"And what was the book called?" I inquired.

"It's called *A Christmas Car'l*, 'm, by Mr. DICKINGS. Why didn't nobody tell me about it afore? It's far better 'n the pictures. 'Just like 'eaven,' Mrs. Spurge said."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, Elizabeth."

"It's the 'appiest Christmas I ever 'ad, 'm. That there Mr. DICKINGS is a one! 'E do know wot's wot in festle-bords."



Patient. "MY MISSIS SENT ME FUR A BOTTLE O' MEDICINE FUR ME CORF. SHE SAYS IT KEEPS HER AWAKE O' NIGHTS. I SAYS, 'YOU'VE NOBBET TO LIE AWAKE. I'VE GOT TO LIE AWAKE AN' CORF.'"

HOW, WHY AND WHAT.

(Being the Tragedy of the Conscientious Inquirer who fell among Philistines.)

THERE was an old man who said, "How Can I link the To-Be with the Now?"

But they said, "Poor old thing! You've been reading Dean Inge, And you're *not* high enough in the brow."

But in spite of this check he said,

"Why
Is my Ego the same as my I?"

So they put him to bed
And placed ice on his head
Till the cerebral storm had passed by.

Now I'm told he is asking them, "What Use has psycho-analysis got?"

And they answer, "N.E.
If you're not an M.D.,
Or a novelist minus a plot."

"A cargo of 800 German pianos arrived at the Tyne from Hamburg on Saturday."
Daily Paper.

Another key industry in danger.



UNFINISHED DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" BY THE LATE F. H. TOWNSEND.

THE FIGURE OF THE LITTLE GIRL WAS SKETCHED ON THE MORNING OF HIS DEATH. THE LEGEND WHICH THIS PICTURE WAS TO ILLUSTRATE IS NOT KNOWN.

MAYBIRDS.

I CAN see some justification for keeping peacocks, especially if you have shaven lawns and terraces and sundials, though sundials, I imagine, are rather a nuisance now-a-days, because of the trouble of having them reset for summer and winter time. Peacocks at any rate are beautiful, and, if their voices are apt in England to become a little hoarse, that is only because they screech when the weather is going to be bad.

The pheasant is also a useful and beautiful fowl. One may put down bread-crumbs to attract the pheasant to one's garden when he is alive, or to one's plate when he is dead.

But I can see no justification whatever for keeping maybirds, for they are neither useful nor beautiful. Perhaps you do not know what a maybird is. I have five maybirds. I have them because people here would keep saying to me, "Look at the price of fresh eggs, and how much nicer it is to have your own." It is a curious thing about the country that people are always giving one disinterested advice in the matter of domestic economy. In London it is different. In London people let you take a twopenny bus ticket to Westminster instead of walking across the Park, and go to ruin in your own sweet way. They rather admire your dash.

But in the country they tell you about these things.

So I went to a man and confessed to him my trouble about fresh eggs.

"I see," he said; "you want maybirds."

"No, I don't," I said; "I want hens."

"It's the same thing," he told me.

"How many would you like?"

"Five," I said. I thought five would be an unostentatious number and make it clear that I was not trying to compete with the wholesale egg-dealers.

He segregated five maybirds and explained their points to me.

It appeared that one of them was a Buff Orpington and three were white Wyandottes and one had no particular politics. I should say now that it was an Independent. It has speckles and is the one that keeps getting into the garden.

I asked him when the creatures would begin to enter upon their new duties, and he said they would do so at once.

"What is their maximum egg-laying velocity?" I inquired.

"They'll lay about three eggs a day between them," he said, "these five birds."

"Why between them?" I enquired. But I consented to buy his birds, and he said if I liked he would run round to my garden at once and run up a hen-

house and a hen-run for me. "Run" seemed rather a word with him.

I said, "Yes, by all means."

He came round that evening and hewed down an apple-tree under the light of the moon to make room for the maybird-run, and in the morning he brought a large roll of wire-netting, and the next day he built a wooden house, and the day after that he brought his five maybirds, and the day after that he came round and asked for some cinders. He sprinkled these all over the enclosure, and I watched him while he worked.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"They want something to scratch in when they run about," he explained. "Exercise is what they need."

"They seem to be scratching already, but they don't seem to be running," I said. "Wouldn't it have been better to put a cinder-track all round the edge and train them to run races round it?"

He said that he hadn't thought of that, but I could try it if I liked. Then he gave me a bag of food, which he said was particularly efficacious for maybirds, and produced his bill.

All this happened about a month ago, and for the last four weeks the principal preoccupation of my household has been the feeding of these five birds. I have had to lay a gravel-path from



Nurse. "LITTLE GENTLEMEN, MASTER ERIC, LEAVE THE LAST MINCE-PIE TO THEIR SISTERS."
Generous Little Girl. "O NURSE, DO LET HIM BE A LITTLE CAD."

the aviary to the back premises in order to sustain the weight of the traffic. Huge bowls of hot food are constantly being mixed and carried to them, without any apparent consciousness on their part of their reciprocal responsibilities. What I mean to say is that there are no eggs. The food which they eat resembles Christmas-pudding at the time when it is stirred, and I have suggested that a sixpence should be concealed in it every now and then—sixpence being apparently the current price of an egg—in order to indicate the nature of our hopes.

I have made other valuable suggestions. I have suggested putting an anthracite stove in their sitting-room, and papering the walls with illustrations representing various methods of mass production, ordinary methods having failed. I notice that cabbages are suspended by a string across the top of the parade-ground in order that the birds may obtain exercise by springing at them. The cabbages are eaten, but I do not believe that the birds jump. I believe that they clamber up the wire with their claws, walk along the tight-

rope and bite the cabbage off with their teeth.

Sometimes, as I think I have mentioned, the one with speckles escapes into the garden, and I have several times been asked to chase it home. Nothing makes one look more ridiculous than chasing an independent maybird of no particular views across an onion bed. The rest of the animals appear to spend most of their time in walking about the run with their hands in their pockets looking for things on the ground.

But every now and then one or other of them makes the loud cry which is usually associated with successful egg-production; the whole household troops beaming with anticipation along the gravel-path; and it is then discovered that the Buff has knocked one of the Whites off her perch, or that one of the Whites has scratched a cinder on which the Buff had set her eye, or that the Independent member has made a bitter speech which is deeply resented by the Coalition. But there are no eggs.

About a week ago the corn which apparently forms a part of the neces-

sary nourishment of maybirds, and is kept in an outhouse, was attacked by rats. I was told that I must do something about this. I buttered some slices of bread with arsenic and laid them down on the outhouse floor. The rats ate the bread and arsenic and went on with the corn. Unless a great improvement is manifested in the New Year I have decided to butter the maybirds with arsenic and place them in the outhouse too. Evon.

Cyclone in the Channel Islands.

"METEOROLOGICAL NOTES.

Harbour Office, Jersey.

Wind - F.W.E. - Strong Breeze."
Jersey Paper.

"To get away, the man must have jumped from a height of about ten feet to the ground, then across a garden, and over a wall about eight feet high into a laneway."—*Irish Paper*.
Some "lep," as they say in Ireland.

"In the House of Lords on Saturday, the expiring Lords Continuance Bill [was] read a third time and passed."—*Provincial Paper*.
Trust the Peers for looking after themselves.



*Child (saying prayers). "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD-AND-BUTTER."
Governess. "No, DEAR—NOT BUTTER." Child. "MARGE, THEN."*

LETTERS I NEVER POSTED. CONCERNING GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

TO THE GIRL AT THE EXCHANGE.

THE New Year is upon us and with it comes the determination to mend our bad habits and make serious efforts to turn over a new leaf. Perhaps you have already thought of this and have made some good resolutions; perhaps, on the other hand, you cannot think of anything amiss that needs correcting. In this case will you let me help you? In every other respect you may be perfection, but as an exchange operator, which is the only capacity in which (alas!) I know you, you are often lacking. I have no doubt that you are charming in private life and that we should get on famously if we met at dinner; but you have an irritating way of giving me the wrong number, which I do most cordially hope you will lose during 1921. When I protest, you merely say you are sorry, but what I suggest is that an ounce of careful listening at first is worth tons of sorrow later. Kingston doesn't really sound a bit like Brixton, and yet yesterday, when I asked for a Kingston number, you put me at once on to the same number in the other suburb. Constantly when I say I want 2365 you give me 2356. To give you your due

you are always, I will admit, sorry; but . . .

Another thing. Sometimes, when you ring me up and I answer, all you do is to ask, "Number, please," as though I had rung you. (It is then that I feel most that I should like to wring you.) When I reply, "But you rang me," you revert to your prevailing regretful melancholy and say, "Sorry you were troubled," and before I can go deeply into the question and discover how these things occur you ring off. Can't you make an effort during 1921 not to do this? Let it be a year of gladness.

Sometimes I am perfectly certain you don't ring up the number I want until after you have asked me once or twice if they have answered. Isn't that so? "I'll ring them again," you say with a kind of resigned adventurousness; but, knowing as I do that they have been waiting for my call, I am not taken in. But what I want to know is—what were you doing instead of ringing up at first? I suppose that these secrets will never be penetrated by the ordinary subscriber outside the sacred precincts; but I wish you would give me fewer of such problems to ponder during the year that is coming.

P.S.—Have you ever considered, with proper alarm, what would happen to a cinema story if a wrong number were

provided by the operator, or if any delay whatever occurred? This should make you think.

TO A RACING JOURNALIST.

I suggest that you should include among your good resolutions for the New Year the decision not to allow your readers to participate in your special information as to which horse will come in first. Tell them all you like about yesterday's sport, but dangle no more "security tips" before their diminishing purses. If they must bet—which of course they must, as betting is now the principal national industry—let them at least have the fun of selecting the "also-ran" themselves.

TO MANY AN EDITOR.

In contemplating your 1921 programme of regeneration could you not make a vow to dispense with all headlines that ask questions? Probably you never see the paper yourself and therefore have no feeling in the matter, but I can assure you that the habit can become very wearisome. "Will it freeze to-day?" "Can Beckett win?" "Will Hobbs reach his 3,000 runs?" "Are the Lords going to pass the Bill?" Won't you make an effort to do without this formula? It is futile in itself and has the unfortunate effect of raising



Neighbour (bearer of message, to billiard enthusiast). "YOU'RE WANTED AT 'OME, CHARLIE. YER WIFE'S JUST PRESENTED YER WITH ANOTHER REBATE OFF YER INCOME-TAX."

what surely are undesirable doubts as to whether journalists are any more sensible than their readers.

TO ONE EDITOR IN PARTICULAR.

No comic hats in 1921, please.

TO THE P.M.G.

There is, as everyone (except possibly Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the cynic who professes to hate letters so much that he wishes that they cost a shilling a-piece to send) will agree, one good resolution which above all others you should concentrate upon for 1921, and that is to get back our penny postage. With so many comparatively unnecessary things still untaxed, it never should have been sacrificed.

TO A PORK BUTCHER.

Among the problems of this latter day of discontents few are more pressing than speculating as to why sausages and pork-pies have so degenerated. Under the malign influence of Peace, sausages have become tasteless and pork-pies nothing but pies with pork in them; the crust chiefly plaster-of-Paris, and the meat not an essential element, soft and seductive and fused

with the pastry, but an alien assortment of half-cooked cubes. I can understand that after a great war a certain deterioration must set in, but I fail to see why sausages and pork-pies, if made at all, should not be made as well as ever, especially as you get such a long price for them. Couldn't you—wouldn't you—try in 1921 to make them with some at least of the old care?

TO A CABINET MINISTER.

Might not a vow against writing for the papers be rather a nice one to observe during 1921? It is quite on the cards that one's duties to the State (not too inadequately paid for) ought to be sufficiently exacting to preclude journalism at all. There's a question of dignity too, although I hesitate to drag that in.

TO THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.

Couldn't you (I hope I am addressing the right gentleman) arrange that before 1921 becomes 1922—twelvewhole months—a simple device is made for taxis by which a square of red glass can be slipped over one of the lamps at night to indicate that the cab is free? I'm sure it wouldn't really be difficult,

and the comfort of London would be enormously increased.

TO A TAXI-DRIVER.

You will perhaps note what I have just said to the Chief of the Police. If you had any interest in your work you would, of course, long since have fixed up something of the kind for yourself. But let that pass. All I am suggesting to you as a 1921 amendment is that you should bank in a more accessible part of your clothing. Waiting for change in this weather (especially with the flag still down) can be an exasperating experience. Won't you make a resolution during the coming year to keep your money nearer the surface?

E. V. L.

How to deal with Windbags.

"The address was punctured through with cheers."—*Wis' Indian Paper*.

"There would be a grand dinner and music, and splendidly-dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' paws when they tried to tell about them."—*Weekly Paper*.

Mem.—Never try to talk the deaf-and-dumb language after dinner.



Profiteer (to his wife). "PRETTY MIXED LOT AT THIS HOTEL. 'ERE COME SOME MORE O' THEM PRE-WAR BLIGHTERS."

THE BARKER THAT MISSED FIRE.

ON hearing a shuffle of feet in the porch and the clearing of little throats, I exclaimed, "Those carols again!" If between "those" and "carols" I inserted another word, I withdraw it.

I went into the hall and barked like a dog.

I have often said that, if anyone could earn a hundred pounds a week on the stage by barking like a dog, I could. Children like to come to my house to tea merely for the thrill of listening to my imitation. I used to flatter myself that I could bark like a dog even better than NELSON KEYS can imitate GERALD DU MAURIER.

I hardly gave the carol-singers time even to mention Royal David's city before I barked. Instantly one pair of little feet scuttled away towards the gate; then a voice called, "Don't be silly, Alf; come on back."

Two small girls stood at the front-door as I opened it. One of them smiled up at me and said, "He thinks he's going to be bit." She appeared to be amused by the idea. Down by the gate was a small muffled figure carrying a Chinese lantern. "Come on back, Alf," she called again, "and let's sing to the gentleman. You see," she

explained to me in confidence, "he's got addleoids and can't sing loud, so we let him hold the lantern."

I was beginning to feel sorry that I had played a trick on such inoffensive children and was about to assure them that my savage bull-terrier was safely locked up in the kitchen when the brave little lass began chattering again.

"My dad keeps dogs—all sorts," she told me, "and sells them to gentlemen. So I'm used to dogs." Then she turned once more to the lantern-bearer and commanded, "Now come on and sing, Alf. It ain't a dog at all; it's only the gentleman trying to make a noise like one."

"Rod Iron Red Mail Bird, year old; good breed; 16s."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fancy it must be an armour-clad rooster of this species that, crossed with a Plymouth Rock, was responsible for the reinforced-concrete chicken that we met at dinner the other night.

"When once the exchanges of the world have righted themselves—and that is bound to come about sooner or later—then will follow such a reaction in the trade of the country that will exceed the expectations of the most sanguinary optimist."—*Trade Paper.*

We think this must be intended as a hit at TROTSKY.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE OYSTER.

THE oyster takes no exercise;
I don't believe she really tries;
And since she has no legs
I don't see why she should, do you?
Besides, she has a lot to do—
She lays a million eggs.

At any rate she doesn't stir;
Her food is always brought to her.
But sometimes through her open lips
A horrid little creature slips

Which simply will not go;
And that annoys the poor old girl;
It means she has to make a pearl—

It irritates, you know;
So, crooning some small requiem,
She turns the thing into a gem.

And when I meet the wives of Earls
With lovely necklaces of pearls

It makes me see quite red;
For every jewel on the chain
Some patient oyster had a pain
And had to stay in bed.

To think what millions men can make
Out of an oyster's tummy-ache!

A. P. II.

"At — Hall, St. John's Wood, Tues., by auction, stock of a Furrier.—Cats. free."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

A case of adding insult to injury.



MICAWBER AND SON.

SENILE OPTIMIST. "AND TO YOU, MY BOY, I BEQUEATH—MY LIABILITIES. MAY YOU BE WORTHY OF THEM!"

JUVENILE DITTO. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SOMETHING'S SURE TO TURN UP!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AT THE MILLENNIUM STORES.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (Chairman). "You've worked splendidly up to CHRISTMAS, and if you'll put your backs into it for the NEW YEAR TRADE I'll see if I can't give you a GOOD LONG HOLIDAY in the AUTUMN."

Mr. BONAR LAW (Manager). "OR SOME OTHER TIME."

MR. BONAR LAW, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. SHORTT, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. NEAL, SIR ERIC GEDDES, SIR ROBERT HORNE, MR. CHURCHILL.

Monday, December 20th.—As the result of being tossed backwards and forwards between the two Houses the Government of Ireland Bill had already lost most of its awkward corners. The last two were rounded off to-day, when the Government secured that Southern Ireland should have three years, instead of two, in which to make up her mind whether to accept or refuse the proffered Parliament, and that in the meantime only a joint resolution of both Houses should prevent the Act from coming into operation. Lord MIDLETON pressed hard for a retention of the Lords' veto, but was thrown overboard by Lord CREWE, who was greatly impressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR's reminder that within three years there must be a General Election.

In the Commons Sir ROBERT HORNE performed his customary Monday dance among the fiscal egg-shells. He declined to give an estimate as to the number of British workmen unemployed owing to the importation of German goods—"no man who breathes could do it"—and judiciously evaded acceptance of Sir FREDERICK HALL's

suggestion that one reason why Teuton manufacturers were snapping up Dominion contracts was that their employes worked eleven hours a day.

The close of one of the longest and weariest sessions on record finds the Government in a penitent mood. How long will it last? The PRIME MINISTER told one of his supporters that he hoped next year's programme would be less exacting, and immediately promised another measure dealing with dumping and exchange; and when Sir F. BANBURY helpfully suggested that the surest way to avoid an Autumn Session would be to introduce fewer Bills Mr. BONAR LAW turned on him with the retort that "a surer way would be to introduce none."

An amusing duel between well-matched opponents took place over liquor control. Mr. MACQUISTEN, whose voice, at once insinuating and penetrating, has been likened to a corkscrew, urged that the *bonâ-fide* frequenters of public-houses should be consulted in the settlement of the drink regulations. The present arrangement, in his view, was like entrusting the regulation of the

Churches to avowed atheists. Lady ASTOR made full use of her shrill treble in retorting that it was the "victims"—by which apparently she meant the wives of Mr. MACQUISTEN's *protégés*—who ought to have the last word. She herself had it in the series of incredulous "Oh's!"—uttered *crescendo* on a rising scale and accompanied by appropriate gesture—with which she received Mr. MACQUISTEN's confident assertion that the working-men's clubs are the enemies of "the Trade."

Supplementary Estimates produced a good deal of miscellaneous information. On the Vote for Road Transport Colonel MILDMAI attacked the system of tar-spraying and told a melancholy story of a cow that skidded with fatal results. He was backed up by Sir F. BANBURY, who said that he had found the ideal pavement in soft wood and awakened memories of an ancient jest by suggesting that something might be done if he and the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT were to put their heads together.

Tuesday, December 21st.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON thundered against the Home



Old Sea-dog (to nervous passenger). "ROLL? SHE CAN ROLL! D'YE SEE THEM MARKS ON THE WALL? THAT'S OUR FEET."

Office for not taking steps to prevent the desecration of the Nelson Column by the delivery of seditious speeches. Sir JOHN BARR explained that it was impossible to know beforehand what sort of speech was going to be delivered. But his critic would have none of this paltry excuse. "Did not the regulations provide," he boomed, "that the objects of the meetings must be specified?" Fortunately for the Minister, who had nearly been blown off the Treasury Bench, Mr. HOGGER came to the rescue. "Is it not a fact," he inquired, "that the monument was erected to a man who turned a blind eye to orders?"

The strange case of Lord ROTHERMERE and the Committee on Public Accounts was further investigated. The Committee had reported that a certain stationery contract for the Air Ministry had been extravagant and improper. The AIR MINISTER at the time was the noble Lord who has lately been so eloquent about "squander-mania," but he has since, in a letter to the Press, declared that he never signed or initialled the order. Lieut.-Colonel ARCHER-SHEE and Mr. ORMSBY-GORE sought the opinion of the Treasury on the transaction, and Mr. BALDWIN replied that it was certainly usual for a Minister to

be held responsible for his expenditure, and that if subordinate officials were thrown over by their chiefs it would be bad for the Service.

The Lords' amendments to the Commons' amendments to the Lords' amendments to the Government of Ireland Bill were agreed to. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS thought to improve the occasion by a neat little speech expressing goodwill to Ireland, and, much to his surprise, found himself in collision with the SPEAKER, who observed that this was not the time for First Reading speeches.

It was rather hard on Lord PEEL, as the grandson of the great Sir ROBERT, to have to sponsor the Dyestuffs Bill. He frankly described it as "a disagreeable pill." Lord EMMOTT and other Peers showed a strong disinclination to take their medicine, but Lord MOULTON said that the chemists—naturally enough—were all in favour of it, and persuaded the House to swallow the bolus.

In the course of an eleventh-hour effort to destroy the Agriculture Bill Lord LINCOLNSHIRE described the PRIME MINISTER's Christmas motto as *Tax Vobiscum*; and the success of his jape served as a partial solace for the defeat of his motion.

A WARNING FROM THE SKY.

[The latest form of mascot is a trinket-model of the sign of the zodiac under which one was born.]

'Twas Caution bade me: "Think a while;

Calm thought may prove your saviour;
You've only seen her gala style

And very best behaviour;
What though her form's divinely planned

And rightly you adore it,
Her character's an unknown land,
You'd better first explore it."

But such exploring baffled me—

She had, to my vexation,
No younger brother I could fee
For stable information—

Until at last I noted (worn
Mid baubles weird and various)
A mascot which announced her born
Beneath the sign Aquarius.

An ancient tome declared how this
Implied that, though a beauty,
The girl was careless, slack, remiss
And negligent of duty;
I stilled in time my cardiac stir
And ceased my adoration,
Thanking my lucky stars and her
Explicit constellation.

AT THE PLAY.

"PETER PAN."

Peter Pan, the play, must by now have long overtaken the age of *Peter Pan*, the boy; but, like him, it never grows any older. The cast may change, but that seems to make hardly any difference. The new *Peter* (Miss EDNA BEST) is as good as any of them. Graceful of shape and lithe of limb, he is still essentially a boy, the realised figure of *BARRIE*'s fancy; a little aloof and inscrutable; romantic, too, in his very detachment from the sentiment of romance that he provokes. Miss FREDa GODFREY, the new *Wendy*, would have seemed good if we had not known better ones. To be frank, she looked rather too mature for the part; she needed a more childlike air to give piquancy to her assumption of maternal responsibilities. It was pleasant to see Mr. HENRY AINLEY unbend to the task, simple for him, of playing *Captain Hook* and Mr. *Darling*. One admired his self-control in refusing to impose new subtleties upon established and sacred tradition.

Of familiar friends, age has not withered the compelling charms of Mr. SHERTON'S *Smee*, nor, in the person of Mr. CLEAVE, has custom staled the infinite futility of *Slightly*. I was glad, too, to find Miss SYBIL CARLISLE back in the part of Mrs. *Darling*, which she played most appealingly.

The lagoon scene was cut out this year; perhaps it was thought that there is enough lagoon in London just now. I could more willingly have spared the business of Mr. *Darling* and the kennel, the one blot in the play. My impression of this grotesquerie has not changed since I first saw *Peter Pan*.

Among new impressions was a feeling that the domestic details of the First Act are a little too leisurely, so that I appreciated the impatience of my little neighbour for the arrival of *Peter Pan*, whose acquaintance she had still to make. Also from the presence of children in my party I became conscious how much of the humour of the play—its burlesque, for example, of the stage villain—is only seizable by children who have grown up. *BARRIE* wrote it, of course, to please the eternal child in himself, but forgot now and then what an unusual child it was.

O. S.

On Wednesday, January 5th, 1921, at 3.30 and 8 p.m., in the Hall of the Inner Temple, the "Time and Talents" Guild will give a series of "Action Tableaux," dramatised by Miss WILSON-FOX, in illustration of the history of Southwark and Old Bermondsey from Saxon times to the present day. There will

be singing, in character, by the Stock Exchange Choir. The profits will go in aid of the Settlement in Bermondsey, which has been carried on for twenty-one years among the factory girls by members of "Time and Talents," and to-day includes a Hostel, Clubs, a Country Holiday Fund and a cottage in the country. Applications for tickets may be made to Miss WILSON-FOX, 17, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W. 8.

THE GREAT RESOLVE.

[*"When Chu Chin Chow reaches its 2,000th representation on the 29th, it will have run for 1,582 days, 26 days longer than the War."* *Sunday Times.*]

BEHIND its pendent curtain folds
We know not what the future holds;
We only know that worlds have gone
Since *Chu Chin Chow* was first put on.

Mid all our stress and strife and change
This strikes me as extremely strange;
I think when plays go on like this
There ought to be an artifice.

But, when we have another war
After the peace we've toiled so for,
And empires break and thrones are bust
And nations tumble in the dust,

And culture, rising from the East,
On tottering Europe is released,
And Chinamen at last shall rule
In Dublin, Warsaw and Stamboul,

Soon as the roar of cannon ends
And all men once again are friends,
I must fulfil my ancient vow
And go and visit *Chu Chin Chow*.

ST. CECILIA OF CREMONA.

Punch has no desire to plunge into the controversy which has arisen over the employment of women in professional orchestras, especially as the cause has already been practically won, and here, at any rate, the saying, "What Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow," has failed to justify itself. The example of Manchester is not being followed in London, and what is deemed advisable for the Free Trade Hall in one city is not to dominate the policy of the Queen's Hall in the other.

But without going into the arguable points of this latest duel of the sexes, Mr. *Punch*, already in the last year which completes his fourth score, may be allowed to indulge in an old man's privilege of retrospect and incidentally to congratulate the ladies on the wonderful and triumphant progress they have made in instrumental art since the roaring 'forties. For in the 'forties women, though still supreme on the lyric stage, had hardly begun to assert themselves as executants, save on the pianoforte. *Punch* well

remembers LISZT—with the spelling of whose name he had considerable difficulty—in his meteoric pianofortitude. But the young WILMA NERUDA, who visited London in 1849, escaped his benevolent notice. She was then only ten. It was not until twenty years later that, as Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, she revisited London, proved that consummate skill could be combined with admirable grace in a woman-violinist, took her place as a leader of the quartet at the Monday "Pops," upset the tyranny of the pianoforte and harp as the only instruments suitable for the young person, and virtually created the professional woman-violinist. Indeed, she may be said to have at once made the fiddle fashionable and profitable for girls.

On its invasion of Mayfair the pencil of DU MAURIER furnishes the best comment. Before 1869, woman-violinists were only single spies; now they are to be reckoned in battalions. And they no longer "play the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty," as was once said of an incompetent male pianist, but in all departments of technique and interpretation have fully earned Sir HENRY WOOD'S tribute to their skill, sincerity and delicacy. When the eminent conductor goes on, in his catalogue of their excellences, to say, "They do not drink, and they do not smoke as much as men," he reminds Mr. *Punch* of two historic sayings of a famous foreign conductor. The first was uttered at a rehearsal of the Venusberg music from *Tannhäuser*: "Gentlemen, you play it as if you were teetotalers—which you are not." The other was his lament over a fine but uncertain wind-instrument player: "With—— it is always Quench, Quench, Quench."

Mr. *Punch* is old-fashioned enough to hope that, whether teetotalers or not, the ladies will leave trombones and tubas severely alone, and confine their instrumental energies mainly to the nice conduct of the leading strings—the aristocrats of the orchestra, the sovereigns of the chamber concert.

From a butcher's advertisement:—

"SPECIAL PRE-WAR PORK, AND BEEF, SAUSAGES."—*Local Paper.*

While all in favour of old-fashioned Christmas fare, here we draw the line.

"Enough butter to cover 265,000,000 slices of bread was produced in Manitoba this year. Of 8,250,000,000 pounds produced, 4,100,000 has been exported."—*Canadian Paper.*

Thirty-one pounds of butter to the slice is certainly the most tempting inducement to Canadian immigration we have yet noticed.



THE INSPIRED MUSICIAN AND THE CHRISTMAS HAM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN'T help thinking that Mr. H. G. HIBBERT has not chosen altogether the right name for his second volume of theatrical and Bohemian gossip, *A Playgoer's Memories* (GRANT RICHARDS). It is not so unsophisticated as the title had somehow led me to expect. Indeed "unsophisticated" is perhaps the last epithet that could justly be applied to Mr. HIBBERT's memories. I fancy I had unconsciously been looking for something more in the style of my own ignorant playgoing. "How wonderful she was in that scene with the broker's man," or "Do you remember the opening of the Third Act?" Not thus Mr. HIBBERT. For him the play itself is far less the thing than a peg upon which to hang all sorts of tags and bobtails of recollection, financial, technical and just not scandalous because of the discretion of the telling. His book is a repository of theatrical information, but the great part of it of more absorbing concern for the manager's-room or the stage-door than, say, the dress circle. But I must not be wanting in gratitude for the entertainment which, for all this carping, I certainly derived from it. As an expert on stage finance, for example, to-day and forty years back, Mr. HIBBERT has revelations that may well cause the least concerned to marvel. And there is an appendix, which gives a list of Drury Lane pantomimes, with casts, for half a century, including, of course, the incomparable first one; but that is not a memory of this world. A book to be kept for odd references in two senses.

What most interfered with my peace of mind over *The Happy Highways* (HEINEMANN) was, I think, its almost entire absence of highway, and the exceedingly unhappy nature of its confused and uncharted lanes. Indeed, I am wondering now if the title may not have been an instance of bitter irony on the part of Miss STORM JAMESON. Certainly a more formless mass of writing never within my experience masqueraded as a novel. There are ideas and reflections—these last mostly angry and vaguely socialistic—and here and there glimpses of illusory narrative about a group of young persons, brothers and a girl-friend, who live at Herne Hill, attend King's College and talk (oh, but interminably) the worst pamphlet-talk of the pre-war age. It is, I take it, a reviewer's job to stifle his boredom and push on resolutely through the dust to find what good, if any, may be hidden by it. I will admit therefore some vague interest in the record of how the War hit such persons as these. Also (to the credit of the author as tale-teller) she does allow one of the young men to earn a scholarship, and for no sane reason to depart instantly thereupon before the mast of a sailing-ship; also another, the central figure, to fall in love with the girl. The book is in three parts, of which the third is superfluously specialized as "chaos." Whether Miss JAMESON will yet write a story I am unable to say;

I rather wonder, however, that Messrs. HEINEMANN did not suggest to her that these heterogeneous pages would furnish excellent material for the experiment.

I have discovered that Miss PEGGY WEBLING has quite a remarkable talent for making ordinary places and people seem improbable. She achieves this in *Comedy Corner* (HUTCHINSON) by sketching in her scenery quite competently and then allowing her characters to live lives, amongst it, so fraught with coincidence, so swayed by the most unlikely impulses, that a small draper's shop, a West End "Hattery" and an almshouse for old actresses become the most extraordinary places on earth, where anything might happen and nobody would be surprised. *Winnie*, her heroine, behaves more improbably than anyone else, but she is such a dear little goose that most amiable readers will be quite glad that she doesn't have to suffer as much as such geese would if they existed in real life. You can see from this that it is one of those books that are full of real niceness and goodwill, and it has besides plenty of plot and lots of interesting characters, and yet somehow it gives you the feeling of being out of focus. You read on, expecting every moment that clever Miss WEBLING will give things a little push in the right direction and make them seem true, and, while you are reading and hoping, you come to the happy ending.



CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE ON THE PART OF AN EDITOR OF AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER. IMPENDING LIBEL ACTIONS.

CAPTAIN ERIC BLIGHTMAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO LADY SARAH HUBB HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

BASHIER SMITH, EX-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF STEPNEY, WHO IS TO ACT AS REFEREE AT THE CORKEBY-HACKETT FIGHT ON FRIDAY.

speed of a half-mile relay race. I am not going to reveal his mystery except to say that *Tien T'ze* was a Chinese organisation which perpetrated crimes, and that *Donald Craig*, *Kyrle Durand*—his secretary (female) and cousin—and *Bruce MacIvor*, superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, were employed in tracking it down and smashing it to pieces. Never have I met anyone in fiction (let fact alone) so clever as *Kyrle* in getting herself and her friends out of tight places. When *Craig* and *MacIvor* were so beset by *Tien T'ze* that their last hour seemed to have come I found myself saying, "It is time for *Kyrle* to emerge from her machine," and she emerged. In a novel of this *genre* it is essential that the excitement should never fall below fever-heat, but Mr. GORDON's book does better than that; its temperature would, I think, burst any ordinary thermometer.

"The Vicar's Study Circle is now engaged in considering the teaching of what is known as the 'Higher Criticism.' All interested are invited to attend, whatever sex they may claim to possess."

—Parish Magazine.

The Vicar evidently possesses the open mind so necessary for discussions of this sort.



AS WE SEE OTHERS: A CANDID APPRECIATION OF U.S.A.

THE liner *de luxe* had swung in past Sandy Hook, and the tender had already come alongside with its mail and Press-gang. There ensued a furious race to interview the most distinguished passenger, and it was by the representative of *The Democratic Elevator*, who got there first, that the Sage, in the very act of recording the emotions provoked by his first sky-scraper, was *abordé*.

"Mr. Punch, I guess?" said he. "Pleased to meet you, Sir. And what do you think of the American nation?"

"Shall I tell you now," asked Mr. Punch, "or wait till I've actually seen it?"

"Right here," said the interviewer, and drew his note-book.

"Well," began Mr. Punch, "I think a good deal of it—I mean, I think a good deal about it. And it nearly always makes me smile. Of course you won't understand why it nearly always makes me smile, because we don't see fun in the same things. You don't appreciate our humour, and therefore you say that we haven't any. And if we don't appreciate your humour that proves again that we haven't any. So you'll never understand why it makes me smile, sometimes gently and sometimes rather bitterly, to think about your nation; but I'll tell you just the same.

"In the first place, what you call 'America' is only a small fraction of the American continent, not even as large as British North America. And in the second place what you call your 'nation'—well, some rude person once said of it that it isn't really a nation at all, but just a picnic. I won't go so far as that, but I hardly suppose you will be much better pleased if I call it a League of Nations. That is a phrase that you hate, because your President WILSON loves it.

"By the way, I must be very careful how I speak of your President, because you're so sensitive on that subject. You allow yourselves to abuse him as the head of a political party, but if other nations so much as question his omniscience he suddenly becomes the Head of a Sovereign State. An English Cabinet Minister once told me how an American gave vent in conversation to the most violent language in regard to the policy of the President of the day, and when at the end the Englishman very quietly said, 'I am inclined to agree with you,' the American turned on him in a fury, saying: 'Sir, I didn't come here to have my country insulted!'

"However, to return to your League of Nations. In England (where I come from) they are just now reviving a play by Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, in which, if I recall it rightly, he makes out your country to be the Melting Pot into which every sort of fancy alien type is thrown, and turned out a pattern American citizen, a member of a United Family. I wish I could believe it. It seems to us that your German, even after passing through the Melting Pot, remains a German; that your Irishman, however much he Americanises himself for

purposes of political power and graft, remains an Irishman. You never seem to get together as a nation, except when you go to war, and even then you don't keep it up, for you're not together now, although you're still at war with Germany. The rest of the time you seem to spend in having Elections and 'placating' (I think that's what you call it) the German interest, or the negro interest, or the Sinn Fein interest.

"And this brings me to the point that makes me smile most of all—when it doesn't make me weep. Isn't it a pathetic thing that a really great and strong people like you should be so weak and little as to let your Press sympathise blatantly with the campaign of murder in Ireland; to suffer that campaign to be actively assisted by American gunmen; to look on while it is being financed by American money, here employed in conjunction with the resources of that very Bolshevism which you take care to treat as criminal in your own country?

"Isn't it pitiful that you should regard reprisals (hateful though they may be) as worse than the hideous murders which provoked them; forgetting your own addiction to lynch law; forgetting too (as some of our own people forget) that the sanctity of the law depends as much upon the goodwill and assistance of the populace as it does upon the police, and cannot else be maintained?

"Indeed your memory is not very good. Your Monroe Doctrine, which insists that nobody from outside shall interfere with your affairs, escapes you whenever you want to interfere with other people's. You even forget, at convenient times, your own Civil War. Just as there was not a protest made by you against the methods of our blockade of Germany for which an answer could not be found in some precedent set by you in that War of North and South, so now the best answer to your sympathy with the preposterous claims of an Irish Republic is to be found in those four years in which you fought so bloodily to preserve the integrity of your own Union.

"Yet you let men like DE VALERA go at large proclaiming the brutal tyranny of the alien Saxon and advertising his country as a Sovereign State—all because you have to 'placate' the Irish interest. I should very much like to hear what you would think of us if at our Elections we ran an Anti-You campaign and even made Intervention a plank in our platform (as one of your Parties did) for the sake of 'placating' the niggers or the Cubans or the Filipinos or any other sort of Dago in our midst.

"Of course we are told—and of course I believe it—that the 'best' American sentiment is all right. But, if so, it must be cherished by a very select few, or they would never tolerate a condition of things so rotten that, unless your coming President finds some cure for it, you are like to become the laughing-stock of Europe. I am almost tempted to go into the Melting Pot myself and show you, as none but an American citizen would ever be allowed to show you, how it is to be done. Unfortunately I am too busy elsewhere, putting my own country right.

"But to conclude—for I see that we are drawing close to the landing-stage—I do hope that in my desire to be genial I have not been too flattering. No true friend ever flatters. And in my heart, which has some of our common blood in it (notoriously thicker than water), I cannot help loving your country, and would love it better still if only it gave me a better chance. Indeed, I belong at home to a Society for the Promotion of Anglo-American Friendship. More than that"—and here the Sage was seen to probe into a voluminous and bulging breast-pocket—"I have brought with me a token of affection designed to stimulate a mutual cordiality."

"Not a flask of whisky?" exclaimed the representative of *The Democratic Elevator*, suddenly moved to animation.

"No, not that, not that, my child," said Mr. Punch, "but something far, far better for you; something that gives you, among other less serious matter, a record of the way in which we in England, with private troubles of our own no easier than yours to bear, and exhausted with twice as many years of sacrifice in the War of Liberty (whose colossal effigy I have just had the pleasure to remark), still try to play an honourable part in that society of nations from which you have apparently resolved, for your better ease and comfort, to cut yourselves off. Be good enough to accept, in the spirit of benevolence in which I offer it, this copy of my

One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Volume."





Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Aladdin and the Miner's Lamp	311
Bad for the Bull	31
Cap of Liberty; Le Dernier Cri	191
Close Corporation (A)	351
Economists (The)	471
Experts (The)	291
Folly of Athens (The)	411
German Invasion (A)	431
Groat Repudiation (The)	231
"House" Breaker (The)	151
If Winston Set the Fashion—	111
League of Youth (The)	91
Micawber and Son	511
Moral Suasion	71

Prince Comes Home (The)	271
Problem (The)	131
Road to Economy (The)	451
Salvage	251
Scales of Justice (The)	331
Session of Common Sense (A)	171
Shrine of Honour (The)	371
Snowed Under	211
Verdun	491
Worth a Trial	391

RAVEN-HILL, L.

Absymalists (The)	383
Balm for the Sleek Man	423
Blue Ribbon of the Sea (The)	83

Bollet (The)	463
Encourage Home Industries	353
Evil Communications	43
Good Fairy Georgina (The)	501
Iconoclast (The)	121
I. O. U.	11
Labor Omnia Vincit	441
Last Straw (The)	401
"Lion of Lucerne (The)"	141
Our Parish Church	51
Our Village Sign	341
Out of the Frying-Pan	181
Pollah Hug (The)	261
Prospective Jonah? (A)	253
Public Benefactor (The)	301

Real Mule (The)	103
Resources of Civilisation (The)	313
Road to Ruin (The)	163
Sing a Song of Brachmas	479
Tartarin dans les Indes	411
Too-Free Country (A)	323

REYNOLDS, FRANK

Under a Cloud (with a Golden Idiot)	223
-------------------------------------	-----

TOWNSEND, F. H.

L'Enfant Terrible	3
Sea-view of the Situation (A)	63
Subject to Revision	23

Articles.

ALLEN, INGLIS

Difference of Class (A)	208
-------------------------	-----

ANDERSON, MISS E. V. M.

Mudford Night (The)	188
---------------------	-----

ARMSTRONG, H.

Working for Peace	330
-------------------	-----

BELL, NEIL

Cage (The)	340
------------	-----

BIDDULPH, MISS VIOLET

In Defence of Dorothy	102
-----------------------	-----

BIRD, A. W.

Crickot Mannerism (A)	22
Edward and the B.O.F.	98
Fine Old Fruity (The)	490
Stutfield and the Reds	374
Twenty Years On	55

BLAKLEY, MISS E. L.

Pamela's Alphabet	270
-------------------	-----

BRETHERTON, CYRIL

Charivaria	weekly
To Isia	76
Vignettes of Scottish Sport	458

BROWN, C. L. M.

Our Inevitable Navy	362
---------------------	-----

BROWN, HILTON

Blue Mountains (The)	136
Nimrod	195
Samtangoes	24

BRYANT, A. W. M.

Kings and Queens	224
------------------	-----

BUDOEN, C. G.

Language for Logie (The)	422
--------------------------	-----

CAMERON, C. F.

Taxation of Virtue (The)	214
--------------------------	-----

CASSON, C. R.

Evo Victorious	466
Humorist (The)	488
Light Fantastic (The)	366
Word Chains	28

CHALMERS, P. R.

Kelpie (The)	149
Visionary (The)	124

CHANDLER, MISS B. W.

Coup for The Daily Trail (A)	192
Our Pastoral	36

CLARK, DUDLEY

Badly Synged	82
--------------	----

CROSS, W. H.

Cures for Insomnia	470
--------------------	-----

DARNADY, E. S.

Peculiar Case of Toiler (The)	75
-------------------------------	----

DARNADY, E. S. & J.

Itanian City and Suburban (The)	184
Superfection Laundry (The)	312

DAVIES, MISS S. M.

Prodigia (The)	202
Sources of Laughter	385

DYER, A. B. R.

Knell of the Navy (The)	246
Passing of Alfred (The)	298

EASTWOOD, CAPTAIN

Rabbits' Game (The)	144
---------------------	-----

ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR

Squatters	105
-----------	-----

FARROW, R. S.

New Journalism (The)	370
----------------------	-----

FAY, S. J.

Authorship for All	46, 66
Disimulation of Suzanne	176
My Right-Hand Man	224
Sayings of Barbara (The)	388

FOX-SMITH, MISS C.

All Sorts	46
Nitrates	230
Ship in a Bottle (A)	230
Yarns	380

FRANKLIN, BERNARD

Ballad of the Early Wern (A)	265
------------------------------	-----

FYLEMAN, MISS ROSE

Check by the Queen	206
Consolation	264
Fairy Tailor (The)	493

Queen's Counsel

Rainy Morning	353
Wedding Presents	186

GARLAND, A. P.

Patient's Library (The)	118
Place of the Trombone in the Band (The)	423
Romance of Book-making (The)	1
Timon	1

GARSTIN, CROSSIE

Barrel of Beef (The)	456
Down Channel	77
Fair (The)	110
Letter to the Back-Block	324
Old Woman's House Rock, Seilly	213
Our Heavy-Weights	464
Reefs (The)	30
Spanish Ledges	237

GILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	314
Very Personal	255

GOODHART, MRS. H.

Logs to Burn	337
--------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L.

Between Two Stools	226
British Tarpon (The)	108
Change in Club-Land	130
Cry of the Adult Author (The)	345
Cures Worth Making	34
Fashion and Physique	210
Footnote to the "Bab Ballads"	408
From Spa and Shore	122
Happy Gardener (The)	394
Mixed Meteorological Maxims	280
New Utopia (The)	366
Our Lucky Dippers	442
Our Natural History Column	60
Prawling's Theory	316
Puss at the Palace	490
Revival of the Fittest (The)	116
Revival of Ollendorf	335
Revolt of Youth (The)	184
St. Cecilia of Cremona	514
State and the Screen (The)	50

To Certain Cautious Prophets

To General Ol	124
Tragedy of Reason (A)	10
Two Studies in Musical Criticism	276
When and If	240

GREENLAND, GEORGE

Miriam's Two Babies	254
---------------------	-----

HARWOOD, A. C.

How to Build a House	176
----------------------	-----

HASELDEN, PERCY

Old Beer Flagoo (The)	358
-----------------------	-----

HERBERT, A. P.

Art of Poetry (The)	164
Autobiography Shocker (The)	314
Contemporary Folk-songs	378
Criminal Type (A)	62
Enchid in Real Life	346
Fool Game (A)	605
Grasshopper (The)	41
Happy Hooks (The)	502
Heart of Mine	84
If They were at School	604
Korban Bath (The)	398
Little Bits of London	699
Little Horse (The)	26
Mystery (The)	125
Mystery of the Apple-pie Bed	274
New Rhymes for Old Children	186
215, 224, 234, 255, 306, 320, 350, 365, 416, 426, 455, 475, 495, 510	
On with the Dance	6
Private Film (The)	324
Seven Whitebait	324
Spider (The)	116
Thoughts on The Times	145
White Spot (The)	449

HEYER, GEORGE

Rhymes of the Underground	95, 115, 176, 193
---------------------------	-------------------

HODGKINSON, T.

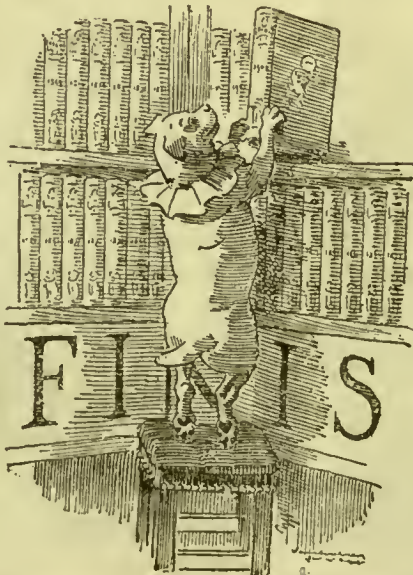
Best Laid Schemes (The)	65
Devoted Lover (The)	270
First Love and Last	145
Home from Home (A)	225
Love's Handicap	318

Articles—continued.

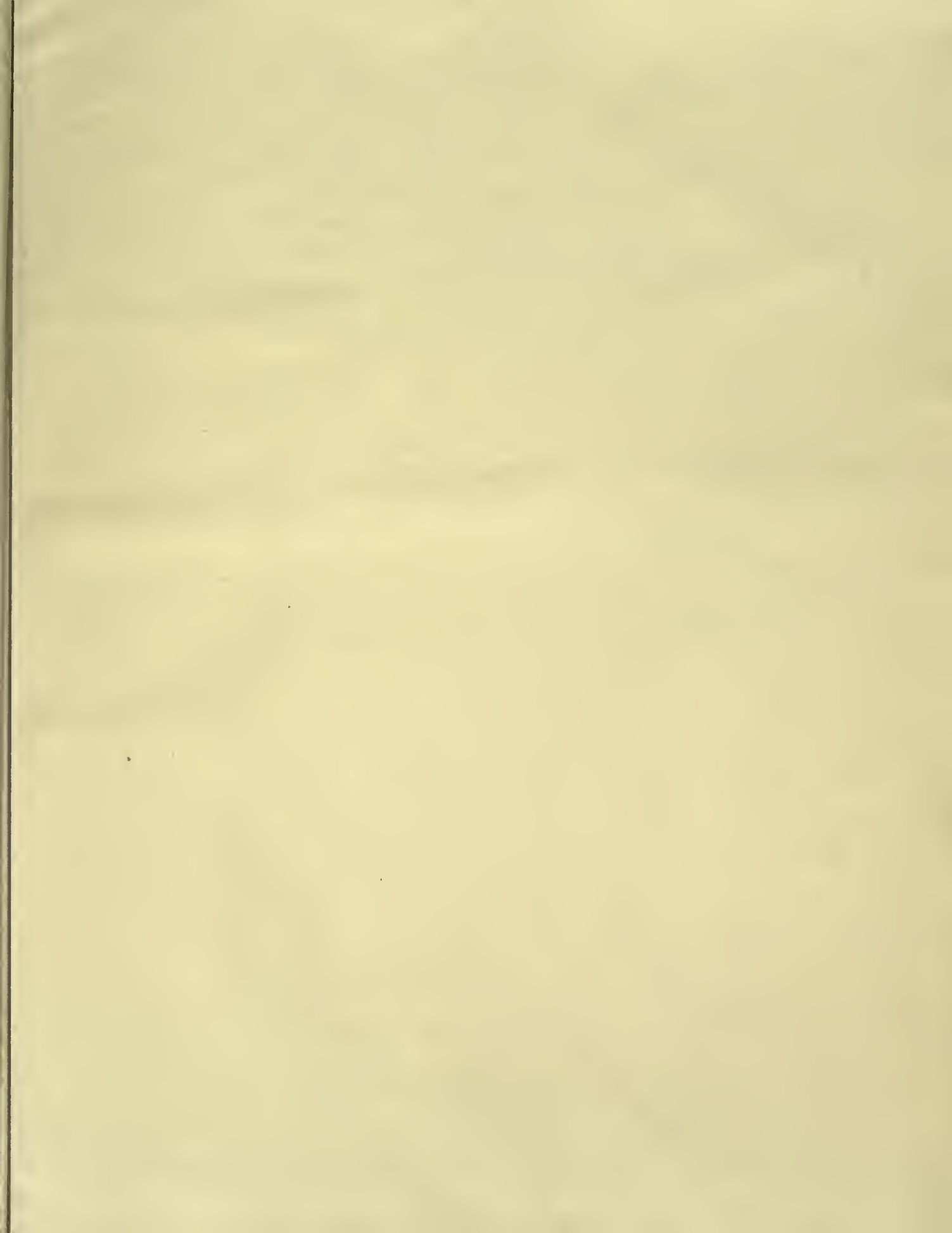
Mens Conscia Moli.....	106	George, Jane and Lenin.....	153	Honours Easy.....	274	SEAMAN, OWEN	
Ministering Angel (The).....	85	Gone Away!.....	302	If We All Took to Margotry.....	142	Apology to the Bench (An).....	142
Note on the Drama (A).....	450	Handy Man (The).....	228	Letters I never Post (The).....	416	Ashes (The).....	221
Sartorial Tragedy (A).....	308	Harding and Cox.....	37	Letters I never Posted.....	503	As We See Othe's.....	517
Vanished Glory.....	7	I remember—I remember.....	70	More Margobiography.....	102	At the Play.....	158, 196, 235, 256, 275,
Warning from the Sky (A).....	513	Maybirds.....	506	Mother-in-law Myatry (The).....	376	356, 378, 418, 514	
HOLMES, CAPT. W. K.		Miners' Opera (The).....	262	Other Half (The).....	476	"Christmas Spirit (The)".....	432
Reo and the Boot (The).....	233	More Pay for M.P.s.....	438	Philosophers.....	22	Dark Ages (The).....	442
Territorial (The).....	137	My Apologia.....	377	Points of View.....	56	Doggerel.....	302
To James in the Bath.....	250	On Running Down to Brighton.....	190	Privileges of Margotism (The).....	166	Falling Prices.....	302
Victim of Fashion (A).....	96	Priscilla Paints.....	18	Ring in the Old.....	358	How to Vitalise the Drama.....	382
HOLT, E. C.		Priscilla Plays Fairies.....	446	Succulent Comedians (The).....	84	Lessons from Nature.....	262
Songs of an Ovalite.....	45	Proof Positive.....	344	"Suggestions".....	496	Michaelmas and the Goose.....	243
JACKSON, LIEUT. GERALD, R.N.		Sand Sports.....	170	That Tea Interval.....	216	Mr. Smilie's Little Armageddon.....	162
Difficult Case (A).....	410	September in My Garden.....	244	Three Exceptional Men.....	15	Poet-Laureate and his German	
JAGGER, ARTHUR		Squish.....	106	Wire and Barbed Wire.....	226	Friends (The).....	342
Eldo Tennis.....	405	Taffy the Fox.....	485	MARTIN, N. R.		Standard Golf-Ball (The).....	422
Rara Avis.....	182	Thoughts in a Cold Snap.....	494	Sniper (The).....	406	To the Lion of Lucerno.....	462
Westward Ho!.....	169	Unauthentic Impressions.....	364, 382,	Tips for Uncles.....	49	To our Play-Makers.....	282
JAY, THOMAS		404, 421, 441		MAY, H. R. D.		Unknown Warrior (The).....	370
Charivaria.....	weekly	Ways and Means.....	63	Whiff of the Briny (A).....	162	SILSBY, MISS E.	
Questions.....	449	Yet One More Plan for Ireland.....	282	MORRISON, A. C. L.		Late Worm (The).....	322
JENKINS, ERNEST		LAMBURN, MISS R. C.		Language Difficulty (The).....	218	SMITH, E. A.	
Barker that Missed Fire (The).....	510	Anniversary (The).....	118	NORRIS, CECIL		One Touch of Dickens.....	435
Drowning of the Pen (The).....	354	Birthday Present (The).....	94	Charivaria.....	weekly	SPENDER, MISS B. E.	
Improving "Hansard".....	434	Strike in Fairyland (A).....	356	NOT-BOWER, W. G.		Unlikely Story (An).....	438
My Dromedary.....	78	Way Out of the Present Unrest.....	238	"G.B.R.L.".....	435	STUART, MISS D. M.	
Premier's Metaphors (The).....	386	LANGLEY, F. O.		OOLIVIE, W. H.		Before the Cenotaph.....	362
Should Millionaires read Homer?.....	253	Boot Mystery (The).....	414	Opening Run (The).....	357	Chantry (The).....	298
Shrimp Test (The).....	58	Conspirators (The).....	248, 266, 286, 308,	PENNEY, F. G.		TAYLOR, S. J.	
Solving the Holiday Fare Prob-		328, 348		To a Clerical Golfing Friend.....	455	To a Maker of Pills.....	150
lem.....	81	Genf and the League of Nations.....	368	PHILIPS, S. K.		THORNHILL, J. F. P.	
When Charl. comes over.....	18	King's Messenger (The).....	8	Ministry of Ancestry (The).....	222	Beau Brimacombe.....	396
KIDD, ARTHUR		Lucerne.....	154	Pigs.....	258	THORP, JOSEPH	
Another War to End War.....	175	Mountain and the Prophets (The).....	476	PLATT, F. W.		At the Play.....	44, 125, 276, 456
More Secret History.....	326	Movement in the Money Market.....	38	Wall of the Wasp (The).....	238	TROTTER, MRS. A. F.	
Our "Premised" Land.....	429	Story about a Clock (A).....	189	Roses all the Way.....	86	Moon-Seller (The).....	216
Passing of the Cradle (The).....	205	LEWIS, M. A.		PRESTON-THEWART, A.		WESTBROOK, H. W.	
KILPATRICK, MRS.		Tragedy in Birdland (A).....	395	Bridge Conventions.....	212	Beginner (The).....	109
Elizabeth Goes on Holiday.....	64	Transmigration of Bowles (The).....	123	RICHARDSON, R. J.		WHITAKER, V.	
Elizabeth Goes to the Sales.....	4	Vade Mecum.....	96	Cubbin' thro' the Rye.....	266	WHITE, E. P.	
Elizabeth Outwitted.....	284	LEYS, MISS H. M.		Headgear for Heroes.....	239	Another Garden of Allah.....	108
Elizabeth's Christmas.....	504	Flowers' Names.....	57, 78, 90, 104, 122,	Room at the Back (The).....	174	Goldwire and Poppyseed.....	9
Ernest Experiments.....	315	145, 198, 206, 229, 273, 298		Scene at the Club (A).....	74	Racing as a Business.....	426
Hard Times for Heroines.....	146	LOCKER, W. A.		RIGBY, REGINALD		Si Jeunesse Savait.....	310
KING, P. J.		Essence of Parliament.....	weekly	Great Idea (The).....	394	Taste of Authority (A).....	138
Ministry for Heroes (The).....	291	during Session		Little Moa (The).....	265	"To Him that bath....."	156
KITCHIN, HARCOULT		LUCAS, E. V.		Piglets.....	56	Vacillating Policy (A).....	398
My Rat.....	25	Among the Pedestals.....	122	Prone.....	149	WHITE, R. F.	
KNOX, E. V.		Brown Lady (The).....	430	What to do with our Boys.....	136	Increased Output.....	402
About Conferences.....	326	Buckler's.....	76	SALVIDGE, STANLEY		Type-Slinger (The).....	334
About Golf.....	462	Cabman and the Coin (The).....	246	Belles of the Ball.....	402	WHITMARSH, F. J.	
Coal Cup (The).....	201	Cynosure (The).....	397	MORELAND, ARTHUR.....	141, 174, 201, 319, 394	Guide to Greatness (A).....	330
Converted Castles.....	498	Dining Gladiator (The).....	304, 322	MORRISON, J.....	138	Peerless Provincial (The).....	297
D'Annunzio Dialogue (A).....	406	Down-our-Court Circular.....	117	MORROW, EDWIN.....	388		
		End of the Season (The).....	194	MORROW, GEORGE.....	60, 80, 120, 140, 180, 195,		
		For Ourselves Alone.....	296	220, 237, 260, 273, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400,			
				410, 440, 460, 480, 495, 516			

Pictures and Sketches.

ARMOUR, G. D.....	159, 215, 233, 248, 279, 295,	MORROW, GEORGE.....	60, 80, 120, 140, 180, 195,
339, 379, 419, 439, 459, 479, 518		220, 237, 260, 273, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400,	
BATENAN, H. M.....	16, 17, 35, 187, 257, 267	410, 440, 460, 480, 495, 516	
BAUMER, LEWIS.....	119, 190, 207, 224, 250, 270,		
330, 390, 430, 450, 490, 510			
BELCHER, GEORGE.....	75, 97		
BIRD, W.....	40, 61, 161, 177, 308, 417, 435, 461		
BROCK, H. M.....	9, 57, 89, 109, 297, 364, 415		
BROOK, RICARDO.....	300		
COTTRELL, TOM.....	169, 474		
CURRY, J. R.....	230		
DOWD, J. H.....	28, 100, 148, 160, 168, 178, 181,		
188, 241, 261, 361, 428, 501			
EARNSHAW, HAROLD.....	341, 345		
"FOUQASSE".....	27, 47, 87, 101, 121, 154, 227,		
277, 287, 317, 369, 407, 447, 477, 487, 500			
FRASER, PETER.....	105, 221, 268, 288, 328, 399,		
420			
GAMMON, REGINALD.....	139, 209		
GARSTIN, CROSBIE.....	21		
GHILCHIK, D. L.....	41, 218		
GRAVE, CHARLES.....	19, 25, 99, 125, 204, 249,		
293, 395, 465			
HARRISON, CHARLES.....	356, 376, 499		
HASELDEN, W. K.....	276, 336, 418, 456		
HENRY, THOMAS.....	48, 488		
JENNIS, G.....	77, 144, 259, 316, 337, 359		
LLEWELLYN, MAJOR W.....	498		
LLOYD, A. W.....	13, 33, 34, 53, 54, 73, 74, 93,		
94, 113, 133, 134, 333, 353, 354, 373, 374,			
393, 413, 414, 433, 434, 453, 473, 493, 512			
MARTIN, L. B.....	114		
MILLS, A. WALLIS.....	30, 45, 70, 127, 153, 164,		
210, 278, 289, 315, 335, 355, 377, 409, 424,			
457, 475, 485, 504			



NORRIS, ARTHUR.....	68, 348, 397
OWEN, WILL.....	385
PARTIDGE, BERNARD.....	1
PETT, NORMAN.....	20, 36, 98, 228, 258, 301, 421,
446	
PRANCE, BERTRAM.....	79, 117, 137, 299, 436,
468	
RAVEN-HILL, L.....	37, 55, 95, 189, 253, 269,
334, 396, 478, 497, 518	
REYNOLDS, FRANK.....	4, 24, 44, 64, 84, 104, 124,
157, 158, 170, 184, 194, 196, 213, 236, 239,	
244, 275, 284, 304, 327, 344, 367, 389, 401,	
427, 444, 464, 484, 509	
RIDGEWELL, W. L.....	14, 128
ROWNTREE, HARRY.....	149
SHEPARD, E. H.....	10, 107, 130, 167, 197, 234,
254, 264, 455, 515	
SHEPHERD, J. A.....	217
SHEPPERSON, C. A.....	67, 147, 247, 347, 469, 507
SIMMONS, GRAHAM.....	173
SMITH, A. T.....	50, 135, 145, 179, 240, 294, 313,
357, 368, 375	
SPEED, LANCELOT.....	78, 235, 305
STAMPA, G. L.....	15, 29, 59, 85, 155, 175, 199,
219, 229, 274, 307, 329, 350, 365, 387, 425,	
454, 467, 489	
TERRY, STAN.....	81, 200, 208, 281, 321, 381,
401, 441	
THOMAS, BERT.....	7, 69, 115, 185, 214, 225, 255,
285, 309, 324, 405, 494, 505	
THORP, J. H.....	296, 314, 429
TOWNSEND, F. H.....	5, 39, 49, 65, 90, 110, 129,
150, 165, 193, 205, 230, 245, 265, 290, 310,	
325, 349, 370, 384, 408, 437, 419, 470, 506	
WOOD, STARR.....	445



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